

Latest European News.

MISCELLANEOUS SELECTIONS.

The value of Louis Philippe's Speech, on the opening of the French Chambers, is not to be estimated simply by its direct influence on the question of peace or war; but also by that display of moral sublimity, which must powerfully tend to arrest the nation's downward progress to demoralization. For a constitutional King to preach peace to a revolutionary people thirsting for war, and to do this in the face of a menacing shower of assassin's bullets, even after having just heard them whistle by his ears, is a spectacle, which, meanly as we think of France, no other country in Europe may aspire to exhibit. Surely Royalty is doing more in France,—shining as its contrasted virtues do to the utter disparagement of revolutionary vices,—to advance the cause of constitutional freedom, and the true interests of civilization, than a thousand philosophical essays could do even from the pen of M. Guizot himself. Louis Philippe is, in fact, preparing materials for the page of French history, which will throw into shade the most brilliant exploits of his imperial predecessor,—a consideration this which serves still more to heighten our conceptions of the truly unimpaired conduct of the French monarch. His pacific resolves obviously emanate from any thing rather than mere caprice. Still less are they alloyed by the intermixture of any mock-patriotism. Admitting that his rare political sagacity enabled him to foresee nothing but humiliation to France from the alternative of war, yet motives more comprehensive and generous than those even of the purest patriotism obviously operated on his mind, when he thus spoke:

"I continue to hope, that the peace of Europe will not be troubled. It is necessary to the common interest of Europe, to the happiness of all nations, and to the progress of civilization. I count upon you to aid me in maintaining it; as I would count upon you, if the honour of France, and the rank which she occupies among the nations, should command us to make new efforts."

The sanguinary lesson which France formerly read to Europe on the tendencies of revolutionary principles, much as it checked their progress among mankind, was given under circumstances far less favorable to the triumph of monarchical government, than those under which the new crusade of the same parties would have preached it, had Louis Philippe failed in his magnanimous attempt to arrest the march of "the movement." Providence, however, has interposed to spare mankind a repetition of the same horrors, and has, moreover, thrust greatness upon royalty, and given it favour among the nations by making it the honoured instrument of executing Heaven's own most merciful purposes. The French King's speech is one of those decisive demonstrations which secure success by inspiring confidence in the ranks of loyalty and good order, and paralysing the efforts of the disaffected.

It is gratifying to reflect on the part which the British press has taken on the subject of the late movement in France. There was provocation enough in the ebullitions of their French rivals to have roused a spirit of resentment and retaliation. But the determination to preserve the peace of Europe, if forbearance could give additional effect to their arguments, prevailed in English bosoms over every other consideration. And now verify they have their reward, in witnessing their views and wishes appropriated by the French Monarch, responded to by the reflecting portion of his subjects, and embodied in the policy of the South-Guizot Cabinet.—*London Watchman.*

The speech of M. Guizot, Minister of Foreign Affairs in France, delivered in the Chamber of Peers, Nov. 18, is a singularly frank and straightforward exposition of the policy of the present Cabinet, and forms an admirable commentary on the King's speech. It is impossible to read them both, and not feel that a new era has dawned on France. What must be the moral effect of sentiments like the following, emanating as they do from behind the throne, on a warlike people, who have all but imbibed the principles of Napoleonism with their mothers' milk?

"It must not be forgotten, that for 50 years the world has been a prey to a deplorable ferment. It is indispensable to heal its wounds, and the only means of restoring tranquillity and happiness is to make peace durable. This is why we have adopted the peace policy; it has not been dictated by personal interest or selfish principle. This is the only moral policy, the only policy that is necessary, and the only one in the present day possible."

Some parts of M. Guizot's speech exculpate France from that improper exercise of her influence in the affairs of the East, of which it now appears she was, at least in one instance, unjustly suspected. The distinction, again, on which he insists, between conduct not delicate towards France, and a positive affront or political insult, does him high honour by evincing an anxiety on his part to avoid a rupture. He is right in his assertion, that France has extended her influence very materially within the last ten years; and he might have more highly coloured without falsifying the correspondence of the picture with actual fact. His apology, too, for her present position, as one of isolation from the great Powers of Europe, is at least ingenious, and well calculated to allay the chafed feelings of such of his countrymen as look upon the dignity of France to have been compromised by late events. On the whole, we consider the Speech a very instructive, as well as interesting State paper.—*Id.*

of peace and alleged decline, is a material consideration at a time when so many nations are making vast naval preparations to dispute our claim to the sovereignty of the ocean. The fame of this great exploit will reverberate from shore to shore, and serve to maintain throughout the East that salutary respect for British prowess, which is the chief security of many of our distant dependencies. Whatever adds weight to national character, has its valuable uses even in matters most remote from war and all its horrors.

But, though on all these and other accounts we are grateful to Divine Providence, for so signal a triumph, we cannot suppress a sigh for the desolations inflicted by the awful scourge of war. The terrific explosion more especially, of the magazine of gunpowder, which in a moment hurried so vast a number of accountable beings into eternity, was so truly appalling, that its puts imagination to the rack to portray even its visible horrors. "The whole town," says an eye witness, "appeared as if it was in the air, so awfully grand a sight no one can describe. We saw nothing but one impenetrable cloud extending thousands of yards into the air on all sides; and then we felt an awful shock, which gave the line of battle ships a heel of two degrees." The same writer describes its appearance, as "only to be compared to the sudden eruption of a volcano, or the production of a mighty yew tree, summoned into existence by a magician's wand." And on a nearer inspection of the frightful havoc produced by this catastrophe, he gives the following graphic description:—"I then came to the spot where the eruption took place; it has laid a space of two acres quite bare, and hollowed it out as if a quarry had been worked there for years. And, oh, heavens, what a sight! It makes my blood run cold to write of it. Mangled human bodies of both sexes, strewn in all directions,—women searching for their husbands and relatives, tearing their hair, beating their breasts, and howling and crying most piteously. God forbid, that I should ever see the like again."—*Id.*

The draft of the Address of the Chamber of Deputies had been published. The following is the passage which relates to the Peace question:—

"Peace, without dignity, would never be accepted either by France or by its King: an unjust war, a violent aggression, without cause and without object, would neither accord with our manners, nor our ideas of civilization and progress. Peace, then, if it be possible, an honourable and sure peace, which shall preserve the balance of power in Europe from all attack, is our first wish: but if this become impossible on these conditions—if the honour of France demands it—if her rights are not recognized, her territory menaced, or her interests seriously compromised, demand it—speak then, Sire, and at your voice the French will arise as one man; the country will not hesitate at any sacrifice, and the co-operation of the nation will be assured to you."

FRENCH AFFAIRS.—The discussions in the various Bureaux present a clear exposition of the sentiments of the leading men on the present relations between France and England. First in interest is the explanation given by M. Thiers of the course of his policy and the cause of his resignation. He would seem to have been in a false position on the Eastern question from the outset; entangled in a diplomacy which commenced before his premiership, and which he scarcely offers to vindicate. The resignation, he says, did not depend on a single phrase of the King's speech, but on the general policy proposed. He avows that France is not in a fit state for war; and admits that he sought to gain time till the spring. M. Guizot spoke briefly, but he was explicit enough in condemning the warlike propositions of his predecessors. The whole tone of the debate evinced a disposition to maintain a friendly footing with this country. The point of honor seems to be the only one that now requires adjusting. Even the Paris journals, though for the most part hostile to the peace ministry, are comparatively mild in their language towards England. Galled by the attacks of the Republican *National*, the Ministers have commenced proceedings against that paper. This attack on the press so early in their career, and on grounds apparently untenable before a jury, betrays a feeling of weakness, of which there are at present no other outward signs.—*Spectator.*

THE CHANNEL FLEET.—We must earnestly urge the immediate establishment of a large channel fleet, not merely as an essential safeguard to our own shores, but as a depot for the recruit of casualties abroad. Our seamen, got them but to enter, and then they readily would with honest inducements, be the same dashing, daring fellows, they ever were—our ships infinitely surpass those of former times, but they are too weakly manned. Should they go into action to-morrow, they could not fight both sides at once, and they would not have a small-arm man to spare. This is a simple arithmetical calculation:—How many men does it require to fight a long 32? say, for argument sake, eight—a number below the mark. Well, the Rodney mounts 92 guns—eight times 92 are 736. The Rodney's complement of seamen, marines, and boys, is 695—41 short of the low figure at which our calculation is taken; and in that calculation, no allowance has been made for sail-trimmers, musketeers, or casualties. The old practice of drawing up the marines systematically upon the poop, we always conceived to be an unnecessary exposure, without any counterbalancing advantage; but we do think a dozen expert riflemen in each of the tops, if it were only to cover the officers, would render yeoman's service. England never can forget that from the mizen-top of her "Redoubtable" issued the death wound of her mightiest hero. Britain can easily dispense with a large standing army, which in a moment of need could be raised from the militia, but she should never be without a powerful fleet. She is a commercial nation, with numerous and extensive colonies to protect. Whilst her fleet retain command of the ocean, the troops in garrison in the colonies are efficient: destroy this naval supremacy, and what do they become?—divided, helpless sections, that must of necessity fall before those who rule the waves. The conquest of all foreign colonies during the last

war proves this. Again, therefore, we say, let England always maintain a powerful fleet: soldiers may speedily be created, but seamen are the result of many years of training.—*Colonial Magazine.*

ANOTHER ACCOUNT OF THE OPERATIONS AT ST. JEAN D'ACRE.—At daylight we found the place had been evacuated during the night; the troops were immediately landed by the small ships. The Turkish flag was hoisted on the citadel, and on either side a small English and Austrian flag—thus terminating the siege and fall of Acre. The enemy certainly had been expecting us to land in the bay, having barricaded the gates on that side and made it very strong; we commenced by going round the other walls, and were truly surprised at the strength of the place: almost every gun was new, every carriage quite so; but the quantity of ammunition, shot and shells of ever description, by the side of each gun, astonished us, certainly sufficient for a six months ordinary siege. But nothing could stand against the fire that was opened on them, the ships taking at least two thirds of the triangle, which is the shape of the fortifications. Almost every gun had been rendered useless, many upset, and most of them having a shot or two through their carriages; killed and wounded about in all directions—a sad sight. From this we went up into the citadel, a very strong and almost impregnable place; from this, through a mosque, the stores and magazines; and then on to the crater, for I cannot use a more appropriate word, the quantity of powder was immense, the precise number of tons uncertain; but the space destroyed covers one mile, the number killed by the explosion above 1,200, besides cattle, horses, &c.; in many places on the cinders I passed six and eight bodies, lying over and beside each other in one place. We counted 30 doukeys dead, having been tethered in a square ready to carry shot, &c. to the distant guns, with cattle and horses, half buried. Indeed no one in the fleet ever witnessed such an extensive explosion. From this we went out some way on the beach to meet 700 infantry who had just marched back and given up their arms, then on to the cavalry stables; 600 horses were taken, the other 600 expected in hourly. In the town there is not one house without many shot holes in it, nor one habitable. I could not have imagined a city so completely destroyed, and was really glad to find myself again on board. The Bellerophon, Revenge, and Thunderer, are ordered to convey 600 prisoners each to Beyrout, and the veteran ship into transports for Constantinople. It is said that much specie has been found in the city, and 300 pieces of field artillery. I yesterday heard the value estimated at £200,000, this fortress having been the grand depot and arsenal of Mehmet Ali. It will be a great blow to him; the garrison was supposed to amount to near 6,000 at the commencement of the attack. The next ships for Malta are the Edinburgh, Hazard and Wasp, the two first having their mizenmasts, and the last her foremast shot through. The Bellerophon, in the 34 hours, fired away 160 barrels of powder, and 28 tons of iron shot.

INUNDATIONS IN FRANCE.—Extract of a Letter from a naturalist residing at Alguemortes, near the mouth of the Rhone:—"During the inundations, we have seen on the banks of sand in the middle of the waters near this place, numerous wild bulls, horses, foxes, polecats, rabbits, rats, and other animals usually hostile to each other, congregated together, without doing each other any harm, and amongst them a great number of snakes. A man who had taken refuge in a tree found it impossible to prevent several snakes from making themselves a shelter under his clothes."

The Cherbourg Journal states that during the storm of last week a great number of fish rarely seen in those seas, as well as porpoises, and even five or six whales called blowers, have been seen off that coast, two or three of the blowers having come within the pier. The Pilot du Calvados mentions that a species of whale, the hyperodon, or double-toothed dolphin, was cast on shore a few nights since in Langrune, and was drawn out of the reach of the tide by two men belonging to the customs. It was 26 feet 3 inches in length, and 16 feet 5 inches at its largest girth.

In consequence of the inundations at Roque-mare, in the Gard, the chateau of the Count de Bernand, near that place, became completely undermined, and in a few days, while still surrounded by the water, fell in. The Countess de Bernand, who was in the chateau at the time, together with her two young sons and all the servants, were saved as if by a miracle; but all the furniture and valuable effects were totally destroyed. The family were carried off in boats.

A correspondent of the *Courier Francais* writes from Perpignan, that while other departments are ruined by inundations, the drought is so great in the Pyrenees Orientales, that the corn which has been sown does not spring up, and that many fields still remain unsown, adding, that if there is not a speedy fall of rain, the rivers will be partially dried up. The vintage was got in during the finest weather, which continues, so as to give all the feeling of summer.

NISMES, Nov. 11.—For the last hundred years the Rhone has not been known to rise to such a height. Beaucaire and Tarascon are under water; the inhabitants of several villages have taken refuge on the roofs of their houses, and there await assistance, which it is difficult to afford them, for the Durona has likewise overflowed its banks.

The bridge of Avignon has been damaged, and the lower part of the city is inundated. The country around is all covered with water.

The whole population of Nismes has repaired to Beaucaire, to view that imposing and frightful spectacle. As far as the sight can reach, the country presents one immense sheet of water, above which rise the tops of the trees and the roofs of the houses.

At Valabreque, an island of the Rhone, within a league of Beaucaire, the people have hoisted a black flag, and retired to the churchyard, which is situate upon high ground. There are no less than 2,000 inhabitants in this painful position.

During the last ten days rain has fallen in torrents. Just as I am closing my letter I hear that the inundation is still increasing. Avignon can no longer receive any provisions from the country. Fifty oxen have been sent thither by an order of the prefect.

The inundation covers an extent of 36 leagues in length by 60 at least in width. The Rhone having risen another metre, and its level being about that of the plain, fresh disasters are to be apprehended, and were it not for the hills, we should here be under water.

Desolation is general among the land-owners; many in the course of two days have lost their fortunes. The people are making processions and addressing prayers to Heaven to put an end to the calamity. Several farm houses have been entirely washed away. The losses are estimated at 30,000,000 francs.—*Courier de Lyons.*

H. M. S. LILY.—The Lily was at sea, in the Mosambique Channel, on the 17th May, when at half-past seven, a. m. off the River Quillimane, a strange sail hove in sight; at ten she was seen to keep away, and set standing-sails, which confirmed the conjecture that she was a "rogue," and about noon she was observed to be aground; out boats were now the order, and the pinnace, cutter and gig were soon alongside, manned and armed, and were towed along by the vessel as far as it was deemed safe to proceed; they were now sent adrift, being about four miles from the brig, which was observed to be heeling over very much, owing to the fall of the tide, and after giving directions as to the anchoring of the Lily, the first Lieutenant left in the jolly-boat for the vessel. We could by this time plainly perceive slaves on her deck with our glasses, and men running about the shore in evident fear of something or other, yet they succeeded in rescuing twenty couple of those poor creatures. Soon after the boats had arrived, the vessel was beginning to part in pieces very fast, but they soon filled three boats and sent them to the Lily, and in the first trip they brought 225 men, women and children, and were immediately despatched for more; one boat had remained by the wreck, and after picking up every one they could see and get at (for it was impossible to get on board or land near the vessel, owing to the immense surf), the four boats returned on board and completed their then living cargo to 324 of these poor and deluded victims; and just as the last boat left with their first Lieutenant, who had remained by the wreck the whole day, the brig parted in two pieces; this was just at sunset. Little could be done with the slaves that night, as their condition might be easily supposed; the best arrangements were however made, and they were very comfortable although frightened in the extreme. Several were much hurt in their removal from the brig and water. Sail was made in the night for the Mauritius, to land the cargo, it being the nearest British settlement. The description of these victims of avarice and of the vessel which was destroyed was obtained from one of her crew, a Portuguese, who gave every account of her. Her name was the "Jose," and had left the river Quillimane at 4 o'clock that morning, and did not perceive the Lily until about nine o'clock, when they immediately tacked, and manoeuvred to get away from her, but the captain, at last finding it would be impossible to escape, ran her aground, and with himself and crew, and two passengers, and about 100 of the slaves escaped on shore, leaving the man taken by the crew of the Lily, owing to his being ill and scarcely able to move. She had on board 560 slaves, and reckoning those taken by the Lily, and those who escaped on shore, it shows that 136 human beings must have perished, and all to satisfy the sordid mind of the captain, whose only motive (next to that of escaping himself) was to lessen the value of the prize as much as he could, little caring in himself whether the life of 1 or 100 were the consequence. Such is the consequence of slavery. There were on board the Lily 84 men, 8 women, 68 girls, and 161 boys; the ages of the boys and girls varying from 5, 6, 7, 8, and 9, to 13 or 14, and yet those poor creatures were so completely happy. They were almost naked. When those who were shackled were handed on board the Lily their irons were immediately knocked off, and on the boats coming near the vessel, they clapped their hands for joy, crying out "Oh Signor," or something of that kind, but whether that was from a feeling of gratitude for saving their lives, or rescuing them from slavery, could not be ascertained, as they seemed to imagine themselves born for others, and not for themselves. Numbers of men were seen between the broken pieces of the deck, in the brig, and it was supposed that they were shackled, and consequently unable to ascend the ladder, yet pitiable as it was, there was no relief—to get at them was impossible, the vessel was breaking up fast, and at every plunge a great cask of provisions or water was dashed from out of her, and would have sunk a boat had it come in contact with one. The exertions of Lieutenant Seymour, the Lily's first Lieutenant, were great and certainly most praiseworthy. They could hardly imagine such a number had been saved when they went on board the Lily and saw them. The "Jose" was bound to Rio de Janeiro, she was a beautiful brig, and her sails and rigging appeared perfectly new. It was impossible to save any of the brig, as lives were of more consequence than her, and the boats remained by her as long as a human being could be seen, and left only when the ill-fated barque was dashed to pieces. The commander has not yet joined. Lieutenant Seymour has now had the charge eight months, and it will, doubtless, be his promotion. The Lily put into St. Augustus Bay, Madagascar, for water, on the 3d of June. Since the shipment of the Negroes, the small pox broke out, and the ship's company were almost all infected with a kind of dysentery. From the 22d May to the 10th June, there were 37 deaths on board. The Lily arrived at Mauritius on the 22d June, when she had to perform quarantine. Admiral Elliott had gone on to China with the *Modeste* and *Columbine*, and having learned by official accounts that Capt. Deare was at the Cape, the Lily was ordered thither. The slaves will be taken out of the Lily on the 26th, and put into hulks hired by the government, and kept in quarantine till they are cured of the small

pox. About 90 have died. The Lily will sail in about a week for the Cape.

COMMODORE NAPIER.—Perhaps there is not another man in the world so fit in all respects for the work he has to do as Napier. When he commanded a British frigate, he was always looked upon as a sort of Lord Cochrane *romance*; not mad, however, without method, for he is both skilful and calculating; but mad in rush to the cannon's mouth on all occasions, and never so much delighted as when engaged in the turmoil and danger of close action. To a personal appearance highly eccentric, he adds an unceasing activity and untameable enterprise. In the last American war he and Capt. Gordon took their frigates, in spite of a thousand obstacles, up the Potomac, to the town of Alexandria, where they destroyed the national stores, and did immense damage of various kinds. On their return they had to pass close to a point of land which jutted into the river. Here were posted four or five thousand American troops, covered by the brushwood, and these made sure of the two frigates, supposing that they could sweep off the crews by a single volley of their musketry. Gordon and Napier were not so easily caught. They were quite aware of the trap laid for them. On approaching the point of land, the frigates were weighed down on the starboard side, which had the effect of elevating the muzzles of their larboard broadsides; the crew were protected from musketry by an impenetrable rampart of hammocks, sails, &c.; the guns were loaded with triple charges of grape, canister, musket balls, pieces of iron, nails, and other missiles of the like kind; and with these the underwood was severely scourged, and the American troops scampered off without their expected prizes. Napier, however, did not go scot-free. Disdaining all cover he jumped up some elevation on the quarter deck to see "the fun," and received a musket ball in the back part of his neck, one of the effects of which severe wound is a forward inclination of the head, thereby increasing the peculiarity of the gallant Captain's personal appearance. His subsequent exploits are well known, not the least distinguished of which was his capture of the whole of Don Miguel's fleet, an operation completed in about twelve minutes. He has entered upon his present service in a similar spirit. He was among the first to go on shore, and there might be seen in his shirt sleeves digging in the trenches (by way of example) and tugging at the heavy guns. Such a man, at the head of British seamen and marines, can accomplish whatever is in the power of man; and should the French venture upon the experiment of another struggle for naval superiority, depend upon it that Napier's name will be again heard of, and he will always be found in the van, in the thick of the enemy, and victorious too; for his boldness is tempered by skill, and upheld by an unconquerable resolution.

SAM SCOTT THE AMERICAN DIVER.—This extraordinary man, on Monday afternoon gave a flying leap from the top-gallant yard of the coal brig Wakefield, of Blythe, lying off Rotherhithe, in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators, who lined the shores on both sides of the Thames. He astonished the spectators for upwards of an hour, on the gallant yard, by his feats, although it was blowing a gale at the time. On mounting aloft he fixed himself on the top-gallant mast head, and with his feet kicking in the air, and his head on the top of the mast, remained in that position for some time. He then descended to the yard, which was braced taut, and, although the ship was anything but steady, ran from one end of the yard to the other, without holding on by any rope, occasionally haranguing the people. He made a slip noose, which he placed round his neck, and threw himself off the yard. He remained suspended for a few seconds with the rope under his chin, and raised himself with great dexterity on to the yard, when he exclaimed—"Come to-morrow, and you will see me hang myself again." He then hung to the yard by one foot, with his head downwards, and exhibited many other antics. All this was done with the greatest apparent indifference, and indeed he appeared the only unconcerned person present. He stated that he had jumped off a place below the Falls of Niagara, a height of 537 feet from the water, and amongst his other exploits he had leaped from a cliff at Port Isaac, in Cornwall, 347 feet high, into the sea, from Bangor-bridge, the highest in Great Britain, 210 feet high, and repeatedly from the top-gallant masts of English and American line of battle ships. At last he prepared for his leap, first making fast a handkerchief round his head, and securing one of his hands with a rope, which he twisted about his wrist and fingers. After doing this he held up his arm and exclaimed, "I only use one hand, the other is tied up, and I can't move it." He then told the people that his head was as hard as iron, and to convince them that it was so, he rattled it against the top mast, until he actually made the lower mast shake. He then made his last address previous to the leap, by acquainting the people that it was erroneous to suppose that a man's breath was taken away by falling from a great height, for while he was descending he would speak something which he hoped would not be forgotten. He then pulled off his shoes, held them up above his head, and exclaiming, "Now, here he goes," he made a flying leap from the end of the yard into the water, calling out as he descended, "good bye; don't forget me as I come ashore." When he fell in the river the spray rose above him to the height of 12 or 14 feet, and in an instant his head and arms appeared above the surface of the water, waving the silk handkerchief which he fastened about his head while on the yard. Loud cheers greeted him from all quarters, and he swam ashore, the people as he landed rewarded him with money, which he deposited in his shoes, and in a box, carried by a man on crutches for his benefit.

A number of private letters, from officers of various ranks, who were partakers in the bombardment of St. Jean d'Acre, attest the fact as to the universal belief, that from the position occupied by the Gorgon steam-frigate, commanded by Captain Henderson, it was one of the shells from that vessel, directed by Sergeant Murray, of the Royal Marine Artillery, that blew up the grand magazine arsenal, de-