





**NOTIFICATION**  
 Bombay Castle, 6th Dec. 1842.  
 That the Honble the Governor in Council is pleased to re-publish the following resolution for general information:

**TERRITORIAL DEPARTMENT.**  
**REVENUE.**  
 The Honble the Governor in Council is pleased to re-publish the following resolution for general information:

**PORT WILLIAM.**  
**SEPARATE REGIMENT.**  
 (Customs.)  
 The 17th November 1842.

The following forms are prescribed to be in force and effect from and after the 1st January 1843, for the Export of Cotton, Cotton Wool, Free of duty to the United Kingdom, from any Port of the Indian Company's Possession in India indirectly, through a Port of Call.

By order of the Honble the President of the Council of India in Council.  
 (Signed) G. A. BUSHBY,  
 Secy. to the Govt. of India.

**GOVERNMENT NOTIFICATIONS.**  
 Fort William, General Department, the 16th November, 1842.—The Honble the President in Council is pleased to direct the publication of the following resolution for general information.

**Resolution.**—Adverting to the various religious, scientific, literary and charitable societies, the objects of some of which have been allowed the indulgence, which has been refused to others; of sending their communications and circulating their proceedings free of postage under the sanction of the Honble the President in Council, the Honble the President in Council finds it difficult to prescribe any limit to this indulgence.

The Honble the President in Council considers the employment of the dak banghy for the transmission of parcels and packages free of cost to the societies at the presidency to whom this indulgence has been occasionally conceded in respect to their periodical reports, to be a concession of a burthenous and expensive to the state; on which account it was withdrawn from the high officers to whom the power of granting private letters was continued by the act and regulations of 1837, and his honor in Council accordingly directs that no parcels or packages from any public society shall be allowed in future to be forwarded free of dak banghy hereafter.

The above rules will supersede all the previous orders of government under which correspondents of public societies have hitherto forwarded their letters and parcels on the allowance of such free conveyance to the presidency.

**THE HONBLE GENERAL OF INDIA.**  
 Fort William, General Department, the 22d November, 1842.—General Department, Simla, the 25th October, 1842.  
 The Honble the President in Council is pleased to direct the publication of the following resolution for general information.

**DOMESTIC CONCURRENCES.**  
**BOMBAY.**  
**DEATH.**  
 On the 29th November, at Rowal Pindia (after having been present in every affair in which the Government was engaged during the campaigns in Afghanistan), Lieutenant R. E. Prere, 13th or Prince Albert's Infantry, in the 25th year of his age.

**ARRIVALS AT CALCUTTA.**  
 Nov. 27th—English Barque Ayrahire, H. Brown, from Rangoon.  
 Nov. 28th—English Ship Exmouth, W. D. Cook, from the Mauritius 9th October and Madras 21 November, English Ship Pantagon, E. William, from London 24 August, and English Schooner John Heppburn, G. Livingston, from Rangoon 14th November.

**ARRIVALS AT KADGEREE.**  
 Nov. 27th—English Barque Ayrahire, H. Brown, from Rangoon 15th November, English Brig Corina, W. S. Haigh, from Liverpool 23 July, and English Barque Rosalind, John Gate, (particulars not known).  
 (C.S.) Sea Queen arrived off Cooley Bazar on the 26th instant.

**ARRIVALS AT MADRAS.**  
 Nov. 27th—English Ship Exmouth, W. D. Cook, from the Mauritius 9th October and Madras 21 November, English Ship Pantagon, E. William, from London 24 August, and English Schooner John Heppburn, G. Livingston, from Rangoon 14th November.  
**ARRIVALS OF PASSENGERS.**  
 Per Ayrahire, from Rangoon.—William Spers, esq. merchant.  
 Per Corina, from Cork.—Mr. Lucas Bayington.  
 Per Pantagon.—Mrs. Spooner, Mrs. Welchman, Mr. Bliss and 3 children, Mrs. Gray, Mrs. McDonough, Mrs. Dick and Mrs. Lawrence, Mr. Barry, and Mrs. Sullivan; Misses Russ, Thompson, Dick, Jane Dick, Egorn, and Miss; J. Wood, B. M. S.; Mr. Stowell, merchant; Mr. Barry; Mrs. Meyer; Mrs. Saunders; H. Halliday, Farington, a surgeon; L. Campbell, merchant; Welchman, Dick and Perry; Mr. Frast, H. C. engineer.  
 Per Exmouth, from the Mauritius, Madame and Mademoiselle de la Valerine, Mrs. Cook and 2 children; Alexander Galt, esq. Captain Clupp, and Mrs. Keynold and child, steamer passengers.

**DEATHS.**  
 In camp at Hoobley near Bharat, on Tuesday the 23d November, at 11 o'clock, of cholera, the son of Captain E. W. Kenworthy, of the 23d Light Infantry.  
 In camp near Hoobley, Finch Wilder, Esq. 23d Regt. Infantry, died of cholera, deeply and sincerely regretted by his Brothers Officers.

**ARRIVALS AT CALCUTTA.**  
 Dec. 6th—Coronet O. H. Barwell, 2d Lt. Cavalry from Deesa.  
 Do. do. 7th Lt. Cavalry from Madras.  
 Do. do. do. C. D. Milne, 6th Regt. N. from Karachi.

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**ARRIVALS AT BOMBAY.**  
 Dec. 6th—Scholar Leitch, E. Daviot, from Colombo 15th Nov.  
 Passenger, Mr. J. Taylor.  
 Do. 6th Barque Lady Powerham, G. Webster from Calcutta 21st Nov.  
 Passengers Miss Young Lieut. Healy H. M. 80th Regt. Lieut. Wake, 8th Regt. N. and 2 Native servants.  
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 Do. do. do. Ship Vestal, A. Young from China, 16th August.

McDonald, Spars, for Rangoon. 23d, Blacklock, for the Mauritius, and Seplings, Rawlins, for China, in a day or two.

**MADRAS.**  
**ARRIVAL.**  
 Nov. 26, French Brig Le Roitelet, F. Herlichan, from Pondichery, 5th November, 1842.  
**DEPARTURE.**  
 November 6. Barque Sobraw, E. Micois, to Pondichery and Mauritius.

**CORRESPONDENCE.**  
 TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOMBAY COURIER.  
 Sir,—It was rather amusing to peruse in your issue of the 6th Instant, the capital burlesque into which the Order of the Governor General dated 16th ultimo, was thrown; relative to the restoration of the Gates of the Temple of Somnath. Declining the question of their identity after the lapse of 8000 years, the circumstances their being restored again, thro' the direct authority of a Christian Government, to dignify or decorate an Idolatrous Temple, cannot but be highly objectionable to every reflecting mind. If the Indian Government fondly hope that by such acts as these, they would conciliate the natives, and perpetuate their good opinion, experience may teach them that they are mistaken even on the policy of retiving long since dead, among the Mussulman population, an idea which must be humiliating to their pride. The British Nation has too much sense to boast that they have acquired India by their own valour or Wisdom unaided by a controlling and an all-directing Power—who can give, and who also can take away, and to whose determination after the violation of those Nations must submit. This Power has made Great Britain, the Depository of all that is noble and excellent in principle—praise-worthy in action—and wise and equitable in Government. She should be sensible of the eminence on which she stands, and the dread responsibility devolving on her as such a Depository! It is her duty to be a violator of those principles to countenance in such a remarkable manner, the Idolatries of India thro' their Agents abroad.

Yours &c.  
 No. 18.

**CAPTAIN TUCKER.**

MR. EDITOR.—You were so kind, as to publish my letter number seventeen, so perhaps you will do as much for this, and take my word for it, that in doing so, you will be only aiding and abetting, to procure justice, for a deeply injured man. Captain Tucker is the eighth Captain of the 2nd Bombay European Light Infantry, and is about to be promoted to the Right Wing, to which his Company also belongs being the 3rd. Some short time ago whilst the left wing of the above Regiment was here, an intimation arrived from its head quarters at Poona, to the effect that any Officer wishing to remain at Bombay could do so. Captain Tucker passed this intimation in silence, but shortly saw himself transferred from the 6th to the 3rd Company; then intending to remain at Bombay, whilst Captain Gillanders, his immediate junior, was exchanged to the left wing to remain at Poona. On seeing himself transferred from the 6th to the 3rd Company, Captain Tucker applied that he might be at once relieved of the charge of the 6th Company, as the wing was to march in six days and he wished his pecuniary transactions adjusted, the debts of the Company being very great, and the affairs complicated and in his opinion destitute of method. This request was granted, but on the arrival of the Right Wing, Capt. Tucker to his surprise, saw several days pass without his Company being made over to him: he then sent a note to the Adjutant requesting explanation. In reply, the Adjutant said, he knew nothing, but would speak to the O. O. receiving no reply for two days, Captain T. addressed the Adjutant verbally, when he learnt the matter was referred to the Lieutenant Colonel of the Regiment. Captain T. then wrote officially requesting explanation. He wrote on the 3rd it is now the 7th yet he has received no reply. Is all this fair? will the Commander in Chief, and Governor, allow an Officer to be badgered in this way?

But you may say let Captain T. complain. No, it would be no use. It is only by a public discussion of his case, that Capt. T. can hope for justice. But enough for the present.

P. S. Captain T. is not in sick quarters, or any thing; he attends all parades and is doing his duty.

**NOTICE.**  
 THE HONBLE THE GOVERNOR will be happy to receive any Native Gentlemen who may wish to him the pleasure of calling between the hours of 2 and 3 p. m. on every Saturday afternoon.

H. B. E. FERRE, Private Secretary.  
 Government House, Parell, 7th Dec. 1842.

**THE COURIER.**  
 FRIDAY, DE







... earnestly at the picture... with loyalty, and the... answered her, throwing... "It is... your Honour... "Almighty bless her!"

... with the latter still on one side of his... forgetting his gout, sprang forward, and... "Well, well, I say God bless her, to! Ay, ay, your Honour, this is indeed, THE MAIR-ROYAL OF THE BASTANNA!"

... "This is not exactly what I meant; but still it will do... "No, your Honour," chimed in old Dick, "it's not in the nature of your long-shore folk to discriminate about such high matters as their ere; though, your Honour, as it stands, it's what I call beautifully painted; and, mayhap, as your Honour has been often talking of the concern, the gemman might do you the old Raeborn's..."

... "Oh, certainly,—should he very happy," uttered the young man, bowing:—"it is quite in my way,—should be at home there."

... "Do you really think you could make anything of it?" demanded the Commodore,—the Raeborn?—"Oh! Beautiful in symmetry!—the fleetest of the fleet running on a taut press, and running like the wind!"

... "And—d'ye hear?—just put at the main, will you?—a stiff breeze, and cutting along like a flying-fish!" Again the young man bowed,—made sure of giving satisfaction,—and joyfully set about his task. His sketch was good, and he glanced at it, utters a gasp. "Capital!—the forelegs are well thrown forward,—the neck and head in excellent keeping. Herring, or Doncaster, couldn't have done it better. And now for Jack!"

... "When—where is it?" inquired the Commodore, who stared about him in expectation of seeing his favorite frigate, and utterly disregarding the picture on the easel. "Where is it, Raeborn?" "Where is it, Commodore?" repeated the artist, fearing that something was wrong again. "Do you mean the picture?—why, there it is," pointing towards the drawing. "I hope it will please you, Commodore: this is the Raeborn's, with a Jack at the mane."

... "And so it actually was,—but of the frigate. There was a slight mistake in the name of the vessel, and a beautiful race-horse, running away with a Jack-tail,—knees up,—tail straight out behind,—as he held on by the animal's mane, I, whilst jockeys, sporting gentlemen, and ladies, lords, sweeps, and donkey-drivers, were laughing at him.

... "It would be utterly impossible to describe the first outbreak of the veteran's disappointment. His face underwent a natural change in colour as a dying dolphin; and he thickly uttered,

... "Haugh!—haugh!—ho!—the devil!" But suddenly catching at the honour of the thing, he roared with laughter till his side shook,—in which he was joined by Dick, who had followed his commander; and it was not long before the artist joined in the merriment, perfectly satisfied that he had made a decided hit.

... Both pictures, elegantly framed, now hang on the walls of the Commodore's room, and often are the circumstances of their creation repeated to visitors with great glee. The veteran carries on the same as usual, and promises to do so for the next twenty years to come, when probably he will become a decided curiosity in natural history as the last remnant of the old naval school.

... "And what has all this to do with your messmates?" exclaims old Grumbler again; "what do I want to know about your uncle?"

... "Granted; but a year's yarn, and a veteran relative claims precedence. However, here goes for a few recollections of my messmates, as I have been able to collect their biographies, and although I have already given some account of the "Mids of other days," yet it is amongst the referees I must commence my narratives—omitting or disguising names as a matter of course, though I made doubt that the characters will be easily recognised by those who knew or have heard of the individuals, many of whom are now living, and not a few enjoying a high rank. I shall paint from life, though with a tbrush.

... It was in the cockpit of the old Blunderbuss 74 that I first fell in with Jack—, as a strange compound of good humour and ignorance as ever wore a weekly account; and yet he was brave, and not a bad practical seaman, but as for navigation, it was as much as ever he could do to take the sun's altitude at noon. The working of his rig, his work, and although I have already said, and heard, and laboured; and as Jack had eschewed from his infancy everything like mental exertion, he never would, and consequently never could, understand lines or cosines, tangents or secants, nor yet their application however simplified. But Jack never slunk from bodily fatigue; he would undergo the severest privations and toil without flinching, and he would astonish all who were not in the secret by his feats of agility and gymnasia: he would stand upon his head at the main-trace—throw a succession of somersets along the bowsprit—dance a jig at the jib-boom end, and foot a hornpipe (as the seamen declared) "like an angel." Still he was extremely irritable and stubborn in temper; and, as he was a capital bruiser, none of the Middles cared to provoke him, or took especial good caution to give him a wide berth if either willy or by chance they had raised his cholour, which soon subsided, and the palm of peace was exchanged. Jack had a small property of his own, quite sufficient for a Midshipman's wants, and rather more so, that he never troubled his friends with letters; and I really think he could not have penned one, for he was kept by the captain's clerk (who was Jack's dog as well as the Skipper's), and I never saw him do more than scribble his own name, which he could hardly read himself. His pay, his prize-money (and we did pretty well that way), and his income from other sources, were all expended in a very short time after they came to hand; for Jack gave dinners ashore and brought delicacies aboard, sharing his good things with his messmates, and often his best and honest power in distress. His great aim seemed to be the making of everybody happy by the best means in his power; and as he never was sorrowful himself, neither could he endure to see anybody else so.

... Soon after I joined, our worthy and excellent commander was superseded on his promotion to a flag, and a new Skipper was appointed, who had acquired the name of Nebuchadnezzar, on account of his having declared, when he was appointed, that he was made to him relate to the provisions that were served out a short time before the mutiny at Spithead, that "grass was good enough for such discontented and turbulent rascals." The ship's company of the old Blunderbuss were not altogether pleased with their acquisition, and wished Nebuchadnezzar at Jerusalem, or any other

... place of worship, whilst not a few, whose consciences had been leniently treated by their old commander, trembled in their shoes lest their easily-begetting sins should bring down on them the vengeance of God. Nor were the officers much better contented with the men; for though they had no desire to shrink from the most rigid discipline, yet old Nibby was a full-length saint, and kept a sharp eye and a taut hand over his juniors in regard of skylarks and ashore.

... It was apparent that my messmate Jack was not on board with the Captain read his commissariat; but as we were under sailing orders, he made his appearance when the ship was unmooring, and the First Lieutenant, after a gentle admonition about breaking his leave, hinted, in pretty strong terms, that the new Skipper would not stand such nonsense, and he must abide the consequences of future disobedience of orders. How it took place I cannot say, but so it occurred, that the first day we were at sea Jack was amongst the officers invited to dine in the cabin. I rather think it was mischievously done; for all hands knowing his propensities, it was hoped some fun would be derived from it. At all events, the Middy (who had not altogether recovered from the effects of the wine he had drank ashore), after a salutation from his messmates, and a declaration of the extremely amiable feelings of his superior, found himself at the table of his chief, with the Second Lieutenant, Captain of Marines, Chaplain (a follower of the Captain's), Surgeon, Purser, and a Master's Mate; and for some time he conducted himself very prettily. The dinner, however, passed off very differently to those of the late commander, who always dined with us, and under every circumstance of the mahogany—loved to see hilarity and cheerfulness, and could never take a joke even with a reefer, as Jack had often experienced. Now, however, there were no laugh, no anecdote of fun—scarcely any one spoke; and old "Sneezer" (an abridgment of Nebuchadnezzar) appeared, by his downcast looks and sullen expression, to be more than Jack could bear: his commiserating heart longed to cheer the old boy up, and he uttered several drolleries, which had the effect of rendering the acidity of Sneezer's countenance still more sour, whilst his visitors were almost convulsed in their efforts to refrain from laughing. At length, the Middy remarking that "all hands seemed to be treated with the same chop," offered by way of enlivening them, "to dance them a hornpipe, if the Captain would send for the ship's fiddler!" Ye gods and little fishes! what an explosion followed! It afforded dignity and stern fanaticism were not only offended, but particularly outraged, for the officers at table could restrain themselves no longer—roars of mirth echoed and re-echoed round the cabin, and the Skipper, by the previous constraining silence, rose to the top of the lightning of indignation gathering in his eye—and, grasping a decanter of wine as if it had been an annihilating thunderbolt, he bent a withering look upon the unfortunate Middy. But it was all upon Jack, who, on perceiving that he had aroused them from their melancholy slumbers, suddenly started from his chair, and with a flourish of his sword, began to explain on the "light fantastic toe." If the laughter had been great before, it was now downright hysterical—no one could stop it. The Captain was nearly bursting with rage: once or twice he raised the decanter, as if to hurl it at the unconscious reefer; but Jack danced on, snapping his fingers, cutting the double shuffle, and delighted that he had been the cause of so much merriment, that it would have cost him a good deal to have offered to continue, it is impossible to say, for the Captain of Marines and the Doctor, dreading the exercise of summary vengeance, caught Jack by the arms, and thrust him out of cabin; but they had barely time to get seated at table, when in again bounced Jack, determined to complete his self-allotted task; nor was it till peremptorily ordered to retire, that he was aware he was aware that anything was wrong. The Captain would have tried him by a court-martial, but was dissuaded from it by the Chaplain (who, by the way, laughed as heartily as any of them), on condition that Jack should leave the ship the earliest opportunity.

... But we were not only messmates, we were watch-mates together; and it was during the stillness of night that, from time to time, a part of his history which, if put together, would form a very novel, and which would surpass many of the imaginary adventures that are constantly foisted upon the public; for, after all, the realities of life are more romantic than the fancied pictures which emanate so profusely from the press. Jack's father was a fox hunting country clergyman, deriving eight hundred pounds a year from his own estate, and a year from a year from his own estates. The presentation to the living was in the hands of a noble Viscount, of sporting notoriety on the turf, and it had been given to the reverend incumbent under a promise to his parent, who was his Lordship's breeder and trainer, and by the aid of some capital horses had put much ready cash to the credit account of the nobleman at his banker's. Now, Jack, who a child loved fox-hunting as well as his daddy, who encouraged his inclination, and he was more frequently in the stable than at school. At length, when arrived at an age in which education became an essential requisite, he was sent to a public institution; but, detesting both the confinement and the labour of study, Jack slipped from his moorings very early one morning, and started on foot "to horse" his fortune—the world being his, and he sought shelter at Bahia, in a "place of rest," for he was of too stirring a temperament to indulge in inglorious ease, but where to choose a mode of life that promised him most amusement. After travelling several miles, he fell into company with some performers in the equestrian troop of the celebrated Saunders, who were proceeding to a fair that was about to be held at some considerable distance, and picked up a few crumbs by the way as mountebanks. Jack was delighted with his new associates; they taught him to vault, to tumble, to ride in the circus—in short, made him in an extremely clever fellow as a stroller, and, in return, he was the very life of the arena—up to fun, down to mischief, and fly to everything. The ladies of the corps took a fancy to him, and taught him to dance; and the chief, in encouragement of his feeble exploits on horseback; the clowns incited him with all their drollery; and the lad who would not devote a few hours a day to scholastic study, slaved incessantly from morning to night to acquire a perfect knowledge of the profession he had stumbled upon. But what cared Jack?—he could read his own name lazoned forth upon the Bill of the Performance; he wore a splendid dress and glittered in the lamp-lights; he could here the cheering shouts of applause that shook the canvas walls as he leaped the red garter, or dashed through a hoop covered with paper in a blaze. He had become a flaming character; and the beautiful Miss Saunders (she certainly was a very pretty girl), who danced in Turkish trousers upon the tight-rope, and exhibited most wonderfully upon the tight-rope, he was in the hands of the ladies, and called her "pet." Besides, when he passed through the streets, he attracted public notice, and was praised in the provincial papers; Jack's brain was almost turned. But all this elysium was not to last. He was accidentally detected and discovered by a venerable aunt, who patronised the riders, and she induced her nephew to relinquish his engagements, and return to his home, with a promise that she would give him the use of a make-him heir to her estates, bringing in about 2000 a year. Once more at school, the truant longed for the eclat of the amphitheatre. His heart sickened for the sounds of approbation, for none could he ever get from his teachers; and he was much oftner to be found amusing his school-fellows with tumbling, than attending to his books. As for mathematics, he consa a subterfuge to contrive, and so he had foregone all stretch for the tight-rope; and the only circle he understood, was the boarded one round which he had so often traversed.

... Jack was declared incorrigible, removed from school, and placed to learn some handicraft, the precise nature of which, I do not recollect. The youngster, however, had an independent spirit; he would not yield himself subservient to contrivance, and so he had foregone all stretch for the tight-rope; and the only circle he understood, was the boarded one round which he had so often traversed.

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... ed, nor could he get any tidings of their whereabouts; and as the Master of the collier invited him to remain (for hands were scarce then), and praised him for his activity and readiness to learn, he made himself a delightful pupil, and in a little time he had learned the trick at the tiller, understood reeling, furling, splicing. In short, the same assiduity which made him a clever equestrian performer, now helped him to gain good practical knowledge as a sailor; and although he sometimes experienced the roughs of Newcastle amidst the other lads, yet he boldly defended himself, and generally emerged triumphant. He had formed in his occupation about twelve months, chuckling at the idea that he remained undiscovered by his family, which probably would not have been the case had he again united himself to the troop, and hoping that he might continue in concealment, for any thing was better than school or business that required mental study. But Jack was now to move in another sphere. A man-of-war's boat bolding one collier, was an active search was commenced fore and aft; the runaway had got into close stowage, packed up in straw, in an earthenware crate down in the hold, but his good genius deserted him. He had had a wearying night on deck; the warmth and quiet composed him to sleep, and when sleeping he had a bad habit of playing deep bag upon a table, and the tiller, under every circumstance, sounded long and loud, just as the searchers came near to the crate; it directed them to the exact spot,—Jack's treacherous conk betrayed him—he was unpacked and handed upon deck.

... "What made you hide yourself, my lad?" said the Lieutenant; surely the King's beef and biscuit is as good for many a man as their legs were for a pair of prize-money. How long have you been to sea?"

... "Sea, Sir?" replied Jack, with the most perfect affectation of ignorance as to the meaning. "What should I know about sea?—this is my trade," and he began tumbling and capering, to the great amusement of the officer and his boat's crew.

... "I shall be of no service to you, Sir," gloomily returned Jack; for like most of the sea lads in the employ of the merchants and colliers, he had conceived great ideas of his own greatness, and the subject of our memoir his eldest daughter, both were deprived of maternal care when they most required it, and both were assigned to the same foster-mother during their infancy. Of the life, public and private, of the former, Lord Frederick North, many years Prime Minister to George III., was his eldest son, and the subject of our memoir his eldest daughter, both were deprived of maternal care when they most required it, and both were assigned to the same foster-mother during their infancy. Of the life, public and private, of the former, Lord Frederick North, many years Prime Minister to George III., was his eldest son, and the subject of our memoir his eldest daughter, both were deprived of maternal care when they most required it, and both were assigned to the same foster-mother during their infancy.

... "Be it, then, the task of the writer of this unvarnished narrative to rescue her memory from obscurity. Of her early days it may suffice to say that they were spent under the roof of her mother's immediate relatives, near Grosvenor-square, London, where she received an education suitable to the position in society she appeared to have assumed. Her mother, who was a daughter of an innkeeper of Bishop House, Middlesex, then the residence of the Earl of Halifax, whose daughters, the Ladies Montague, watched over her young womanhood with anxious solicitude. The Earl of Halifax being at the time (1748) one of the Lords of the Admiralty, was in the habit of being waited on in matrons, and she was entrusted with the maintenance of Mr. Brett, nephew of Sir W. Smith, a London merchant, who offered her his hand. Mr. Brett, though respectable connected, and having good worldly prospects before him, was nevertheless not considered of suitable station to espouse the daughter of an earl, and she was therefore sent down to Preston to break off the acquaintance, and to remain here for some weeks, under the care of two ladies near her father's house, Mr. Major, at the time, and lived at the entrance to Chapel walk, Fishergate she received an intimation that Mr. Brett, supposing that she had gone to France, had set out in quest of her, and had been drowned in crossing from Dover to Calais.

... Believing the statement, and much distressed in her mind, she did not even attend to the intimation, and returned to London, and related her troubles to her foster-mother; observing at the same time as her friends had deprived her of the object of her warmest affections, she would accept the first offer that was made to her. Her foster-mother having a nephew then lodging with her from Preston, with a view to improve his education, she married him, and he was what the unhappy lady had stated. He made her offer accordingly, and in three days they were married at Keith's Chapel, May-fair.

... A few months afterwards the young couple quitted London, and she became mistress of the identical house in Fishergate now occupied by Mr. Taylor, seedsman, which descended to her husband on the death of his father, and where she gave birth to 12 children, five of whom (daughters) have died within the last ten years, and one still survives, and lives in Preston.

... Harsh and unforgiving as it may yet appear, it is yet the fact, that this marriage (imprudently entered into under the circumstances) for ever cut her off from her former friends and acquaintances, not one of whom ever exchanged a single word with her afterwards, except Sir Roger Bute, who married her party, and her father Lady Frances Montague, and who accidentally met her in London. Lord Strange, who then resided in the country, and resided occasionally at the family mansion in Church-street, also recognised her after she had become a resident in Preston. He had known her when a girl living with her relatives near his own residence in London, who married her party, and her father Lady Frances Montague, and who accidentally met her in London. Lord Strange, who then resided in the country, and resided occasionally at the family mansion in Church-street, also recognised her after she had become a resident in Preston. He had known her when a girl living with her relatives near his own residence in London, who married her party, and her father Lady Frances Montague, and who accidentally met her in London.

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... pear, when, having quite enough to retire upon, he actually resigned his commission, disdaining to receive the half-pay; and having married, he settled (if such a genius can be supposed to settle anywhere) on a delightful rural spot, in a village near Brighton, where he spent some beautiful hours, and was reckoned a fearless rider after the hounds, and was noted for the neatness of his carriage and pair. His mirth-loving propensities rendered him an agreeable addition to country society, particularly amongst the squirearchy of the chas, whose after-dinner hours were frequently enlivened by his gymnastic exhibitions. The Irish are no longer, through the medium of a friend who was passing that way, and saw the identical individual in the yard of the inn, his coat and hat off, and playing at pitch-and-hustle with a parcel of boys.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

(From the Preston Pilot.)

... The historical annals of the century furnish various instances of great change in the fortunes of women—such as the elevation of Miss Farren to the Countess of Derby; Miss Mellon to the Duchess of St. Alban's; and Miss Foote to the Countess of Harrington; each of whom has been a celebrated actress on the London theatre; but there are few, if any, instances on record of ladies of high aristocratic birth, numbering among their immediate connections dukes, earls, and lords, who have formed alliances in the middle ranks of life, and become the wives of humble tradesmen. One such instance, however, has taken place; and as the lady destined to be the bride of the subject of our memoir has now commencing with their mother earth in St. John's churchyard, her history may not prove uninteresting to our readers. The Hon. Francis North, subsequently created Earl of Guilford, was several times married, and had rather a numerous family. Lord Frederick North, many years Prime Minister to George III., was his eldest son, and the subject of our memoir his eldest daughter, both were deprived of maternal care when they most required it, and both were assigned to the same foster-mother during their infancy. Of the life, public and private, of the former, Lord Frederick North, many years Prime Minister to George III., was his eldest son, and the subject of our memoir his eldest daughter, both were deprived of maternal care when they most required it, and both were assigned to the same foster-mother during their infancy.

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... Harsh and unforgiving as it may yet appear, it is yet the fact, that this marriage (imprudently entered into under the circumstances) for ever cut her off from her former friends and acquaintances, not one of whom ever exchanged a single word with her afterwards, except Sir Roger Bute, who married her party, and her father Lady Frances Montague, and who accidentally met her in London. Lord Strange, who then resided in the country, and resided occasionally at the family mansion in Church-street, also recognised her after she had become a resident in Preston. He had known her when a girl living with her relatives near his own residence in London, who married her party, and her father Lady Frances Montague, and who accidentally met her in London.

MISCELLANEA.

... FOUNDLINGS IN FRANCE.—The Councils General in France, who are intrusted with the duty of reporting to the local affairs of their respective districts and to ascertain the extent with the power of distributing the local funds, have been holding their meetings within the last four weeks. Amongst the questions they have discussed, the subject of the hospitals for abandoned children has in almost every council occupied a prominent position. It appears that the number of children in the hospitals of France is increasing in a frightful manner, so as to threaten to absorb all the funds at the disposal of the provincial treasuries. At Bordeaux married women are so lost to all sense of shame and maternal affection, that they actually enter the Hotel Dieu, or hospital, where they are confined at the public expense, and then proceed to the Hospice des Enfants Trouves, where they are confined, and the offspring. Several councils have suggested the abolition of the turning boxes, by means of which the mother is enabled to abandon her infant with perfect secrecy. The evil is not confined to any district of France, and representations are as strongly made from the north as from the south against the present law. Many French philanthropists attribute this increasing deficiency of maternal affection to the difficulties in the way of marriage, as well as to the conventional offering of the disposal of their unhappy children. To contract a marriage in France it is not perhaps generally known, it is necessary that both parties obtain the consent of their parents unless they are upwards of thirty years of age, and produce certificates without number, of birth, &c., and publish bans in every town which they have resided in during the preceding year, often impossible for a soldier or artisan who has had occasion to travel in search of work.

... SUMMARY OF LONDON.—London is the largest and richest city in the world; it occupies a surface of 600 city two square miles, and is situated on a river which is 300 feet high, and five stadia high. It consists of London city, Westminster city, Finsbury, Marylebone, Tower Hamlets, Southwark and Lambeth districts. The two latter are on the south side of the Thames. It contains 300 churches and chapels of the establishment; 394 dissenters' chapels; 32 foreign chapels; 230 public schools; 1,500 private schools; 150 hospitals; 156 almshouses; 265 workhouses; 550 public offices; 14 prisons; 32 theatres; 21 markets. Consumes annually 110,000 bullocks 770,000 sheep, 250,000 lambs, 250,000 calves, and 270,000 pigs; 11,000 tons of butter, 13,000 tons of cheese, 10 millions gallons of milk, a million quarters of wheat, or 84 millions of quatern loaves, 65,000 pipes of wine, two million gallons of spirits, 800 million barrels of porter and ale. Employs 16,503 shoemakers, 14,552 tailors, 2,891 blacksmiths, 2,013 whitesmiths, 5,030 house painters, 1,073 fish dealers, 2,662 hatters and hosiers, 13,209 carpenters, 6,823 bricklayers, & 5,416 cabinet makers, 1,003 wheelwrights, 2,180 sawyers, 2,807 jewellers, 1,172 old iron dealers, 3,618 binders, 3,623 bookbinders, 700 pressmen, 1,393 sash-makers, 2,633 watch and clock makers, 4,227 grocers, 1,430 milkmen, 5,655 bakers, 2,091 barbers, 1,040 brokers, 4,323 butchers, 1,586 cheesemongers, 1,083 chemists, 4,199 clothiers and linen drapers, 2,167 coach makers, 1,367 coat merchants, 2,125 cooperers, 1,381 dyers, 2,819 plumbers, 800 painters, 869 saddlers, 3,623 shoemakers, 100 tobacconists, 1,470 turners, 556 undertakers. [The above are all males above twenty years of age.] 16,000 private families of fashion, &c. About 27,000 establishments of trade and industry, 4,400 public houses 330 hotels, 470 beer shops, 960 spirit and wine shops. There are six bridges over the Thames at London. London employs 8000 watermen and 4,000 fishers. London pays about one-third the window-duty in England; the number of houses assessed being about 120,000, rated at upwards of five millions sterling. The houses rental is probably seven or eight millions.

... LISA CHASE EXTRAORDINARY.—A few days ago, they say, a beautiful English yacht, coquetishly rigged, entered the Gironde at Bordeaux, and having crossed the bar, entered the harbour, opposite the Cale de Quincones. While the longers were admiring the beautiful vessel and the still more beautiful lady on it, a second yacht, cutter rigged, and decorated with English and French colours, entered the harbour and cast anchor at a short distance from the first. Three days afterwards the cutter was observed to weigh anchor, and at day break and quit the harbour. The moment the tide permitted it: it was also remarked that the schooner had disappeared during the night. It appears that last spring these two yachts sailed from London within a few days of each other, and met at Constantinople some weeks afterwards. The owner of the cutter, who is a young man, and recognised as an elegant and brilliant English gentleman, had been acquainted with the beautiful wife of the proprietor of the schooner (a distinguished Scotch nobleman), and became "perdu ment" in love with her. Lord D—was not slow in perceiving the attentions of the young spark to his lady, and thought that the best means of putting an extinguisher on his hopes would be to quit Constantinople, and return to London. The schooner made sail than the cutter followed her example, and put to sea, keeping closely in her company. The schooner was reckoned an excellent sailer; but the cutter skimmed the water like a sea-weed; and the result of three days' endeavours to escape his disagreeable "compagnon le voyageur," convinced Lord D—, that he could not effect his design by the swiftness of his craft, and he was obliged to treat to chance, or stratagem, to free him from his persecutor. But the indefatigable lover was too vigilant to give his friend the chance of escape. By day and night the cutter watched the movements of the schooner, and attended her shadow. In this manner they visited in company Toulon, Marseilles, Gibraltar, Caliz, and Bordeaux; when the latter city was, however, to be the place where this obstinate struggle should terminate. Lord D—having learned that his friend's persecutor and accepted the invitation of a friend to dine in the country, from which it was not likely he would return until a late hour, availed himself of the favourable opportunity to "couper son baton" with as little delay as possible. The disappointment of the young man when he retraced, and found that the object of his pursuit had escaped him, may easily be imagined. The rising of the tide prevented his immediate departure, but the moment it permitted he weighed anchor, and sailed in pursuit of his dear schooner and its precious freight. Whether he has succeeded or not in his love chase we have yet to learn.

... EXTRAORDINARY SCENES IN HAVRE [THEATRE].—On Sunday evening there was a crowd of heads to witness the performance of an opera called "Le Diable Blanc." In one of the scenes the stage had to be left vacant for a moment or two. On perceiving this, an Irish gentleman who was behind the scenes in a state of intoxication, coolly walked on to the stage. He was attired in a gaudy plaid shooting jacket, with huge leather gaiters, &c. and carried a great thick stick. The audience was for a moment literally astounded at the intrusion; but soon rose a perfect storm of yells and hisses. The Irish gentleman therefore stood still, looked fierce at the audience, and flourished his stick. Some of the audience thinking fun might be got out of him, gave him a round of applause, whilst others armed more than before. At length there was a pause, and—will you believe it?—the gentleman began singing one of his national melodies, something like—

... Oh! Teddy! the boy for bewitching 'em.— Whoop! Hullahad! Hullahad! And as he sung he whooped, and yelled, and danced, and flourished his thick stick right gloriously. Was there ever such an exhibition? The people roared again with laughter, and our friend the Irishman appeared perfectly happy. But alas, for Paddy! the manager called for the assistance of the gens d'arms, a party of whom rushed on the stage to apprehend the Irishman; but he resisted, and many of the audience took his part. Some English sailors who were present called out—"Go it Pat—go it Paddy," and Paddy did go it, for he did considerable damage to the heads of his opponents; but his terrible shillelah. At length, however, he was overpowered and lodged in the station house; and so ended one of the most extraordinary scenes ever witnessed in a theatre.

... DIRECTIONS FOR SPRING LAWYERS.—Prune luxuriant actions and nail up backward clients in a good situation for spoiling.—Make up hot beds by raking out old slander and all sorts of manure that are available.

... A CARGO OF PHILOSOPHERS.—A capital story has just reached us from Dudley, touching the recent aquatic excursion of certain distinguished savans, from Birmingham to Dudley. It being to pass through one of the canal locks, where boats are required to register certain particulars of the freight, &c. (to facilitate the collection of the proper dues), the following entry was made relative to one of the learning laden barges:—"Draught, 13 inches; weight, 34 tons; cargo, philosophers."

... A DRAUGHTS COW.—On Friday evening so night, a horse house keeper at Byrput, two miles north of Woot, went and drank about 20 quarts. It is not known where she spent the night, but early on Saturday she was observed by many running up and down evidently under the influence of St. John, and, in the course of the same day, the unfortunate cow died in consequence.