"But we were strictly prohibited for corresponding. Poor girl! must own I dread to inquire after her. Ha, acutely the wrong I have done; it is irreparable!"

"Ha! she will prove a dangerous rival to me!" replied Mrs. Burton, in a tone meant to the jocular, yet in reality not much pleased with the deep remorse her husband professed.

"No, no, Milly; let the honesty with which I have confided to you every little of that unhappy affair banish all unworthy a thought; nothing but a full confidence in the strength of my own and your affection would have wrung the painful disclosure from me. No; if we *should* meet—if, by the interference of friends, and by the exercise of that strength of mind which I know Miss Panson to possess, she *can* endure to behold me the husband of another, be it yours to pour the balm of friendship into the wounds I have made. You *will* be her friend, Milly!" Mrs. Burton placed her hand in that of her husband, and said with a sigh she would.

At this moment Mr. Waterton was announced. The introduction of Mrs. Major Burton was soon made, and the two friends were speedily engaged in an interesting conversation concerning the fate and fortunes of several of their old cronies. Nothing, however, could exceed the caution with which Burton avoided the smallest allusion to the Pansons. And Waterton, though he named several of their acquaintances, never once mentioned them; refraining perhaps on account of the delicacy of the subject in the presence of the major's wife. When, therefore, the lady rose to retire, upon the plea of fatigue, Burton's heart beat fast with apprehension. He dreaded to hear the truth which he feared would come out in his wife's absence. How could he justify his falsehood, the effect of which he did not doubt had been disastrous? Perhaps the victim of her faithlessness was—— But he dared not anticipate the truth. He would know it presently, for Mrs. Burton had left the room.—The reminiscences of bygone days were then renewed; but, to Burton's astonishment, his friend fought as shy as before of the subject of the Pansons. This helped to increase the mayor's fears. Delicacy evidently prevented Waterton from showing his feelings by some fatal disclosure concerning Maria. He was the destroyer of her happiness, perhaps—he shuddered to think—of her life.

After a long gossip Waterton left, and Burton retired to his chamber fully convinced that he was one of the vilest perjurers upon earth!

Before parting, Waterton made the major promise to dine with him, and bring his wife. Next day at the appointed hour they made their appearance at Waterton's house. Burton's spirits were much depressed. He dreaded going into society, knowing that sooner or later the crisis must come; that some person who knew the Pansons would hint at the fate which he feared had befallen his victim. In this mood he entered the drawing room, his wife hanging on his arm. To his surprise he beheld Waterton romping with three children, whose likeness to him at once pronounced a very near relationship. He greeted his guests heartily, and said Mrs. Waterton would be down immediately.

'Why,' exclaimed the major, 'you never told me you were married.'

'No,' said the host; 'delicacy forbade that.'

'Delicacy!'

'Yes; and when you know whom I have married, you will understand my reserve—but here comes a better explanation than words can give.'

The door opened, and Mrs. Waterton entered. She welcomed her guests with great cordiality.—Burton started; he trembled with amazement; and his first impulse was to exclaim, 'Miss Panson!'

'Yes,' interposed Waterton, 'Miss Panson a dozen of years ago, but Mrs. Waterton now. Why, your friend and I have been married these ten years!'

'Miss Panson married!' repeated Mrs. Burton with unfeigned pleasure, as the last suspicion of a rival was thus banished from her breast. 'Oh, my dear madam, how very delighted I am to know you;' and she seized both her new friend's hands and shook them heartily.

This then, was the love-stricken broken-hearted damsel whom Burton had conjured up in his imagination! This was the wreck his broken faith had pictured! Instead of a pale grief-burdened lady, he beheld a matronly, but still pretty woman, full of life, gaiety, and happiness. 'The fact is, my love,' whispered Mrs. Burton to her husband as they went down to dinner, 'you are not the desperate lady-killer you think yourself!' The major was at first conspicuously chop fallen; and some remote allusions to the Princes street gardens, in which Mrs. Waterton took the lead, gave him so much uneasiness, that they were after a time not repeated. A glass or two of champagne, however, nerved the soldier for a downright assault on his Corner cronies, and in their friend's enjoyment when the ladies had retired, he and his host entered laughingly into the subject of their respective marriages. Each of course [as all husbands do after dinner] spoke raptures of his wife. 'Besides all my love,' said Burton, 'I owe my Millicent a deep debt of gratitude. Possessed of a large fortune, she preferred sharing that fortune with me, the simple subaltern, to marry one of the richest men in Calcutta.'

'For my part,' returned the other, 'until Maria's father died, which he did three years since, the only fortune I got with my wife was herself, and put of a half sovereign which——'

'Nay, nay, spare me on that point!' exclaimed Burton, rising to join the ladies in the drawing-room.

Young reader, the lesson to be derived from this little sketch is—beware how you trust solely to the ardent and inconsiderable feelings of youth; vows uttered under their influences are invariably 'rash' ones, which a venerable maxim tells us we ought never to make. Actuated by the blind impulse of violent emotions, we are sure to deceive ourselves—imagining that we are perfectly sincere, when were are merely impelled by a giddy and untoward passion, nothing abated by the well-meant interference of relatives and friends. The consequence of such conduct is, that the integrity of the promises then made is as mutable as the feelings that prompt them. Had Edward and Maria really loved as they thought they did on parting, they would never have broken their 'FAITH.'

British News.

(From the Liverpool Mail, Oct. 12.)

ARRIVAL OF THE KING OF THE FRENCH IN ENGLAND.

At Portsmouth, at six o'clock on Monday evening, a French steamer, and next a brig of war, hove in sight, and it was soon discovered that the latter was the Royale Amelie, King Louis Philippe's sailing yacht, preceding the squadron of steamers conveying the King. It was found to be commanded by the Comte D'Harcourt, who had his noble father, the Duc D'Harcourt, with him on board.—The Captain immediately came ashore, and waited on the Admiral, to whom he announced that King Louis Philippe would embark at Treport on Monday, between seven and eight o'clock, P. M., and would probably reach Portsmouth between ten and eleven o'clock the following morning. However, at six o'clock, A. M., on Tuesday, the whole town of Portsmouth, as well as the diplomatic and civil authorities who had come down to receive the King of the French, were awakened from their sleep by loud reports of artillery. The town, in a moment, became the scene of the most amusing hurry and confusion, which lasted until it became known that the battery ashore was saluting the Ambassador of France, and the Royale Amelie, the admiral's flag—this having been omitted on the previous evening, as it is against military etiquette to salute after sun set. The calm which ensued out of long duration. Hardly had the towns people and the authorities finished their *toilette* and their breakfast, before the guns of the Queen, a gun ship, at Spithead, began to boom in the distance announcing the coming in sight of the squadron of the eagerly expected Sovereign. This occurred at a quarter to eight, and King Louis Philippe might have arrived much earlier. The wind and weather was so fine and favourable that he neared our shores at seven o'clock, but knowing that his Royal Highness Prince Albert would not reach Portsmouth until nine, or ten o'clock, the steam squadron was ordered to stand out to sea once more. The firing of the Queen brought out the three regiments of the line and the division of the Royal Marines from their quarters, with their bands playing and colours flying, whilst the whole population thronged the beach. This general movement, combined with the display of flags streaming in every direction in the town, and covering the yachts and ships of war in the port, presented a scene of animation beyond all power of description. Every moment the scene increased in interest. The French squadron came on slowly and majestically, each ship of war saluting as it advanced, and each battery in turn taking up the salute; the climax, however, was when the armed steamers entered the harbour; then the cheers of the population on the shores, and of the sailors who manned the yards, struggled in intensity of sound with the reports of the cannon fired by the batteries, by the Excellent, and by the Victory, Nelson's renowned ship, moored within the harbour. Whilst the French squadron was coming to the moorings which Admiral Lausse, its commander, had fixed upon a few days previously the troops took up their position. They were disposed in two lines, each three deep, from the royal dockyard to the railroad station at Gosport, and in other favourable spots along the line of the royal progress, tasteful triumphal arches of laurel and other evergreens, with complimentary mottos, had been erected. From the moment she anchored, the Gomer, which bore his Majesty, was an object of riveted and eager attention; round her crowded every disposable boat or small craft about the port, whilst the most distant spectators examined her telescopes. Nor was this steam frigate unworthy of their curiosity. She presented an aspect at the same time imposing and interesting. Her form is admirable, the wide expanse of her spotless deck, her masts, yards, and rigging show she had been the pet handiwork of the French shipwrights, and that she is the favourite of her captain and crew, who manœuvred her in silence, and with a most seamanlike celerity and ease. Below, she has all the character of a floating palace—the drawing rooms are as convenient as they are magnificent; that in which the King received his visitors has its sides lined with crimson velvet, whilst in every direction you behold tables of the rarest woods, and luxuries *causeuses*, and sofas lined with yellow satin. On the deck could be easily discovered, on the side, the French Marines, in their peculiarly picturesque uniforms, with their officers, and the band of the Prince de Joinville at their head; the Aides-de-Camp of the King, Generals Athalin, de Rumigny; the Colonel Comte de Chabannes; Captain Thierre attending the young prince; the physician, Dr. Fouquier; the surgeon of the King, M. Pasquier; his secretary, Baron Fain; the Commissionary General of Havre, &c., all in splendid uniforms of bright and of different colours, were constantly seen crossing and recrossing, ascending and descending in the execution of orders. Amidst these moving groups were conspicuous sight and elegant figure of the Admiral in command, M. Lausse; the burly giant form of Admiral Mackau, with his Aides de Camps Capt. Pelion and Page standing behind him; nor was the more diminutive figure of the great Minister of France, M. Guziot, the least anxiously observed.—The personage, who, however, perhaps attracted the greatest admiration was his Royal Highness the young Duke de Montpensier, above the middle height, with a noble countenance. This youthful prince (nineteen years of age) combines a handsome appearance and a manly bearing with a gracefulness of the most striking character.

As soon as the Gomer had anchored, sir Charles Rowley sent a boat to take aboard the French *corps diplomatique*, which consisted of the Ambassador (his Excellency the Comte de Ste. Aulaire), the Counts de Jarnac and de Noailles, the Baron de Talleyrand, MM. de Rabaudy, de la Belinaye, &c. Hardly had they been introduced to their royal master than the corporation of Portsmouth came aboard to present their address. Their ingress created much amusement amongst the crowd, not from any disrespect to the mace-bearer and the beadle, the mayor and the aldermen, but because their numbers were so increased by curious gentlemen termed liveryemen for the occasion, that their line of march was interminable, and their visit had more the appearance of an attack than a compliment. They, however, received a most gracious reception, and a splendid extempore answer to their effusion of eloquence.

The Mayor having addressed the King in a few words expressive of the grateful sense the Corporation entertained of his Majesty's condescension, handed the address (which was beautifully written on vellum, and illuminated with the borough arms) to the Recorder, who read the same as follows:—

"TO HIS MAJESTY LOUIS PHILIPPE KING OF THE FRENCH.

"We, the Mayor, Aldermen, and Burgesses of the borough of Portsmouth, the loyal and affectionate subjects of our Most Gracious Sovereign Queen Victoria, desirous of expressing the sentiments by which we are actuated on the auspicious occasion of your Majesty's visit to England, and availing ourselves of the opportunity afforded to us by your Majesty's arrival within the limits of the port and borough of Portsmouth, beg leave to offer to your Majesty, with unfeigned sincerity and heartiness, the respects and congratulations of this ancient municipality. Regarding your Majesty's arrival as an honour conferred on our locality, we hail it the more especially as a highly important national event, from its tendency to promote those kindly feelings of mutual respect which should ever subsist between two such powerful and influential countries as France and Great Britain.

"Solicitous to welcome the illustrous guest of our beloved Queen with every demonstration becoming so great and memorable an occasion, permit us to assure your Majesty of the lively interest we take in your Majesty's health and welfare, and in the joyful celebration of your royal visit.

"We rejoice in the new era it is calculated to form in the history of the two countries, and in the hope it affords of a more enlarged and general intercourse between them, which, under the blessing of Divine Providence, shall contribute to their welfare, to the preservation of the peace of Europe, and to the advantage of every part of the habitual globe.

"Given under our common seal the seventh day of October, in the eight year of her Majesty' reign.

"EDWARD CASHER, Mayor."

The King, who had not been previously furnished with a copy of the address, and, therefore, could not have been prepared with a studied reply, a once addressed the corporation in the English language, which his Majesty speaks very fluently, and spoke to the following effect:—His Majesty said that it was with the feelings of much gratification that he received the address of the mayor and corporation of the borough of Portsmouth on his arrival at that port. He said that he had never forgotten the kindness and hospitality he had received in this country in former years. His reception on the present occasion on his visit to the Queen, had been most flattering, and afforded him the highest satisfaction. It was his anxious desire to promote feelings of friendship and kindness between the inhabitants of France and England, and, while his first duty would be to France, his most strenuous exertions should be directed to the maintenance of those amicable relations which had for so many years existed between the two countries. He believed that his wishes to preserve this friendly feeling between France and England were reciprocated by the majority of the people of the two kingdoms.

Such was the tenor of his Majesty's reply to the address of the mayor and corporation. After he had concluded it, he entered into conversation with the mayor and others, and stated that he had not forgotten his visit to Portsmouth in former days, and many of the localities of the town were still familiar to him. His Majesty in dismissing the corporation, shook hands in the most kindly manner with them.

By this time the two Admirals, General sir Hercules Pakenham, Captain Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, and several naval officers, had arrived on board, and were presented to the King in the presence chamber below. Next came the French Consular body, consisting of M. de St. Andre, Consul General; M. de Gautier, his *Chancellier*; M. Lisane, Consul at Liverpool; M. de Serres, at Edinburgh; and M. Dillon, at Newcastle. After these presentations all further visitors were excluded from the royal presence, and the King was left to enjoy his privacy, and, probably, to write letters to his relations at Eu, we heard, one of the smaller steamers was to convey to the coast of France. At half past ten the arrival of his Royal Highness Prince Albert at the railway terminus was signalled. All the officers and dignitaries aboard the Gomer were then assembled on the deck. The King and his son shortly after appeared from below, and the approach of the Prince was announced by the shouts and cheers of the crowd. In an instant the yards of the Gomer were manned by the crew, and flaws as suddenly displayed from all points. The Prince reached the main deck closely followed by the Duke of Wellington, who came as Lord Lieutenant of the county to compliment the King. His Majesty embraced Prince Albert *a la Francaise*, and repeatedly shook hands most cordially with the Duke of Wellington, which raised the most deafening shouts amongst the crowds in the boats surrounding the Gomer. Without descending to the saloon, the King and the Princes immediately proceeded to the railway terminus. The Admiral's barge, containing only Louis Philippe, his son, Prince Albert, and the Duke of Wellington, started for the shore, the band of the Gomer playing "God save the Queen," and the sailors who manned the yards shouting "Vive le Roi," to which the crew of the Victory responded by hearty British cheers, both ships at the same time firing royal salutes.—The *camp d'ait* at the moment was magnificent.—The princes, with their brilliant suites, were seen steering across the harbour to the Clarence dock yard, the well-plied oars of the crews of the Admiralty barges keeping time to the music of the bands. The regiments were seen on the quay drawn up in military array, with the staff of the general commanding at their head. The water was covered with boats, amidst which the ships of war reared their giant forms, while the shores were covered with crowds in their holiday suits. On the one side, you beheld in the back ground the renowned naval dockyard, presenting a tableaux like Canaletti's magnificent picture of the Venice arsenal. On the other side were seen Portsmouth, the entrance to the haven, and the Isle of Wight in the distance. To the effect of these objects must be added the shouts of the crowds, the cheers of the sailors, the ringing of bells from every steeple, and the booming of cannon from every ship and battery. Through the double line of military, the King, Princes, and suites were wafted by the royal carriages to the terminus. There but little delay intervened before their departure, and the cheers of the ladies and gentlemen assembled were so constant that all we could overhear was the observation of the royal travellers that the present was his first journey by a railroad.

The royal party reached the Farnborough station at 22 minutes to one, and during the time occupied in transferring the baggage to the carriages, retired into the new station erected for the convenience of his Majesty at that point of the line.

After a few minutes' during which his Majesty took occasion to express himself much gratified with the journey from Gosport, the royal party entered one of the Queen's carriages, and drove off in the direction of Windsor.

The Duke of Wellington followed in another royal carriage, with M. Guizot and Admiral Mackau.

The following is a list of the distinguished individuals accompanying his Majesty and the Duke de Montpensier to this country:—

His Excellency M. Guizot, Ministre des Affaires Etrangeres, attended by M. Herbet, Secretary of Legation, and M. Hennequin, Private Secretary to his Excellency.

His Excellency Admiral Le Baron Mackau, Minister of Marine and Colonies, attended by Le Capitaine Pelion, R.N., and Le Capitaine Page, R.N., Aides de camp to his Excellency.

Le Baron Fain, Chef du Cabinet du Roi.

Dr. Fouquier, M.D., physician in attendance on his Majesty; and M. Pasquier, surgeon in ordinary to the King.

Le General Baron Athalin, le General Comte de Rumigny, Colonel Comete de Chabannes, and Colonel Comte Dumas, are the sides de camp in attendance on the King.

Vice Admiral le Baron Lausse has the command of the squadron conveying his Majesty to England, which includes the following vessels:—The King's steam yacht Gomer, commanded by Captain Goubens; le Pluton, Lieut. Matrieux; le Sannith, Lieut. Valmont; le Elan, Lieut. Dieudonnez; and the King's sailing yacht, le Reine Amelie, Captain D'Harcourt.

We must not omit to state that his Majesty appeared in high spirits, and seemed much gratified at the enthusiastic reception with which he was everywhere greeted.

[From the Liverpool Mail, Oct. 19.]

We have from the commencement of the monstrous fraud, believed that MR. DANIEL O'CONNELL's agitation for the repeal of the union would cease with the exhaustion of the public confidence and a stoppage of the supplies. The shillings do not now come in to the Corn Exchange Treasury—the priests are not only tired of the begging work, but the peasantry will not contribute another penny—agitation in the old vein is unprofitable—the speechers are too stale to extort grist, and consequently repeal is flung to the beagles of Derrynane.

The following short paragraph from a long letter addressed by the Liberator to his dupes and fellow-conspirators of the association, will, we think, astonish not a few of his absurd countrymen:—

"For my own part, I will own, that since I have come to contemplate the specific differences, such as they are, between 'simple repeal' and 'federalism,' *I do at present feel a preference for the federative plan, as tending more to the utility of Ireland and to the maintenance of the connection with England than the mode of simple repeal.* But I must either deliberately propose, or deliberately adopt from some other person, a plan of federative union, before I bind myself to the opinion I now entertain."

Here, then, is an end to repeal. The game of "beggar my neighbour" is finished. But what does he mean by the "federative plan"? A parliament of lords and commons in Ireland, which, instead of being independent, or its acts liable to the veto of the Crown alone, shall be subject to the revision of the British parliament. Can anything be more contemptible than this? It would make Irishmen the servants of servants—the drudges of drudges.—Federalism, in point of fact, is nothing more than municipalism, of which there are already some very beautiful specimens in Ireland. A parliament without power—a high assembly without grace or dignity—a lower one all talk and no resources—both houses indeed, only a splendid caricature: this is what Mr. O'Connell is now prepared to accept for the sake of peace!

A parliament created by an act of parliament—and that in a certain sense a foreign parliament—is one of those monstrous absurdities that we should fancy none but a born idiot could dream of. A federal legislature of two apparently independent houses could only be called into existence with the consent of the Crown and the imperial parliament; and if so made or begotten, it would necessarily be restrictive: in other words, it would possess the privilege of doing what the British parent might consider safe and prudent to confer, but nothing more. The peers and commoners of Ireland would be allowed to perform certain acts by virtue of powers granted to them by the peers and commoners of England. And this is all that Mr. O'Connell now seeks! For this the poor peasantry, instigated by their priests have been cheated out of their last penny. For this the begging box has made the tour of Europe, India, and America. For this Daniel has sacked his hundred thousand pounds at least.

It is a singular circumstance that the people of Ireland, clever people too, should allow themselves to be imposed upon so long by a person utterly worthless in character, and whose whole proceedings have been of a mean and venal nature. So long as the repeal agitation was a ready-money business, he declared that he would devote his life to the cause. The moment, however, that the cash ceases to flow in, he becomes not a repealer, but a federalist, a senseless word, which he might as well change into that of "imperialist," and his wretched dupes would be just as wise as they were before.

Unless Ireland can assert, assume, and maintain a monarchial position—a self sovereignty—independent of, or in defiance to, England, it is nothing but idle and empty bombast to talk of either federalism or repeal. The physical power she possesses not—the moral power, if she had the physical is still further beyond her reach. It is not in the island. We challenge the conspirators in Ireland to select from the general directory two hundred men of capacity fit to govern any country. Her largest landholders are Englishmen. The best of her blood is English. The names she honours are Saxon. Where is to be found a Celt of high renown? We do not upbraid the Irish for their popish predilections. On the contrary we honour fidelity and consistency even in error; but what has been the result of this honourable consistency? Extreme credulity, lamentable ignorance, universal beggary, and general contempt. Do not tell us that this deplorable condition of the Irish people has been caused by the oppressions of English rulers. It is impossible. A great, and mentally and morally powerful people never were oppressed, cannot be oppressed, by any government. The dishonesty, we might say the infamy of Poland placed that country under the coercive despotism of Russia. The ignorance and barbarity of Ireland made England from imperious reasons, her taskmaster. A nation never can be enslaved that is wise and just. The Jews would not have been carried into captivity and bondage if they had not lost caste among the nations by their vices and their idolatry. While England is true to herself—while she shall not cease to shine upon her extensive empire—while she holds India fast the entree to China, and can dictate, as justice, terms to the whole world, it is not likely that she will allow a few impostors and other rogues of various shades, in Ireland, to wrest from her the power she possesses, or enforce upon her terms of fraternity which she abhors, and which if she were to concede would be an acknowledgment of her decline and her setting sun. The time has not arrived for the sign manual to be put to this act of humiliation and suicide.

Whatever scheme SIR ROBERT PEEL may have in store for Ireland, we are quite sure that the humiliation of England is not embraced by it. There are some concessions to be made; but they are essentially different from any of those advocated by Mr. Daniel O'Connell. Mr. Sharman Crawford's scheme and that of a few crazy patriots who bark in his wake, and who tend to it the light of their feeble lantrens, and solely to escape the rocks of repeal will receive nothing but discouragement from her MAJESTY's present ministers. We believe they know their position; at least we hope and trust they do. The Orange and Calvanistic Protestant party is fairly thrown overboard. We cannot say that they do not deserve it. The popish party cannot, and will not be trusted for a single day. It would destroy SIR ROBERT PEEL if he exposed himself to the hazard of their approbation. He has accordingly no party or faction in Ireland. He is like WILLIAM PITT's an essentially English government—one that he can rule for good or evil to himself or the nation. Mr. O'Connell sees this. He knows, he dreads, that the power he has hitherto wielded, is to be transferred to other hands. He knows that his money game, his plunder, his sop of talk to the beggar for his spare halfpenny, can no longer be tolerated, because it can no longer be made a source of lucre. What then does the old, bad, convicted quack do? He turns federalist; he professes to have made a new conscience, and he wishes the feet of as dirty an Irishman as himself—Mr. Sharman Crawford.

Are the people of Ireland so blind, so stupid, so insensate, as not to see how the game is played, how all the money that could be raised has been gathered like the labours of RUTH, to the last forlorn stalk of the harvest—and when not another particle of corn can be collected, the arch imposter turns round upon his ignorant victims and says, I am now a federalist, meaning by that word nothing translatable into the English language.

There never was such a fraud committed upon an ignorant people. The most servile and ignorant Irishman who carries a load of mortar upon his shoulders must be more ignorant than a donkey if he do not see the fraud. He has perhaps out of the proceeds of his wages, hardly earned, given many shillings in the support of the O'Connell imposture. How can he look his wife and children in the face when he is conscious that in stinting their meals he has been grossly defrauded, and he and they have parted with shillings or pence which they could ill spare to uphold a system of iniquity which their humble and honest minds were incapable of conceiving! It has been an enormous fraud, but the poor Irish by the blessing of GOD, will derive much good from the singular circumstance of the fraud being found out, and proved, of which there can be no question, because it is too plain and glaring.

PUBLIC DINNER TO THE OFFICERS OF THE FRENCH SQUADRON.

PORTSMOUTH, OCTOBER 13.—Last evening the grand entertainment, prepared by the inhabitants of Portsmouth and its vicinity, to the officers of the French squadron, took place in the new extensive assembly-rooms known as the Queen's rooms, Portsea, when about 250 persons of influence and respectability assembled to do honour to the occasion. At the extreme end of the room, behind the chairman, was a full length portrait of her Majesty, painted for the corporation and removed from the Exchange for the occasion. On the left was the tricolour of France, and on the right the banner of England. The fronts of the galleries were ornamented with the blended colours of the two nations, as also the pillars by which they were supported.

At six o'clock the Mayor, Edward Casher, Esq. who acted as chairman, accompanied by sir Hercules Pakenham, and the principal guests, entered the room, the band of the 76th playing the Hanoverian march. After dinner the chairman proposed, after a suitable preface, "The health of his Majesty Louis Phillipe the First, King of the French."—(Drank with applause.)

"Her Majesty Amelia, Queen of the French and the rest of the Royal Family of France."

M. Vanderberg (the French Consul) in the name of her Majesty and of the Royal Family of France, begged to return thanks.

Admiral sir Hyde Parker proposed "The Baron Mackau and the French Navy, particularly those officers who did them the honour of dining with them that day." (Great cheering.)

Commodore Hernoux, of the Belle Poule (Aide-de-Camp to Prince Joinville and a member of the Chamber of Deputies) returned thanks, and proposed "Lord Haddington and the British Navy." (This toast was drank with peculiar enthusiasm by the French officers.)

Admiral sir Hyde Parker said it devolved on him to return thanks for the honour done the British Navy by his friend, Captain Hernoux, and the company, in drinking to its success, and to the health of the Earl of Haddington. He only trusted that the English navy and the French would long remain friends as they were at that moment. (Tremendous cheering.)

Major-General sir Hercules Pakenham next rose and gave "Marshal Soult and the French Army. (cheers.) He was not presumptuous enough to attempt any eulogy of the French army—the proud records of their achievements were emblazoned in the brightest pages of history, from the most ancient to the modern times, and the reception given in this country to the Duke of Dalmatia, when he carried the congratulations of his sovereign to her august Majesty the Queen of England on her coronation, convinced him that they would join heartily and sincerely in drinking to the Gallant Marshal and the chivalrous followers of his arms. "Marshal Soult and the French Army." (Drank with three times three and one cheer more.)

Captain Grabe briefly returned thanks, and after paying a high complement to British valour, concluded by proposing "The Duke of Wellington and the British Army." (Prolonged cheering.)

DEPARTURE OF THE KING OF THE FRENCH.

It will be seen by our communications from Windsor, that His Majesty the King of the French was to leave Windsor Castle this day for Portsmouth on his return to France. Her Majesty Queen Victoria and Prince Albert are to accompany the Royal guests to Portsmouth. The scene there will necessarily be animated. Two of the most powerful Sovereigns in the world have met in cordial friendship; the King of the French has been received as becomes the head of a great nation and a good man; and he is worthy of the compliment which Victoria pays him in attending him to the place of his embarkation. Long may their friendship continue.—The two nations have done enough to prove their valour; henceforth let their rivalry be only that which sincere respect and friendship suggest. The dinner at Portsmouth, on Saturday night, will do much toward the establishment of a good understanding.—*London Standard of Monday.*

LEGACY DUTY.—It appears that the total legacy duty received since 1797 amounts to £37,144,752 18s. 4d. and on probates, administrations, and testamentary papers from the same period to £29,691,206 5s. 4½d. making nearly sixty-seven millions of money as duty in forty-seven years. In the year ending the 5th of January last, the legacy duty in England and Wales was £1,114,871 6s. 6d.; in Scotland, £86,897 18s. 6d; and in Ireland, £39,634 17s. 3½d. Other large sums were received as probate duty, &c.

DEATH OF THE MARQUESS OF DONEGALL.—It is this day our melancholy duty to announce the demise of the Most Noble the Marquess of Donegall. His lordship has been for some time in a declining state of health, and his medical attendants having recommended sea air, he has resided during the summer months in the beautiful cottage near Cultra, lately occupied by the Dowager Countess of Dufferin.—During the last few weeks he was sinking fast, and on the 21st ult. he was removed to Ormeau, where he expired on Saturday morning last at three o'clock. His lordship, George Augustus Chichester, Marquess of Donegall, Viscount Chichester, and Baron Belfast (Viscount Fisherwick, in England), lieutenant of the county Donegall, Knight of St. Patrick, &c., was born in 1769, and was consequently in the 76th year of his age. He is succeeded in his title and estates by his eldest son, the Earl of Belfast, lieutenant of the county of Antrim.—*Belfast Chronicle.*

DEATH OF HER EXCELLENCY THE BARONESS HEYTESBURY.—We deeply lament to announce the melancholy event of the death of her Excellency the Baroness Heytesbury.

The lamented Baroness had arrived but a short time in Ireland when she was attacked by the fatal illness, gastric fever, under the effects of which she so long and painfully lingered. She was most assiduously attended during her illness by the eminent physicians, Sir H. Marsh, Bart., and Doctor Robert J. Graves.

The late Baroness was second daughter of the late Hon. Wm. Henry Bouverie, and grand-daughter to the Earl of Radnor; she was born in 1783.

WILL OF THE LATE MR. BECKFORD.—The will of this celebrated man (whose singular history is well known) has been proved at Doctor's Commons. At ten years of age he succeeded to the enormous income of £100,000 a year. He expended £273,000 upon Fonthill, where he made a place of unparalleled magnificence. In December, 1822, the Great tower fell, destroying a considerable part of the mansion, which was rebuilt at immense expense. In consequence of excessive expenditure and other circumstances, he sold this property, which was purchased by Mr. Farquhar, for £330,000 and Mr. Beckford, with his diminished fortune, retired to Bath. His property has been sworn to as under £80,000.—The will has been proved by the Duchess of Hamilton and Brandon (wife of the Duke of Hamilton), and R. S. White, Esq. solicitor to deceased. He gives to his daughter, the Duchess of Hamilton, the bulk of his property, and leaves his executor, Mr. White £500. He also gives annuities to servants and other persons, and desires to be buried near Lansdown Tower. The will is very short.

NEW LOCOMOTIVE.—Mr. Josiah Kearsley, the late talented Midland Counties Superintendant of Locomotives, has just constructed and put on the Midland line an engine which took 55 loaded waggons up an incline 1002, or 10½ feet a mile, at 27 mile an hour. It has 15 inch cylinders, two feet stroke, and four feet eight inches driving wheels, and works 75lb. pressure.

The King of Saxony, who had purchased from a jeweller to the amount of 20,000 dollars for presents, during his visit to England, has been swindled, most of the stones turning out to be false.

The commissioners for the reduction of the national debt have given notice of their intention to apply to that purpose £442 520 2s. 5d., being one fourth of the actual surplus of income over expenditure for the year ending July 5, 1844.

The polka owes its origin to a peasant girl of Bohemia, who, dancing for her own amusement, on a Sunday afternoon, was seen by Nerbuda, an organist, who, being struck by her motions, adapted an air to them, which was afterwards introduced at Prague, and has since travelled through the world.

VIOLATING BLOCKADE.—In 1840 the naval division, under the orders of Rear Admiral Leblanc, captured nine vessels on the Plata, for violating the blockade. They were all condemned as lawful prizes by the commission appointed to try the cases, but an appeal was lodged against the sentence. The Council of State has just confirmed the decision of the commission.

GIGANTIC SCHEME.—We have heard that the practicability of connecting the opposite shores of the Mersey by a stupendous chain bridge is under consideration. It is said, that, by the formation of a viaduct, on the principle of an inclined plain, on arches, commencing on the top of James' street, to the margin of the river, a sufficient elevation may be obtained. A similar erection on the Wood-side bank of the river would, of course, be requisite. Our active and enterprising Cheshire neighbours would, no doubt, readily assist in promoting a project so magnificent. Such a work would throw all other suspension bridges into the shade and be a world's wonder. Of its practicability no doubt, we believe, is entertained, and it will be allowed that the enterprise is worthy the combined energies of Liverpool and Birkenhead.—*Liverpool Albion.*

CAPTURE AND DELIVERANCE OF AN ENGLISH CAPTAIN ON THE COAST OF AFRICA.—Captain Northwood, who was captured and detained by the Moors of the island of Arquin, on the coast of Africa, has reached England. It was believed he had perished. He sailed from London in the barque Margaret, for Guano, in April last, taking with him his wife and family. Whilst in search of guano, on the island of Arquin, the Moors gave chase to them, and shot a young man named Sims through the head. The boat capsized and sunk, and they were all made prisoners, with the exception of one man, who was drowned. After ten weeks' captivity, they were ransomed by Captain Bemonger, of the brig Africanus whose humanity and zealous exertions saved them from being sent into the interior where, in all probability, they would have been slaves all their lives. Mrs. Northwood and the remainder of the crew proceeded with the ship to her destination, believing the Captain to have been drowned. Letters have been received from her dated Angra Pequina, stating that they were landing rapidly, and expect to be in England about the latter end of next month. She is still in deep affliction, believing Capt. Northwood to be drowned.

THE REVENUE.—The accounts of the quarter's revenue, ending the 10th inst., have been published, and show a very considerable increase on the corresponding quarter of last year.

In the Customs it is more gratifying to announce that there is an increase of between £400,000, and £500,000, on the account to be made up this evening, as compared with the corresponding quarter of last year.

In the important department of Excise the accounts, as far as they have been received, appear about the same as in the corresponding quarter of last year.

In the Post Office there is an increase, probably about £20,000, on the quarter.

In the revenue derived from Stamps and Miscellaneous Taxes there is little variation.

The property-tax, we understand, has realised about the same amount as on former quarters, but there will appear a small decrease in consequence of the repayment of monies to parties who had been improperly assessed.

On the whole the revenue for the quarter will exhibit a considerable increase—a certain index that the trade and commerce of the country are improving.

LORD ELLENBOROUGH.—Lord Ellenborough is safe in England again, and Tuesday night's Gazette contains the following, dated Whitehall, Oct. 14:—"The Queen has been pleased to direct letters patent to be passed under the Great Seal, granting the dignity of Viscount and Earl of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland unto the Right Honorable Edward Lord Ellenborough, and the heirs male of his body lawfully begotten, by the names, styles, and titles of Viscount Southam, of Southam, in the county of Gloucester, and Earl of Ellenborough, in the county of Cumberland.

A VESSEL STRUCK FROM THE GIBRALTAR BATTERY.—A Spanish vessel, passing Europe Point, Gibraltar, without showing her colours, two shots were fired to remind those on board of their neglect. Paying no attention to the intimation, and believing themselves to be out of the range of gun, a gun of a larger calibre was fired, which struck the vessel, and immediately sunk her. Fortunately for the crew, a Portuguese vessel was near, into which they got and saved their lives.

A Horse Buyer from the "Celestial Empire!"—Last week, at the Howden horse fair, the greatest perhaps in England, among those present, strange as it may appear, there was a buyer from the Emperor of China, in the person of one of his subjects, attended by an interpreter.

BARBAROUS MURDER.—Early on the morning of Friday the 12th ult., a man named Matthew Brennan, of Mount of the Ridge in the County of Carlow, aged about 28 years, was brutally murdered at [illegible] in the county, and within less than a mile of the police barracks of that place.—*Sentinel Moderator.*

The murder of Quirke, a Clonmel process server, in his own house, near Clerihan, is reported, in addition to the known murders of Cleary, at Barnane, and Maxwell, at Clonkerty, Tipperary, last week.

ATROCIOUS OUTRAGE.—On Sunday night the 6th inst., a most diabolical outrage was committed on the lands of Kilwheelan, in the vicinity of Michelstown, on a family of the name of M'Eligot. James M'Eligot, the head of this family, is care-taker to Wm. Johnson, Esq., formerly of Michelstown, now of Waterford. About a year and a half ago Mr. Johnson found it necessary to evict one of his tenants for non-payment of rent, and as he knew M'Eligot to be honest and industrious he gave him his small farm. The former tenant some time since threatened M'Eligot for taking the land. It is said likewise that Mr. Johnson found it necessary to serve ejectment processes upon some of his tenants and that M'Eligot was to be his principal witness at the Fermoy Sessions, where they were to be tried. A gang of armed ruffians entered his dwelling on Sunday night about 7 o'clock, and without giving him the slightest notice fell upon him and fractured his skull, and not only left him apparently dead, but likewise used every member of his family six in number, in the most brutal manner, beating them with the butt ends of their guns. The son died from the effects of the wounds he received about four o'clock next morning. M'Eligot's wife and three daughters were likewise left apparently dead. However, it is hoped that himself and two of the four shots will recover, but little hopes are entertained of his wife, and none of one of his daughters. In the afternoon the practice was continued on the sands near the city, with round and case shot, and after an afternoon's amusement, during which some capital shots were made, the men returned to quarters.—We learn that in a few days the practice will be continued from the batteries.

DOMESTIC MANUFACTURE.—We have received from Mr. THOMAS RASKINE, Baker, of York Point, specimens of Ship Bread, Pilot Bread, Soda Biscuit and Sugar Biscuit, manufactured by machinery in his establishment. We have put these specimens to the orthodox test of personal mastication, and have no hesitation in pronouncing that they are not only all of them excellent in their kind, but fully equal, if not superior to the best imported biscuits we ever tasted. The Soda and Sugar Biscuits especially are certainly of *much better* quality than many American ones that we have purchased in this city. While such excellent articles can be manufactured by our own tradesmen, and sold, (as they are,) at a *cheaper rate* than the imported commodities, there can be no necessity for, but much folly in, exporting our cash for foreign productions, in preference to encouraging provincial industry and skill. We may add, that the whole of these biscuits are manufactured from *Flour ground in the Province;* and thus possess a double claim to our patriotic support.—*Observer.*

[We also can honestly recommend the articles mentioned in the above paragraph to the attention of the public, as being of a very superior description. Any thing of Provincial manufacture must find especial favor in the eyes of every good subject.]

These persons who are ever friendly to Republican institutions are invited to read with attention the following declaration of an American born subject living in Canada:

"In the first place, though born and educated under a Republican form of Government, I am free to declare my decided preference for the great principles of the British Constitution, and I am firmly persuaded that the political safety and prosperity of Canada depend upon maintaining our connection with the Parent State. A separation, whether with a view of establishing an independent government, or of uniting with our independent

THE CHRONICLE.

SAINT JOHN, NOV. 8, 1844.