

EUROPE.

ENGLAND.

LOSS OF THE ROTHSAY STEAM PACKET.

Particulars of the melancholy loss of the steamer *Rothsay Castle*, on her passage from Liverpool to Beaumaris, in the Island of Anglesea, on Wednesday 17th August.

The dreadful event which occurred on the night of Wednesday last, within a few miles from our shores, has overspread the town and neighbourhood with a deep and chilling gloom, which all the distressing circumstances of many years gone by, with the accumulated awfulness of their most afflicting features, would hardly have been adequate to exceed. Following with such fearful proximity, but far exceeding in horror, the tremendous storm of the preceding night, it would present to many serious and contemplative minds so close a resemblance to the visitation of retributive displeasure, as, without much aid from superstition, to impress the feelings with profound and unaffected awe. To have known that more than a hundred of our fellow beings had, by one terrible catastrophe, been violently hurried over the limits of earthly existence, and plunged into eternity at a moment when pleasure, perhaps, had banished every thought but of the present, would have been sufficient to have awakened sentiments of heartfelt regret; but now there are other claims for sympathy. The ill-fated individuals whose untimely end too many have the misfortune to deplore, belonged, for the most part, to Liverpool and places at no great distance from it, and the weight of grief has thus been increased in proportion as its sphere is contracted. Most of the unfortunate passengers had parted but in the morning, full of life and hope, from affectionate friends and relations, in mutual anticipation of a delightful excursion. This disastrous event is now the subject of universal conversation, as well as of compassion, throughout all ranks of the community as far as the loss has been felt; and though the softening hue of years may soon cause the general eye to look back upon the frightful scene in the calm light of a sad but not singular mischance, there will long remain here and there some comfortless breast, where death alone can close the remembrance of that fatal day. It is now our duty to lay before our readers a relation of the whole affair, as complete and accurate as we have been able to gather it. This narrative exhibits a loss of life more distressing than we have had to record at the loss of a single vessel for a long time past and the few, the very small share, who were preserved from the ocean-grave of their hapless companions, were saved by an almost miraculous interposition.

The *Rothsay Castle* belonged to the line of steamers which sailed from this port to Beaumaris and Bangor, and was furnished with one engine only. She was commanded by Lieut. Atkinson, who has not escaped without a share of the blame. At ten o'clock on Wednesday last the vessel was appointed to sail. Whilst taking passengers on board, a carriage arrived at the pierhead for embarkation. It belonged to M. W. Foster, Esq. of Regent's-park, London, who, with his wife and servant, were conveyed in it to the packet and took their passage at the same time. They were all subsequently drowned, a little dog which accompanied them being the only survivor of this unfortunate group. The detention of the packet beyond the customary hour of sailing has also been alluded to as having materially tended, by its influence upon the time of her arrival, outward, to bring on the heart-rending catastrophe. By starting an hour too late they would, of course, have the tide turned against them so much the earlier, and when the vessel struck, the water was extremely low. When the steamer left the pierhead her deck was thronged with passengers, but the precise number it would be impracticable to endeavour to obtain. The captain, crew, musicians, &c. amounted to 15, in addition to whom, it has been supposed by persons who saw the vessel sail that 110 or 120 souls were on board. The majority of the passengers consisted of holiday and family parties, chiefly from country places; and in one of these companies, who came on a journey of pleasure from Bury, the hand of death committed a merciless devastation. It consisted of 26 persons; in the morning, joyous with health and hilarity, they set out upon the waves, and when the shades of that evening approached, it is with unutterable grief we relate, that every soul but two saw his last of suns go down.

The weather was not particularly boisterous at the time she sailed. When, however, it is recollected, that the severe storm which had raged in the morning must have agitated the water on the Banks more than usual, (an American vessel, which attempted by means of a steam-boat to put to sea, at five in the morning, having been compelled to return to port), this circumstance will account for the alarm which seems, early in the afternoon, to have seized several of the passengers, and to have prompted them to urge the captain to return to Liverpool. The wind, too, blew strongly from the north-west, and the vessel had to contend with the tide, which began to flow soon after she passed the rock. These considerations will account for the slow progress which a vessel with only one engine made against an adverse wind and tide, without any mismanagement, up to a certain period, on the part of her commander. When the steamer arrived off the Floating-light, which is stationed about fifteen miles from Liverpool, it appears that the roughness of the sea alarmed many of the passengers. One of the survivors states, that Mr. Tarry of Bury, and others advised Capt. Atkinson to put back, but he peremptorily refused; and his conduct in other respects was very improper. During the early part of the voyage, he had spoken confidently of being able to reach Beaumaris by seven o'clock; but the evening wore away, night came on, and the vessel was still a considerable distance from the termination of her voyage. It was near twelve o'clock when they arrived at the mouth of the Menai Strait, which is about five miles from Beaumaris. The tide, which had been running out of the strait, and which had, consequently, for some time previous retarded the steamer's progress towards her destination, was just on the turn. The vessel, according to the statement of two of the seamen and one of the firemen saved, had got round the buoy on the north end of the Dutchman's Bank, and had proceeded up the river as far as the tower on Puffin Island; when suddenly the steam got so low that the engine would not keep on her proper course. When asked, why there was not steam on, the fireman said, that a deal of water had been finding its way into the vessel all day, and that, some time before she got into the strait, the bilge-pumps were choked. The water in the hold then overflowed the coals, slackened the fire, and made it impossible to keep the steam up. It was clearly the duty of the fireman to give notice of the occurrence; but he seems not to have mentioned it to the captain. The vessel, which had evidently come far into the channel, though there was no light on the coast

to guide her, now drifted, with the ebb tide and north-west wind, towards the Dutchman's Bank, on the north point of which she struck, her bows sticking fast in the sand. It is stated, by the seamen and the fireman above-mentioned, that Lieut. Atkinson immediately ordered the man at the helm to put the helm a star-board. The man refused to do so; but put it to port. The mate, perceiving this, ran aft took the helm from the man, and put it to star-board again. In the meantime, the captain and some of the passengers got the job up. No doubt he did this intending to wear her round, and bring her head to the northward; but, in the opinion of nautical men, it could not make the least difference which way her head was turned, as she was on a lee shore, and there was no steam to work her off. The captain also ordered the passengers to run aft, in the hope, by removing the pressure from the vessel's stem, to make her float; this failing to produce the desired effect, he then ordered them to run forward. All the exertions of the captain, the crew, and the passengers were unavailing. The ill-fated vessel stuck still faster in the sands and all gave themselves up for lost. The terror of the passengers became excessive. Several of them urged the captain to hoist lights, and make other signals of distress; but it is stated that he positively refused to do so, assuring the passengers there was no danger, and telling them several times that the packet was afloat, and doing well, and on her way; when the passengers knew perfectly well that she was sticking fast in the sand, and her cabins rapidly filling with water. Doubtless the unfortunate man was perfectly aware of the imminence of danger; but we may charitably suppose, that he held such language for the purpose of preventing alarm which might be fatal. The alarm bell was now rung with so much violence that the clapper broke, and some of the passengers continued to strike it for some time with a stone. The bell was heard, it is said, at Beaumaris, but as there was no light hoisted on the mast of the steamer, (a fatal neglect!) those who heard the signal were, of course, ignorant from whence it proceeded. The weather, at this awful moment was boisterous, but perfectly clear. The moon, though slightly overcast, threw considerable light on the surrounding objects. But a strong breeze blew from the north-west, the tide began to set in with great strength, and a heavy sea beat over the bank on which the steam-boat was now firmly and immovably fixed.

We cannot describe the scene which followed. Certain death seemed to present itself to all on board, and the most affecting scenes were exhibited. The females, in particular, uttered the most piercing shrieks: some locked themselves in each other's arms, while others, losing all self-command, tore off their caps and bonnets, in the wilfulness of despair. A Liverpool pilot, who happened to be in the packet, now raised his voice, and exclaimed, "It is all over—we are all lost!" At these words there was a universal despairing shriek. The women and children collected in a knot together and kept embracing each other, keeping up, all the time, the most dismal lamentations. When tired with crying, they lay against each other, with their heads reclined, like inanimate bodies. The steward of the vessel and his wife, who was on board, lashed themselves to the mast, determined to spend their last moments in each other's arms. Several husbands and wives seem also to have met their fate locked in each other's arms; whilst parents clung to their beloved children; several mothers, it is said, have perished with their dear little ones firmly clasped in their arms. A party of the passengers, about fifteen or twenty, lowered the boat and crowded into it. It was impossible for any open boat to live in such a sea, even though not overloaded, and she immediately swamped and went to the bottom, with all who had made this last hopeless effort for self-preservation.

For some time the vessel, though now irretrievably lost, continued to resist the action of the waves, and the despairing souls on board still struggled with their doom. But hope had forever fled; the packet was beaten and tossed about by the tumultuous waters with a violence which threatened to dash her into fragments at every shock, and the sea now made a continual breach over it. The decks were repeatedly swept by the boiling ocean, and each billow snatched its victims to a watery grave. The unfortunate captain and his mate were among the first that perished. About thirty or forty passengers were standing upon the poop clinging to each other in hopeless agony, and occasionally uttering the most piteous ejaculations. Whilst trembling thus upon the brink of destruction, and expecting every moment to share the fate which had already overtaken so many of their companions in misery, the poop was discovered to give way; another was rolled on with impetuous fury, and the hinder part of the luckless vessel, with all who sought safety in its frail support was burst away from its shattered counterpart, and about forty wretched beings hurried through the foaming flood into an eternal world.

"Then rose from sea to sky the wild farewell,
Then shrieked the timid and stood still the brave."

Those who retained any degree of sensibility endeavoured to catch at whatever was floating within their reach, with the vain hope of prolonging their lives, though it was certain that life could only lengthen their sufferings. Many grasped with frantic despair, at the slightest object they could find, but were either too weak to retain their hold, or were forced to relinquish their grasp by the raging of the surge. The rudder was seized by eight of the sinking creatures at the same time, and some of them were happy to add were timely preserved. The number of those who clung to the portion of the wreck which remained upon the bank gradually grew thinner and thinner, as they sunk under their fatigues, or were hurled into the deep by the remorseless waves. At length, about an hour and a half from the time when she struck, the remnant of the *Rothsay Castle* disappeared from the bosom of the ocean, and the remainder of her passengers and crew were precipitated into the foaming abyss.

The following narrative is drawn up from the verbal statement of Mr. James Martin, one of the survivors of the wreck. It is chiefly personal, and refers particularly to the circumstances attending the fate of his friend, Mr. Mark Metcalf; scores of individuals were, however, exposed to the same dreadful perils, and perished under circumstances as awful as those under which that respectable and lamented individual met his death:

We, amidst the great consternation and confusion among the passengers, went forward and examined the pumps, which we found were choked, and had ceased to work. At this time many of the passengers were making speaking trumpets of their hands, and shouting together at the top of their voices, while others were engaged in ringing the bell; but no persuasion could induce the captain to hoist a light at the mast-head. During all this shouting and confusion, we got to the bow of the vessel, against

the anchor, where we knelt down and engaged in prayer, Mark's hand being in mine. His prayer was marked by good sense and exceeding fervour. By this time, a great number of females had surrounded us, and a gentleman from Leeds, a member of the Methodist Society, came up to us. Mark had had some conversation with this gentleman during the voyage, and now besought him to join with us in prayer, observing, "O! sir, you have faith, assist us by your prayers. The gentleman then offered up a truly sensible and energetic prayer; and thus we continued in prayer and supplication until the bulwarks were broken down and the waves were dashing against us. We then rose from our knees. Mark appeared under great excitement, and said, "O! James, your wife and family will never forgive me for taking you away from them! O! my poor wife and children! O! Lord have mercy upon me, and spare me for the sake of my poor wife and children!" He addressed the Almighty in strong terms, and often in language which truly surprised me. After we had thus engaged in prayer together upon our knees, we commenced our search for a place of security, which were to be found. Observing several individuals on a plank, which reached across the plank and rested on the paddle boxes, on each side, upon this plank I endeavoured to get, and, after some effort, succeeded. I then exhorted Mark to try and do the same: he made several attempts, but failed through want of strength. He then got near one of the paddle boxes, and laid hold of the iron under the plank; there were a great number of persons in a similar situation, holding on by the iron. I was situated just over him, and had frequent opportunities of conversing with him. The waves were continually dashing over us with great impetuosity, sweeping away the passengers at every stroke. A short interval of ease occurred, and I looked for my friend; I found him still at his post, clinging to the iron. I asked him had he a firm gripe. He answered "Yes; but I am nearly exhausted." At this period, all the passengers who had previous hold of the iron which was under the plank had disappeared, from the violence of the breakers, except my friend Metcalf and another person. A short time only had elapsed, and I saw the latter carried away by a dreadful wave towards the paddle box, poor Metcalf exclaiming, "James, I'm afraid it's all over!" I replied, "O! Mark, Mark, lay hold of the paddle box!" He then attempted to do so, and I saw his right hand laying hold, when another wave came, and swept him right away. O! James," said he, as he was carried into the sea, "it's all over now!" I then saw him throw back his hands over his shoulders, and in great anguish I exclaimed, "O! my friend, my friend! I shall see him no more!" I commended him to God, and shortly afterwards, the plank on which I myself and about twenty other persons were situated, gave way, and we were all precipitated into the deep, in the midst of the breakers. I rose to the top of the surge, and struck out my arms, in the hope of laying hold of some floating substance, when I providentially grasped the identical plank by which I had just before been launched into the sea. On recovering from the stupor of the moment, I discovered two others who had hold of the same plank; one of them was without clothes. We were not long in getting into smooth water, and the tide was taking us on to Beaumaris. The naked person, after some time floating, disappeared, and shortly afterwards the other individual, leaving me alone with the plank. As I was thus struggling and floating, I bethought me it would be much easier for me to get on the plank; I accordingly made an effort, and succeeded, after which I found myself greatly relieved: my chief fear now was, that the tide would turn before any one could perceive me, and that I might thus be carried back and lost after all. These and similar reflections occupied my mind whilst in this perilous situation, when casting a long look towards Beaumaris, I discovered two individuals upon a log of wood, floating in the same direction as myself. Presently I came in sight of Beaumaris harbour, could see several boats, and perceived chimneys smoking. A strong hope now sprung up in my breast; and on looking after my fellow sufferers on the log, I discovered only one, the other having met with a watery grave. Now I could distinctly see boats passing to and fro, at a considerable distance near to Beaumaris. I shouted, in the hope that someone might hear me; and, finding a small spar with a spike, I endeavoured to secure it, and succeeded. To this spike I fixed my handkerchief, waving it over my head, and shouting with all the strength of my lungs. Presently I perceived a boat making towards me, and was satisfied, by the cheers of the boatmen, that my distress was perceived, and that relief was at hand, which, I need hardly say, truly gladdened my heart; in this I was happily not deceived, for the boat was brought alongside, and I was pulled in, being the second rescued, and one having been taken into the boat before me. I then informed the men of the individual on the log; they immediately pulled away in the direction pointed out by me, and we secured him, almost in the last stage of human existence. We were then taken to Beaumaris, where we arrived about half past eight, praising God for the wonderful deliverance he had thus wrought out for us. To his name be the praise!"

After having been thus snatched, as it were, from the very verge of eternity, Mr. Martin, and a few others, who were providentially saved with him, were taken to the Inn at Beaumaris, and for the kind treatment they there experienced, they are desirous to record their most grateful and heartfelt acknowledgments. Their misfortunes were no sooner made known, than the most sincere and lively interest was manifested for their welfare, and they received on all hands the utmost care and attention that humanity could bestow. To this feeling reception they are happy to attribute their speedy recovery from the effects of their long immersion in the waters, at the same time, that they also particularly remember the generous solicitude and liberality of Sir R. W. Bulkeley, who promptly rendered them all the assistance in his power, freely tendered to Mr. Martin his purse to aid to their comfort and accommodation, and aid them to return to their friends, had such assistance been necessary.

The heart-rending catastrophe which had taken place on the Dutchman's Bank was not known on shore until about four o'clock in the morning, when a man, at Penman Point, on the Anglesey coast, saw just above the surface of the water, what appeared like the mast of a sunken vessel. At first he thought it was the mast of a flat; but he was soon convinced that it was the chimney of a steamer. Without the least delay a boat was manned and rowed to the spot, when the awful calamity was ascertained. The boat picked up three men alive, and carried them to Beaumaris. It was now about six o'clock. The alarming intelligence was at once spread abroad, and with a promptitude that we are enabled to commend as we could wish, scarcely fewer than twenty boats from Beaumaris hastened to the wreck. Amongst the foremost in this work of compassion was Sir Richard B. Williams Bulkeley, who, with his land agent, went immediately along the sands to Penman Mawr, where it was supposed, most of the luggage had been washed ashore, that he might give orders to his tenants to secure it.

Captain Galt, of the *Eclipse*, steamer, proceeded in his vessel to Puffin Island, in order to render all the assistance in his power to the survivors. The greatest praise is due to the Beaumaris boatmen for their prompt and unflinching exertions in saving the lives of eighteen persons; and two others owe their lives to R. Williamson, Esq. of the *Compadora* yacht, who, the moment that he heard of the calamity, went out with his boat, and had the good fortune to snatch those individuals from a watery grave.

The bodies of 38 of the sufferers were washed up in the course of Thursday and Friday. Seven more, we understand, were washed up in the course of Saturday. The bodies, consisting of those of men, women, and children, were conveyed to Beaumaris. The scene was heart-rending. The melancholy catastrophe has filled the whole town, as well as the country generally, with grief. On Friday morning a coroner's jury sat, upon view of the bodies which had been recovered up to that time. The following is a copy of the verdict which was agreed upon in each case—

"That the said person, unknown, on the 17th day of August, in the year aforesaid, at the parish aforesaid, within the liberties of the said borough, being a passenger on board of the steam-boat, called the *Rothsay Castle*, plying between Liverpool and Beaumaris aforesaid, it so happened, that the said steam-boat, called the *Rothsay Castle*, struck upon a sand-bank, by means whereof the said steam-boat, called the *Rothsay Castle*, was then and there wrecked, and the said person unknown, accidentally, casually, and by misfortune, was, in the water of the Straits of Menai, within the liberties of the said borough, then and there suffocated and drowned, of which suffocation and drowning the said person then and there instantly died."

After the above verdict was delivered in, the following letter was handed to the coroner:—

Beaumaris, 19th Aug., 1831.
"Sir.—From the evidence brought before them the jury, on this inquest cannot separate without expressing their firm conviction, that had the *Rothsay Castle* been a sea-worthy vessel, this awful calamity might have been averted. They therefore, cannot disguise their indignation at the conduct of those who could place such a vessel on this station, and under the conduct of a captain and mate who have been proved, by the evidence brought before them, to have been in a state of intoxication.
(Signed)
"R. WILLIAM BULKELEY, Foreman."

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Colonel Wood gave notice that he would divide the House on the 29th clause of the Reform Bill. The House then resolved itself into a Committee on the Bill, when the 25th clause was read, and another clause, directing the manner in which the reports of the Commissioners for the division of counties should be submitted to Parliament, was agreed to in its stead. The 26th clause, empowering the Commissioners to call for books, papers, &c. was also agreed to with very little observation. The next proposition was to amend the 37th clause, so as to place Shoreham, Cricklade, Aylesbury and East Bedford, on the same footing as other boroughs. A long discussion ensued, after which Sir T. Fremantle proposed his amendment, which was to restore the clause as it originally stood.—The Ministers, however, carried the clause in their own way, by a majority of 73, the number being for the clause 102, against it 29. The 28th clause was omitted altogether; but on the 29th another long debate arose; after which the clause was carried without a division; as was also the 30th clause.—Adjourned.

The country may now be fairly congratulated that the Reform Bill has passed the committee, the opposition gradually relaxing as the contest was prolonged, and the later clauses having been carried with something little short of an entire and unanimous acquiescence. The report will be received on Tuesday next, and there are many reasons for desiring, that on a third reading a majority may show itself in favour of this great national good, bearing some slight proportion to the out-of-doors majority.

His Majesty on Wednesday was pleased to confer the honor of Knighthood on Commissioner Hill, on his return from his late mission to Ireland, on his being presented at the Levee by Sir James Graham.

New Peers.—The following list of new Peers is handed about:—Three Irish Peers viz. the Earl of Meath, Lords Nugent and Howden, to be created Peers of the Empire.—Three Heirs Apparent, viz. the Earl of Uxbridge (son of Lord Anglesey), Lord Acheson (son of Earl Gosford), and Lord Glenorchy (son of the Earl of Breadalbane), to be called up by writ.—And six Commoners, Sir R. Sutton, Sir James Saumarez, Messrs. Tyne, M. A. Taylor, Littleton, and Portman, to be created Peers. In all a dozen.—The names of Colonel Berkeley and Lord Bridport are also mentioned. It is said that the Marquis of Tavistock, Sir Francis Burdett, and Mr. Coke (of Norfolk), have been offered Peerages, but declined the honor.—Standard.

Promotions and Appointments.—Commander Gabriel, of the *Columbine*, to be Captain of the *Magnificent*, vice Jackson, invalided; Commander Currie, to the *Columbine*, vice Gabriel; Lieut. Garret, of the *Racehorse* to be Acting Commander of the *Falcon*; Lieut. Henry Walker, to the command vice Davis, deceased, and Mr. W. Cotes, to the charge of the purvey stores, of the *Alban star* vessel; Lieut. C. S. Williamson, to be Chief Officer of the *Coast Guard*; Lieut. Green, to the *Arrow-cut*; Mr. J. Shepherd, Master, to the *Etna* surveying-vessel, vice Johnson; Mr. T. Gibson, Assistant-Surgeon, to the *Isis*; Rev. A. Roger, Chaplain, to the *Madagascar*; Mr. H. J. Langford is appointed Second Lieut. Royal Marines.

We have been assured, with respect to the Belgian affairs, that the Four Great Powers who with France, form the Conference in London, have no doubts with the most cordial union among themselves,—declared to France that she must immediately evacuate Belgium; and that on no ground of equivocation, or even solicitation, on the part of King Leopold, can they consent to the continuance of any French troops within the Belgian territory.

At the sitting of the Court of Chancery, the Lord Chancellor informed Sir E. Sugden that he had received a letter, stating that Miss Wellesley had been brought within the jurisdiction of the Court, and would be delivered up to him at 12 o'clock. His lordship said he should then hand her over to Mr. Courtenay, guardian, and no other affidavit being made by Mr. Wellesley, in explanation of the causes which had led to the continuance of the contempt, he should consider what order could be made relative to his discharge.

Sir E. Sugden reminded his lordship that the other wards were not yet returned to their guardians.

His Lordship said that he expected, from the

letter, that they would all be returned to their guardian.

About half past 11 his lordship left the Court, and on his return, stated that Miss Wellesley had been delivered up, and would be sent to her guardians.

Sir E. Sugden, said that he believed Mr. Courtenay was out of town.

His lordship said she might go to his house in Berkeley square till Mr. Courtenay was prepared to receive her.

In the course of the morning the Solicitor General handed in an affidavit from Mr. Wellesley.

Before the rising of the Court at half past three, his lordship said, that Mr. Wellesley having purged his contempt by bringing his children within the jurisdiction of the Court, and particularly having brought back the female whose removal had constituted the most serious part of his offence, and having expressed contrition for what he had done, his lordship would make an order for his discharge on Monday next, at 2 o'clock. The reason why the order would not discharge him immediately was, that it might be seen that this court was not only able to imprison for contempt of its process till that process was obeyed, but that it could imprison by way of punishment for disobedience of its orders, as other courts of justice had the power of doing, to the end that it might be seen that no man, whether he were lord or commoner, whether in Parliament or out of parliament, could with impunity contemn the authority of any court of justice in the realm.

RESTORATION OF MISS WELLESLEY.

This young lady returned on Friday night with her brother, and a friend of her father's whom it had been found necessary to send to Paris, in order to overcome the reluctance of the infants to return to the guardianship provided for them by the Court of Chancery. The party left Paris on Wednesday, and came by the Thames London steam-boat from Calais, which reached the Tower between seven and eight o'clock in the evening of Friday. The whole party visited Mr. Wellesley in the Fleet, before proceeding to their destination. The interview between the father and his children in jail is said to have been of an affecting nature, and the humanity of Mr. Brown, the warder, (formerly governor of Newgate), induced him to grant an allowance of 20 minutes beyond the time usually allowed for prisoners to see friends. An intimation was made to Lord Brougham without loss of time, by the gentleman who went over to Paris on behalf of Mr. Wellesley to persuade the infants to return; and between eleven and twelve o'clock yesterday, the young lady was taken down to Lincoln's Inn, in Mr. Long Wellesley's carriage, (in which also were Messrs Capron and Rowley Mr. Wellesley's solicitors) Mrs. Long Wellesley, and Sir Felix Agar. The ward was taken into his lordship's private room by Miss Wellesley, into whose hands she was returned by his lordship, for the purpose, as we understood, of her taking her to his lordship's private residence in Berkeley-square, where she was received by Lord Brougham.

Both in the private room at the Court of Chancery, and in Berkeley-square, the young lady manifested a strong indisposition to be taken away from Mrs. Wellesley; and it was found necessary at Berkeley-square to employ a slight degree of force, in the presence of the Chancellor, to separate her. The scene, it is stated, was too distressing for Lady Brougham to witness. Miss Wellesley was placed in the chaise between two persons, who, it is supposed, will carry her back to the Misses Long. It is said that nothing but the assurance that their father could not be released from prison, overcame the reluctance of the children to return from Paris, where they were under the special protection of the French government and police. In consequence of the apprehensions to which they were subject, from the presence of the English Police-officer, the manservant of the Misses Long, and a medical person, who were sent to recover possession of the infants, it became necessary to appeal for protection to the head of the police and the Chancellor of France.—From these authorities the strongest assurances of personal security, and the protection of the laws of France were given. Miss Wellesley is an exceedingly gentle and pretty-looking girl. Both she and Mrs. Wellesley were in tears as they came out of the Chancellor's room.

Mrs. Long Wellesley was handed into her carriage by Lord Brougham, who shortly afterwards left town himself in a travelling chair and four.—Observer.

We think war is upon the whole more likely to be averted than occasioned, by the opposition in both houses of Parliament speaking their minds as occasion may arise, with frankness and candour, upon the aspect of foreign politics, so far as it is visible, and upon the conduct of foreign governments so far as it may seem to involve the interests and honor of Great Britain. It would perhaps not be wise to leave the people of the Continent in the error of supposing, that the British nation is unanimously of Earl Grey's opinion with respect to the cultivation of friendship with France, as a special and paramount object of national policy. Peace with France is desirable—peace with all the world is desirable. But it is not the time we think, for a British Minister to manifest a feverish apprehension of war, when the King of France, whether to gratify his own disposition, or to gratify at once and excite the diseased appetite of a predominant portion of his subjects for military glory, is heard from the throne to indulge in ridiculous *fanfaronades*, belying the letter and the spirit of his express compact with other Powers; and when the Foreign Minister of France in his dispatches promises the allies of that country that a military enterprise now in progress, shall terminate with the accomplishment of a certain definite purpose; while the moment that purpose is accomplished the War Minister of France declares publicly to the representatives of the nation that the same military enterprise—inferring the intermediate possession of a neutral territory—shall not terminate until another and an indefinite purpose is accomplished also. In these circumstances a British Minister may be as calmly and reserved as he pleases, so far as regards his own personal conduct and that of his colleagues; but to deprecate the natural animadversions of the parliamentary opposition, under the threat of holding them responsible in the event of war, is to be rather more obsequious than, as it appears to us, the occasion requires towards a government which acts as we have described. The motto of Earl Grey would seem to be, "Unbridled license to the King and the ministers of France—in the British Parliament is the silence of apathy or fear." The maxim is neither wise, manly, nor patriotic; and we venture to assure the members of either House of Parliament, that they will best secure the applause and confidence of the country by contemptuously disregarding it.—Morning Post.

There was a conversation in the House of Lords last night on the Irish economy, in which