

POETRY.

(Original.)

TO THE FALL.

Adieu! fair fading year; once more adieu!
And yet another breath before we part—
A farewell to thee strikes upon my heart,
Like death's cold fingers upon those we knew
And loved. O year, how beautiful in thy fall!
When nature disarms the teeming flush,
And gladsome smile of summer; yet not all
Its sweetness. The woods blush a gorgeous blush;
Like a dying swan, they say, does sing
Its death dirge—and the pale leaves withering
Show'r golden dew.—Thus in Time's greedy Urn
All, soon or late, Death's cold hand will thrust,
Unsparring: list thy doom proud mortal, "Dust
Thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return." Q.

EUROPE.

ENGLAND.

The King and Queen were delighted with their reception at Brighton. Her Majesty was affected almost to tears. They talk of making Brighton more their home than Windsor or London, as the King says that the air agrees with him, and he can mix with his subjects without difficulty; he intends, however, to go to London frequently for a day or so to transact public business. His Majesty is much pleased with the Palace, in which, amid great splendour, and some gew-gaw, comfort have not been neglected.

It is expected that the approaching sitting of Parliament will last till the third week in December. Many and weighty matters will be immediately brought forward; particularly the Regency question, and the arrangement of the civil list. If we are not greatly misinformed, Parliament—or to speak more accurately, the country—will see reason to be satisfied with the proposed methods of disposing of both these subjects. The Regency will, it is expected, be settled in a manner which will preclude all reasonable objections; and the civil list, especially as regards the royal and diplomatic branches of expenditure, will be reduced with no flinching hand. Our Government is, we believe, too observant not to see the signs of the times, and too upright not to yield to the proper demands of the public, when expressed through honest and authentic channels.—*Times*.

We understand that orders have been issued by our Government to enforce those provisions of the Catholic relief bill which prohibit the introduction into this country of Jesuits or persons bound by monastic vows.—*Brighton Gazette*.

The following conversation took place on the circuit between Mr. Brougham and a witness:—Cross-examined by Mr. Brougham—What was the sign of the public-house where you first heard these words?—The Parliament House. Mr. Brougham—Oh! that is an excellent sign for a public-house; there is no place where beer is more talked of. We did nothing last session but talk about it.—[A laugh]—They kept a good glass of beer at that house, I suppose?—Witness—Yes, very good. Mr. Brougham—Excellent! it is a very good glass, indeed, I assure you. Mr. Brougham—Ah, that's more than I can say of the other Parliament House. Instead of good beer we get bad speeches. Now as you frequent one Parliament House, and I the other let us see if they keep the same hours. Pray, how long were you altogether at that house?—Witness—About half an hour. Mr. Brougham—I wish that were all at our house; with us it is more frequently half a day. The witness was then cross-examined at considerable length, and in the course of his cross-examination, he said, "allow me to explain." Mr. Brougham—Aye, that is what we do at our Parliament House, so I'll allow you certainly. The witness commenced a very tedious explanation of his evidence, which was cut short by Mr. Brougham's sitting down, and exclaiming, "You are very long-winded: we should cry 'Question!'"

SMOKE CONSUMING FURNACE.—The only reasonable objection that has hitherto been made to the use of the steam-engine in populous towns, arises from the clouds of deleterious vapor which are continually poured into the atmosphere from the furnaces with which they are usually provided. Mr. Galloway, of West Street, is now exhibiting a steam-engine in active operation, with a boiler which, if it does not entirely consume its own smoke at least reduces it to the state of that of an ordinary parlour fire.—*Atlas*.

EVAPORATION OF WATER.—Dr. Dobson made a set of experiments during the years 1772, 1773, 1774, and 1775, to determine the evaporation from the surface of water at Liverpool during these years. He took a cylindrical vessel of twelve inches diameter, having nearly filled it with water, exposed it beside a rain gauge of the same aperture, and by adding water, or removing it occasionally, he kept the surface at nearly the same height. By carefully registering the quantities added or taken away, and comparing them with the rain that fell, the amount of evaporation from the surface of water at Liverpool amounted to 36.78 inches. The mean annual fall of rain at Liverpool, as ascertained by Mr. Dobson, is (without reckoning the dew) 37.43 inches. We see at once from this that more rain falls at Liverpool than can be accounted for by the evaporation. Consequently there must be a supply of vapour from the sea, and probably from the warmer regions of the globe.—*Dr. Thomson on Heat and Electricity*.

THE DOOM OF THE DAUPHINE.—The following was the prediction of a Swedish astrologer to the Duchess d'Angoulême, when at Hartwell:—"Ah!" said he, after a pause of some length—"the tennis-ball of fortune! A wife, and yet not a mother. Always near a throne, yet doomed never to ascend it. The daughter of kings, yet much more truly the daughter of misfortune. I see before your restoration to the country and palace of your fathers; then an agonizing interval of flight and degradation. Again the banners of royalty wave over you, and you advance a step nearer to a crown. But all is finally overcast, in the gloom of deposition, flight and exile.—You will live to be alone. Your last determination will be that of closing your days in a convent—it will be frustrated by death.—Dread the month of August; for it will be one to you of the most unlooked for mortifications and vicissitudes. Welcome that of January, for it will dismiss you through the hand of violence, to your repose, and your reward!"—*M. S. of an English Traveller*.

MANUFACTURING INTERESTS.—We are highly gratified in being enabled to state, that the manufacturing districts of this country, which have been progressively improving for the last six months, are now unusually bright. The clothing mills at Stroud, Painswick, Nailsworth, and their neighbourhoods, are in full operation, while both masters and men are comparatively contented and prosperous.—*Cheltenham Chron.*

RELIC.—The sword of Henry the IV. which was carried off in the late revolution, has been restored to the Cabinet of Antiquities, and it is now announced that nothing has been lost or injured, except the globe made by Louis XVI. which was struck by a bullet.—*The Athenæum*.

A new light has been lately invented for light-houses, so intense as almost to exceed credibility. The effect is produced by dropping a small bit of chalk lime at the jet, or conjunction of two flames obtained from the different gases, and impelled towards each other. The brilliancy is so prodigious that it casts shadows at the distance of ten miles and more!—*Brighton Gazette*.

Tri-colour watch-ribands, guards, &c. are now worn here by many gentlemen, and were told that a large quantity has been already sold. One of the Brighton pleasure-boats also displays the flag, probably with the view of attracting notice.—*Ibid.*

Yesterday se'nnight, while some workmen were hoisting the statue of George III. for the purpose of placing it in the niche appropriated for its reception at the Royal Exchange, London, one of the ropes by which it was chiefly supported broke, and the statue fell down on the pavement from a height of about ten feet. It providentially happened, that neither any of the workmen standing almost immediately under the statue when suspended in the air, nor any of the numerous persons attracted to the spot by the process of replacing it, were seriously hurt. The statue sustained some injury, but was repaired and placed in its niche next morning. It is full eight feet high, and weighs probably a ton and a-half.

On the Sunday after the defeat of Col. Jonathan Peel, at Norwich, a clergyman there took for his text, "I am grieved for thee, my brother Jonathan."

THE KELPIE'S FLOW.—A clergyman who had been preaching at Preston, in Lancashire, last Sunday, was returning home by the dangerous sands between Ulverston and Lancaster. He was in a farmer's cart, and was to meet the coach at Hest Bank. The experienced guide, on parting with them, advised the driver to make a nearer point of land, but he was obstinate, and pursued his course. The cart soon began to sink—the horse stood still. The clergyman jumped out, but found himself fast sinking. After very considerable difficulty, he succeeded in making his escape, but his efforts could not save the driver or the horse, who both met the dreadful fate of perishing by the quicks, so thrillingly described by Sir Walter Scott, in his account of "The Kelpie's Flow."

ALARMING HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—A highway robbery of a most desperate nature, and the most serious, in reference to the amount of property stolen, that has taken place in this country for several years, occurred on the evening of Friday week, near Macclesfield. Mr. Samuel Johnston and Mr. J. Cooke, silk throwsters, of Macclesfield, had been on business in Manchester, where they had received money to the amount of £1,000 and upwards in gold and notes. They left Manchester in a gig, about six o'clock in the afternoon, accompanied by Mr. Johnston's son, who is about 14 years of age. They had got within four miles of Macclesfield, where five men, apparently Irishmen, armed with bludgeons, came up, took hold of the horses' reins, pulled the parties out of the gig, and beat and abused them in a most shocking manner. The villains ultimately robbed the gentlemen of all the money they had, and it is believed they would have murdered them, but for the timely approach of Messrs. Pickford's van, on seeing which the ruffians made off, and effected their escape. We are sorry to say, that the unfortunate gentlemen were greatly injured.

LONGEVITY.—Died at Pleskov, in the government of Novorogod, a husbandman named Michofsky, at the extraordinary age of 165. His wife lived to 117, and one of his sisters to 112.—*Le Globe*.

Two of the new Policemen have been committed to Newgate charged with having robbed a man of ten shillings.

GALLANTRY.—Quin being asked by a lady why it was reported that there were more women than men, he replied, "It is in conformity with the arrangements of Nature, Madam; we always see more of heaven than earth."

THE MILITARY ATTACKED AT OXFORD, AND SIXTY PRISONERS RESCUED.—Oxford, Monday Evening, ten o'clock.—For some days past very serious disturbances have taken place at the seven Otmoor towns in this country, in consequence of the injury the farmers and others have sustained by the inclosure of an immense tract of commonable land. A great part of the population of the several towns assembled at different points, destroyed the fences, levelled the banks and mounds, and filled up the ditches, and it is reported that a son of Sir A. Croke, in resisting the rioters, has been severely wounded. On Saturday last, an express arrived in this city for the staff of the Oxfordshire Militia, who soon after set off for Beckley with a plentiful supply of ball cartridges. At eight o'clock the same evening, Lord Churchill's troop of Yeomanry Cavalry marched to Islip. Nothing farther transpired here respecting the riot till this evening about half-past six, when about sixty of the rioters were brought to this city from Islip in waggons, guarded by infantry and a troop of horse. On passing through St. Giles's (where an immense number of persons had assembled to enjoy the festivities of the fair, similar to that of St. Bartholomew), the Militia were attacked in every direction; by brick-bats, stones, and bludgeons, were hurled at them without mercy. The soldiers were determined to secure their prisoners, and the mob equally determined to release them.—The Militia had rather the advantage till they turned down Beaumont-street, which, from St. Giles's, is the nearest way to the county goal; here the Yeomanry were forced one by one from their posts; and what afforded the mob no little amusement, the officer commanding the troop was the first to ride off. Much praise is due to a sergeant named Bartley, (who is said to have formerly belonged to the 10th Dragoons) for the courage and humanity with which he did his duty; for some time he sustained the front of the attack alone, nor did the mob succeed in rescuing the prisoners until he was completely disabled. As soon as the prisoners were released, the mob followed the Militia to the Bath road, where some of the Yeomanry galloped off in the direction of Botley, while others were obliged to take shelter in the castle. Several of the soldiers are seriously injured. The people here, and at most towns in this neighbourhood, believe the Otmoor people to be cruelly injured, and are much exasperated against their oppressors. It is the general opinion that had the soldiers fired not one of them would have escaped with life. The city is now as perfectly calm as if nothing had happened.

A snake, of great rarity, belonging to the King's Menagerie in the Tower of London, last week gave life to upwards of one hundred of its species. When first discovered they were moving in all directions on the floor of the room in which their parent was confined. They are extremely lively, and appear to be incessantly in search of food.

LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.—A gentleman describing the late contest in Paris says—"Several mortal wounds were received by the Militia, in consequence of the people loading their guns with leaden printing types instead of balls, which were very scarce in the first day of the insurrection." The Belgic tri-coloured flag is floating on the field of Waterloo. It is placed in the paws of the Belgic lion at the top of the monument erected by the Prince of Orange in commemoration of the victory. A writing in chalk upon the pedestal states, that the flag had been placed there by the young peasants, "les jeunes paysans," of the village of L'Aleud.

SWIMMING.—A sailor in one of the transport-ships at Cove, bound to New South Wales, was drowned lately in that harbour. The authorities refused to allow his wife to accompany him on the voyage, and he resolved to desert the vessel by swimming to the shore; in this attempt he perished within twenty-one yards of the beach in presence of his wife, who had been waiting for him with a supply of dry clothes.

We understand that the remains of the gallant Sir David Baird, were lately conveyed from the Church of Moneyvaird, where they had lain since the time of his death, and deposited in an elegant Mausoleum, erected by his lady, adjoining the parish church of Culross.

POLITICAL BET.—An even bet has been made that his Majesty's speech to the new Parliament will recommend the extension of the elective franchise to unrepresented towns of the first class!

A deplorable event has occurred within a few days at Nantwich, whereby a respectable female lost her life, and other individuals are suffering from the same cause. On Thursday last Mrs. Shaw, wife of T. Shaw, draper, boiled a leg of mutton, for the dinner of her family, in a saucepan which had some few days previous been used to boil arsenic, for the purpose of destroying vermin.—As the saucepan had been well cleaned, and water had been boiled in it several times, it was supposed to be perfectly free from the poison, and that no danger was to be apprehended. When the dinner was prepared Mrs. Shaw sent part of the broth to a young man who was unwell in the neighbourhood, and partook of some herself. The Rev. John Hughes, Wesleyan Minister, having called in, was invited to dinner; and he and Mrs. Shaw sat down, and were in the act of eating some of the broth, when Mrs. Shaw was taken suddenly ill, and, as the use previously made of the saucepan in which the broth was prepared returned to her mind, she desired them to eat no more. A messenger was instantly despatched for medical assistance, but considerable time elapsed before any could be procured, and the unfortunate sufferer lingered in great pain until Sunday evening, when she expired. At the time the deadly nature of the broth was discovered a person was sent to the young man to whom a part of it had been sent, but unfortunately he had discovered its poisonous quality, and threw it from his stomach, as did also the Rev. J. Hughes; consequently they are out of danger, but Mr. Shaw still continues very ill.

On Friday last the following dreadful event took place at Newcastle-upon-Tyne. It is well known to the public that Mr. Yates, one of the proprietors of the Adelphi Theatre, has been travelling in the northern parts of England with the sagacious elephant that nightly attracted such crowded audiences last season at that theatre. Two keepers travel with this stupendous animal, and it appears that one of them, M. Baptist Bernard, a Frenchman, had given some offence to the elephant. It is well known that these animals will generally resent an injury let it be of ever so long standing, and so it unfortunately happened for poor Bernard. On going into the place where the elephant was confined on Friday, she seized Bernard with her trunk, who called out "murder!" with all his strength, when Tom, the Yorkshireman, the other keeper, ran to his assistance; but the elephant heeded him not, and dashed the unfortunate Bernard on the ground and killed him. The enraged animal then attacked Tom, who luckily escaped, but not before his leg was dreadfully lacerated.

PORTUGUESE CAPTIVES.—The Britomart has arrived at Plymouth, and brought home the officers and men who were so shamefully captured by a Portuguese vessel while on their return to England. The most infamous treatment awaited our countrymen in the Portuguese frigate; they were fed upon horse-beans mixed with oil, and calavances boiled in the same ingredient; with now and then half-a-pound of miserable meat—were grossly insulted by every insolent menial on board, and if seen speaking to each other were pricked with the sword or bayonet. Upon their arrival at Lisbon they were taken before a mock tribunal and actually condemned as pirates. Captain Johnson, of the Britomart, having demanded them as British subjects, they were liberated; and as their friends will be anxious to hear of their safety, we publish the names of those officers brought home by the Britomart. Mr. Burgess, late Purser of the Athol; Mr. Cleveland, Master of the Plumper; and Mr. Neil, surgeon of the Primrose.

Vice-Admiral Sir Edward Codrington left London on the 3d inst. for St. Petersburg, to express personally to his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia, his grateful sense of the gracious manner in which he has been pleased to evince his approbation of the Admiral's conduct when in command of the allied squadrons in the Mediterranean. Sir Edward intends to return to England next month. Some papers seemed to fear that the memorial from Vice-Admiral Sir E. Codrington, for a grant on account of the battle of Navarin, would meet with an "unfavourable" reception. We are, however, happy to hear that the memorial to the King, presented by the Admiral himself, in the last month, was graciously received, and considered to deserve serious attention. Those who had the honour of serving under the Gallant Admiral on the 20th of October, 1827, will thus see, that although he refused in April, 1829, £800 per annum, as a pension for his own services, (offered in person by the Duke of Wellington,) he has not forgotten the claims of the officers and men who supported him on that memorable day.—*Plymouth Journal*.

The late Lady Ellenborough is returned to this country, and has purchased a cottage near Primrose-hill.—*Morning Paper*.

When the City Address was presented to the King, his Majesty asked Mr. Ward one of the Sheriffs, what was his occupation, Mr. Ward replied it was that of a shipowner. "I have just," said the King, "become shipowner myself, and I trust I shall be as successful as you appear to have been."—*Brighton Gazette*.

DEATH OF CAPTAIN KNIGHT.—Accounts were received in Dublin yesterday, of the death of Captain Knight, of the National Guard, at Paris. This lamented gentleman, whose distinguished bravery in the late French Revolution obtained for him the thanks of the gallant Lafayette, and the appointment in the National Guard, which he lived so brief a time to enjoy, was, by birth, an Irishman, and for many years previous to his visiting France a resident in this city. We regret to say that his exertions in the last glorious struggle hastened his death. During the three days' combat, he partook in the warfare of the people, and his nights were passed in making preparations for the engagement of the ensuing day. His constitution sunk under the fatigue. He caught a fever, which in a few days closed his career, and his name is now to be recorded amongst the martyrs to liberty. The death of Captain Knight took place at the residence of Lafayette, son-in-law of Ney, and President of the Chamber of Deputies.—*Dublin Morning Register*.

Mr. Wyse, the successful candidate for the county of Tipperary, is married to a niece of Bonaparte, from whom he is separated. He has a very limited property, the greatest part of which is settled on Madame.

Workmen have been some time employed putting both Houses of Parliament in the best state, prior to the meeting of Parliament. The Throne in the House of Lords, has been prepared to receive his Majesty. It seems the present throne is to stand during the ensuing short meeting of Parliament.

The drapery and hangings, including the ornaments, are to be taken down, and put in the best condition. At present the throne is covered up, to preserve it from the whitewash applied to the ceiling. A new Throne will be erected, it is said, next year.—*Sun*.

Her Majesty accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge, Prince George, Miss Fitzclarence, and Miss Winyard, visited the Chain Pier yesterday afternoon. It blew pretty fresh at the time, with a considerable swell, which her Majesty appeared to enjoy very much. Her Majesty visited the Royal Repository and Bazaar in the course of her drive. She purchased several pounds' worth of toys, which she paid for from her own purse.

IMPORTANT INVENTION.—Mr. G. V. Palmer, of Worcester, has taken out a patent for a machine, in perfecting which he has been engaged for the last ten years. It works by steam, and is particularly adapted for cutting canals, levelling hills for railways, or removing large masses of earth. The engine cuts, at a single movement, six feet wide and three feet deep, delivering into a cart upwards of a ton per minute; it is calculated that 360 yards of hard soil, or 720 of marl, or soft soil, may be thus removed in twelve hours. The machine also cuts and shifts gravel with like rapidity. It may be expected that the introduction of this machine will give a stimulus to road improvements and other works.

PORTRAIT OF GEORGE THE FOURTH, By Mr. Irving.—Where shall we find such a model of courtliness? He exhibited the most perfect grace of manners: in him it was not a mere form, but the certain mark of a genuine loving-kindness to all his people. Hence he loved to witness the joy of his subjects, and patiently bore with their rude applause. Not that he eagerly sought such approbation, or that he was ever forgetful of the respect which was due from all to his exalted station; for while he manifested such amiable condescension, he could, in a moment, rouse all his Royal feelings, and rebuke and chasten those who presumed to trifle with his dignity. He was well worthy to be the King of a free people; he was brought up among us, and could bear with those boisterous ebullitions of feeling which we so frequently indulge in, either from want of the respect due to Majesty, or from the momentary and mistaken want of loyalty. He was frequently assailed by the shafts of calumny; and yet few have been able to shake them off with more perfect good nature. Often have I pitied, from my very heart, the situation of a King, who could not enjoy the friendly society of females without exposing himself to the most shameful slanders. He nobly asserted and protected the honours of a free press, at the same time that he had so much to bear from its aspersions.—*Sermon preached by the Rev. E. Irving, on the 15th July*.

AN EXTENSIVE IMPOSTOR.—CAUTION TO TRADESMEN. Mansion House.—A man named James Jones, with dark eyes, and a rather flat nose, was brought up, and charged by a great number of persons with having given them orders for a variety of goods merely to give himself a pretence for borrowing money from them.

The Lord Mayor was quite astonished at hearing of the multitudes of tradesmen whom this ingenious person succeeded in "victimising." As the spunges called their practices in public houses. It was stated that the prisoner on one occasion ordered some shirts and stockings to a false address, and almost immediately afterwards borrowed eighteen-pence from the shop-keeper for an immediate object, as he had left his money at home. This was the course he pursued. The order was generally so tempting, the appearance of the man so like what we have seen, though he represented a great variety of trades, and the loans required so small, that he gave an order to a tradesman whom he had "victimised" before. The indignation expressed against him was very great, but it was very ludicrous in one instance.

The prisoner rang at the medical gentlemen would at once be so good as to put on his clothes and go to visit his (the prisoner's) wife, who was in the pangs of labour. "Surely (said the Doctor) I'll go to her this moment; and he started up, although he had just sought repose after the performance of a similar task to that for which he was preparing. He scarcely had his clothes on when another ring at the bell introduced the same visitor, "Doctor (said he) will my wife require a nurse? A nurse! why yes—to be sure she will. You must get one immediately," said the Doctor. "Bless me (said the prisoner), what shall I do? No nurse will come at this late hour without money, and in my hurry and anxiety, I have not brought out a half penny with me. Never mind that," said the Doctor, pulling on his boots with much difficulty, "I'll let you have what will answer the purpose," and he handed two half crowns to the prisoner, who immediately departed in quest of the nurse. Soon afterwards the Doctor followed, but how much must he have been astonished at finding that the house to which he had been directed was a Police station, and that there was no woman there except one that had been a mother fifty years ago.

The Lord Mayor: Does any body know whether he has taken in any lawyer? (laughter.)

The shop keepers all said that they could find all trades and professions in the prisoner's list except the lawyer.

The Lord Mayor: He is to clever a fellow to try an experiment here.

The tradesmen here caused much laughter in giving accounts of the labour they underwent in carrying carpets and other large unwieldy articles to various distances, after having lent the prisoner fifteen or sixteen pence.

The Lord Mayor thought the tradesmen had been easily duped.

They replied, that they were convinced that upwards of 2,000 had been imposed upon and they were anxious to check the prisoner.

His Lordship advised the tradespeople to get Robert Cruikshanks to take a likeness of the prisoner, and include it to one of the Newspapers that exhibited the slang and villany of the Metropolis.

The prisoner was remanded till Monday, when it is expected that many of the two thousand will be in attendance.

DISTRESSING NEWS FROM THE DAVIES' STRAITS FISHERY.

From the Hull Rockingham of Saturday. It is our painful duty this day to record the loss of 18 ships employed in this fishery, six of which belong to Hull. We do not remember having ever witnessed a more melancholy sight than that which our streets this morning presented. Hundreds of persons, particularly females, were assembled in groups, anxiously inquiring of each other the news from the fishery, as a report was fast gaining ground that some casualties had occurred, though no one could possibly form a correct idea of their extent. This was about nine in the morning, at which hour, or a little after, the Grimby steamer arrived, amply confirming the previous rumours.

We have seen Captain Dannatt, of the Progress, who has favoured us with the following particulars. He left Cape Searle on the 21st Sept. and states, as a reason for the want of success, that the ships were compelled to remain much too long in Melville Bay, as the wind blew a strong gale from the south, and thus blocked up the entrance to the bay. Here they were detained 12 weeks, and when they were at length able to effect their departure and steer to the west, they could discover neither fish nor ice.—Captain D. informs us that many individuals have been deprived of life by excessive fatigue. We re-

gret this extremely; and while we lament the property thus destroyed, our warmest sympathies are excited in behalf of those who have lost their friends and relatives. Capt. D. has suffered much, and bears about him evident marks of what he has endured. He and others were obliged to travel a great distance over the ice, in order to effect their escape.

We need not add that the fishery has proved a complete failure; and the distress it will occasion in Hull, where such numbers have no other dependence, is almost without a precedent.

FUNERAL OF MR. HUSKISSON.

The funeral of this deeply lamented statesman took place yesterday week at Liverpool, and the ceremony was exceedingly impressive. All the shops in the town were closed, and the inhabitants generally were clad in mourning. The funeral, by the desire of Mrs. Huskisson, was quite plain, yet it was eminently public, and was attended by a vast number of sincere mourners.—Lord Gower, Lord Sandon, Lord Stanley, Sir Stratford Canning, M. P.; the Hon. E. Stanley, M. P.; Mr. Wilson Patten, M. P.; Mr. Doherty, (Solicitor-General for Ireland), the Mayor and Corporation of Liverpool, &c., attended the funeral; and Gen. Huskisson and Capt. Huskisson, R. N., the brothers of the deceased, Lord Granville, Lord Colville, and the Hon. Mr. Littleton, were among the mourners. Eleven hundred gentlemen in mourning walked before the body, and nine hundred behind it. The interment was in the New Cemetery, at St. James's Mount, a most beautiful and unique burial place, in the centre of which a grave was allotted for the deceased statesman and his family. There were between 30 and 40,000 spectators of the afflicting solemnity.—*Leeds, Oct. 2*.

From Bell's Messenger.

THE CONTINENT AND GREAT BRITAIN. There is certainly a fearful use made of the French Revolution in this country, against which it is the duty of every wise and cautious man to guard himself. Hitherto, as a Revolution almost bloodless, and as the triumph of rational liberty over despotism, we regard the present change in France to be a victory gained in the common cause of freedom, justice and humanity. But the monarchy is still green; the revolutionary planet is only now in one of its courses; and although it at present exhibits a phasis altogether favourable to freedom, we must not be too confident that its future movements and appearances will be equally auspicious.

But whatever the course of France may be, we cannot understand what is now meant by the general invitations held out to Englishmen,—to follow the footsteps of France; not to be behind-hand in the glorious course of change, but to take down and repair our social edifice after the example of our neighbours.

The wise and loyal will discern in all this a mere revolutionary slang; whilst the precipitate and foolish may be involved in perilous dangers against the State, and be induced to cast away the real blessings and protection of the Constitution for fancied improvements which would destroy the whole fabric of our Government.

What is there, in the name of Heaven, which we can be required to imitate in France? Why is a Revolution in France to be hailed only as an object of enthusiasm inasmuch as it reminds Englishmen how much may be effected by the people against their Government? Why are we constantly told by some mischievous journals that the grand problem of Government is now solved,—that all social institutions can subsist no longer than the people choose—that opinion is the only foundation on which all States rest,—and that having now a successful example afforded to us of the raising of a people against their Government, we must consider that it both teaches a precept whilst it holds out a rule of imitation; in other words, that the graduates in the rights of man are again called upon to resume their abominable functions, and to preach and practice the sacred doctrine of insurrection and revolution.

In what way, let us be permitted to ask, has our own Monarchy departed from its right line of perpendicular? Is it not limited by law, and as little likely to introduce despotism in the State, and to infringe the people's rights, as it is to convert them to popery? What France has been endeavouring to acquire, we have inherited, and practically enjoy all the blessings of a government, which she holds up to mankind and to her own people as a model of civil perfection.

Could any man in his senses wish to reduce the prerogatives of the Crown in this country to the mere feeble pageant of an Executive which the Deputies have set up in France? Could any man wish to make the Duke of Wellington, like General Lafayette, the *custos* of the person of the King, and popular Viceroys over him? Does not every man of sense know that the Monarchy of Great Britain, so far from being too strong, is scarcely able to bear up against the other two branches of the Government!

We have long possessed a line of Kings who have voluntarily departed from their prerogatives, when they have been found injurious to their subjects, and have been at all times more ready to abridge than to extend the Royal power.

It is well known that public opinion, or the power of the press, has been gaining of late years so great an authority in the State, that it compels our Governors to pursue the public good at all hazards, and frequently to take courses, mistaken for popular, which are forced upon them by the turbulent passions of the people.

We deprecate, therefore, these mischievous attempts which are making to get up the old cry of the rights of man; to swell the Jacobinical chorus; and to declare war against all our institutions, civil and religious.

We have lived for ages' happy under a government of Kings, Lords and Commons, and why indulge in any rash attempts to change it, particularly after the example of France?

Many writers tell us, and those of most authority with the people, and whose eloquence and talents, in a better cause, would be the subject of unbounded admiration,—that the raising of the tri-coloured flag has fixed the doom of Europe, and given a new destiny to the citizens of every State; that this mortal flag, waving in the air, has decreed the fall of tyranny, and the humiliation of insolent and rapacious aristocracy; that it is a sure guarantee for the freedom of the press and the rights of representation; and as an ensign of virtue and justice, floating over our heads, which calls forth for fervent prayers for the happiness of those who erected this standard,—that the survivors of the combat in France, may enjoy through life God's choicest blessing; and that every fairest and sweetest flower may bloom on the graves of the slain.

Now what was this Tri-coloured Flag, and what, under all circumstances of time and place, was it? We are old enough to remember what it was set up for the first time; and to recall to mind the whole catalogue of horrible villainies which collected around it, and not one of whom survived the guillotine.

The tri-coloured flag, now waving in France, was the standard of bloodshed, rapine and confiscation, for ten long years! It waved over the ruins of the public honor and private property; over the banishment of all religion and piety; over the actual banishment of the Christian faith, whilst it formed the conspicuous ornament of the Goddess of Liberty! She was paraded naked through the streets of Paris! This flag was dyed in oceans of the best and purest blood in France, and was the constant symbol of every act of massacre and riot. Abroad it depicted