

source whence they came. For instance, the bowlders in Wisconsin are more numerous and larger in size than in the States of Illinois. For it is quite probable that the bowlders both of the primary and secondary rocks came from the region of Lake Superior. At any rate this is the opinion of our best geologists.

## European News.

From English Papers to the 19th May, received by the Steamer *Hibernia*.

Willmer and Smith's European Times, May 19.

The commercial pressure to which we allude in our last has continued unabated. The intensity of the interval has rather increased than otherwise. The bank of England has been besieged with deputations from the great marts of trade through the country, calling for relief; and the papers have teemed with elaborate disquisitions on Corn, Currency, and Cotton—the three C's which rule trade, and absorb men's minds at the present time, to the exclusion of all topics less immediately affecting the pockets of all who owe fealty to our Sovereign Lady Victoria. Strange disclosures respecting commercial embarrassment, in times of affliction like the present, take place in the Bank parlour. Wealthy merchants, and recipients, in times of ordinary prosperity, of incomes at which a Nabob would marvel, are obliged, by the fate which rules nations as well as individuals, to bend the knee in humbleness and cry for help. That potent personage, the Governor—we don't mean the governor of any ordinary establishment, whose lynx eye, "monarch of all he surveys," takes in every thing appertaining personally to his concerns, from a needle to an anchor—but that dreaded Cerberus, who guards the bullion of the bank, throws himself back in his easy chair, and compels the merchant princes of these fair isles to make a clean breast of their troubles before he will promise relief—has had a busy time of it recently. A terrible fellow is the said Governor in Threadneedle street, for prying into other people's concerns, and scenting out their weak points. The bank parlour so often alluded to in the city articles of the diurnals, is a kind of sweating room, as provocative of perspiration as a vapour bath and, mentally speaking, much more miserable. Thither the lame and the heavy laden at *sixty day's sight*, are obliged to fly; and they rarely leave this Golgotha of merchantile skulls without being made to feel the illusory character of all things mundane.

Another high priest of Croesus, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has had poured into his ansympathising soul recently, tales of sorrow that would melt any material less hard than gold, less flinty than a chancellor's heart. A deputation of merchants, afflicted with a plethora of produce and a paucity of specie, from Liverpool, waited upon this functionary the other day. "You are," said he addressing one strong but mournful looking visage before him, "a considerable holder of cotton I believe?" The visage was obliged to own the soft impeachment. "I am one of the largest holders in the kingdom" was the reply. "Then take my advice," rejoined the inexorable guardian of the national purse "go home and sell it!"

Seriously, there are not times for bad jokes. Neither the government nor the opposition—meaning by the latter phrase, the rump of the Peel party—will consent to tamper with the currency; and the consequence is, that commercial matters are almost reduced to a condition of primeval simplicity—a state of barter. Money is so scarce, that an artificial value is imparted to it. Men of undoubted solvency must sell out at whatever sacrifice, in order, as the Americans quaintly phrase it, "to realize." All public securities are depressed—the value of the best description of railway stock has fallen enormously—trade is nearly brought to a stand still—credit receives a shock which shatters the whole social system—and the capitalist and the carpenter, on the score of independence, may shake hands, as there is scarcely a *shaving* between them! Terrible this—but true. The Chancellor opens his mouth in Parliament, and what does the oracle declare? Why, that he will raise the interest on Exchequer bills, which are now a drug in the market, in order to ease the bank, and prevent the necessity of his applying to it in advance of the national revenue—a strange remedy, not surpassed in originality by the more philosophic attempt to extract sunbeams from cucumbers.

The House of Lords has been making

a painful experiment on public patience. The Irish Poor Law, having escaped the shoals and quicksands of the Lower House, was launched last week into the more aristocratic branch of the Legislature. The Irish landlords, headed by that frothy Milesian nobleman, Lord Monteagle, a creature of the Whigs, and formerly one of their colleagues, flew at it with a rage, only excelled by the vindictiveness with which a mad bull attacks a scarlet cloak, and so mauled and disfigured the poor thing, that when picked up, vitality fled—hardly a feature could be recognized! The bill, our readers are aware, has for its object a benevolent duty, which ought long since to have been enforced—namely, that of making the land support the poor, in other words, compelling the proprietors of the soil to contribute towards the maintenance of the paupers in proportion to their stake in the country. But this would not answer the purpose of Irish landlordism. To saddle Irish destitution on the Saxons, and send ragged wretchedness in shoals across the channel, to foster and spread contagion around, is the aim and ends of philanthropic lords of broad acres in green Erin. Noble disinterestedness, which to the scandal of British peers, found too many coadjutors. The amendment amounts to this—to try out-door relief for a twelvemonth, so that by making it uncertain—giving it an ephemeral trial instead of a fair chance of working permanently—it may be the more readily obstructed and defeated. A direct negative would have been far more straightforward and honourable. The cloven foot of selfishness is too visible—too palpable; and cunning ingenuity has not even the merit of coming to the aid of cold heartedness in carrying out the design. Political consequences of the highest importance are involved in this move of the refractory peers. Already the Ministry are putting their house in order preparatory to a desolation; and as a set off against the cruel injury inflicted on the Irish Poor Law Bill, the government has stopped the bill for advancing three quarters of a million of money to three needy Irish railways—a just and spirited retribution under the circumstances, seeing that the bulk of the money would ultimately reach the purses of the landlords.

The House of Lords, on the bringing up of the report, has had the good sense to rescind Lord Monteagle's amendment, which limited the Irish Poor law Bill to a brief existence.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland is dead. Lord Besborough, since the time that he assumed the office, has won golden opinions, which he has not been destined to enjoy. Of all offices under the British crown, this is the most trying and most thankless. There is really little practical utility in maintaining the representative of Majesty in state in Dublin; a bad imitation of, in fact a kind of living satire on Monarchy in England—for, virtually, all the onerous duties appertaining to the situation are chalked out, if not carried into effect, in the Home secretary's bureau, in Downing street. But the Irish are fond of show,—are poor, and can neither dispense with the pride and pomp of office, such as it is, nor with the outlay in hard cash that accompanies its administration. Its abolition would be a benefit; for it would make the distinctions of political favours less a matter of toadyism to the great man for the time being in Dublin castle than it is at present. This Lord Lieutenant, is moreover, a badge of conquest; for the extinction of which, if the young Irishers had any practical patriotism, or personal respect, they would loudly insist. Delegated authority is always abused, and most abused frequently, when nearest home; for the starchness of official etiquette, preserved with the governors of more distant dependencies, is melted into friendly sympathy, when the parties are within fifteen or twenty hours correspondence of each other. But it is due to the late distinguished nobleman to say, that he displayed a great firmness of character, a high grasp of intellect, and most commendable industry, since he assumed power across the channel—by the way, one of the most trying periods in the history of poor bleeding Ireland's misfortunes. He expired at his official residence on Sunday night.

May, which came in cheerless and bleak, has been putting on her sweet face and sylvan beauty with gay good humour, to the delight of the farmer, the happiness of the merchant, and the satisfaction of everybody. Under the influence of the beautiful weather we have been enjoying during the last few days, which may be compared to a succession of smiles and tears—so regularly have the sunshine and the showers alter-

nated—nature has become attired in her holiday suit, enough to call up delightful visions of the picturesque scenery, the meandering brooks, the silvery lakes, the mountain torrents, the richly clad vallies about which, pastoral poets talk so enthusiastically. Even the dulllest mechanical dog, chained like ourselves to the desk, like a galley slave to the oar, feels that "spring time is coming" by the buoyancy of his spirits and the lightness of his tread. The greatest misfortune that can afflict humanity is a barren harvest: it paralyses man's ingenuity, and like the wand of an enchanter, transmutes the princely mansion into the peasant's cottage. Such a calamity, thank heaven, is more distant than it appeared a fortnight back. At that time the season was unusually backward, and, coupled with the existing scarcity of food people become seriously alarmed about the future. The feeling is now reversed—hope has banished despondency; and from present appearances, every indication exists of an early and prolific yielding of the earth's fruits. It is needless to enlarge upon the very great advantages of a good harvest this year to the whole of our population. A continuance of such weather as the present will ensure us good crops of barley and oats in this country; and if on the continent it should be of the same kind, the rye crop, which is the great support of the people, can scarcely fail to turn out well this season. With all spring corn a good start is more than half the race, as it grows rapidly, and is comparatively safe if it can once cover the ground with a tolerable thick herbage. We have before us reports from almost every district of the country, which satisfy us that the improvement and prospect of a good harvest is almost universal. The wheat crop is at present too early to speak of, but we may say that no weather could be more favourable for it than the present. It will be observed that the price of wheat and flour is still on the advance, and there exists on the part of many persons a great fear of scarcity, it being impossible to estimate, with any degree of certainty, the stock in the hands of the farmers. As regards the continent, it was stated in the chamber of Peers on the 10th inst, by the Minister of commerce and agriculture, that the prospects of the next harvest was extremely promising. The crops throughout Belgium are said to promise an abundant harvest. A correspondent of a London paper says:—"I have just traversed the whole of the central and upper districts of the Peninsula. I can affirm that for the last twenty years never was the aspect of the country, or the operations of the farmer in a state so promising. From Egypt we learn that the corn harvest in both Upper and Middle Egypt had been got in, and was most abundant, the Viceroy estimates that there will be 4,300,000 hectolitres of corn for exportation in July, at the rise of the waters of the Nile.

The several Governments on the continent continue to give encouragement to the import of articles of food. The Norwegian government has annulled the duty on barley, rye, buckwheat, and maize, to the 30th of August next. In Belgium, grain, pease, and all kinds of pulse, potatoes, rice, salt, and smoked meats, are declared free to entree up to the 1st of October, 1848. The government has, besides the power to extend the powers to the 31st of December, and has authority to prohibit the exportation of the above article during the same period. The king of the two Sicilies has suspended the duties on the import of all kinds of grain. The Prussian government has forbidden the exportation of potatoes, and has also prohibited the distillation of spirits from potatoes or grain. The exportation of corn from the Austrian dominions has been prohibited for five months. At home, by an order of government addressed to the commissioners of Customs, rice meal will be admitted free until the 1st of September next.

Europe at large is suffering under the dire calamity of scarcity of food. The labouring classes in several of the continental cities and towns, as well as many residing in the United Kingdom, have lately exhibited symptoms of outrage and plunder. The accounts of the 8th of May from Herrenberg, Urach, Ludwigsburg, and Goppingen, in Wirtemberg, state that great anxieties were felt at those towns for fear of outbreaks. Precautionary measures had been taken by the citizens. An attack was made on the shop of a baker in Brussels, whom they forced to make a distribution of bread; and subsequently the rioters proceeded to the premises of a corn merchant, which they purposed plundering, but were prevented by the military and po-

lice. Private letters state that there have been riots in Kommatan, and also in Egat and Leitmeritz, directed against foreign corndealers. The rioters were pursued out of Egat with showers of stones as far as Waldassan; and in Leitmeritz, a speculator in corn had both ears cut off! Several Houses and shops were plundered at Posen on the 29th ult., and many carts laden with corn and flour. Considerable excitement prevails in Nottingham, in England, where some contributions have been levied off several bakers and provision dealers.

There is some talk of a coalition. Human prejudice, like human life is ephemeral, constantly changing, variable as the hues of the chameleon. A coalition, a few years ago would have shocked men's prejudices. Now it is mentioned as a thing not only possible, but probable. Already, Sir James Graham has been sent to India as Governor General—by rumour; and the younger lieutenants of Peel's official *dramatis personæ*, assigned major and minor situations in the Whig cabinet. Strange as the statement may appear, the Whigs as a party, although, with one exception in the memory of man, powerless numerically speaking, have always been strong in talents. Whiggery advances—Toryism is stationary; and hence the reason why the ablest man of the day; Peel has turned his back upon his first love. He soon saw—who could avoid it?—that the world could not stand still—that to hide the sun with a blanket were as easy as to make the human intellect remain stationary. He was determined to advance; his friends would not and he left them. Who apostatised? Not he; for ministers, like men are the creatures of circumstances. They must work with the tools ready made to their hands, and when these become useless or antique, new ones must be provided at whatever cost. So runs the world. A coalition is probable—and if carried out, society although its prejudices may be shocked, will receive more than an equivalent in the shape of better laws, and wiser rules.

In some of the English towns near the Irish coast, fever is mowing down its victims daily. Liverpool, now the greatest port in the world, is unhappily from its *locale*, the principal recipient of Irish destitution and disease. Astounding as the numbers may appear since the commencement of the present year nearly 200,000 human souls have been thrown into that town, the *debris* of the sister country. The local taxes which must provide for this enormous amount of wretchedness, have been swelled to an extent that shocks the nerves of that alarmingly sensitive biped "the oldest inhabitant." The pressure thus created, ought not to be a local but a national burthen; yet the Executive, who think that the Liverpool people ought to pay in *kind* for the advantages of their position, decline to interfere. The people have at length stirred to prevent the inevitable *swamping* that must accrue from this immigration of the poor, the diseased, and the helpless from the "far west." They have insisted that the wretched Irish paupers, in a state of disease shall not be permitted to land; the steamers bringing such are treated as vessels arriving from foreign ports without a clean bill of health, and are subject to the quarantine laws. This has stopped the nuisance for a time—whether permanently remains to be seen. In the meantime fever rages violently. Temporary sheds have to be erected in different parts of the town, in addition to the accommodation afforded by the regular hospitals; and, as in all such cases the middling and better classes are occasionally the victims of the disease as well as the poor and the expatriated.

The news from Portugal this week shows that terms have been made with the rebels, owing to the interference of the British Government. But, pending the negotiations, a battle was forced, caused by the treachery of the insurgents. The Queen's forces were victorious, and there was considerable blood shed. The battle took place at Vinhees. On the rebel side the loss was much greater. The Portuguese were never partial to fighting; and having thus expended their valour, they will shake hands and forget the past.

## FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.—It was stated in the Chamber of Peers on the 10th instant, by the Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, that the prospects of the next harvest were extremely promising. Notwithstanding this prospect, however, the markets continue to rise in various parts of France.

The account of an investment by the Emperor of Russia in the English Funds has produced a great sensation in Paris. It has depri-