

some reports of consequence, and must necessarily be at home as soon as he possibly could.

He was on the point of departing, with his wife, when Mrs. Talbot insisted upon accompanying him, to see that her mother returned safe, for she very much feared that the excessive heat had so overcome her, that she would be completely exhausted. The Major, of course, accompanied his wife. Thus four of the guests had departed, before the company had risen from the table. Mrs. Judkins, (now on the most cordial terms with her neighbor,) had poured out two glasses of herbet for the Major's lady, and, in her own mind, she more than half doubted the plausibility of her pretence.

Very soon after, Mr. Biggs' little mulatto boy entered, with a note for the students.—“Mrs. Biggs,” said Mr. Wilbraham, “I fear we shall be under the necessity of taking French leave.”

“Who speaks of French? Oh, admired word! You, Mr. Wilbraham; you understand French, do you?” inquired Miss Dunnegan.

“Partially, Madam. I was speaking of taking French leave.”

“Have I had the pleasure of addressing a French lady?” asked Mr. Spones, Junior.

“Not exactly, sir. I was reared in France, sir. I understand the language perfectly. You will perceive, sir, that I speak English fluently, also. I prefer that. Are you fond of the language?”

“Passionately.”

“Perhaps, then, you may choose that your—your rising family should learn it? I teach in the Anthrasian Hall.”

“Pardon me, Madam—really—!”

“Mr. Spones is unmarried, Miss Dunnegan,” said Mr. Sandford, wishing to relieve him from his embarrassment. The two Spones had a bachelor's hall, not five rods from the French lady's school. Perhaps that lady was not aware of it.

Miss Dunnegan might have blushed at her mistake, so unintentional—so ridiculous—but her cheeks were so highly rouged, that no one would have noticed it.

“Your school is quite prosperous, I learn,” observed Mr. Biggs.

“It is so; many thanks to the taste and judgment of the ladies and gentlemen present. Speaking of French, reminds me, my dear Mrs. Biggs, that your great dinner has been the first that I have been present at, since I came to America.”

Mr. Wilbraham, now finding a pause in the conversation, mentioned that he had received a line, entirely unexpected, summoning him away from town, and must leave, however unwillingly, the pleasant party. Mrs. Biggs was extremely sorry; she had wished all her friends to listen to Silvette's performance of the Seraphim.—Silvette smiled and assured them that she could not play at all—that at least she could not play any thing worth hearing. All present was very sure that she could. All praised and flattered her. Mrs. Biggs also wished her friend to stop and hear Miss Dunnegan's enchanting voice. But no, Miss Dunnegan had such an unmerciful headache, she must be excused. Her countenances bore evidence to her words, and she departed with the two students, being so extremely faint, that Mr. Wilbraham gave her his arm.

When Mrs. Biggs returned to the dining-room, the guests rose from the table and moved into the saloon, where cards and chess-boards were soon proposed, but a damp seemed to have crept over the feel-

ings of the whole assembly. Mrs. MACKON was ill, Miss Addleton complained of the horribly hot weather, and several others united with her in declaring it the most uncomfortable day of the season.

Finally, Mrs. Biggs herself felt so miserable, that instead of enjoying the pleasant evening, with a few of the most genteel of her friends, as she had anticipated, she only wished them all at home that she might seek the rest and repose she so much needed. Most of those present, finding Mrs. Biggs grow, every moment, worse, were polite enough to leave; the remainder soon followed, with the exception of Mr. Spones Son, who was a particular friend of the family, Mr. Lang, who was privileged, and Mr. Hope, who made himself at home.—These then sat down to a game of whist, in the large saloon, now looking lonely and deserted. Mr. John, wisely preferring the company of Miss Fandy, the youngest of the girls whom Silvette affected to despise, had left his father to amuse the three bachelors, while he passed the evening at her father's.

Mrs. Judkins, now truly alarmed at Mrs. Biggs' indisposition, helped Silvette wheel her out of the saloon, on the sofa, even before the visitors had all departed. Every day, for five weeks, (for Mrs. Biggs was confined to her chamber for so long a time,) was Mrs. Judkins seen by her neighbour, ministering to her wants, and condoling with her for her misfortunes.

Still, the revengeful woman retained her stubborn pride, for when, upon one occasion, Mrs. Biggs told her that she had never detected Annie Jane in but one falsehood in her life—then the sorrowful mother told her sympathising friend how the little girl had positively denied the fact of having put the wax apples into the fruit dishes.—Mrs. Judkins had the impudence to hold up both hands in astonishment, while she internally laughed at her own successful plans for “taking in,” this was her expression, “a woman so haughty, so aristocratic, and wealthy, as the merchant's lady.”

Mrs. Biggs summed up the misfortunes of the dinner party, and growing wiser from her sufferings, determined never to attempt to make a greater show than those around her, feeling perfectly assured, that if people undertake to give parties, and feasts, which are attended by signal failure, they will render themselves ridiculous, and lose in every respect more than they gain. She reckoned, among the most serious consequences of her own folly, the loss of Miss Addleton's trade; for that lady, deeming herself insulted, had left the store of Mr. Biggs forever; and the ruin of a match she had fancied herself capable of bringing about between Mr. Wilbraham and Silvette. She happened accidentally to learn that he was the only son of one of the most extensive merchants in Boston, and after weighing the subject well, had concluded to indulge Silvette in discarding Mr. Hope for the stranger.

But Mrs. Biggs found that her thoughts had been thrown away, for the two young students were not heard of till long afterwards, and then as the husbands of the two Misses Barkers.

Mrs. Biggs became a wiser woman than she was before her party, and when two years ago, Miss Silvette was united to Mr. Hope, decided at once that the preparations for the grand occasion should be made to conform to the customs and peculiarities of her associates in Mannville; and from that day to this, has never said any thing to her husband about giving a Dinner.

The Duke of Cleveland on the Windsor Courts Martial.

The following letter, from the Duke of Cleveland, has been received by the Mayor of Windsor, with a cheque for £50, towards Lieut. Perry's defence and testimonial fund.

Ruly Castle, Sept. 10.
“Sir—Having observed in the newspapers that you have taken the trouble of collecting subscriptions towards liquidating the expenses to which Lieut. Perry, of the 16th Regiment, has lately been put, in making his defence; and feeling great sympathy for that young officer, who, so many I never heard before, is having been made a victim, whatever may have been his faults, by an unjust cabal on the part of his brother officers to gain favor with the commanding officer of the regiment, I beg you will accept from me a cheque for £50, to be expended in the manner mentioned. I know nothing more of the evidence given at the Windsor Courts-Martial than what I saw published in the morning papers, but which I carefully perused every day. Something more may have transpired than what met the public eye, to induce the members of the Court to decide upon the verdict they thought proper to give, which, certainly surprised me, not as a civilian, but as an officer of long standing in the army, and, I hope I may add, of some experience, having served in every regimental rank from a cornet of dragoons to that of lieutenant-colonel commanding all infantry regiment, the 75th Foot, in which latter capacity I served for two years. I have always studied, to the best of my ability, the duty of a regimental officer, in every progressive rank, and of this I speak with great equanimity, that the conduct of officers in each rank, as well as the discipline of the regiment, must depend upon the actual diligence and supervision of the commanding officer. If, therefore, youths in the lower ranks of regiments are allowed to practice every sort of riot, drunkenness and debauchery, and no notice taken of it by their commander, are they to be made the victims, and he to be let off scot free, when by his own culpable negligence he has been the sole cause of it?—for such is the case with Colonel Garrett. Was there ever such a disgraceful state of any British regiment brought to light as that of the 46th, in the late proceedings at Windsor? What, therefore, does surprise me is this, that they (the Court) should make no report as to the conduct of Colonel Garrett. Is it, I will ask, the opinion of any man, civil or military, that such an officer should continue in command of a regiment, which he has publicly disgraced? And yet I have never heard of his being ordered to quit the regiment, or of his being allowed to retire from the service by the sale of his commission. These, sir, are the reasons which have induced me to send you the cheque which I have enclosed, and for troubling you with this long letter. I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient humble servant,
CLEVELAND, Major-General in the Army.

Comparative Statement of arrivals and tonnage at this port from sea, in 1853 and 1854, up to the 6th Oct., in each year.

	Vessels.	Tonnage.
1853.....	1072	471,953
1854.....	1128	434,908
More this year.	56	22,955

Comparative Statement of Passengers arrived at the Port of Quebec, to the 6th October, 1853 and 1854.—

Whence from.	1853.	1854.	Increase.
England....	9556	13311	3756
Ireland.....	12877	14053	1176
Scotland....	4600	5521	921
Norway.....	4678	5599	1021
Germany....	2412	5367	2955
Sweden....		110	110
Lower Ports.	421	593	172
	34544	43879	14035

A. C. BUCHANAN, Chief Agent.

Emigration Department, Quebec, Oct. 6th, 1854.