

From the N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.

LATEST FROM ENGLAND.

The packet ship North America, Captain Lowber, arrived this morning from Liverpool, whence she sailed on the 8th of January. We have London papers of the 7th, and Liverpool of the 8th.

Intelligence of the taking of Amoy had reached London—on the 6th of January—and was published exclusively in the Times of that day. With it came information of the loss of the Madagascar steamship; a very brief statement, contained to Jardine Matheson & Co., or the senior naval officer at Hong-Kong. Captain Dicey, of the M., Captain Grattan of the Royal Irish, ten other gentlemen and 30 Lascars had landed from the wreck and were believed to be prisoners in the hands of the Chinese.

The letters from Amoy say that the British got very little money—not more than 4000 or 5000 dollars. The ships were to sail for Chusan on the 5th of September, and winter there, the season being too far advanced for farther operations Northward.

The Queen has granted a portion of the Canton ransom to the troops employed in the attack on that city; the shares of colonels will be £900 each, of lieut. colonels 720, of majors 530, of captains 216, and of lieutenants 144. Officers of the navy sharing, according to their relative rank with those of the army.

The King of Burmah, Tharawaddie, had arrived at Rangoon, attended by a large body of troops and a multitude of his subjects.—Suspicion had existed as to the motive of this visit, and the Governor General of India had taken care to assemble a considerable force at Rangoon, with several steam frigates; but so far nothing of a hostile nature had transpired, and the better opinion seemed to be that Tharawaddie's object was only to amuse himself with a change of scene.

The British Government had interposed to adjust the quarrel of etiquette between France and Spain. The Times seems to be of opinion that the Regent Espartero had not the right side in this quarrel.

The elections in the Spanish Chamber of Deputies had resulted in a complete triumph for the Ministry.

Lord Melbourne had been paying a visit to the Queen at Windsor—fort the first time since his retirement from the premiership.

Lord Ashburton was to embark for New York, on board a steam frigate, on or about the 24th of January. His stay in the United States was expected to be very brief.

THE STEAMER CALEDONIA

Serious apprehension seems to be entertained in New-York and Boston for the safety of the Caledonia. A Boston letter remarks—“The Steamer Caledonia, due a day or two ago, has not yet arrived from England; and as none of the Cunard line have exceeded eighteen days, some little feeling begins to manifest itself in reference to the Caledonia's safety. It appears to me however, that, considering the seasons and taking into the estimate the fact that we have had but little else than a succession of Westerly and North-Westerly gales since the 1st of February, there is no good ground for alarm; and I am led to hope that the gallant and absent Steamer, with her company all alive and well, will enter this port before midnight.

The Commercial Advertiser observes—Some anxiety appears to be occasioned by the non-arrival of this steamer at Boston yesterday. Up to that time she was out little more than 19 days, which is not long at this inclement season. The month of February, on the Nova-Scotia and Newfoundland coast, is famous for its strong N. W. and Westerly gales, which have no doubt retarded her progress. We have known the British mail packets which were despatched from Falmouth for Halifax the 10th of every month some years ago, to arrive in the winter season, sometimes two and three together. In one instance, the December packet of the 10th came up to the harbor the same day with the packet of the 10th of February, having been at sea over ninety-three days and never made a port.

LATER STILL.

The Unicorn left Halifax on Friday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Up to that period nothing had been heard of the Caledonia. Mr. Cunard was a passenger in the Unicorn, and that gentleman says that it was the prevailing opinion at Halifax, when he left, that the Caledonia had put back to England, in consequence of the heavy Westerly winds which had prevailed, during which it is thought she may have reduced her fuel to so small a quantity that it would not be prudent to force her way farther West.

The Unicorn will leave Boston to-morrow, at the usual time, and proceed to Halifax. On her arrival at that port, provided nothing has been heard from the Caledonia, Capt. Douglass will proceed with the mails and passengers for Liverpool.—*Boston Times Feb. 27th.*

In future the publication of the New Era, will be on Friday. This was intended to be stated in our last number, but was overlooked, the whole edition of the page of the present having been struck off, before it was discovered the alteration in the day and date had not been made.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE WEST INDIES.

(From the contents, as well as dates of these loose notes, it will at once be seen that they were thrown together long before the Question of Emancipation became a leading subject of remark and interest in England.)

In the Autumn of 1816, the 61st Regiment having been ordered to Jamaica, detachments for the several other corps then stationed in the West India Islands were also desired to hold themselves in readiness for embarkation in the same fleet. An officer and forty men of my own Regiment, were soon afterwards marched from Newport Barracks in the Isle of Wight, to Cowes, where a transport was then lying to receive us. The troops and baggage being received on board the vessel weighed anchor & returned to Spithead, where she had left the body of the fleet, completing the preparatory arrangements.

During the time we lay at Spithead, the Russian Frigate, conveying the horses sent by the then Emperor Alexander to His Royal Highness the Prince Regent arrived, and we had an opportunity of visiting this fine vessel, on board which we were received by the officers, with truly French courtesy and politeness. They were all young noblemen of the first families, attached to the Imperial Guard, and wearing several decorations. After having been conducted between decks, where the horses were stowed, and examined the dress, arms, and carriage of the men—fine tall athletic looking fellows, and evidently selected for the purpose, we followed our hosts to the cabin, where refreshments had in the interim been prepared. The language we used was French, in the knowledge of which however, we betrayed an evident inferiority, as in fact all Englishmen do when placed in competition with Russians of rank and acquirements—Among the several things placed on the table was the caviar, of which the Russians are known to be extremely fond—Seduced by the tempting appearance of this filthy stuff, I took a large quantity of it in my mouth, but sickened and disgusted with the taste, it was in vain that I attempted to swallow it—I was literally in agony, for I could not without a breach of politeness, openly evince the loathing I entertained for a food which the Russian officers devoured with no ordinary voracity and which has since become one of the dishes *par excellence* in this country, neither could I conquer my repugnance so far as to “bolt” it. Unable to endure this state of torment longer, I rushed upon deck, much to the surprise of the strangers, and after having committed the caviar to its native element, I returned to the cabin, fully resolved never again to indulge to the full extent of a Russian lunch. We soon afterwards took our leave and descended into our boat, assisted by the officers who all stood grouped around the gangway, their full and mortal band striking up “God save the King” in compliment to our party.

Every thing being now ready for our voyage, we weighed anchor from Spithead towards the close of the month, and bearing through the Needles, soon found ourselves fast issuing from the channel. The wind had hitherto been favorable and unabated, but when we entered the horrid Bay of Biscay, it suddenly lulled, and here we were exposed to the dreadful and everlasting roll of this tormenting sea. Who that has ever been in the Bay of Biscay during a calm, can recall without loathing the horrid nausea, and wretched and comfortless state, both of mind and body, incident to such a situation—not to mention the crash and confusion occasioned in the cabin by the unceasing motion of the vessel, rolling her yards, and sometimes even her gunwales, into the troubled deep, while the loose and extended sails, striking with fury against the masts, seem like so many harpies flapping their wings in mockery of your misery and despair. Grant ye Fates that it may never again be my lot to cross the Bay of Biscay. The worst of human ills however have their termination. This vile sea was at length passed, and we were glad to admit, that even on the distant waves of the Atlantic, an amelioration of human suffering may be found.

On board the transport in which I had embarked, there were many sick, but neither Surgeon nor medicines had fallen to our share in the distribution. This was an inconvenience severely felt, but eventually supplied by an officer of the 61st. who, with a care and