

part of the Portuguese to displace his authority; on the contrary, they stood by him when put to the bar of all Europe, they remaining the great convulsions of 1830, which overturned so many thrones in Europe; and they are still perfectly faithful to him, though Don Pedro, with gallant band of foreign adventurers, has been for six weeks in possession of Oporto, under the open and avowed countenance both of France and England. The attachment of the people and the army, therefore to their present ruler, has been effectually put to the test; and we should be glad to know on what principle of international law the rights of opposing their own Sovereign, and expelling an obnoxious though elder branch of their dynasty, belongs to France, England, or Belgium, and not to the Portuguese people.

Alas—The intelligence on Friday night, from Oporto, is extremely important, although it is not of a decisive character. Some very severe fighting has taken place, in which the troops of Don Miguel have been so successful, that we should be little surprised to learn, by the next arrivals, that Oporto has fallen into their hands. In the battle of the 29th September, which was conducted in an admirable style by the Miguelite soldiers, the British and French troops were cut to pieces, and but three officers amongst them escaped, all the others being either killed or wounded. It does not appear that Don Pedro possesses the means of recovery; his army is terribly reduced and disorganised, and he is driven to the extremity of offering 10*l.* to every dragoon who will desert, with his horse and accoutrements, from the enemy's camp; a plan of reinforcement which would very soon exhaust his funds. But the conduct of the hostile fleets is the most extraordinary feature in the whole of this strange war. The vessels at both sides continue to cruise and manœuvre in the bay, without exhibiting the least token of a disposition to come to close quarters; while the work of destruction is all the time going forward on shore. It is thought that satisfactory having been recently strengthened, will soon risk a battle with his opponent; but if the accounts we receive, be trustworthy; his success is more than doubtful.

We should observe that the earliest information that reaches us of the progress of events in Portugal comes from Don Pedro's side. The Miguelites are either indifferent to our good opinion, or so confident in their resources, as to care very little about any impression which may be made abroad to their disadvantage.—The information that is thus obtained should always, we need not remark, be taken with some instances, not only that the accounts from Oporto were utterly groundless, but we see that in all cases Don Pedro's official announcements are coloured by the most suspicious flattery of his actions and his hopes. The truth seems to be, that the public feeling in England is so entirely opposed to Don Miguel, that we seek for information from that party in whose behalf our sympathies are so largely engaged; besides, Oporto, being the seat of war, and the journals there being under the control of Don Pedro, we must, of necessity, content ourselves with that channel of news, because it is the speediest.

In the course of the loose firing that took place from the heights on the 28th, the enemy, according to one account, deliberately fired into the *Orestes*, Captain Glascock, whose vessel lay in the neutral water, quite out of the line of the fire of the battery; and into the *Children*, Capt. Dean, under the lee of which a ship of Don Pedro's. The *Amelia* had obstinate-

ly anchored. If this aggression were premeditated, and not an act of the guerrillas, then we take it for granted that our government will not hesitate to bring Don Miguel to account; but if it were an accident, occasioned by the proximity of the vessel to the Portuguese ship, we confess we do not see with what grace the English minister can demand redress, for Miguel may, with great justice, ask, what brought our vessels there at a time when England professed an unarm'd neutrality? It appears that the *Orestes* was out of the line, and that the shots which reached her must have been fired designally; if that be true, we hope our gallant sailors will rake the miserable fleet of the usurper, and not leave a timber to float on the waters before they sail homewards again. We certainly have an excuse for the presence of Admiral Parker off Oporto, in the danger that threatened, and still threatens, the property of the British residents there; but it cannot be denied, that while we affect to take no part in the war, and await the result with interest and participation, directed redress, we have made demonstrations of which Don Miguel has sufficient reason to complain. After what has occurred, we are called upon to declare ourselves one way or the other; and we are satisfied, that in releasing ourselves from the dubious position in which we have been placed, we shall produce an immediate influence on the war, that will, in all probability, lead to its termination. As it is, covert and undeclared aid, compromise, and interests, and costs the effusion of much blood.

THE FRENCH CABINET

Alas—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 disorganised. To remedy the want of speech in Soult, the Duc de Broglie who takes the foreign office, brings in as attendant on, an 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.

Death of Sir Walter Scott.—The minstrel of the north has sounded his last lay!—his harp is silent for ever! *Sir Walter Scott* died at Abbotsford, on Friday the 21st September. For nearly two years his health had been in a declining state, caused by over-exertion and anxiety, the pressure of pecuniary embarrassments, and the strong desire he had to fulfil his engagements, and secure some fragments of his fortune to his family. In order to recruit his spirits and improve his health he was advised to travel. The intention of the author of "Waverley" being communicated to his Majesty, he with his unvarying kindness, commanded a ship to convey *Sir Walter* to Naples. He was attended on his tour by some members of his family; every mark of respect and hospitality was paid him wherever he went; but the breezes of the Mediterranean had no restorative effect on his impaired constitution, and his illness increased to the point at which his end was near, and therefore he hastened home to breathe his last sigh to the winds of Yarrow,

and to sleep his long last sleep on the banks of the Tweed, in his native land.

The remains of *Sir Walter Scott* were interred on the 27th at Dryburgh Abbey. Upwards of 300 distinguished persons attended, and as the funeral pageant passed through the villages and hamlets, one universal sorrow prevailed all classes. The shops in the towns of Darnick and Melrose were all shut, and the streets were lined with the inhabitants in mourning and uncovered. The body was deposited in the north of the splendid ruin of Dryburgh Abbey now, alas! containing a more splendid ruin than itself.

THE BRITISH AMERICAN,

NOVEMBER 10, 1832.

His Majesty's Packet *Eclipse*, arrived at Halifax with the October mail, in the very fine passage of 24 days, putting us in possession of European extracts from our Colonial files up to the 7th of the above month, for which we refer readers to the preceding columns in this sheet.

TO SUBSCRIBERS—In consequence of the Publisher not having received his English importation of Paper, he is under the necessity of issuing this No. on a paper of an inferior quality, manufactured in Nova-Scotia.

Shipping Intelligence.

ENTERED.

Schrs. Ranger, Salmoud, Picton.
Shamrock, Tool, Fox Island.
Jane, Burboe, do
Le Reine, Boudrot, Halifax.
Harriet, Le June, Arichat.
Sloop Felicity, M-Laren, Halifax.
CLEARED.
Schrs. Tarsille, Collins, Halifax.
Brothers, Campbell, Miramichi.
Swift, Coffin, Newfoundland.
Jane, M-Laughlan, Halifax.
Brig Amelia, Davies, London.
Schrs. Union, Siliker, Halifax.
Harriet Elizabeth, Coffin, St. John's N.F.
Fome, M-Leod, Miramichi.
Sloop Felicity, M-Laren, Halifax.
Schr Margaret, Deagle, St. John's N. F.
John Fulton, — do.

Sir Walter Scott is no more! He died at Abbotsford on September 21, in the midst of his family, aged 61, being born August 15, 1771.

The complaints against the Reform Bill have subsided, and all parties are busy at the Elections.

It is said that 350 petitions are prepared for the abolition of the establishment of the Church of Scotland.

The Duke of Brunswick, who meditated a hostile visit to his late dominions, has been arrested at Paris, and "bundled" out of the country.

The Peasantry continue to evince their gratitude to their friends, by gratuitous field labour.

The Repeal question is vigorously forwarded by a strong party in Ireland. The Irish have crushed political intolerance, and Tithes, the falsely called Union will go next. On this head the Irish are determined, which is quite enough, but they are also backed by numbers in England, who are sick of the many evils which harrass their sister Island. A local legislature is demanded on every rational consideration: sophistry alone is against it.