

patriotism, and desire that all traitors to the country may be made a speedy and severe example of, lest the people wound up to a pitch of fury, should do themselves justice, and dreadful massacre should ensue.

In short, every thing seems to display a blind and obstinate confidence, which, after the 21st instant may produce the greatest calamities. The troops arrived at Luxembourg consist in two squadrons of Haddicks Houlans, one division of artillery, the regiment of Francois Kinsky, and Nicholas Esterhazy's infantry; the remainder of Esterhazy's huzzars; the Tyrolean chasséurs; O'Connell's Franc corps, and another column, which was to pass Cologne on the 4th instant, is destined to march through Aix la Chapelle into the Limburgh Province. Those who come through Luxembourg will march through the Ardennes, and enter into Brabant by way of Namur, &c.

The Comte de la March and Duke d'Urzel, both retired to Paris, have made their submission to the Emperor in due form, and what is more, they are said to have abandoned the poor Vonckistes to themselves.

The refugee Brabanters at Maestricht have lately celebrated with great solemnity the election of the Emperor; a *fete* was given in the house of an Austrian officer there, and several impromptus written and inscribed on the windows, with an illumination, &c.

BRITISH NEWS.

London, Nov. 18.

TUESDAY morning Mr. Flint, the King's Messenger, was dispatched to the Court of Madrid, with his Britannic Majesty's Sign Manual, in ratification of the present Convention with Spain.

The Marquis del Campo, the Ambassador in England from the Court of Spain, waited on their Majesties at Windsor on Monday night, in congratulation of the happy termination of the recent misunderstanding between the two kingdoms. The Spanish Ambassador has received the King of Spain's Signature, in ratification of the Convention, which will be presented to his Britannic Majesty's Ministers as soon as information is received by the Ambassador from his Court, that the King of Great Britain's ratification is arrived, and presented to the Spanish Ministers.

By the late successful exertions to ascertain and establish the rights of the British nation, and to exalt their character as a high spirited, powerful people, a sum of money amounting (it may be supposed) to several millions, has been expended.— But when we recollect the degradation and infamy that have ever attended nations who hesitated to assert and maintain their rights, their honour, and their reputation, among surrounding potentates, at whatever expence, we cannot help concluding that those who direct affairs have done well in promptly incurring such an expence for so important and so glorious an object. Spain, on reflecting on what has passed, will always dread our united wisdom and energy; and the other nations of Europe, when they read the Convention, will acknowledge that the British Lion, in spite of the American war, is still in the prime and vigour of his days!

The rich silver mines at Potosi, in Peru, were accidentally discovered in 1549, by an Indian, as he was clambering up the mountain, in pursuit of a Llama, which had strayed from his flock. Soon after, the mines of Sacotecas, in New Spain, little inferior to the other in value, were opened. From that time successive discoveries have been made in both colonies, and silver mines are now so numerous, that the working of them, and of some few mines of gold in the provinces of Terra Firma, and the kingdom of Grenada, has become the capital occupation of the Spaniards, and is reduced into a system no less complicated than interesting.

The following are the particulars of a murder which was committed on Friday week in the Rue de l'Echelle, near the Palais Royale, and the Thuilleries, at Paris. A Benedictine Friar, and a young Lady, went in the evening of that day to visit Mrs. Pluvier, aunt to the latter. Her nephew also visited her the same evening, and, instead of lighting a bougie, as he was accustomed to do, went up stairs without a light. On the Saturday morning the porter rang the bell at Mrs. Pluvier's apartments as usual, in order to deliver the newspapers she daily received. As nobody answered, he supposed she was out of town; and the next day, after trying the bell again, he concluded the same thing. In the evening, however, the porter's wife, remarking that the nephew did not come to dine with his aunt as he did every Sunday, was greatly alarmed, and on Monday morning persuaded her husband to break open the door. The spectacle was horrid beyond description. They found Mrs. Pluvier waltering in her blood.