

Extracts from English Papers.

MANSION-HOUSE.

The Lord Mayor, upon going into the Justice-room on Saturday, was handed the following elegant epistle:

To the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of London, &c. &c. &c.

"My Lord.—While demoralizing themes are lifted on the giddy pinnacle of fortune, while even the excess of depravation can find an asylum—shall the zealous adherent of pure morality and mental improvement, driven on the verge of the tomb by his ardent for British ascendancy and by sickness, be denied pity? O, my Lord, I can give you unequivocal proofs of my sincerity. It is not possible that the chief magistrate of the metropolis of the world will, even in equity, but particularly of his generous feelings, either grant a pass to bring me to Belfast, or yield a shilling or two, and a pair of old shoes to lead me on my sorrowful path, so far as the dry ground terminates. I am friendless, penniless, strengthless, and homeless, though influenced by my own glowing zeal and the enthusiasm of my heart to believe that I should find every Briton breathe these general and generous feelings which should ever distinguish the sons of fair Britannia. Will your lordship condescend to bear a few words of an experimental conversation with me? I wait your lordship's command in the ante-chamber."

The Lord Mayor having desired that the writer of the letter should make his appearance, a man about 35 years of age, every article of whose dress was in a most poetical condition, entered from the paupers' room, to which his warm imagination had applied the more graceful epithet.

Pray (said the Lord Mayor) how does it happen that such a master of language as you are in such a woful plight? Applicant.—That is, my Lord, an ordination of Providence. I have tried my hand at all concerns, and done nothing. Providence must have had some motive for producing me, but is the most hidden and mysterious motive in existence.—(Laughter.)

The Lord Mayor—What business have you been engaged in? Applicant.—"Teaching the young idea how to shoot" in Ireland.—(Laughter.)—but it was hungry work; I worked all day, and had no substantial food to support me; for though I used to cut meat for the boys I was obliged to share it for myself.—(Laughter.) The mistress had a sharp eye, and hated waste; and she knew the weight of a grain what quantity I sent down to keep life moving in me.—(Laughter.)

The Lord Mayor—They get more liberally in England. Applicant.—That, my Lord, was the identical circumstance that made me direct my steps here. Go (says every one) to the Mansion-House, and see what a difference there is.—(Great laughter.)

The Lord Mayor—You mistake me, my friend I mean the keepers of Schools.—You will have a better chance of good treatment here in your profession. Applicant.—I hope so, my Lord. But I was assured that the schoolmaster was abroad every where in England; and, by the virtue of my oath, I have never seen a man since I landed on your shores that ever appeared to have met him.—(Laughter.) Where's the use in instructing the obstinate and brutal? I sent a play, a tragedy, to Drury-lane Theatre, and they promised to bring it out before the public, but it was obliged to yield its place to the dragons, tigers, and polecats, although there was not a line in it that was not the height of morality and virtue.—(Laughter.)

A gentleman, who was present, said that he believed the tragedy would have been brought out, were it not for the engagement of Mons. Martin and his domestics.

Applicant.—They wanted me to introduce the natives of the woods and wilds, and desolate places, but I told them I did not understand the language, and so they employed one of the link-boys, and they allow him the privilege of driving the two trades, incendiary and dramatist.—(Laughter.)

The Lord Mayor—Well, I regret to see you in such a condition. Your habits, I am afraid, must be rather unbecoming, or you would not be so ragged. However, you shall have a few shillings and something to cover you, and I will send you home.

Applicant.—Most respectfully I thank you my Lord Mayor; and if ever you come to Ireland, and happen to be in the same condition that I am, you shall command my services.—(Loud laughter.)—London Sun.

GUILDHALL.

As the Board of Health have pointed out, as being the most liable to that fearful disease, the cholera morbus, the very class of persons with which our prisons and police-offices are filled daily, namely, "the poor, ill-fed, and unhealthy part of the population, and especially those who have been addicted to drinking spirituous liquors, and indulgence in irregular habits," many expect that when the air becomes pregnant with the infectious matter, the disorder will first exhibit itself among the description of persons who frequent our police-office and prisons. Saturday, there being about seventy persons in this office at the same time, crowded together below the bar, Mr. Alderman Garratt said, that as the government had deemed it now necessary to call on the magistracy to use their utmost exertions to point out and warn the public against the danger of contagion, and as prisons and police offices appeared, from observations that had been made, to be places of imminent risk, he considered it his duty to caution all persons

who really had no business to transact there against remaining in the room. He did not touch the question that they might lawfully be present, but he merely threw it out for their consideration, as many of them, perhaps, have not yet heard of the important document which had been issued by the government, and were not aware how near the danger was considered. He might add, however, that unnecessary alarm should be guarded against, as it might so influence the bodily health as to predispose the party to infection, and he thought every person who came there without fear would probably go away harmless. In the course of a few minutes several persons took the hint and retired.

The final arrangement of the affairs of the Netherlands, by the Conference of London, has justly been made a subject of congratulation between the Government and people of France, as well as between the King and the people of England. The French Ministry announced the intelligence by a bulletin at the Exchange, and the King of England made it known in his Speech to Parliament at the prorogation. The ground on which an event apparently so insignificant has acquired so much importance, we endeavoured to explain yesterday. In Paris the news had not been received with the same satisfaction, nor the conduct of the Government treated with the same candour as in England. Nearly every Paper pretending to liberality opened an attack on Wednesday on the Government of M. Perier, for not acting with perfidy and dishonour in the Belgian negotiations. Nearly every one of them expressed regret at the conclusion to which they have led, and seemed to delight in the anticipation that the Belgians would refuse to ratify the treaty thus made. Knowing the temper of the Belgians, we were not surprised to hear that they were like their French neighbours, dissatisfied, both with the arrangement of the territorial limits, and with the distribution of the joint debt; but on the latter point, a little reflection must convince them that their dissatisfaction is unreasonable. The award of the Conference is more favourable to Belgium than the Belgians could have expected. The first protocol on the subject assigned to them 16-31, or more than a half of the common debt of the two countries; and certainly during the last fifteen years, by paying the half, or nearly the half, of the taxes of the united kingdom they have borne their half of the burden of the debt. They cannot, therefore, pretend inability to bear the minor share now allotted them. According to the best estimates the kingdom of Leopold, as constituted by the 24 articles which form the basis of separation between it and Holland, will possess a population of 3,500,000 souls. This population are remarkable, and have been in all ages, for their unceasing activity and unwearied industry—for their manufacturing skill, and for the assiduous cultivation of the most fertile soil of western Europe. Their prosperity has hitherto been mainly checked, and their enterprise rendered unproductive, by the liability of their country to constant invasion in every general war—by its being what an old English writer quaintly calls it, "the cock-pit of Europe." The guarantee of their neutrality by the Great powers must in future remove this source of danger and calamity. It must thus enable them to dispense with a numerous standing army and the maintenance of expensive fortifications. That they may not be under the temptation of constructing ships of war. Antwerp is to be a trading port only, and not a great naval arsenal. This improvement of their affairs, in which their pride must learn to make sacrifices to their substantial security and happiness, must lead to such manufacturing and commercial prosperity, as must diminish the pressure of their legitimate portion of a debt, which they were enabled to bear to a much greater amount in less favourable circumstances. In point of fact, this portion of the joint debt now awarded to Belgium, and about which so much has been said, amounts only to 700,000 sterling a year, while Holland, by the same award, with a less population, has to provide for the payment of 1,500,000. Any objections therefore, on the part of the Belgians to this distribution would appear to be unreasonable, if we are to believe the report current in official circles, that their Plenipotentiaries were empowered to consent to an annual charge of 800,000, on account of the common debt. It can scarcely be apprehended that a wise and prudent government will again endanger its own independence, and disturb the peace of Europe, by resisting the annual payment of 100,000, when the award is made by five Powers who can have no interest in perpetrating an act of injustice or oppression against either party. We have been led to make these remarks, and to tender this advice, from no hostility to the Belgians, and no partiality for the Dutch, but from a sincere desire for the secure establishment of a peace which is equally the interest of both; and we hope that the Belgians, by their acquiescence in the articles of arrangement now submitted to them, will endeavour to atone for their previous turbulence—will allow their nation to be invested with the uncontested attributes of independence, and permit all the Governments of Europe without further hesitation to acknowledge their new Sovereign.—Times.

BREACH OF PROMISE OF MARRIAGE.

From the Dublin Morning Register.

COURT OF EXCHEQUER, Oct. 25.

ELIZA LITTLE v. MATTHEW LYNCH.

This, heard, was an action brought by Eliza Little against Matthew Lynch for a breach of

promise of Marriage. The first count contained a promise of marriage on request; the second count contained a promise to marry in a reasonable time; and the third count a promise to marry generally. Damages were laid at 500*l*. The defendant pleaded the general issue.

Mr. Litton, K. C. was in this case Counsel for the Plaintiff, who was a very young lady, Miss Eliza Little was now in her 24th year, and at the time she became acquainted with the defendant, Mr. Lynch, was not 19 years of age. The father of this lady had been, in his lifetime, a good circumstances, and was possessed of great property. He was the proprietor of a cotton factory near Cork. He had married there a Miss Oliver, the mother of the present plaintiff, who brought him a considerable fortune, and with her he had lived for many years in a state of opulence and comfort. He at length, however, lost his trade and became reduced in his circumstances and died in 1823. He left his widow with four infant female children to take care of, and with them to struggle through the world. He had left assets barely sufficient to pay the amount of his debts. His widow, then, had not only to provide for his four children, but also for the infant children of one of her daughters, who had been married, but whose husband had died in bad circumstances. This lady, who had been reared as an independent, determined to support her children by her own industry, and removed them to Cork, where she set up a boarding-house. From 1823 till 1825 she continued in that business, on the badness of the times she was obliged to give it up, and removed from Cork to the village of Rathfriland, where she was the proprietor of a shop, and sold toys and haberdashery. She was living there in the year 1827. In that year an offer was made to Mr. Little, by an old friend of her, Mrs. Leman, that the plaintiff should reside in her house as her companion. The offer was accepted, and accordingly the young lady was domiciliated in Mrs. Leman's house. She became the adopted child of Mr. and Mrs. Leman. There was a friendly intercourse between the two families, and it was from the state of happiness and comfort enjoyed in that family that the plaintiff was driven by the attentions of the defendant. In January, 1828, it was necessary, on account of the state of Mrs. Leman's health, to remove from Roundtown to Dublin. The Leman took lodgings in Charlemont-street, Mr. Lynch, the defendant, was then a lodger in that house, and there it was he became acquainted with this young woman. There it was that he formed his deliberate plan to destroy her peace, to wound her spirit, and he (Mr. Litton) might truly say, to break her heart. He (Mr. L.) heard it whispered behind him, that her heart was not yet broken; but this the Jury would know, that she was now but a faded flower, that she was a broken reed, and a wounded spirit. Mr. Lynch, the defendant, he had to inform the Jury, is a gentleman of some fortune, having about 800*l*. a year, a native of Galway, a man of middle age, about forty years, past the years of folly; and he (Mr. L.) might say, past the years of passion. Seduction was his object, but the virtue of the plaintiff preserved her from the snares he had set for her. Mr. and Mrs. Leman, perceiving the attention that Lynch paid to the plaintiff, immediately communicated to the young lady and her mother their opinion, that it was better for her to go back to her mother's house, and proposals of marriage, and addresses of that kind, would take place much better under her mother's roof, than under that of a stranger. The young woman, with the hope and prospect of a happy marriage, returned to her mother's house. It was in December, 1828, that the plaintiff returned to her mother's house; there the defendant visited her frequently, and professed an honourable and unbounded attachment to her. This would be proved, not only by the sisters and the mother of the plaintiff, but by his own letters. His courtship continued in this manner from December, 1828, till July 1829. He from time to time put off his marriage. He arranged that he was to go to the Continent with the young girl as his wife, and then bring her back to Ireland and introduce her to his family. He then postponed the marriage till the end of 1829, as he said he wished to have his affairs arranged. It was then thought proper that she should return to Mrs. Leman's; but by the persuasions of the defendant she returned from Leman's to her mother's house. At this period a proposal of marriage was made to this young lady by a young man in a respectable rank of life. Her mother wished her to accept it; but as the defendant promised most positively to marry her, the offer of that young man, to whom she could have been happily married, was rejected. Mr. Litton then read a letter of the defendant to the plaintiff, in which he stated that he was busily engaged in arranging his affairs. In the course of this letter, he said, "I send you a thousand kisses," and signed it "Your Lover."—(Laughter.) Immediately before this man declared he would not marry her, he wrote a letter—a monstrous letter. He (Mr. Litton) would call it an infernal letter. After alluding to the proposal he had made to her of going with him to Scotland to be married, which she had refused, he says, "if you know of any respectable female that would receive you, I would pay with pleasure for your diet and your lodging. I would sooner die than injure you. My sweetest love and angel, I would die for you. Dearest Eliza, never desert me, and I will never desert you."

Ellen Blackburne examined by Mr. O'Connell.—The plaintiff is my sister; my father left four daughters; the plaintiff is the third youngest; I do not rightly know how old she is. I am now married; I had a conversation with Lynch about his marriage to my sister. Lynch told me, and took Eliza by the hand, and said he would marry her, and bring her to the Continent, and when he came back no one would know where he married; he said he would marry her in five weeks.

Mr. O'Connell asked if she knew a young man named Gallagher.

Mr. Holmes objected to the question.

Mr. O'Connell.—You may stop me, but you will not succeed.

Mr. Holmes.—Stop you! I don't know any one who could stop you.—(Laughter.)

Examination resumed.—I told Lynch that a young man was wanting to marry my sister; he said the young man should not marry her, but that he himself would do so. I have heard him say that he had only 250*l*. a year; that he was a poor gentleman.

Mr. O'Connell.—Did he say any thing about his expectations?

Mr. Holmes.—O! we have all great expectations.

—(Laughter.) I expect to be Attorney-General.

Mr. O'Connell.—I wish I had you there.

Mr. Bennett.—And I expect to be Master of the Rolls.—(Loud laughter.)

Mr. Holmes.—I have refused them all before they were offered.—(Laughter.)

Mr. O'Connell.—You are quite right; for no one refuses them after they are offered.

(Continued laughter.)

Patrick Kelly.—I am clerk to Mr. Kennedy, the tailor; I know Mr. Lynch; I have seen him write; witness proved several letters to be in the hand writing of the defendant.

Cross-examined by Mr. Holmes.—I am not a tailor; I am a clerk; I would have staid away; if Lynch bid me, unless I was subpoenaed.

Mr. O'Connell proceeded to read the letters of the defendant.

Mr. Bennett.—What is the date?

Mr. O'Connell.—Date to a love-letter!

Mr. Holmes.—No one here knows anything of the tender passion, but Mr. Little, and Mr. O'Connell.

Mr. O'Connell.—It is an ancient memory with Mr. Holmes.—(Loud laughter.)

Mr. Holmes.—Mr. O'Connell, gentlemen, never date dates his love-letters.

Mr. O'Connell then read the following letters from the defendant to the plaintiff.

The peculiar emphasis he laid on some passages of the letters excited loud laughter in the Court:

Dearest Eliza,—I would have called before, but I have been confined at home with a desperate cold, my eyes are all blood-shot, and it even pains me to write these few lines. The moment I go out I will call on you, sweet love. I send you a thousand sweet kisses. Your ever affectionately,

M. LYNCH.

Saturday.

Dearest Eliza,—I regret it was not in my power to call to see you to-day—in fine, I am occupied in settling my little affairs, and it is not in a day one can do it. You must therefore excuse me calling on you until next week, say this day week, for I cannot settle my affairs before that time. I write this, sweet love, not to disappoint you. I send a thousand sweet kisses. Believe me, yours, very affectionately,

FRIDAY. (Loud laughter.)

Tuesday.

Dearest Eliza,—I am sorry it is not in my power to see you this week—this happens to be a very busy week with me—it gave me the greatest pleasure to see you pass by days running. I have had a very severe cold that has confined me within doors for near a week past. I will be with you about this day week. I send you a thousand sweet kisses. Your most affectionately,

Monday Evening.

Dearest Eliza, never desert me, and I will never desert you.

Dearest Eliza,—I waited upon your sister, but I find that she and your mother pull together. That is, my sweet love, they are against us, for, sweet love, she said she would not have any thing to do with it, but told me to speak to your mother, and that she would not have any thing to do with it. I told her that your character was as innocent, pure, spotless, and honest as her's, or any lady in the world, and that though I knew you for two years, I never attempted to take a liberty with you; but, sweet love, I told your sister that your mother tyrannized over you; but she said she would not interfere; in fine I think your sister and mother pull together, and therefore, dear Eliza, I will call on your mother on Friday, but never shall say we met, but shall recommend her to get you a place, and if she then makes any objection, I will never mention what you told me, but I will give her as good a lesson as ever she got in her life, but shall never tell her that you told me of her vile and villainous attempt to set you against me; but, sweet love, I will never desert you, but never mind that. If you know any respectable female that would receive you, I would pay with pleasure for your diet and lodging, and I would sooner die than injure you; and, sweetest love and angel, I send you a thousand sweet kisses. I will be with you at four o'clock on Friday; sweet love I would die for you.

Your ever attached lover,

Mr. Bennett, K. C., addressed the Jury on behalf of the defendant. Mr. Litton said the plaintiff was "a faded flower," "a broken reed," and "a wounded spirit."—(Laughter.)

He next said that the defendant was too old to have a passion, that he was 40 years of age but that he had 200*l*. a year, and Mr. Litton told them that they should give the young lady compensation for an old man without passion, and of 200*l*. a year.—(Laughter.)

When he (Mr. B.) was a young man, he would not care a fig for an old woman without passion, even though she might have 200*l*. a year.—(Laughter.) Mr. Litton said his client was "a broken spirit," and a "wounded reed," but her bringing this action showed her spirit was not broken. But, then, said Mr. Litton, she has lost Gallagher.—[Laughter.]

The plaintiff proved, not that Gallagher was paying his addresses to her, but that he proved that they told Lynch that Gallagher was courting her. Lynch, from his letters, was evidently a giddy foolish man; but giddy as he was, he never made a dishonourable proposal to the plaintiff. All he (Mr. Bennett) had to do was to beg of the Jury to give a fair, honest, and impartial verdict.

After a brief charge from the Chief Baron, the Jury retired, and in about half an hour afterwards returned with a verdict for the plaintiff, 100*l*. damages and 6*l*. costs.

TREATMENT OF M. BONHOMME IN LISBON.

A new and interesting miscellany, called "Paris in London," gives the following version of the indignities suffered by M. Bonhomme in Lisbon.

"Influenced by the lively illusions to which youth gives birth, I set sail in 1819 for Brazil and, after a residence of several years, I left it to go to Lisbon, for the purpose of establishing a seminary to teach mathematics and the French languages. I afterwards went to Coimbra, and studied medicine. At the end of two years I returned to Lisbon.

"Two months had scarcely passed after my leaving Coimbra when numerous sacrifices were committed in several churches in that town, which set the agents of Don Miguel in motion; but all their searches after the offenders were fruitless; yet it was necessary to find some guilty person. They cast their eyes on me because I was a Frenchman; and my liberal opinions were no recommendation to me. I endeavoured to justify myself by proving an *alibi*, but all my reasons were vain; I was declared guilty of sacrilege, and cast into a loathsome dungeon where I languished ten months. Their rage knew no bounds; notwithstanding my situation other more serious charges were brought against me. I was accused of having inculcated liberal opinions into the minds of my scholars, hostile to the paternal Government of Don Miguel, and that I was a free-mason! These were not the whole of the insignificant and ridiculous presumptions against me; but my Judges were in the pay of a tyrant.—I was a Frenchman, and a liberal—suffi-

cient grounds, to assure my fate; they condemned me to be publicly whipped through the streets of Lisbon, and afterwards to be exiled to that burning climate of Africa for ten years. Better had it been to have sentenced me to immediate death than to a slow and grievous one, surrounded by deserts, where scarcely a European survives more than two years.

"When I was made acquainted with my sentence, I instantly informed the French Consul, M. L. Caze, entreating him to employ his good offices in my behalf. He advised me to get the judgment revised; but in the whole of the Peninsula the order of justice is such, that the condemned cannot expect the least hope of establishing his innocence; for the same judges who pass the first sentence are the Judges of appeal; therefore, however inconsistent, they fail not to confirm the same. I consequently declined the appeal, and adopted the only salutary plan that remained; I addressed myself direct to the Chamber of Deputies of my own country. My complaint was attended to, and shortly after the frigate *Endymion* entered the port of Lisbon. Her arrival was to make to the Portuguese Government energetic representations for the insult done to the two French citizens, and to insist upon their immediate liberation.—My unfortunate companion was M. Sauvignat, an old gentleman of fourscore. Engaged to see his victims escape his fury, Don Miguel ordered that my sentence should be carried into effect the next day.

"On the morning of the 26th of March 1831, the gaoler entered my prison. He was provided with a heavy iron chain, a whip with a short handle and long tongue. I shuddered at it, and a feeling of horror ran through my nerves.

"The same morning several unfortunate Patriots were taken from my side, to be conducted to their last home; but that involuntary fright soon gave way to perfect resignation. Conscious of my innocence, I armed myself with courage, and prepared to meet my fate.

"The gaoler stripped off my clothes, and made me put on a pair of linen drawers, and fixed on a leather collar; to which was suspended a chain, which he held in his left hand; in his right he brandished a whip. I quitted the prison in this state, escorted by 16 mounted soldiers, and the like number of policemen; they led me through all the streets, and every now and then my conductors halted. The gaoler published, in a loud voice, a long list of my pretended crimes, and in the name of the most just and most merciful King, Don Miguel, he inflicted on my shoulders and back a vigorous lash of his whip. I read in the looks of the populace both pity and indignation; many persons turned away their eyes to avoid the sight, and fled with horror; the shops and coffee-houses were closed at our approach. My sufferings appeared less cruel, in seeing that the tyrant had not yet stifled all sensibility in his capital, the theatre of his banquets, and his sanguinary executions. After having been subjected to this horrible flagellation I was led back to my dungeon, with my skin cut and lacerated to pieces. I was destined to be transported to Angola, the place of my exile.

"But I was a Frenchman—I was a citizen of a nation that knows how to make the rights of her people respected, and which never with impunity suffers an insult to be offered to one of its members.

"Soon after the French squadron entered the Tagus, and in three days I was set at liberty, I found myself proud and happy in the midst of my countrymen and my liberators.

"The morning of my departure I could not restrain from the pleasing idea of some trifling revenge, I hired a cabriolet, and paid a visit to every one of the Judges who had condemned me; anxious to treat them ironically, I dared to present by compliments of condolence upon their destitute situations. How I was received may easily be conceived."

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Fredericton, 10th Sept. 1831.

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Fredericton, 5th Dec. 1831.

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