

that the Chevalier, or some other, will in a little time have authority to treat with those who may wish to try their fortune in the service of the patriots.

A letter from Horton, in Oxfordshire, has the following article: A chimney-sweeper, of Nethercot, in Warwickshire, having lately taken upon himself the office of Methodist Preacher at the above village, was on Sunday last disturbed by a large body of people, among whom were many of his former soty companions. To pacify them, the preacher made use of all his eloquence, and displayed great command of temper, but in vain: for so outrageous were they, that having dragged the preacher from the rostrum, they led him through the streets in triumph, and terribly be-plastered him with dirt and filth. At length they forced him to kneel down bare-headed, in the midst of the croud, and swear that he would never more attempt to approach the place as a preacher.

Lady Wallace has in her possession a beautiful child about two years of age, who constantly accompanies her in her morning visits. Of this child she gives the following extraordinary account; That it was left at her door with a sum of 200l. for its maintainance, but in all her enquiries she has never been able to discover its parents.

A few days ago a young couple went to be married at Ashton-under-Line. When the ceremony was about to commence, the lady walked out of the church: the gentleman, with much apparent eagerness, followed her; in the most tender manner, intreated her to return and make him happy, to which she at length consented. When again in the church, and at the altar, the intended bridegroom made a most obsequious bow, wished her a good day, and left her.

An old maiden lady resides in so solitary a manner in Kingsland Road, as to occupy a tolerable sized house, without the society even of a female domestic. She completely reverses the order of time, rising from bed every evening at 7 o'clock, breakfasting between ten and eleven at night, dining at two, supping at six, and retiring again to rest, between seven or eight in the morning.

A few nights ago, about eleven o'clock after having prepared her tea and toast for breakfast, she went to a neighbouring public-house for a pint of porter, her dinner beverage, which she is accustomed to procure previous to the house being shut up.

On her return she was surprisid with the appearance of three men sitting by the

kitchen fire, regaling themselves with the toast; they very civilly desired her not to be alarmed, but to sit down and take her breakfast in comfort, at the same time delivering their invitation in such a tone, as induced her to passive obedience.

One of them staid and partook of the breakfast, while the others proceeded to ransack the chamber; and having completed their business, they politely wished her a good morning, and requested her to be careful in locking the street door after them.

What booty they carried off is not known she having thought proper to conceal that knowledge from her neighbours; but from their peaceful demeanor, it is conjectured that these nocturnal visitants found their expectations to be fully answered.

This is the third time the above-antiquated rechief has sustained a similar depredation; in the second she lost upwards of 50l.

One of those pests of society, called Fortune-tellers, has had the effrontery, since the drawing of the Lottery commenced, to put a printed notice in his window, expressing that "all lawful questions relative to the Lottery will be resolved on the usual considerations; that an astral prospectus of the fortune of the next day may be viewed every evening; and that good and bad numbers, days, &c. for insuring, will be faithfully pointed out."

The following shocking murder was committed at Wroxham, near Norwich. Yesterday st'night in the night about nine o'clock:—Edward Allen, limeburner, and an old servant of Mr. Green, of that place, and John Becket, a butcher, had been drinking together at the King's Head there in the day time; in the evening Allen went away, as supposed, to go home; Becket some time after attempted to break into Allen's house with a spade, without success. Upon his return he met Allen going home, whom he immediately knocked down; recovered from the blow, the poor man said to the murderer, "I know you John Becket very well, why do you treat me in this manner?" Becket replied, "d— you, you know me; do you?" After struggling a little while on the ground, the villain drew a knife round his neck, by which his head was almost severed from his body; he then robbed the deceased of three guineas and half.

Suspicion falling on Becket, he was immediately taken up; the bloody knife and money were found in his pocket, and he was the next day taken before Daniel Collyer, Esq. (for whom Becket had worked as a labourer) and on Wednesday committed