

EUROPE.

ENGLAND.

THE PARLIAMENT.—It is said that the dissolution will be made by proclamation in November, and the new elections will commence in December. That there will be no more session of the suicidal parliament. The general election, however, cannot be till January. The registrations are threatened with even more delay than was anticipated.

The nomination of Marshal Soult to be prime minister of France is an event of some moment. Soult is emphatically a soldier, and not a talker. He will be all for action, and it is not easy to say to what unforeseen extremity his habits of thinking may lead in guiding the affairs of France. The appointment is certainly now popular, and has already affected the money market. The new cabinet, even in its formation, appears disorganized. To remedy the want of speech in Soult, the Duc de Broglie, who takes the foreign office, brings in as an attendant on, and advocate of the Cabinet, the eloquent Guizot, thus making up by aids from without the acknowledged deficiencies from within. At present all is doubt and speculation; but we think we can discern clearly enough through the clouds of darkness that hang over France, the star under whose malign influence her future destinies are to be set.

THE COMBINED FLEETS.—Information was received on Thursday night from Portsmouth of the arrival of a French frigate at Spithead, from Cherbourg, supposed to have been sent by the French Admiral to Sir Pulteney Malcolm, to assure him that all was in readiness, and that he is only waiting for instructions to place himself with his squadron under his command, and to proceed to the joint blockade of the Scheldt. If this supposition should prove correct, and we see no reason for doubting it, the Dutch government will soon have full conviction how dangerous the course is which it has thought proper to adopt.—*Times*.

A meeting of the friends and admirers of Sir Walter Scott, who reside in the vicinity of Abbotsford, was held on Saturday last, when it was agreed to erect a monument to his memory, on some conspicuous spot near Abbotsford.

SWAN RIVER.—Hobart Town papers of the 3d March, represent the Swan River Settlement to be gradually abandoned by the settlers as a total loss.

The only news of the least importance contained in the arrivals this morning, is this passage from the *Journal des Debats*:

The sloop *Ariadne* has left Cherbourg for Spithead, where the British squadron is to assemble. All the other vessels are lying at Cherbourg, ready to sail at the first signal. It is said that the declaration of which the two admirals are to be the bearers, is hourly expected from London, to be considered by the French government. The departure of the fleets is only retarded by the preliminary measures necessary to render the proceedings of the two governments perfectly simultaneous. The King of Holland has already been informed of the necessity under which he has placed France and England of having recourse to coercive measures to insure the execution of the treaty of the twenty-four articles. He is made aware of the consequences of a continued perseverance in a line of conduct incompatible with the dignity of the governments which have taken part in this long negotiation, and in a very few days he will be enabled to judge of the general disposition of Europe with regard to Belgium.

Nothing decisive is yet known with respect to the intentions of Holland, or the course likely to be pursued by the Powers of the Conference in Belgium. The French Army, we are told, is ready to march; the French fleet awaits but a junction with that of Sir Pulteney Malcolm to blockade the Scheldt, but still it is extremely doubtful whether the service of either will be required—a very slight concession on the part of Holland will, when connected with a wholesome fear of the consequences of disturbing the general peace, bring about at least, a temporary settlement of this long disputed question.—*Lon. Pap.*

THE FINANCES.—Satisfaction is felt at the Treasury in the financial returns for the present and the last month—they are said to exceed the most sanguine expectations. In the course of two or three days they will be made up for the information of the Premier and the Chancellor of Exchequer.

SCOTLAND.

FUNERAL OF SIR WALTER SCOTT.—On Wednesday, the honored remains of Sir Walter Scott were consigned to the tomb, amid the profound regret of thousands. A little after two o'clock the melancholy procession, consisting of carriages, numerous other vehicles, and horsemen, began to move from Abbotsford, and proceeded through the towns of Dalkeith and Melrose, and by the Fly-Bridge to Dryburgh Abbey. As the long funeral train passed through the villages and hamlets, one universal feeling of deep sorrow pervaded all classes. At Dryburgh Abbey, the body was borne by his own domestics to the grave, they having specially requested that no foreign hand might be allowed to carry the remains of a master so honored and so beloved. The pallbearers were—

Head.
Major Sir Walter Scott.
Right.
Chas. Scott, Esq.
Second Son of deceased.
Chas. Scott Nisbet, Esq.
Cousin.
Wm. Scott, Esq.
Robt. Rutherford, Esq.
of Raeburn, Cousin.
Col. Russell.
of Ashiesteel, Cousin.
Foot.
Wm. Keith, Esq. of Edinburgh.

A grandson of Sir Walter Scott, a son of Mr. Lockhart, was also present.
Before the body was committed to the earth, the English Burial Service was read by the Rev. J. Williams, rector of the Edinburgh Academy. A little past five in the afternoon, the last duties were performed. The spot in which Sir Walter is laid is in the north wing of the splendid ruin of Dryburgh Abbey, now, alas! containing a more splendid ruin than itself. Here is laid the body of Lady Scott, and also that of his uncle. The situation is secluded and romantic.

Among those present round the grave at the time of the interment, were, Lords Melville and Napier, Sir W. Rae, Sir Thomas Dick Lauder, Sir John Pringle, Sir John Hay, M. P., Sir David Erskine, Colonel O'Reilly, Colonel Scott, Major Riddle, Mr. Pringle of Whitbank, Mr. Pringle of Clifton, Mr. Richardson, solicitor, London, Mr. Ogilvy of Chesters, Mr. Monypenny, W. S., Mr. Thomas Thomson, advocate, Mr. Wm. Clerk, advocate, Mr. Urquhart, advocate, Mr. Smith, banker, Edinburgh, Mr. Bruce of Langley, Mr. Spott of Riddle, Mr. Douglas of Adderton, Mr. Baillie, younger of Jerviswood, Mr. Scott of Sinton, Mr. Fairholm of Chapel, Dr. Clarkson, Mr. R. Cadell, Edinburgh, Rev. Dr. Dickson, Edinburgh, Mr. Reid, his Majesty's architect, &c.

From the Edinburgh Observer.
Sir Walter Scott was born on the 15th of August 1771, in Edinburgh where his father practised as a writer to the signet, and died of the same malady which has carried off his son. He received the elements of his education at the High School, but being of a delicate constitution in his boyhood, he was removed for the benefit of his health, to the seat of his uncle, Captain Scott, near Kelso, where he continued sauntering about and attending school but studying little, though reading much, of what would now be considered, and justly, the veriest trash—namely, the whole contents of circulating libraries, half a century ago. Here he frequently absent himself from his uncle's parties, and indeed did not associate with boys of his age or companions of any description, but was that "lonely child" which he has described himself to be in one of his poems. His lameness which continued through life, came on while he was an infant in the nurse's arms, and is said to have been occasioned by a fall. It never incapacitated him, however, from taking abundant exercise, for he has been known to have accomplished on foot a journey of 30 miles in one day. After having passed his trials as an advocate, he used to attend the Edinburgh Circuit pretty regularly, where he pleaded the usual criminal cases with no inconsiderable success—and perhaps it may have been partly owing to the opportunities afforded him by his profession, of studying mankind, that we are indebted for those admirable delineations of character, and those glimpses into the human heart, which he has given us in his works. Up to this period of his life, Sir Walter was in no ways distinguished from other men, either by the exhibition of that genius which has since astonished the world or by any peculiarity in his habits and mode of life, except that he was an indefatigable collector of the floating fragments of Border ballad-lore, traditionally in the country, and handed down from fathers to sons, along with their farms and their names. It was not till about the age of thirty that he appeared upon the arena of literature—like Milton "beginning late and choosing long,"—and, like him, being an exception to the generally received rule, that youth alone is the season for imagination and poetry. It is the privilege of the highest intellects alone to form and to lead the public taste, which minor minds can only follow—and thus did Sir Walter Scott, first in poetry, and afterwards in prose, strike out a new path for himself—while the world followed in his wake, and a host of imitators panted after him in vain. Since the days of Shakespeare, he stands alone and unapproached, and none other may be likened to him for creative genius, and magical power of delineation. He was indeed the true wizard whose wand has broken the seal of the sepulchre, and laid open to light the long—long buried world. The mailed and martial knights of old—their loves and wars—their feasts and forays, and all the bravery and beauty of ancient times, arise at his bidding—not in shadowy similitude, but in vital identity. Nor has his exuberant fancy been limited to European scenes alone, but has gone back to distant days and oriental lands. Yet chiefly on his own country has his genius delighted to dwell, and from the banks of the Tweed and the Teviot—the pastoral and classic land of Scottish song—to the savage rocks and howling seas of the *Ultima Thule*, which it has been finely said, "hears the break of the wave which began at the pole," nothing has escaped his searching glance. The mountain and the vale—the city and the solitude—the feudal castle—the ancient abbey and the ivied tower—are hallowed by the light of his genius, and have become imperishable in his pages.

The silent pillar, lone and grey,
Claims kindred with its sacred clay—
His spirit wraps the dusky mountain
His memory sparkles o'er the fountain—
The meaneft rill and mightiest river
Roll mingling with his fame forever.
Such men are few and far between. They are the great lights of the world, and when they depart, and their song ceases to be heard, we feel as if Earth grew dark and silent. In private life, and in his domestic relations, he was the most benign of human beings, and his presence diffused delight over every scene wherein he bore a part, or over which he was called upon to preside. He was totally free from all littleness, from which even the highest intellects are not always exempted; and while his virtues enhanced and hallowed his genius, his genius conferred a dignity on his virtues. Take him all in all, he probably approached as near as our fallen nature will permit, to the perfect man. Such was Sir Walter Scott, so admirable in all works, and in all ways. In heart how humble, in genius how transcendent, "In apprehension how like a god!"

"But search the land of living men,
Where shall we find his like again?
His death is a national loss, and, as such, ought it not to call forth the public demonstration of a nation's sorrow!"

FRANCE.

BANISHMENT FROM PARIS OF DUKE CHARLES OF BRUNSWICK.—At six o'clock on the morning of Tuesday, a chief commissary of police, and captain of the Garde Municipale, with a serjeant's guard of gendarmes a cheval, repaired to the house No. 15, Boulevard des Capucines, in which the Duke Charles of Brunswick lodged, and demanded to be shown to his apartments. The porter led the way, followed by the chief, the commissary, and the captain just mentioned, and introduced them to the duke's secretary, "Monsieur" being himself still in bed, as he (the porter) believed. In reply to the questions of the officers, the secretary said, "he could not state whether the Prince was or was not in the house—that he had

no instructions to direct him." The officers then required to be conducted to the apartment of the Duke, with which the secretary complied. On arriving at it, they found the door locked, the key being on the inside. They knocked, the commissary calling upon the Duke by name to open the door, "au nom de la loi" (in the name of the law). No answer having been given to this summons, it was repeated a second and third time without producing any reply from within. The authorities thereupon called forward a locksmith, who was in attendance, and ordered him to effect an entrance. This he did in a brief space of time by picking the lock with the instrument called a rosignol (nightingale). The party then entered the room and advanced to the bed, in which they found the duke. The commissary took out of his pocket an order from the minister of the interior, directing him to seize the person of, and remove from Paris, the Duke Charles of Brunswick. The prince said not a word in reply, but arose from his bed and dressed himself. The officers then drew up a process verbal (report) of the proceedings; descended with the prisoner, and handed him into a chaise de post. The captain of the Garde Municipale followed. The steps were folded up, the door closed, the postillion cracked his whip, and drove off on the way, as I was told, to the Swiss frontier, under an escort of gendarmes. The Duke being, as I have learnt, to be transmitted, guarded by gendarmes, from brigade to brigade, until forced into the Swiss territory. You will observe that the unhappy young man was unattended by a servant; but this was his own seeking. He refused to take one with him, or even a change of linen. Wherefore is this banishment? Because Duke Charles plots at Paris to overthrow Duke William, his brother, whom the Brunswicks prefer. But was Don Pedro banished for plotting in Paris to overthrow Don Miguel, his brother, whom the Portuguese people prefer? Duke Charles, however, has no daughter to whom one of the sons of Louis Philippe can look for a crown, neither has Don Miguel on such grounds. How preferable are the claims of Don Pedro.

At the moment that the cannons of the Hague were thundering a welcome to the exiles of France, the police of Paris were quietly walking out of the city with the banished Duke of Brunswick. While the daughter of an hundred kings of the Bourbon race was seeking an asylum in a foreign land the mother of a race of kings, not one of whom remains a King, was making her last legacy at Rome. The following is the will of Letitia Bonaparte, whose body is to rest at Ajaccio, in Corsica, under a simple monument inscribed 'To the Mother of Napoleon.' She leaves

A legacy of 500,000 piastres, or Roman crowns, to the mother of the Duke of Reichstadt.
100,000 piastres to each of her sons and daughters.
The Mont de Piete, of Rome, to be the receptacle, at the time of Madame Letitia's death, of her diamonds and other valuable effects, which are valued at least at ten millions of Roman piastres.

A legacy in money or jewels, to the amount of 100 sequins, at the choice of each of the testamentary executors.
"All the remainder of her property in furniture, income, plate, diamonds, jewelry, pictures, and precious effects of all kinds, is willed to the eldest, *fidei commissum*, of the possessor or tenant, who must be the direct male descendant of Napoleon. If there should be two sons of the same age in this line, coming from father to son, both will become tenants or possessors of the majority, which is to remain in the family of Napoleon, until the extinction of the descendants of the different brothers.

"In case of the entire extinction of the male line of Napoleon, the children of the daughters being excluded, the property—valued, all expenses and legacies being deducted, at 15,000,000 of Roman piastres, at least 75,000,000 of francs—will become the exclusive property of the capital of Corsica, with the reservation of the legacy of 50,000 piastres for the boys born of the female line of Napoleon.

"The Cardinal Fesch, brother of Madame Letitia, the Cardinal of Rome, and Torlouia, the banker, have been appointed testamentary executors.

PORTUGAL.

LATEST NEWS FROM OPORTO.
Failure of the Grand Attack upon Oporto. Letters and despatches, pregnant with interest have reached London from Lisbon and Oporto, by His Majesty's Steamer Constance, which bring down intelligence from the former place to the 23th ult. and from the latter to the 30th ult.

The last accounts, to the 24th Sept. left Don Miguel retreating from Villa Nova, and the bombardment of Oporto had for a time ceased. Soon after the departure of the steamer, the Britomart arrived with the most acceptable supplies of the munitions of war for Don Pedro. His Majesty's ship Asia, 74, Admiral Parker, had also arrived from Lisbon, on the 25th and anchored off the bar, for the protection of British property; and intelligence was sent to Don Miguel's headquarters, announcing that it was the intention of His Majesty's forces to preserve the strictest neutrality. The messenger was received under strong feelings of excitement, and the Miguelites inveighed in terms of warm indignation against the English. On the 28th a man was shot on board of His Majesty's ship Chidra, by some of the irregular troops of Don Miguel, under pretence of following upon an attack on the crew of Don Pedro's ship Amelia, that had landed to dislodge a battery. Several musket balls also lodged in the hull of the Chidra, but the Captain forbore to make any return, and the British vessels moved lower down the river.

On the 29th at day-break, the Miguelites having concentrated their forces, made a tremendous attack on the army of Don Pedro, commencing with the French, and then on the English, and extending the assault along the

whole line from right to left, making a corresponding movement on the Sierra Convent. Fortunately they were foiled in every direction, but the loss on both sides was severe, and both the French and English suffered considerably. A letter dated Oct. 1, on board the Constance, supplies us with the following details of these events:—

It was generally expected by Don Pedro's army that an attack would be made by Don Miguel's on the 29th, that being St. Miguel's Day, and they have always shown a preference to fight on Saints' and holy days. During the two previous days there had been almost a complete cessation of the usual petty assaults and firing of shot and shells against the town, and sundry movements of troops in the enemy's line showed plainly that a grand attack was in preparation, and in this no one was disappointed. The night of the 28th was dark and lowering, and towards day-break the rain poured down in torrents. Don Pedro's troops were all prepared, the enemy, as they have always done hitherto, concentrated their forces on the line of intrenchment occupied by the French and British battalions. Soon after day break they attacked the former in great force, and were unable through the treachery of the proprietor of a vineyard near the position (a professed friend to the besieged), to gain a very great advantage, as he, through a private entrance into his field, admitted about 500 men, who came upon the French troops so suddenly, while they were engaged in defending another position, that for a short time they had to retreat a little, until reinforced by some Portuguese, when they returned and drove the enemy before them in the most gallant way, and I was told that in the field there were found nearly seventy bodies of enemy's forces. About this time the attack was commenced on the British battalion. From the nature of their position it was impossible to discover the immense force which was about to pour on them, and before they were aware of it, 5,000 or 6,000 of the Miguelite infantry, aided by two pieces of artillery and one howitzer, obliged them to retreat some distance until they came to a square in front of their barracks, surrounded by walls. Here there was a deadly contest in which the British Officers suffered severely; their men were forced to retreat behind the walls next the town.

One great cause of this was their want of ammunition, which unluckily did not reach them for about a quarter of an hour. After that, being reinforced by three companies of the 10th Cacadores, led only three privates (two of them sons, and one a cousin, of Count Florina), as the commanding officer was *hors de combat*, who took each the command of a company, they, together about 600 strong, beat back the enemy so rapidly that they took the two guns and the howitzer, with a number of prisoners, and latterly forced them to retreat beyond their former position. At this part of the lines there was firing kept up until about three o'clock, both parties chiefly behind walls. The attack, during the morning, became general at nearly every point, although from the Villa Nova side only with shot and shells from the batteries above, which did little or no damage; and it was met by equal returns from the batteries in Oporto, but to the left of the French and British position, Don Pedro's troops met the attack most gallantly, assisted as they were most powerfully by the shot and shells from the batteries in their rear; one gun, a 12-pounder and a howitzer, were brought up by the enemy on an opposite height, but I never saw more ineffectual firing, as hardly one shot or grenade came near the lines or batteries; while the shells and balls from Don Pedro's batteries must have made great havoc from the admirable manner in which I saw them fall on every point where any body of men was to be seen. You may judge of the execution likely to have been done, when I tell you that the battery of Congregados alone fired off during the day one hundred and twenty-nine 18-pound, and one hundred 9-pound round shot, with twenty 18-pound grape shot, and seventy-six 13-inch shells. Towards four o'clock the enemy began to retreat, in consequence of a very heavy fire being commenced on them from all the flanking guns which could be brought to bear on them, and the whole firing soon after entirely ceased. The losses on both sides it was impossible to tell when I left the city, but from all the estimates that I could hear made of the enemy's, it could not be less than from 1,500 to 2,000 killed and wounded, round numbers, with about 200 prisoners. The loss on Don Pedro's side was estimated at about three or four hundred, chiefly in wounded; the greatest loss was among the officers, and the greatest proportion of them from among the French and British battalion; being personally acquainted with the latter, I can mention some names, and am sorry to have to say that Colonel Burrell, Lieutenants Lomper and Burton, were killed on the spot while nobly defending their posts. Major Shaw, Capt. Chinnock, Lieutenants Mitchell, Walsh, and Woolridge, were wounded, the first only slightly, as he returned to the intrenchments and remained there until evening. Colonel Hodges was slightly wounded in the arm; Colonel St. Leger of the French battalion, was seriously wounded in the arm—the other officers' names I cannot recollect. From all I could see and learn until my departure on Sunday morning, the whole affair must be considered as a most signal defeat of the previously projected plans of the Miguelite army, and every one in the city felt convinced they would have serious and melancholy recollections of the 29th Sept. From being on the same tower with the Emperor, during a part of the day, I cannot omit speaking of the coolness and decision with which he viewed the whole battle, and gave his orders—at the same time one could see the anxiety which he naturally must have felt at such a deadly contest between his countrymen, favourable as it was throughout for his daughter's cause. When I left on Sunday morning, at seven o'clock, all was quiet. We spoke with Admiral Sartorius about six miles off Oporto; he had then all his fleet collected, with the two steam-vessels, City of Edinburgh and London Merchant, the latter just returned from a successful landing of troops at Aveiro, which fort they took, and left dismantled. The Admiral was to start soon after we left to meet and attack Don Miguel's fleet, which was off Vigo on Saturday. I omitted to mention that the Constitutional brig, Twenty-third of July, took on the 21st ult. a 26 gun frigate from Goa, steering for Lisbon, which had on board about 30,000 of treasure. She had sprung a leak, and was sent to Gibraltar, consequently only 20,000 dollars were taken out by the brig before parting. The crew, 230 men, were sent prisoners into Oporto on Sunday morning. In concluding, I must say, for the satisfaction of all friends of the cause, that the prospects are in every respect most favourable—and I speak from all I have seen during the last three weeks that I have been daily gathering information throughout the lines round Oporto.

The following is an extract of a letter, dated Oporto, Sunday Morning, 6 o'clock:—"Knowing the anxiety which will prevail, I wait until the last moment to send you intelligence. The night passed quietly, except a few discharges of

musketry from the sentinels. Now that we are a little cooler, our only wonder is, what stopped Miguel's troops yesterday in forcing the position. Fourteen Portuguese Officers (Don Pedro's) were killed, the wounded in proportion. The total amount of killed and wounded on this side is supposed to reach between 400 and 500. The 10th regiment nobly supported the British, who were almost swept on as if by a mighty torrent, such was the number and impetuosity of the assailants. Some friars were taken, and distinguished from the prisoners by the Emperor's ordering them to be brought chained by the leg like galley slaves into the town. The English killed on the first attack and left in the barrack which Miguel's people held for several hours, have, it is said, had bayonets run through their ears and noses, with other mutilations inflicted upon them. I do not vouch for this, not having seen it, but shall inquire minutely with respect to it. I write this on board the Constance."

The intelligence from Lisbon states that the Miguelites are filled with apprehension, and are quarrelling among themselves. Don Miguel himself is gloomy and has lost all his fiery activity; in fact, the approach of a dreadful crisis seems to be anticipated on all sides. The Ministers are said to disagree, to doubt each other, and Miguel doubts them all. Some great change appears to be in contemplation. Don Pedro is said to have written to Don Miguel through Gen. St. Martha. Miguel was much hurried on the receipt of the letter; no one who sees him but is convinced he is miserable.

Accounts from France state that a telegraphic dispatch had been received by the Minister of Marine, announcing that an action had taken place between the fleet of Admiral Sartorius and that of Don Miguel; that Don Miguel's fleet had been beaten; and that a large ship was seen off the coast of Portugal, totally dismantled.

HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.

TIMES.—We have read a remarkable article on the Belgian question in the *Journal de la Haye* of Tuesday, which, as it speaks the sentiments of the Dutch court, and especially of his Dutch Majesty, leaves us scarcely any hope of seeing a settlement of the differences between Holland and Belgium without an appeal to the sword. In this article a definitive treaty of separation is represented, after two years of negotiation, to be as distant as ever. The recommendations to peace of the London conference are treated with contempt. A menace of coercive measures against Holland, by Great Britain and France, is considered as a signal for a coalition of the powers of the north in her defence. Belgium is spoken of as a revolutionary state, to be combated by all anti-revolutionary or conservative governments, and restored to its lawful master. The recent ordinances of the Frankfurt Diet are cited as evidences of the determination of Prussia and Austria to put down movements like that which established an usurped throne in the Netherlands. The alliance between England and France in support of this new revolted kingdom is said to be only ephemeral. Such an alliance, it is predicted, must dissolve before it comes to action, or will be broken on a contemplated change of the ministry in this country. The interests of England are considered so opposed to a war against Holland, that it is calculated no English ministry would dare to attempt it, or to sacrifice the English trade with all the Dutch ports in order to obtain an unobstructed commerce with Antwerp. Besides England herself is described as torn with factions and threatened with disorders at home, which must prevent her from undertaking any foreign enterprise. "We loudly proclaim," says the writer, "that if England is so blind as to act against Holland, her blindness will not last long—her error will be of short duration; we wait her day of awakening from her dream." With respect to France, if she undertakes an expedition against Holland, it is more, in the opinion of this writer, to disarm a menacing faction at home, than to assist abroad her Belgian ally. Both of these powers, it is concluded, will think twice before they set fire to a vast train of gunpowder, which must kindle a conflagration over all Europe. Such is the spirit and tenor of an article, which is said by the Editor to be "communicated," no doubt, from a high source—and which we are persuaded, expresses correctly the mischievous purposes and ambitious hopes of the court of the Hague. His Dutch Majesty, as he has long shown, is evidently resolved never to acknowledge the independence of his former Belgian provinces, except from compulsion. Any terms, therefore, however reasonable, proposed by the allies, and agreed to by Belgium, must have been rejected, because they could never include the necessary condition of a restoration to Brussels. In looking to the means of accomplishing this object, His Majesty sees them only in the hazards of a general conflict—and therefore he stands by his cannon, with a lighted match in his hand, formed of the London protocols. His avowed reliance is placed on the friendship of Russia—on the protest of Prussia and Austria against the coercive measures which he is resolved to render indispensable for the establishment of Belgian independence—on the English conservative faction, which, being hostile to reform, can never sanction assistance lent to a revolutionary crown like that of Leopold—on a change of the English ministry in favour of this faction, should he compel the present government to treat him as he deserves, by sending a hostile fleet to his shores—on the consequent dissolution of the alliance between France and England—on the triumph of the French revolutionary faction—and on a general crusade against revolutionary principles over all Europe. It would be as difficult to deny that these are the ambitious expectations of the Dutch court, as to express sufficient abhorrence and indignation at their prodigious character. Rather than sacrifice his inconceivably slight hopes of again reigning over a people by whom he is detested—rather than abandon the almost invisible chance of a restoration—His Dutch Majesty is disposed to begin a war of principles or of conquest—he is disposed to throw all Europe into flame, and does not shrink from the contemplation of the most overwhelming calamities to his own country. Such a pertinacity of mischievous purpose—such a fanaticism of selfish ambition—has rarely been exhibited to the world, from "Macedonia's madman to the Swede."

But is he sure of the elements of his calculation? One of those elements is the known, or the presumed, dislike of the English people to an attack on Holland; and some of the poor doct of the Tory press, who know nothing of history but a few detached names and dates, are endeavouring to excite a popular prejudice against the employment of an English squadron in conjunction with one from France, to compel the specific execution of a treaty to which all Europe has agreed, by comparing our present alliance with the French government, to that of the corrupted pensioned Charles II. with Louis XIV., the avowed object of which was the overthrow and conquest of the Dutch united provinces. What