

EUROPE.

ENGLAND.

OPINIONS OF THE BRITISH PRESS.

From *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, Oct. 6.

There have been no arrivals from Lisbon since the intelligence which will be found most fully given in the other columns of our paper. Two points are, therefore, still in great doubt.—the first, the actual condition of Don Miguel's army; and the second, the degree in which Don Pedro's cause is advancing amongst the general population of Portugal.

Upon the first of these points, there is as yet no certainty that General Bourmont has resigned the command of the French army, and that another officer, called General Macdonald, has been appointed. All that appears certain is, that Bourmont was repulsed with much loss in his late attack upon Lisbon; but it would seem very probable that his army has rather been drawn back than dispersed. It is certain, that a very large portion of the people of Lisbon are eager and animated in the cause of Don Pedro and Donna Maria, and that it will require a much larger force to dislodge them than Bourmont was enabled to bring up from Oporto. On the other hand, as we do not wish to deceive our readers, it becomes necessary to add that there still exists a very strong opinion in the City of London that Donna Maria's cause is much less prosperously situated than the greater part of our newspapers seem to think. By letters, of the first degree of credit, it has become very manifest that the clergy and nobility, and the people in the provinces, are all in favour of Miguel, and consider Don Pedro's cause to be no other than that of the destruction of their ancient institutions. Our own inference, from a comparison of the accounts lately received, is, that the war will last for many months to come, and that each party will continue to be supported by those Foreign powers to whose views and principles it conforms. Spain and the three Northern Powers will unquestionably administer supplies to Miguel, and particularly Russia, who regards the cause of Pedro with a very evil eye, because the cause of liberalism. The very safety of the Spanish monarchy, as at present constituted is involved in the catastrophe of the present contest; for if Don Pedro succeed in Portugal, it will be impossible that Don Ferdinand can continue to refuse the convocation of the Spanish Cortes. All the strong provinces of Portugal,—all those beyond the Douro and the Minho; the provinces of Tras-os-Montes, and the Alentejo, and all the countries between the Tagus and the Spanish frontier, all these are still in possession of the adherents of Don Miguel, and all in arms against Don Pedro and Donna Maria. Don Pedro has only possession of Lisbon and of the narrow strip of country between the east bank of the Tagus and the sea, that is to say, of the Douro on the north, the Tagus on the west, and the sea on the east. All the strength of Portugal is certainly yet unconquered, and, therefore, as we have above said, there is still the material for many months of war.

From the *London Atlas*, of Oct. 6.

The arrival of Donna Maria at Lisbon is the only news received from Portugal throughout the week, upon the truth of which we can implicitly rely. All the rest is vague report. Her reception is stated to have been highly flattering.

In another column the reader will find all the rumours of the day chronicled, amongst which the dismissal, or resignation, for it is differently represented, of Bourmont is prominent. It is quite impossible to arrive at any reasonable conclusion upon the conflicting statements that reaches us; but one thing is evident enough, that the writers of the correspondence of the morning papers are strangely ignorant of the circumstances which they pretend to detail. The latest date of the private correspondence, and of the Lisbon journals, which have arrived in this country, is the 24th of September. Now, the letters assert that Bourmont has resigned, and that the whole army of Miguel is in a state of disorder; the journals are all silent on this important subject. Is it likely, if Bourmont had really retired, and Miguel were in such a condition of weakness, that Don Pedro would fail to publish the facts officially, and promptly, to the world? Certain it is, however, that Pedro's army is strong and well-disciplined, that it is daily reinforced by fresh arrivals, that Lisbon is rendered almost impregnable by its fortifications, and that spies from the camp of Miguel are daily laid by the heels.

It is perfectly true, we believe, that Colonel Hare was sent by Lord William Russell with a flag of truce to Marshal Bourmont; but it is equally true that Marshal Bourmont refused to accept the proffered intercession of our ambassador. Some skirmishing correspondence between Admiral Napier and the French marshal has also received confirmation; but it only shows that Admiral Napier mistook his man; and that Bourmont is not to be moved by pen or sword.

THE PORTUGUESE QUARREL.

To the *Editor of the Spectator*.

LONDON, 25th September, 1833.

Sir—Observing that many generous friends to the cause of the Queen of Portugal seem rather disappointed at seeing the Miguelite troops stand yet by Don Miguel, in spite of the repeated discomfures they have met with since the 4th March last, I beg to address to you some observations which, I believe, will fully account for that unexpected firmness. When Don Pedro assumed, most importantly, the title of Duke of Braganza,

when he called to his council the very same men who led against Portugal the invading army of General Massena,—when he, influenced by his Brazilian minions, rejected the services and insulted the feelings and loyalty of a great number of officers and influential emigrants, by abandoning them disdainfully in France, England, and Belgium,—when he dismissed the Regency of Terceira in a manner rather cavalieresque,—when he, finally, and after the most unjustifiable delay, sailed from Terceira with an army, he neglected to augment, as he ought and could, presumptuously believing, as Colonel Hodges remarks, that his presence only would suffice to conquer the kingdom of Portugal,—then, Mr. Editor, I beg to remind you, a great number of refugees raised their voices to make Don Pedro to understand that with such a council, with a plan founded upon perfidious misstatement, and without some effective reinforcements added, at once, to the brave and faithful division of Terceira, he would never be able either to terrify the partisans of Don Miguel, nor encourage and inspire confidence in the Constitutionalists living under the yoke of the Usurper.

Deceived and flattered by some *Afrancesados*, collusively concerted with the same favourites who ruined him in the Brazils, Don Pedro would not believe (as it was said, written and printed,) that the presence of Mr. Candido Joze Xavier, Agostinho Joze Freire, and Joze da Silva Carvalho in his council and ministry, was more than sufficient to estrange from him, not only the Miguelites of every description, but even the true and independent Constitutionalists, who knew the infatuation and *arriere-pensée* of all those in power and favour with that ill-advised Prince.

Events, Mr. Editor, have more than justified these unfortunate predictions. Colonel Hodges's narrative—the declarations of the French General Solignac—the representation, lately printed, addressed to Don Pedro at Oporto, purporting an essay of future accusation against his ministers—the pamphlets of Colonel Pizarro, disclosing the politics and behaviour of Don Pedro's ministers—all these documents, independently of many articles of the *Daily Press*, bear witness to the incapacity, discredit, and erroneous conduct of Don Pedro's councillors. But, in spite of all this, Don Pedro, blind to experience, and deaf to remonstrance, as he did in the Brazils, stands yet by the same men, only because they support him in his pretensions of being Regent of Portugal; though the Constitutional Charter, article 92d, be against him. It is this obstinacy of Don Pedro, his partiality for such men, that forces, in consequence of inveterate hatreds, a great number of influential men in Portugal to stand to this day by Don Miguel. And take notice, Mr. Editor, and you will observe, that no Miguelite of any importance will abandon the Usurper while Mr. C. J. Xavier, Freire, and Carvalho continue in the ministry. For it is well known in Portugal, that many noblemen, officers, &c., who now fight in the ranks of Don Miguel, would have abandoned him had they not been ashamed of yielding to the same men who led the French against Portugal. This is a mere prejudice, you may say; but being that of many thousand men of property, who had their estates laid waste by the French invasions, ought to be respected. To conclude, Mr. Editor, Don Pedro will keep Lisbon, I am quite sure; he will keep Oporto, where the gallant General Stubbs is popular enough to raise a new army to defend it; he will keep Faro, Peniche, &c. &c.; Don Miguel will have an army as long as the nobility, the landed proprietors, and the clergy (the clergy have a great deal less influence than the two former classes, whatever some superficial correspondents may say to the contrary) will stand by him; and they will not abandon him while Don Pedro continues to be surrounded by the same minions who induced him to revolt against his father, to ruin Portuguese commerce, and to suffer the unprotected Portuguese to be spoiled and murdered in the Brazils for many years successively.

I have the honour of remaining, Mr. Editor, your obedient servant.

J. F. B. C.

THE CRITICAL SITUATION OF OUR FOREIGN RELATIONS, AND THE DANGER OF WAR.

From *Bell's Messenger* of September 29.

We have repeatedly had occasion to mention that though the circumstances of the finances throughout all Europe, and the exhausted condition of the people, render it the manifest interest of all the nations to avoid a war at every cost except that of the actual peril of their thrones, still there is such a general agitation of the public mind, and such powerful principles have been in operation, that every society in Europe lives in a state of jealous anxiety, and they feel it to be a matter of common interest to avail themselves of all favourable circumstances to repress the insurrectionary spirit of their subjects. We have only, indeed, to cast the most transient glance around us, and we shall see enough to be convinced of both these truths; the exhausted state of every European nation as regards its finances, and the revolutionary ferment in the minds of the people.

In England, though we are now generally in the twelfth year of peace, our general commerce, our agriculture, our internal trade, and the industry of our labouring classes, are still suffering under the effects of the war, and the extraordinary nature of the war afforded to them, and as it is easier to invest immense capitals in costly and durable machinery, than to withdraw them, the machinery and frame-work of this vast commerce and manufacture still remain, and though they cannot work to their own former and proper profit, they continue to work so as to destroy, one by one, all inferior capitalists. They make nothing, or nearly nothing, themselves, and destroy all those of less means. Our agriculture is nearly ruined by the heavy and increasing burden of poor rates,

the diminishing resources of peace having to maintain the immense family which the vast expenditure of the war called into birth, and nourished into maturity. In the same manner our internal trade has sunk with our agriculture, and with the diminished incomes of all the classes, whilst wages have been reduced by the poverty of the farmers.

The same causes must have produced nearly the same effects in all the other kingdoms of Europe. As regards, therefore, its financial state, every nation in Europe has a strong interest to maintain the general peace. But unhappily, for us, there is this difference; our debt is comparatively the largest by fourfold of any debt in Europe, and no nation has lost so much of her former commerce. In this latter respect, most of the other nations of Europe have, in fact, recovered what we have lost. We shall do well to bear this in our minds when we rely upon the common financial difficulties of other nations for the steady maintenance of the general peace. The truth is, that though they are in a state of some difficulty, it bears no proportion with the pressure of taxes, dead weight, and national debt of England.

The necessary result of this state of things is, that we must not place too much reliance upon this ground of evidence, and we must not forget that no country in the world is so much embarrassed in this respect as ourselves. Our best ground of hope is not in the comparative state of English and foreign finances, but in that general state of the public mind throughout Europe, which renders it a matter of prudence with the allied Sovereigns not rashly to incur the peril of war, when their only subjects are divided amongst themselves, and where other Kings, as powerful, are ready to take a part with the disaffected.

We entertain no manner of doubt in our own minds, notwithstanding all the accounts which have appeared in the papers of the last week, that the civil war in Portugal exists in a degree and character which is very little known in this country; in plain words that Don Miguel is not half conquered, but is still supported not only by Russia, Austria, and Prussia, but what is more incredible, by a very great majority of the Portuguese people. We shall say that we are of ten of the Portuguese nation are in favour of Don Miguel; and knowing this to be the fact, and the general feeling in Portugal, it will excite no surprise in us if Don Miguel should recover Lisbon.

But the most material circumstance resulting from this state of the contest in Portugal is in the avowed and declared resolution of the three Allied Sovereigns, that whilst they observe a strict neutrality between the two belligerents, they consider themselves to possess the right of insisting upon the same neutrality from France and England; that the issue shall be determined by the Portuguese people only, and that Don Pedro shall not be forced upon an unwilling nation. Now we hesitate not to say, that Portugal, and that this is not in favour of Don Pedro, and that this is well known to the three Allied Sovereigns. What, therefore, is our inference? It is that one of the subjects in the ensuing Conference of the three northern sovereigns will be the settlement of the affairs of Portugal, and that we apprehend a very serious danger, and an imminent peril of war, from the tone and language which Russia, Austria, and Prussia, are prepared to hold upon this subject. Their avowed principle is, that Don Pedro shall not be forced upon an unwilling people; and they assert, and certainly with truth, that the majority of the people are against his cause. Their complaint will be, that the presence of our fleets in the Tagus, is an effectual cherishing and countenancing this cause, and a departure from the neutrality which we exact from other powers.

The presence of the French in Italy, and their extraordinary possession of Ancona, is another very sore topic, with these allied Sovereigns; Austria in particular, regards this act with the most jealous indignation, and will spare no efforts to make it the common cause of herself and her allies. In the event of a war, it would indeed be a powerful advanced post in the hands of France, and so much the more so, as it would become the rallying point of all the disaffected in Italy and Naples, and perhaps would again awaken the Italians to reassert their liberty from the German yoke. Italy by itself is nothing; her armies are mere mobs and rabble; but Italy, drilled and disciplined, and intermixed with French squadrons, has always sent forth a powerful auxiliary army. In the campaigns under Napoleon no soldiers fought better than the Italians, and none sooner became disciplined and well-trained troops. The truth we believe to be, that Austria feels this French possession of Ancona as the most imminent peril of her Italian provinces, and that Prussia regards it with almost equal indignation. It is seizing in peace what can have no other purpose and character than that of serving as an outpost in war. It is in strict consistency with the restless indolence and daring ambition of the French people; in a word, it can have no object but one,—a preparatory step to the recovery of Italy.

Add to all these causes the question between Belgium and Holland, and the danger which threatens the Russian possession of Poland from principles avowed in England and France, and we may form some imperfect conception of the spirit and feelings which will probably characterise the expected interference of the Sovereigns. It will excite no astonishment in our minds, if the ultimate issue be a rupture between these Sovereigns and France and England; at least, the cup of mutual bitterness and exasperation is so nearly full that a single drop may cause it to overflow. Upon one point we understand the Emperor Nicholas is resolved,—not to acknowledge Donna Maria, and to exact the same neutrality from England and France which he has observed, and which they require him to observe himself. He sees with an evil eye the presence of an English fleet in the Tagus, and still indignantly remembers the speeches in the British Parliament upon his treatment of the Poles.

A WEST INDIANMAN RUN DOWN BY A STEAMER.—On Sunday morning, a little before 4 o'clock, the United Kingdom of 410 tons, Captain Friend from Jamaica, laden with rum, sugar and coffee, was lying at anchor in the river Thames, at Northfleet, when the Queen of Scotland Steamer, bound for Scotland, came down at a rapid rate, and notwithstanding the watch on the deck of the ship called out "helm a port!" several times, the steamer kept her helm a starboard, and bearing down on the United Kingdom, struck her on the larboard bow with such force that her timbers were stove in. The steamer rebounded from the shock, and her figure head was carried away, but she sustained no serious damage, and was enabled to pursue her voyage. The ship, however, began to fill with water, and the crew, in order to save the Essex shore, anchored, and run the ship on the Essex shore. This was done with all possible expedition, but she turned over three times, and about seven hours afterwards went over on her beam

ends. On Monday at the first fall of the ebb tide, she tore away and drifted down to the centre of the river. She was secured at Gravesend New Pier, but she was a total wreck, and her valuable cargo had suffered materially. She belonged to Mr. Fletcher, of Shadwell.

NOTTINGHAM.—On Tuesday night, a death, under circumstances singularly impressive, and calculated to arrest the attention of the thoughtless, the moralist, and the divine, occurred at the house of a Mr. Sparkes, Mount-east-street, in this town. A few friends were spending that evening over what is termed "a friendly game" at cards, amongst whom was the deceased, Abraham Moss. During the sitting, a stranger-friend, from Birmingham, arrived, who, on observing Moss, said, "Aye, Moss, are you alive? I thought you were dead"—and was answered, "Yes; I'm alive, but I shouldn't mind dying, only the people would say, Poor Moss is dead." The play proceeded for a short time, with much cheerfulness and humour; when Moss exclaimed, holding up the queen of hearts, "This is my last trick"—laid down the card—his head—and died! The alarm of the party may be imagined. A surgeon was instantly called in, who opened an artery—a few drops of blood effused, but the "spark had fled." The following day an inquest was held at the Balloon, and the verdict "Died by the Visitation of God," returned.

THE NEWLY DISCOVERED WONDERFUL CAVE.

Our party proceeded from M'Grath's Hotel, Clogheen, through a beautiful and highly cultivated country, surrounded by the most splendid mountain scenery, to the mouth of the cave, distant about five miles on the estate of the Earl of Kingston. The ground is rented by a snug farmer, of the name of Gorman, who first discovered it. Having provided ourselves with caps and smock shirts at Gorman's cottage, we proceeded to the mouth of the cave, each provided with a candle. We entered, with our guides, through an iron grating, and descended a ladder fourteen feet perpendicular. We then were obliged to creep on our hands and feet; through a hole in the rock, one by one, a considerable distance before we could stand upright, still descending. The appearance of this part was truly terrific, and would almost have daunted the stoutest heart, but for the encouragement of our rustic and truly humorous guides which gave us fresh vigour. We now proceeded through the water and sand halls to the Kingsborough grand saloon, where we were almost rivetted to the spot with the splendour of the beauties that surrounded us. This hall is of considerable magnitude, at least sixty feet high; the brilliant reflection from thousands of crystalline pillars were truly enchanting. The ceiling of this hall possesses great beauties; immense descending brilliant spars, resembling the horn of the unicorn, have a most splendid effect. We now proceeded to another saloon of equal size, in which we were shown Lot's wife and her three children—an immense pillar from the roof of the cave to the floor, resembling a pillar of salt, her children three little brilliant bodies of different sizes, have really the appearance of something human. Here also are the elephant ears, perfectly like nature, but of huge dimensions; when the lights are held inside them, they reflect like the most beautiful tortoise shell. Here is also the great drum, on the guides striking which, the echo is grand. We now proceeded to view the lake and well, which cost us many a slip and stumble over immense rocks. But our spirits now became quite buoyant, and our nerves braced, by the pure air of these enchanting caverns; the taste of the water is delicious. The next were the great table and brilliant candlestick. The next hall contained the most beautiful and transparent curtain drapery, satins in fine lessons. Our guide next treated us with a tune on what he called his piano, the effect of which sounds were truly delightful. These splendid caverns would be a fine subject for the pen of a Moore or a Byron. We now turned our thoughts to reascend, and gained the surface of the earth and the light of Heaven, after a ramble in the bowels of the earth for several miles, during a period of eight hours. Chogheen, 12th September, 1833.

EXTRAORDINARY FORTITUDE.—A gentleman came from Camborg, Cornwall, two years since, and consulted the medical officer of the Plymouth Eye Infirmary, on account of a shot which entered his left eye-ball four years and a half before, viz, in February, 1827, from a gun fired at a woodcock by another person, producing instant blindness in the left eye, and increasing pain from that time. In exploring the eye for the shot, through a fluted opening in the sclerotic, a body and crystalline lens was extracted, and with it the supposed cause of his suffering, then attributed to the spicula bone. In February 18, the same gentleman returned to Plymouth, and said that the shot must still be lodged in the eye, as his pain was most acute, and his fear of losing the other eye very great. A second operation was performed, at his particular request, and the anterior part of his left eye removed, and the vitreous humour scooped out. The eye suppurated and sunk, but still no shot was found. On the 23d instant he came a third time to Plymouth, fearing blindness also, in his right eye, and requested to have the remaining portion of his left eye extirpated; this was done. In that part of the optic nerve which expands and forms the retina, was found a duck shot, impacted so firmly that a considerable effort was required to detach it from its bed, in which it must have been fixed for six years and six months, closely embraced by the nerve. Such was the patient's extreme fortitude, that not even was his hand raised, nor a syllable of complaint uttered during the whole operation, certainly the most painful that can be performed on the human frame. The patient is doing remarkably well, and already rewarded with relief for his perseverance and fortitude.—*Plymouth Journal*.

GLASGOW FIFTY YEARS AGO.—To those of our fellow citizens who may feel at times inclined to plume themselves inordinately on their superiority to their fore fathers, the following quotation from the *Glasgow Mercury* of the 12th of September, 1782, may perhaps furnish matter for salutary humiliation: "Yesterday the Circuit Court of Justiciary was opened here by the Right Honourable the Lord Hailes. There being no criminal business to come before the court, his lordship permitted the gentlemen of the jury to return to their respective homes, which at this busy season must be very agreeable to them." In those simple days parliamentary reform was unknown; self-election was flourishing in our burghs in all its luxuriance; we had no police establishment; no temperance societies; no manifestations of the spirit; and yet, in regard to the great, substantial article of happiness, "our be-

ing's end and aim," surely these must have been comparatively happy times, in which the Circuit Court at its periodical visit, then only once in half a year, could find nothing whatever for it to do, but was obliged to go as it came.—From a Correspondent in the *Glasgow Herald*.

INTERESTING FACT.—The Rev. Mr. Roberts of Bristol, in his visits to prisons in England from time to time, has fallen in with many convicts under sentence of death. In 167 instances he inquired of the malefactor whether he had ever witnessed an execution? It turned out that no fewer than 146 out of these 167 condemned offenders had been spectators in the crowd upon these melancholy occasions, which the legislature designed to operate as warnings to the profligate. So much for the 'efficacy' of sanguinary examples' in deterring from crime!

FORGOTTEN.—CLEVER TRICK.—A trick of rather a clever description, in the forgery line, was, a few days ago, played off in the village of Beith. The landlord of one of the inns there was one afternoon waited on by a person of gentlemanly exterior, who assuming the name and designation of a respectable spirit-merchant from Glasgow, and asserting that he could furnish him with spirits at the rate of 1s. 6l. a gallon cheaper than other persons, solicited an order. Not being in want of any whisky at the time, the innkeeper refused; but some importunity on the part of the merchant had the desired effect; and an order to a limited amount was granted. No sooner was this done, than the stranger, as if recollecting himself, said his business was of so multifarious a nature, that he always made it a point, in similar cases, to have his orders in the hand writing of his customers; and if his now new one would so far comply with this regulation, it would further oblige him.—The landlord replied that he was not in the habit of so doing business; but he had no objections to sign a missive, stating the amount. This was all that was wanted; and now the signature of the unsuspecting publican had been procured, the spirit-merchant retired. But what did he now do? Why, it appears that he immediately drew out a bill for £29; to which he had affixed the name of —, so correctly, that in the bank, whether he speedily repaired, and where the signature was known, he experienced no difficulty in getting it cashed! Thus did matters stand till a couple of days after, when the innkeeper, having occasion to call at the bank, was informed of the obligation that had been conferred on a friend of his—but the ignorance of the fact evidenced by the other soon convinced the banker that he had been "taken in"; and a slight re-examination of the false document made this manifest. What was to be done? The traveller had now got two days' start, and, what was most unfortunate, neither the one nor the other gentlemen found himself enabled to give any other description of their tricky visitor than that he was a big, dark complexioned man, "dressed in black." Meantime, the bill, which is very ill drawn out, has been placed in the hands of Mr. Henry Miller, one of the Glasgow messengers; so that there is every probability, if it be possible for a capture to be at all made, the forger will ere long be in custody.

UNITED STATES.

THE LATE METEORIC PHENOMENON.

The celebrated exhibition of the 13th instant is noticed in the Philadelphia evening papers, but it is evident from their accounts, that it fell far short, both in the number of the meteors, and the brilliancy of their light, of the splendours visible in our city. A correspondent of the *National Gazette* estimates their number at two thousand one hundred and sixty in the compass of two hours and a half. More than that number were visible here, within every ten minutes of that period; and it was as difficult to count them, as to number the rain-drops. The following statement, from the pen of the gentleman to whom we yesterday alluded, confirms, substantially, our own version of the phenomenon—the like of which has, probably never before been witnessed in this country. The exhalations of the Pontine marshes, (so far as their description is recorded) bore but a remote resemblance to the magnificent scene.

The "meteoric rain" alleged to have fallen some years ago, in one of the south western departments of France, approaches nearest in affinity to the grand display of yesterday morning.—*Commercial Advertiser*.

To the *Editor of the Commercial Advertiser*.

The Meteoric Shower of the 13th instant was a rare phenomenon.

At half past 4 o'clock, A. M. I first observed it, and continued to notice it until its termination at 6 o'clock, A. M.

From a point in the heavens, about fifteen degrees south easterly from our Zenith, the meteors darted to the horizon in every point of the compass. Their paths were described in curved lines similar to those of the parallels of longitude on an artificial globe.

They were generally short in their course, resembling much an interrupted line, thus

They ceased to appear when within about ten degrees of the horizon.

I did not see a single meteor pass the meteoric pole which I have described—nor one pass in a horizontal direction.

Several of them afforded as much light as faint lightning. One in the north east was heard to explode with a sound like that of the rush of a distant sky rocket. The time from explosion to the hearing was about twenty seconds—which gives a distance of about five miles. It left a serpentine cloud of a bright glowing colour, which remained visible for about fifteen or twenty minutes.

Millions of these meteors must have been darted in this shower.

I was not able to remark a single one whose proximity to me was greater or less than any other—by being intercepted between my vision and any distant object—such as trees, houses, or the high shore of New Jersey west of me.

The singularity of this Meteoric Shower consisted in the countless numbers of the