The Colonial Herald.

THE ATTACHE, OR SAM SLICK IN ENGLAND.

(From Bentley's Miscellany.)

We have been favoured with a sight of Mr. Halliburton's new work, now on the eve of publication, entitled "The Attache, or Sam Slick in England." It possesses all the piquant peculiarities of the former volumes of the Clockmaker—their caustic wit—strong, rough good sense—healthy sentiment—and vigorous tone of reflection. Generally speaking, however, the author's manner is more earnest than it has hitherto been; and in his sketch of the Rev. Mr. Hopewell, an aged clergyman of the Church of England, who was educated at Cambridge College, Massachusetts, and for many years officiated as rector of a small parish in Connecticut;—in the full-length portrait of this gentleman, who is represented as "affable in his manners, and simple in his habits, with a mind well stored with human lore, and a heart full of kindness for his fellow-creatures,"—Mr. Halliburton has taken a higher flight than any he has yet attempted, and tasked his powers of thought to the utmost. Nothing can be loftier, more humane, or more replete with philosophic wisdom, just touched with that soft melancholy which years and experience seldom fail to bring in their train, and from which minds of an elevated cast are never wholly exempt, than the reflections put into the mouth of this clerical philanthropist. Take, for instance, the following observations:—"Home has two significations, a restricted one and an enlarged one. In its restricted sense, it is the place of our abode; it includes our social circle, our parents, children, and friends, and contains the living and the dead; the past and the present generations of our race. By a very natural process, the scene of our affections soon becomes identified with them, and a portion of our regard is transferred from animate to inanimate objects. The streams on which we sported, the mountains on which we clambered, the fields in which we wandered, the school where we were instructed, the church where we worshipped, the very bell whose pensive, melancholy music, recalled our wandering steps in youth, awaken in after years many a tender thought, many a pleasing recollection, and appeal to the heart with the force and eloquence of love. The country, again, contains all these things; the sphere is widened, new objects are included, and this extension of the circle is love of country. It is thus that the nation is said, in an enlarged sense, to be our home also. This love of country is both natural and laudable:—so natural, that to exclude a man from his country is the greatest punishment that country can inflict upon him, and so laudable, that, when it becomes a principle of action, it forms the hero and the patriot."—Viewed merely with reference to art, the character of Mr. Hopewell forms an admirable dramatic contrast to that of Sam Slick; the peculiarities of the one set off and relieve those of the other in the most effective manner possible; so that, when wearied with the "everlasting"—to use his own expressive phrase—uniformity of Sam's practical, worldly wisdom, we turn to drink of the pure living wells of wisdom and sensibility which the venerable clergyman opens up for our refreshment.—But, after all, the Clockmaker, as in the former instances, is the great charm of the present volume. He is now in England, an *Attaché* to the American legation; and nothing can be more striking than his remarks on all he hears and sees while travelling through the mother-country. His self-possession never at fault, his shrewdness never [illegible] judices,—inveterate in his democratic predilections. Observe his characteristic sketch of a genteel London dinner-party to which he is invited in his capacity of *Attaché*:—"Well, there is dinner. One sarvice of plate is like another sarvice of plate, any one dozen of sarvants are like another dozen of sarvants, hock is hock, and champagne is champagne—and one dinner is like another dinner. The only difference is in the thing itself that's cooked. Veal, to be good, must look like anything else but veal; you musn't know it when you see it, or it's vulgar; mutton must be incog, too; beef must have a mask on: any thin' that looks solid, take a spoon to; any thin' that looks light, cut with a knife; if any thing looks like fish, you may take your oath it is flesh; and if it seems real flesh, it is only disguised, for it's sure to be fish; nothin' must be nateral, natur' is out of fashion here. This is a manufacturin' country; every thing is done by machinery, and that that ain't must be made to look like it; and, I must say, the dinner machinery is parfect. Sarvants keep goin' round and round in a ring, slow, but sartin, and for ever, like the arms of a great big windmill, shovin' dish after dish, in dumb show, afore your nose, for you to see how you like the flavour; when your glass is empty, it's filled; when your eyes is off your plate, it's off too, before you can say Nick Biddle. Folks speak low here; steam is valuable, and noise onpolite. They call it a '*subdued tone.*' Poor tame things, they are subdued, that's a fact; slaves to an arbitrary tyrannical fashion, that don't leave 'em no free will at all. You don't often speak across a table any more nor you do across a street, but p'raps Mr. Somebody of West End of town, will say to Mr. Nobody from West End of America: 'Niagara is noble.' Mr. Nobody will say, 'Yes, it is; it got its patent afore the Norman *Conquest*, I reckon, and afore the *subdued* tone come in fashion.' Then Mr. Somebody will look like an oracle, and say, 'Great rivers and great trees in America! You speak good English.' And then he will seem surprised, but not say it, only you can read the words on his face, 'Upon my soul, you are a'most as white as us.'—Dinner is over. It's time for ladies to cut stick. Aunt Goosey looks at the next oldest goosey, and ducks her head, as if she was goin' through a gate, and then they all come to their feet, and the goslins come to their feet, and they all toddle off to the [illegible], like must travellers, go out with full pockets, and return with empty ones. Talk has a pair of stays here, and is laced up tight and stiff. Larnin' is pedantic; politics is onsafe; religion ain't fashionable. You must tread on neutral ground. Well, neutral ground gets so trampled down by both sides, and so plundered by all, there ain't any thing fresh or good grows on it, and it has no cover for game nother. Housundever, the ground is tried, it's well beat, but nothin' is put up, and you get back to where you started. Uncle Gander looks at next oldest gander hard, bobs his head, and lifts one leg, all ready for a go, and says, 'Will you take any more wine?'—'No,' says I.e, 'but I take the hint, let's jine the ladies.'"—As a sayer of good things, Sam Slick will scarcely fail to remind the reader of Sam Weller, who obtained popularity by the same means. But how immeasurably superior are the wit and shrewdness of the Yankee to those of the Cockney! The one exhibits chiefly the wit of mere words; the other, that of subtle, though homely, thought. Take away the bad spelling, the flash language, the *outre* dialect, in which many of Sam Weller's jokes are embedded, and much of their force and pungency will evaporate; but the Clockmaker's wit is independent of such aids; it needs not the drapery of diction to set it off to advantage, but trusts for effect to its naked truth and simplicity. Then, the shrewdness of the Cockney is, at best, but the small cunning of a man, whose tastes are all conventional,—whose views are microscopic,—and who knows nothing of human nature beyond the sound of Bow-bells; whereas, the shrewdness of the Yankee is that of a keen farsighted man of the world, whose opinions, even when erroneous, bear the impress of power and originality, and who has been accustomed to regard character with an inquisitive and wary eye, in an infinite variety of conditions. Both are portraits, nicely discriminated and individualized, but the Clockmaker is by far the most impressive of the two; and his "Sayings" will be remembered and quoted with approbation, when those of the other shall have been wholly consigned to oblivion.

A TALE OF TRAVEL.

In 1841, a young broad shouldered, big-fisted Kentuckian—a regular bred stock raiser and drover—went on to Buffalo, New York, to purchase of Lewis Allen, who had just returned from England, some of his imported stock. After he had closed his purchases, finding he had a day to spare, he determined to spend it in a visit to the Falls of Niagara. So, after breakfast, he stepped into the passenger car, and found the department which he selected occupied by a modest looking and plainly dressed gentleman. In a few moments he commenced a conversation upon the subject most interesting to him, to wit, imported stock, and the bargains he had made, and informed his fellow traveller, in the most decisive manner, what were the best breeds, &c. The stranger, after hearing him out, without dissenting to what he said, spoke upon the subject of English stock generally, the different kind of breeds, the properties of each, the best cross for milk, butter, &c., and displayed, in a modest and unassuming manner, such minute and general information on the subject, that it astonished the other, and he asked him if he was not a stock-raiser. He said no, and the Kentuckian asked, as usual, "What might be your name, sir?" "Morpeth," was the reply. "Morpeth," said he, "Morpeth! Now, I have been all over Kentucky, and travelled to Arkansas, but I never heard of the name before. Where did you come from, Mr. Morpeth?" "From York." "York," said he. "*New* York! A great place—beats Lexington or Louisville, I admit; but did you come from the city or country, Mr. Morpeth?" "From the country." "Well, it is a very great State; always saving and except old Kentucky, it is the finest country I ever saw." In a short while they conversed on the subject of farming, and the stranger, without the least parade, seemed to be perfectly familiar with the subject, and after hearing at length of the superior style of agriculture in Kentucky, and the astonishing productions there, the *cords* of fine stock, grain, &c., he related the improvements which had recently been made in agriculture by means of chemical experiments, the different kinds of soil, the distinguished properties of each, rotation of crops, effect of climate upon production, &c. &c.; at length the Kentuckian cried out, "Why, Mr. Morpeth, you must have followed farming for a living?" "No," he said he had not, "but it was a subject to him of great interest." The rest of the journey was filled up with a description of what the Kentuckian had seen on the Mississippi and in Arkansas, to which the stranger listened with apparent interest. At length they reached the Falls, and amidst constant acclamations of astonishment on the part of the Kentuckian, they passed on to the Canadian side. Upon reaching there, they saw a number of negroes, dressed in regimentals, with muskets in their hands. "Why, what does this mean?" "These are regular soldiers," said the stranger. "Soldiers! negroes for soldiers! Well, did you ever hear the like? When I go back to old Kentucky, and tell them that the British have negroes for soldiers, they never will believe me in the world."

After a while the bell of the tavern rung for dinner, and they both hastened in, the Kentuckian before. When he reached the room, he found the table half filled with the coloured militia, and stopped. The stranger, without appearing to observe it, took hold of a chair, and pointed to an empty one by his side. The astonished Kentuckian exclaimed, "you are not going to eat your dinner with these, are you? I can't do it sir. I could never show my face at home again if I were to do so." "Well," said the stranger, "I am rather hungry, I acknowledge; but, as we are fellow travellers, I will not balk your humor. We will go down to the lower island, pass the suspension bridge, and dine on the American side." "Now, that is just into my hand, my old fellow; we will do so." When they reached the suspension bridge the Kentuckian was overwhelmed with astonishment, and said that they never would believe him at home when he told of it. The stranger was perfectly familiar [illegible] made since this one had been put up, the defects in its style, how they could be repaired, improved, &c. Here the Kentuckian burst out into a hearty laugh, and said "Well, stranger, I have found you out at last; you are a bridge builder by trade," slapping him on the shoulder in great glee. "No, sir," said he, "you are mistaken; but I have had a great deal to do with persons who were fond of such things, and acquired somewhat of a taste for them." "Well," said the Kentuckian, "I hear the last bell ringing; let us go and get our dinner. I would rather have lost one of the calves I have purchased of old Buffalo Allen, than not to have been here to day; for I have had lots and gobbs of fun!"

They sat down to dinner, and the Kentuckian filled up the chasms between the courses with praises of Kentucky and abuse of the Canadians and British. To which the stranger listened patiently, and sometimes with a kind of quiet interest. He went on to say that he had heard that the British were in the habit of travelling through the country, and then writing books ridiculing and abusing us. He just wished that he could catch some of them in old Kentucky. He had heard as he came along, that there was now a great English Lord travelling through the country to write a book, and he heard his name. "It was Lord —Lord—Lord Morpeth, I believe." "That is my name, Sir," said the stranger. "You don't say so! Tavernkeeper, what do I have to pay?"—*Arkansas Gazette.*

IRISH PRESBYTERIAN MARRIAGES.—Lord Chief Justice Tindal has delivered the unanimous opinion of the Judges consulted by the House of Lords, with respect to the Irish Presbyterian Marriage question. The privilege is not impugned, provided *both* parties are Presbyterians, but it is now contended that a Presbyterian Minister cannot marry if *both* parties are not Presbyterians.—The opinion of the Judges, however, when asked by the House of Lords, is not final, and it yet remains to be seen what is the judgment of the Supreme Court of Judicature on this question. Lords Brougham and Campbell have both very clearly intimated their dissent from the opinion of the Common Law Judges, but it would be premature to speculate on that of the Lord Chancellor and the other law Lords.

The London *Record*, in speaking of this, the Government is seriously damaged in Ireland by allowing such a question as that of the validity of Presbyterian marriages to remain in debate session after session. The Presbyterians form a body of Protestants in Ireland, numbering somewhere about 700,000 persons. They are, for the most part, descended from the Presbyterians of Scotland, to whom various especial privileges were granted by King James the First.

"The decision of the inferior courts were so unlooked for, and so contrary to the generally received notions, that if the Legislature had not interfered, it would have been the means of shaking the tenure of property, and introducing misery and confusion into families innumerable. It remains to be seen what will be the judgment of the House of Lords. The question has already brought to light much learning on the subject of marriage, and Sir William Follett's argument in favour of the law, as hitherto understood in Ireland, was a masterpiece."

DREADFUL CONFLAGRATION AT VALPARAISO.

From the *Valparaiso Gazette* of the 18th of March, we learn that the city has been the scene of a calamity such as has never before been equalled in Chili. At a quarter past 8 p. m., on the 14th March, flames were first seen breaking through the roof of the naval stores of Messrs. Julian & Lopez. An attempt to break down the connection between the burning edifice and a newly-built house having failed, the fire spread with the utmost rapidity, embracing a wide range, threatening to extend over the whole circumference, which it brilliantly illuminated. Great efforts were made to save the Bourse; by pulling down houses in its vicinity, and, fortunately, with success. On the other side of the place, however, where the fire originated, its progress was not arrested till it had destroyed the whole range of houses reaching near to the sea. Finding no farther material in this direction, it crossed the street, and caught hold of the printing establishment occupied by the *Mercury*. The pumps, which up to this time had been worked with the greatest activity, now became unserviceable; no further resistance could at this point be offered to the raging element, which, showing itself sometimes in clouds of black smoke, at other times in sheets of bright flame, enveloped everything in its way, until it reached to the front of the Custom-house. In anticipation, a house had been here pulled down, to prevent the further progress of the fire, and at half-past three the minds of the people were greatly quieted by the assurance that it had done its worst, and that its ravages might be considered to have ceased. An attempt had been made to arrest the conflagration by blowing up with gunpowder the store of Signor Croro, but, the quantity of powder being insufficient, no result was produced, but a slight earthquake, which increased the terror of the enormous and compact crowd of spectators who occupied the pier, every street, the neighbouring heights, &c., the boats and ships in the bay, whose masts and rigging were crowded with human beings. To persons ignorant of the topography of the town, it is impossible to convey an exact idea of the cause of this terrible conflagration, the damage caused by which is estimated by the *Gazette* at 2,000,000 dollars (or £400,000,) though this statement, in a subsequent number, is somewhat modified. Immediately after the first alarm, the Minister of War, the Governor, and other persons of influence, were on the spot, and prompt assistance was rendered, under their and others directions, by a great number of firms of various countries many of whose names are gratefully and honourably recorded in the *Gazette*. In the list we observed especially mentioned M. Alee, the commander of the *Reine Blanche*, and the greater part of the crew; Captain Hammond, of the *Salamander*, assisted by Lieut. Carpenter and seventy men; Captain Carrick of the *Pearl*, who narrowly escaped from the flames; and Captain Heath, who rendered great service in the preservation of the Bourse. The crews of the vessels, both French and British, gave the most valuable aid by their courage, promptitude, discipline, and strength. Prompt measures had been taken to repair the consequences of this sad calamity—to collect in one place all goods rescued from the flames, and to make arrangements for the resumption of business, which had been wholly interrupted.

CANADA.

TORONTO, AUGUST 1.—HORRIBLE MURDER.—Intelligence was received in town on Sunday evening last, of an atrocious murder, committed on the person of Thomas Kinnear, Esq., of Richmond Hill, Yonge street, a gentleman well known in this city. It was discovered by Francis Boyd, Esq., who, on going there by appointment on Sunday, found, to his astonishment, the house unoccupied. On search being made, to his horror and dismay, the body of his murdered friend was discovered in the cellar. By what means the foul deed was accomplished, has not transpired; but no doubt is entertained of its having been perpetrated by a man and woman servant of the deceased, it being known that they embarked on Sunday morning, with their master's horse and wagon, on board the *Transit*, for Lewiston.

On these circumstances coming to the knowledge of Mr. Frederic C. Capreol, he put himself in communication with the Hon. the Mayor, and Dr. O'Brien, a magistrate, and, with a promptitude honourable to his feelings for his friend, he engaged a steamboat, and, with Mr. Kingsmill, the High Bailiff, at one o'clock on Monday morning, crossed the lake in pursuit of the murderers. It is believed that some trace of them was acquired; for after the *Transit* had cast off from Lewiston on her return, she was hailed by Mr. Capreol, but could not bring up, on account of her being well out in the current, which in that part of the Niagara river is very strong.

Since writing the above, Mr. Capreol has returned with the fugitives, and has lodged them in the custody of the city police. The man's name is Macdermot.—Property to a considerable amount, belonging to Mr. Kinnear, was in the possession of Macdermot. It is apprehended that the house keeper of Mr. Kinnear has also been murdered, as she has not yet been heard of."

P. S.—8 o'clock, P. M.—Mr. Walton, one of the Coroners [illegible] sist Mr. Bridgeburn, just returned, he having gone out to ashood; he reports that Mr. Kinnear was shot by the servant-man McDermot, with a double barrelled gun; the ball passing through the heart, upon examination was found lodged in the back.

The house keeper, Ann Montgomery, was found in the cellar doubled up under a washing tub, she having been strangled, a handkerchief being tightly tied round her throat. The inquest is adjourned till Friday.

THE MONTREAL GAZETTE.—This old and very respectable newspaper property has, we perceive by a notice in yesterday's number, changed hands, Messrs. Armour & Ramsay, the late proprietors, having disposed of the copyright to Mr. Robert Abraham, lately of Liverpool. This change is not to affect the editorial department of the paper, which is still to be conducted by the same gentleman who has lately presided over it.—*Montreal Courier.*

Madame Papineau, who has lately returned from France, and has been for some time at Saratoga Springs, for the benefit of her health, is arrived at St. Hyacinthe, with three of her children. Her health, it is stated, is completely restored.

M. Papineau is still at Paris, with one of his sons who is studying medicine.—*Quebec Gazette.*

NOVA SCOTIA.

HALIFAX, AUGUST 15.—BUSINESS REVIVAL.—We are glad to learn that a revival in mercantile affairs has taken place, which we trust will be permanent. Accounts from the West Indies and United States, during the past week, have been the cause of this reaction, and have given quite a business aspect to the City. Large quantities of property have changed hands at improved rates, as will be seen by our Commercial report, and there are large orders in the City, from the United States, for fish, which it will be difficult to meet, and which prove that our American neighbours cannot catch enough for themselves, and therefore cannot do much injury to the staple article of Provincial commerce.—*Times.*

The military officers on board of the Alert, wrecked at Goose Island, presented a letter to Capt. Daly, the master of that vessel, previous to their departure for England in the transport Premier, [illegible] conduct upon that disastrous occasion.

Captain Daley answered, expressing his gratitude, and his deep sense of the good conduct of the officers and men on board, without which, he said, his efforts would be fruitless.

Mr. W. M. Brown, Secy. Halifax Temperance Society, presented to his Worship the Mayor, £11 16s. being the amount collected by the Society, on the occasion of the meeting in Mason Hall, towards the relief of the persons wrecked in the Alert. The total sum collected for this object exceeds £90.

The sum has been made £100 by a further subscription of £10 by the Hon. T. N. Jeffrey.

The detachment of the 64th, Regt. wrecked in the Alert, sailed in the Transport Premier, on the 6th inst.

A correspondent of the *Times* states that 83 Black Fish some of them measuring from 15 to 18 feet in length, were taken in Shelburne harbour last week.

PICTOU, August 10.—The Brig *Clyde*, Capt. Frith, from Quebec, 7 days out, bound for Kingston, Jamaica, touched at this port on Tuesday morning last. When about four miles off the West end of Pictou Island, the *Clyde* fell in with a man floating on a raft composed of two deals, with two slabs laid across them. He was immediately taken on board and every attention paid to his comfort. The first words he uttered were, "God bless the sailors!" The man is evidently deranged, and from all that could be learned from him, it is supposed that he was from thirty to forty hours on the raft, and that *he was bound for P. E. Island!* He could not possibly hold out much longer, as he had not tasted food from the time he *embarked* till he was so providentially rescued, and had to hold the deals together with his hands and knees. We understand that so strong was his predilection for his frail bark, that on being ordered into the ship's boat, for the purpose of landing him here, he demanded his raft, choosing rather "to go to sea once more," than be placed on *terra firma*. We have not heard his name or place of residence, but have been informed that he was seen at River John, a short time previous to his adventure, from which place it is probable he set out on his singular voyage across the Straights.—*Observer.*

(From the Presbyterian Banner.)

NEW WORK ON LAND SURVEYING.—In our advertising columns, for two or three weeks past, will be found a notice of a work on Land Surveying, adapted to the North American Colonies, which is to be published in November next. The prospectus is, we think, exceedingly modest, and scarcely does justice to the work. The manuscript has been placed in our hands for inspection, and we have no hesitation in expressing a favorable opinion of its contents. In some parts, such, for example, as in Decimal Fractions, much originality is not to be expected. In those parts of it, however, which refer more particularly to the practice of Land Surveying in these colonies, it may be said to be *wholly original.* The remarks upon the different affections of the Magnetic needle are, we have been informed, mainly the result of personal observation. For the purpose of increasing his acquaintance with the actual variation in different localities in the Provinces, the Author has been travelling, we believe, during a part of the present season. Its dedication, by permission, to the HON. AMOS EDWIN BOTSFORD, is convincing evidence to us that the work possesses much merit. These remarks we hope will satisfy to some extent the scruples of our brother of the Recorder, as to the originality of the proposed publication. We have little doubt that when it appears it will speak for itself. We are glad to find that its announcement is exciting considerable interest in the Province. The following favourable notice of the work we have just received, and publish in the expectation that it may still further attract public attention to the subject:—

"*Mr. Editor.*—In your Journal of the 17th of June inst., I have taken notice of a prospectus of a late treatise on Land Surveying, which is to be published in Nov. next, and from the knowledge which I have of that Branch, I think it will be a very useful work, for I see it contains what our present Surveying books do not, viz: A proper investigation of the mensuration and location of Land, together with many other very useful observations, which may be seen by a perusal of your valuable Journal.

"SAMUEL O'DONNELL,
Teacher of Mathematics.

"Amherst, June 23, 1843."

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The Colonial Herald.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 19, 1843.

About 6 o'clock this morning, the Boat CHARLES, Hubbard, Master, arrived from Pictou (whither she was dispatched on Wednesday last for the express purpose), with the first August Mail from England. Our latest dates are to the 4th inst. Political matters at home present much the same appearance as at the period of our previous advices from thence, with, if possible, the addition of a still deeper shade of gloom. The disturbances in South Wales are represented as having become really formidable. The constituted authorities are set at defiance, and in spite of the eagerness of the Military to detect the ringleaders and their followers, the rioters have hitherto escaped their grasp. Mr. O'Connell has been feasted and feted in every town through which he has passed, during his triumphal progress through Ireland. The Repeal rent for the quarter has, it is said, exceeded, by £14,000, the corresponding quarter of the last year. In commercial affairs, everything wears a most gloomy and desponding aspect, there not being the slightest improvement visible in any quarter.

We extract the following brief but comprehensive Summary of the latest News from *Willmer's American News Letter*:

LIVERPOOL, AUGUST 4, 1843.

The fruitless attempt to oppose the "Arms Bill" has been abandoned, and the measure will pass.

The Durham Election has resulted in the return of Bright, the well known Quaker Leaguer.

In the House of Lords, rigorous speeches have been delivered by the Duke of Wellington, and Lords Lyndhurst and Brougham, upon Irish Affairs. It is evident that the policy of the duke and his aristocratical colleagues and supporters is to "cry havoc."

The ministerial policy, which has, even by the tories, been denounced as compromising, is at length, however, understood.

"The patient search and vigil long"

of the premier, men do now generally suppose, will more effectually frustrate the purposes of the agitator, than direct opposition or actual onslaught. After all, we shall, perhaps, have to applaud Sir R. Peel as heartily for his policy as for his clemency.

During the last fortnight there has been little business doing, and many influential parties have expressed increasing apprehensions of coming difficulties of an extensive operation in the monetary and mercantile world. This has been principally caused by the accounts of almost overwhelming derangement of affairs in the midland counties of England, which now are perceived to have not been exaggerated, as many capitalists wished to believe, for purposes of political party, and the mode of relieving these pressing difficulties no person appears to be able to propose or foresee. Connecting the accounts from Staffordshire with those from Wales and Ireland, the general condition of the nation is believed to be rapidly approaching to the possibility of very serious political troubles, and on this account so much more depends upon the result of the harvest, that the weather is now the subject of universal attention; nor is any improvement in business or confident investment of capital to be anticipated, unless the autumn should prove to be favourable in an extraordinary degree. The reports on the present state of the crops are various, but it is not doubted that a deficiency in the general quality of the grain will be the result; but it is still hoped that the large quantity of miscellaneous agricultural productions of the year will prevent the advance in the corn markets from becoming much greater, as, unfortunately for the population, the advance in the markets for provisions have been the only symptom of any advance in prices, at a time when so contrary a state of the market is so pressingly required. The intelligence from the United States, China, and India, has been favourable as to the general existence of peace, but the overland mail has not brought mercantile accounts of much importance to the commerce of this country, as the stagnation which is so general in Europe and America pervades also the markets of the eastern world. The funds have not been materially depressed by the unsatisfactory state of political affairs, but though the quotations are nominally sustained, the market for consols exhibits all the symptoms of suspense, and the speculative operations for time are on a very limited scale. The business has been also considerable in Mexican Bonds, in consequence of intelligence of a truce between the governments of Mexico and Texas, which, if ending in the final recognition of the independence of Texas, will remove the principal cause of the financial embarrassments of Mexico.

In the manufacturing and iron districts there continues to exist the greatest depression, and matters are assuming a very serious aspect. How the working classes have existed for some months past is a matter of surprise and wonderment; and the feeling that they will not much longer rest contented is fast gaining ground.

INDIA AND CHINA.

The India mail has arrived. The news which it might communicate has been anxiously expected. We were prepared to expect that the recusant Ameers of Scinde were about to challenge Sir Charles Napier to confront the fiercest array which the frantic populace could muster. A defeat in India we could ill afford at this juncture to sustain, and of consequence the result of the threatened encounter was invested with especial importance. The intelligence with which the overland mail supplies us is not merely satisfactory but gratifying. The vigour and vigilance of Sir Charles Napier have deterred the chiefs from refusing the terms of pacification which he offered; and the most pertinacious and pestilent among them, Meer Shere Mahomed, agrees to submit to British authority provided he be secured the possession of his private estate.

It is confidently asserted that a stringent order from the Home Government enforces upon Lord Ellenborough the necessity of abandoning his whimsical wanderings through India, in order that he may, by a steady location at Calcutta, avail himself of the advice of that council whose assistance he seems studiously to have scorned. Some rumours,