

It is thus, that marching at the head of civilization, France, in its march of conquest, which surrounds her, may remain in its full vigour; and, as it is not to be, it is beyond attack; the spirit of faction can only compromise within the walls of the Chambers by the vigilance of Magistrate, and out of the Chambers by the vigilance of Magistrate, the firmness of all those who are armed to protect and maintain the peace of the nation, and the vigilance of Magistrate.

Given at the Chateau de la Thulleries, the 25th of October, the 18th Year of Grace, 1850, and of our Reign the twenty-third.

(Signed) "LOUIS." The President of the Council of Ministers. (Signed) "RICHELIEU."

LISBON PAPERS.

Lisbon, December 16.—Lord Bessborough coming from Rio Janeiro on board the English ship Vengour, arrived unexpectedly in Lisbon on the 15th inst., and on the 16th inst. the Government desiring to avoid any suspicion which his visit might cause in the public press of this capital, and to provide at the same time for the personal safety of Lord Bessborough, has taken the precaution to send a detachment of troops from the port of Lisbon in the shortest time possible, communicating to the Captain of the ship the weighty reasons which make it necessary to do so.

DEATH OF THE NOBILITY.

On the 11th of October, 1850, in this Palace of the Government, and before the Provisional Junta of the Supreme Government of the Kingdom, appeared the persons here before mentioned, and in order to be sworn in as members of the order, by virtue of full powers which they showed, to take the oath which was announced to them by a notice of the 6th January, and to be sworn in as members of the order of the Holy Evangelists, sworn, in the form which was read by me in a loud voice in the presence of all.

OFFICIAL CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN LORD BRESBOROUGH AND THE SUPREME GOVERNMENT.

The Marquis of Bessborough, in a letter addressed to the Marquis of Pombal, Secretary of State, and in the name of the King of the United Kingdoms of Portugal, Brazil and Algarves, near the King's Palace, was inexpressibly astonished at the communication he received from the new Government established in Lisbon, in which the latter refused to receive the Marquis in Chief, and acknowledge him as such, as it is bound to do, since he has recently been acknowledged as the Marquis of Pombal, and as such he has been acknowledged by the Marquis of Pombal, and as such he has been acknowledged by the Marquis of Pombal, and as such he has been acknowledged by the Marquis of Pombal.

THE MORNING CHRONICLE.

LONDON: WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1850.

The Lisbon Packet arrived yesterday, and in her came Lord Bessborough, together with several British Officers, late in the Portuguese army. She brings papers and letters to the 18th ultimo, of which we publish extracts. The manner in which the new Government obtained possession of the specie and diamonds on board the Vengour, is particularly described, and of which duplicate bills of lading came to hand in the Phoenix, purporting that the property was to be delivered to the Treasury. It is singular that at first a refusal was made to give it up, though the demand was afterwards complied with; but, we would ask, if the Phoenix had not luckily arrived, to whom was it to be delivered?

We were not a little anxious to see what face the Ministerial Papers would put upon the letters of the Baron von Ostermann, Minister to the Pope from the King of Hanover, faithful Minister, who, according to Cardinal Consalvi, had so much the interest of his Master at heart. "What do they prove," says the Courier, whose doubts as to their genuineness, Count Munster, who is so well acquainted with the style and hand-writing of the deceased Noblemen, is best qualified to clear up?—"What do they prove, but that a letter from Mademoiselle DEMONT to her sister was wished to be securely conveyed to her hands?"—Amazing condescension on the part of this exalted Minister to the Pope, to take so much trouble for the sake of a cast-off Swiss chamber-maid, in order to carry a letter from her to her sister!—"What," sagaciously adds the Courier, "were the contents of that letter, so conveyed?" "Aye, what were the contents? Merely a kind inquiry after the health of MARIETTE DEMONT, we suppose;—a sentimental effusion, in the Swiss style;—some innocent double entendre. The unsuspecting Baron never troubled himself about the contents, which he was anxious the girl should be informed of. If he had suspected this letter endeavoured to seduce the girl from her duty to her benefactor—that it held out offers of reward to her for false evidence, he never would have consented to be the bearer of it. How should he have once thought of such things, trained up as he had been in the moral and upright Court of Cassel, under King JEROME, and selected, no doubt, for his spotless purity, for so important a mission as that of Minister to the Pope, by Count MUNSTER; than whom, as Lord CASTLEREAGH affirms, a more honourable Noblemen does not exist (and who so well entitled to speak on matters of honour) than Lord CASTLEREAGH and Lord STURTEVANT, that par noble fratrum?"—Kind-heated Baron OSTERMANN!

Aye, but says the Courier, in these days of Royal Highness, which made it necessary to resort to so degrading, so base, so perfidious a trick as to intercept and read all the letters addressed to the servants. Shockingly, no doubt. It was very charitable in the Baron to assume the interception of all such letters; but we suppose his own recollection suggested to him some circumstances from which he reasonably inferred the existence of suspicion in the QUEEN. If he really did intercept letters to her servants, this was as base as if the Commander of a besieged fort should condescend to order every thing that entered the gates to be strictly searched for fear of concealed treachery. The Courier has never heard any thing of the midnight attacks in which meritorious servant MAJOCCHI acted so conspicuous a part—he has never heard of the bribery of the QUEEN'S servants—of the false keys which were made—the picking her locks, &c. &c. He has never heard of the confession of CREDI, that he was corrupted by the Baron to betray his mistress. Wonderful that the QUEEN, knowing that the had long been busy, and but too successful with her household—that some of them had been honoured with the patronage of Lord STURTEVANT, Colonel BROWNE, and Mr. POWELL, should be so base as to entertain suspicions!

There are many who participate in the amusement of the Spectator-Gazette, that Mr. Bessborough is a disloyal traitor, and that we must go back for one to the reign of Nana. This is no doubt a daring to which the public have not been much accustomed from the Bar, and which that parasite Englishman of his former letter. We admit that the paper does not look like the work of a high and noble person, but, as the God, the Hanoverian Baron, though assisted by the Pope and by false keys, having not been altogether so successful as he perhaps could have wished. Whether any major premise have or have not been held out to Bessborough, they were to answer, we know not (though he would not care to say so) the question of his guilt, and the most slavish of the Ministerial Journals, should have been so anxious to have him examined, but we never heard that, like AMERUS, we do not pretend to know whether there ever was any PROPOSAL in which the Queen of the Portugal ever lay her knees before Majesty to solicit the Milan Commission. Sir JOHN LEACH, to whom that honour is usually ascribed, is not a female, and the appellation of Lady, which we have occasionally noticed, originates, of course, in ignorance of his true gender. Besides, the judicial functions of the Queen of Portugal, are not in her power, or in Ireland 30 years ago; and instead of vanquishing witnesses *in tormentum*, it is now found much more efficacious to vanquish them by well-filled pipes of guinea, or Louis d'or. Every age has its own ways.

We are glad to see that the Queen's husband, who is a mild, liberal and accomplished Noblemen (the Earl of LAURENBERG) was so unskilled as to prescribe *humus, iron, food*, and the rest of the apparatus of the Holy Inquisition, to extort evidence from the refractory Scots Presbyterians! We could easily point out additional points of difference in the two cases, but it is hardly worth our while. We have already stated what the public may expect from the proceedings in the House of Lords. We prepared our readers for the struggle which Ministers are likely to make to ensure their own safety. Our views on this subject must, we think, be those of all reflecting persons. We observe they are those of a liberal and enlightened age. We are glad to see that the Marquis of Pombal, who is so well acquainted with the style and hand-writing of the deceased Noblemen, is best qualified to clear up?—"What do they prove, but that a letter from Mademoiselle DEMONT to her sister was wished to be securely conveyed to her hands?"—Amazing condescension on the part of this exalted Minister to the Pope, to take so much trouble for the sake of a cast-off Swiss chamber-maid, in order to carry a letter from her to her sister!—"What," sagaciously adds the Courier, "were the contents of that letter, so conveyed?" "Aye, what were the contents? Merely a kind inquiry after the health of MARIETTE DEMONT, we suppose;—a sentimental effusion, in the Swiss style;—some innocent double entendre. The unsuspecting Baron never troubled himself about the contents, which he was anxious the girl should be informed of. If he had suspected this letter endeavoured to seduce the girl from her duty to her benefactor—that it held out offers of reward to her for false evidence, he never would have consented to be the bearer of it. How should he have once thought of such things, trained up as he had been in the moral and upright Court of Cassel, under King JEROME, and selected, no doubt, for his spotless purity, for so important a mission as that of Minister to the Pope, by Count MUNSTER; than whom, as Lord CASTLEREAGH affirms, a more honourable Noblemen does not exist (and who so well entitled to speak on matters of honour) than Lord CASTLEREAGH and Lord STURTEVANT, that par noble fratrum?"—Kind-heated Baron OSTERMANN!

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