Kingston Herald.

A CANADIAN JOURNAL, POLITICAL, AGRICULTURAL & COMMERCIAL.

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The Universe ahoy!

ANOTHER GREAT WONDER IS FORTHCOMING!!

A LEVIATHAN NEWSPAPER, OR

QUADRUPLE BOSTON NOTION,

WILL SHORTLY BE PUBLISHED,

WHICH in point of size, beauty of paper, & typography, convenience of form, value & fullness of contents, and number of splendid engravings, will far surpass that of any ever issued from any newspaper establishment in the world!

The subscriber, publisher of the *Boston Notion*, feels a degree of honest pride in being able to announce that he is now making the most extensive arrangements for the publication, at an early period, of a STUPENDOUS PRINTED PRODIGY, or

QUADRUPLE NOTION!

which he has every confidence, from the nature of the arrangements, in assuring the public, will be, for purpose, in point of

SIZE, BEAUTY AND VALUE,

far above all his previous efforts at newspaper publishing, and to which *he will challenge the world* to produce an equal! It will contain printed matter to the amount of near 16,000 square inches! ONE HUNDRED AND FOUR SQUARE FEET! embracing over three millions seven hundred thousand letters!!! It will be embellished with over

300 SPLENDID ENGRAVINGS!

of various, comic and ludicrous character, a number of them ENTIRELY ORIGINAL. The literary press contents will be of the most valuable character, and no article will be allowed a place in its columns that has previously appeared in any American publication—as it will be filled with entirely NEW and FRESH MATTER. The present summer will bring us a large quantity of materials sent for by us, expressly for the columns of this forthcoming stupendous sheet.

Among other matter, it will contain TWO ENTIRE FULL SIZED NOVELS,

BY BULWER AND JAMES!!

two of the most celebrated and popular novelists of the age, and also a NEW NOVEL by MRS. NORTON. These novels, when printed by the publishers, will probably sell for from two to three DOLLARS. A large number of splendid Tales, Romances, Stories, Biographical Sketches, Memoirs of distinguished characters, Poetry, Anecdotes and fun enough for a year, &c. &c., will fill up its columns.

Though the promises we have made above may appear to readers of the prospectus too liberal to be fulfilled, we can assure them in perfect confidence, that we are not only able to accomplish all we have proposed, but that we have in our other striking features and novelties, which will materially enhance the value of our sheet, the public has pronounced a favorable verdict upon our former Mammoth Notions, but we have taken measures for rendering the forthcoming "Quadruple" a still greater prodigy than any of its predecessors. We have engaged the assistance of several of our most distinguished literary friends first us, both by making selections, and furnishing original articles, and such a rigid censorship will be exercised in making up the sheet, that nothing unworthy of being cherished and preserved will find a place within its columns.

It is emphatically an INTELLECTUAL GIANT! and the GREAT WONDER the charge will be ONLY 25 CENTS PER COPY!

AGENTS.—Those newspaper and periodical agents throughout the country, desirous of having any of this astonishing publication, will please send us their orders at once, accompanied with the cash, as only a limited edition of FIFTY THOUSAND COPIES will be printed. Orders will be supplied in the order in which they are received, after allowing reasonable time for our distant Agents. The wholesale price to Agents and Editors will be $20 per hundred. Fifty copies for $10, twenty-five copies $5.

CLUBS.—Persons clubbing, shall receive six copies for $2, FOURTEEN copies for $3, twenty copies for $4, and TWENTY-FIVE copies for $5.

To POSTMASTERS.—Postmasters who will interest themselves to forward us a remittance, shall receive an extra copy for themselves in a separate wrapper, for every $2 for NINE copies they may enclose to us.

GEO. ROBERTS,
Publisher Boston Notion.

Notion Office, Boston, June 1, 1842.

The postage on this sheet will be only one cent under 100 miles, and 1½ cents over 100 miles, as it will be printed as a newspaper, Ex-Quadruple (Quadruple) Notion.

Written for the Philadelphia Saturday Courier.

SURNAMES.

Apart from old England, some dozen years back,
Among many other vagaries,
Our families placed a long time on the rack,
Their surnames all go by contraries."
Believe, also, the fact is as true,
Which is Britannia's nation;
We make it as plain as the light to your view,
Just add to the brief demonstration.

The belle in the parlor displays all her charms;
Mr. Fairless long been a coal man;
Mr. Weaver the surgeon who cut off both arms
The broken-boned 'Squire, Mr Holman.
Miss Bell is a prude, twice 'sweet seventeen,'
Never yet had an offer;
Miss Bear has his hundreds of thousands, I ween,
Which not a cent in his coffer.

Mr Short once sank while in crossing a bog;
Mr Bragg is an sort of a talker;
Mr Chamberlainter swooned at the sight of a frog,
While taking a ride with Miss Walker.
Mrs Grant at rout Mrs. Gay is morose,
Miss Hoppin sits still through the even,'
Mr Upright Miss Coffin, loquacious, verbose,
Mrs Daylight quite up into heaven.

Black and his wife are as white as a shroud,
White is as black as the poker,
Grey and Miss Green, (who 'tis whispered are proud)
Are as if coloured with ochre.

Mr Fair, when he struck at the soft Mr. Steele,
Saw water and blood from his 'peepers:'
Mr Bowman learned the 'Virginia (fence) reel,'
While dancing at night with the Sleepers.
Mr Butcher when young, every day wore a bib,
Mr Bibb always had on a tucker;
Mr Green took hard-hearted Miss Wood for a 'rib,'
Mr Willow Stick in a pucker.

Mr Gentle Miss Lyon wed fierce Mr. Lamb,
Mr Babe at the grooms-man was chosen,
Modest Miss Woolfe came at night to the 'jam,'
Mr Bold Mr. Fox, her first cousin.
Mr Sour of Miss Sweet would turn vinegar sour,
Mr Drake du vin agre of Sherry,
Mr Slow Mr Swift it takes full half an hour
To walk from Exchange to the ferry.

Mr Hopper has never been good at a leap;
Mr Hunter was never seen hunting,
Mr Shepard don't know a giraffe from a sheep,
Though married to lovely Miss Bunting.
Mr Pepper has never been known to get hot,
(He's a wag from the borders of Shannon.)
Mr Gunn is most woefully 'bad at a shot,'
Like his father-in law, Mr Cannon.

Mr Clark's a good clergyman, all will agree,
Mr Wise is not famed for his knowledge,
Mr Wiser has never been taught A. B. C.,
Mr Learned has ne'er been to college,
Mr Short is so long that he no other bed
Than that of Procrustes could lie in.
Mr Shorter is taller by just half a head,
And outrivals the giant, M. Bihin.

Mr Love bids defiance to amorous chains,
And ne'er passed the hymeneal portals,
Mr Glazier, you know, never took any *pains*
To throw light on his poor fellow mortals.
Miss Longman's dimensions, *autour* and *en taille*,
Are those of old Wouter Von Twiller,
Mr Wheat is renowned as a dealer in oil,
In Co. with his friend Mr Miller.

Mr Death is not only completely alive,
But his business is truly most thrifty,
Mrs. Child weighs two hundred and seventy-five,
Miss Children's a spinster *at* 50.
Mr Drinker who keeps at the temperance store,
Never steps o'er the bounds of propriety;
But Mr Drinkwater belies himself sore,
If he's one of the temp'rance society.

Mr Chamberlain's servant is named Louis King,
A paradox this is most surely,
Mr Goodenough is not exactly the thing,
Mr Weldon has done up but poorly.
Mr Cross is most affable, modest and mild;
Mr Fidler you know is a Quaker:
In Chesnut street, Schuylkill, 'tis said there's a child
Named Victoria Regina Shoemaker!

Mr Turnpenny has enough *shillings* to turn,
And ne'er is in want of a backer,
But no one so fast packs 'the *dollars*,' I learn,
As his step-father, A Pennypacker,
Mr Doolittle rises at four in the morn,
And hammers all day at his kettles,
Mr Workman is 'sorry he ever was born,'
'Tis so *much* work to swallow one's victuals.

Mr Houseman may always be found at his store;
Mr Keep in the bank is 'first teller':
Mr Chambers' apartments are on the ground floor:
Mrs Garrett has chambers down cellar.
Mr Prince with fidelity, aptness and grace,
For 'Squire Butler enacts *major domo*;
Mrs Mann from her figure, would scarce find a place
In the Bi-mana class, genus Homo.

Miss Still understands very well how to roar;
Mr Starr never looks up to heaven;
Mr Barber declares 'tis a werry great bore,
To be shaved every morning at seven.'
As the wind to all points of the compass doth veer,
So *Miss* Constant in sentiment varies,
Thus by hook and by crook, I have made it appear
That our 'surnames oft'go by contraries.' Q. E. D.

Variety.

THE MILITARY IN MUFTI.*

Not six months have elapsed since an elderly gentleman, in a brown coat, and spectacles, stood, one day, in the principal street of Salisbury, waiting some conveyance to Dorchester, whence he had journeyed, the preceeding day, in hopes of meeting an old friend's nephew, who had just purchased a cornetcy in the—th Dragoons, and was about to join, at the place where duty required the senior's return, without farther delay. He had inquired, in vain, at all the Salisbury's Hotels, for a Mr. Cecil, passing through from London. The querist had never seen this youth, nor heard any description of him, but from knowledge of his uncle, formed an ideal, handsome, lively and fashionable.

A coach from town paused to change horses, without or within it might be his man; he trusted to find a vacant place, though, before he could apply for one, the vehicle was entered by a neatly dressed, modest looking girl. The gentleman in brown followed her. There was room for one more; he secured it, and took his seat, with a slight bow to the persons already in possession, as the coach started.

Opposite the female sat a plain, pale young man in black; his smooth, grave aspect, strongly contrasted by that of a juvenile, yet tall and stout Exquisite well laced, and padded, highly dressed, covered by a military cloak, with a florid face, feline eyes, Virginius beard, *favoris*, tip, and long, 'Young England' locks, of ardent *auburn*.

The passenger in brown was shyly etiquettish, and resolved not to reveal himself, till he knew his ground. He felt a sickening presentiment that Mr. Cecil was beside him. From casual remarks, by the others, before he attempted to converse to them, he gleaned that the two male travellers had come all the way together, though they did not seem to have established any very sociable intercourse. The hirsute beau looked glad of new audience, and addressed himself to the girl, in those insinuating tones, which, for some hearers, gave importance to nothing.

'Ha, I declare, the sight of a lady is quite refreshing; we were getting downright stupid. 'Tis a long bore from town; ever there—eh?'

'No, Sir.'

'But you've gay doings at Dorchester, eh?—among the military now?

'I have heard of such.'

'Heard?—Pooh, you're sly! in course you have been at their balls, and things?'

'Never, Sir. I have only left home for a day or two, to visit a sick friend.'

'Ha, of a serious turn, maybe. That's a pity. Any fine fellows in the garrison now?'

'Yes, many; and very worthy gentlemen, too;' she answered coldly.

'That you are intimate with—eh?'

'No, I have spoken with them only on business, Sir,'

'Business!' repeated the gallant, staring.

'Yes, I attend to my aunt's library there.'

'What, serve in the shop!' he added, with a sneer, 'behind counter, and that?'

'Certainly,' she returned with firmness.

'Admirable!' murmured the wan student.

'So say I,' continued the man in brown; 'You are a candid, sensible young creature, my dear, and know that you merit too much respect as what you *are*, to need pass for what you are *not*.'

'Ha!' laughed the dandy, 'terrible flirts women dub all soldiers, and I know that the lads of the—th are a precious set.'

'Indeed,' said the elderly passenger, 'I am always curious to hear anecdotes of military men, pray enlighten me!'

'Oh most of 'em are jolly dogs—drink, dress, and carry on, at a great rate; what with cards, horses, cocks, and ladies, they've little chance of paying their bills, I'm told.'

'Then you do not know all this of them by experience?' asked the student.

'No matter how—I do know. Some of the boys are as thick as thieves with me.'

'You cannot be a member of the corps?' persevered the elder, in dread.

'And why can't I, Sir?'

'Unless just appointed, I mean,' resumed he, 'that is, if I mistake not, your head is not of the regimental cut.'

'Oh, my head, that's nothing. I may be just appointed, or I may be returning from a long leave of absence, or you may be mistaken, as you say.'

The old gentleman more than ever feared that this vacant fop would prove the nephew of his friend. If so—who had superintended his education?'

What have *you* to say against my head, Miss?' continued the young man,

'Only, sir, that the officers do not wear long hear, nor such *large* whiskers.'

'But don't you think that looks very manly? women in general don't like your Miss Mollys, eh?' and he glanced impudently at the quiet youth, who remarked—

'If men think that their strength lies in their hair, they should beware of Samson's fate, and live morally, that they keep it.'

'I'm hanged if I didn't think you were a parson, from the first,' said the cloaked hero.

'So I guessed,' commemted the other, 'by your decrying clergymen and religion, by your frequent oaths, and certain other little ways, which you made sure I could not notice; you were right, in calculating on your impunity, Sir—though it may not proceed from the cause you suppose. But pray tell me, as to those *brother* officers of yours, have they no Superior in the garrison, to set them a better example?'

'Oh, there is a buz-wig Major—a methodist—married man, seldom dines at mess, so nobody minds him, only my cronies don't let him hear of their doings.'

'Some methodists have proved good soldiers, if I am rightly informed, said the Brown man.

'But Major Clements is *not* a methodist, Sir,' put in the girl, 'I have never seen him, but often waited on his wife, and know that they read novels; go to the play, and are moral Church of England people. They have taken apartments at my aunt's, for a young gentleman they expect from town, who belongs to the very regiment in question. They did not wish him to live in barracks yet.'

'Why not, my dear?' asked Whiskers.

'Because, Sir, six months ago, a few of the youngest officers behaved in a way which displeased the Major, and the others, when they found it out.'

'How? About what?' asked the student, and the elderly traveller in a breath.

'Nay. I dare swear,' interrupted the other gentleman, 'that 'tis all a pack of rubbish, not worth our listening to. What should women know of army matters?'

'Sir,' renewed the girl, 'Mrs. Clements told aunt, that these two or three very young officers had run deeply in debt, with a great London saddler, Mr. Snellgrove, who gave long credits, charged, exorbitantly, discounted bills on diehon interest, in fact, making a fortune by the careless extravagance of his betters. Six months ago, he sent—

'Cent per cent,' broke in the Exquisite; 'do my love, stick to your stitching, or to the sale of foolscap, but don't bore us with things you can't understand.'

'But *we* wish to hear them,' said the Parson. 'He sent *who*—young lady?'

'His son, Sir, to collect in his debts; an impudent, vulgar person, they say; yet some of these officers so far forgot themselves—to be sure it was for the sport of making him their butt—as to ask him to supper, ply him with wine and so persuade him to gain six months more time from his father. The person volunteered to come again at that period, and has been heard of as boasting an intimacy with all the officers of the corps. So those who have had no dealings with him, threaten, if ever he does appear, and claim acquaintance, like an equal, with any of their regiment, that they will kick him, and get his patrons severely reprimanded. That is why Major Clements don't wish Mr. Cecil to live entirely with either party, till this affair is over, as it will be soon.'

'John Cecil is very grateful for the Major's parental care of him,' said the supposed clergyman: 'you see, *Captain*, if I must so term you, I am not prevented by any holy vows from resenting incivilities.'

The red haired youth looked like one on board ship, for the first time, just as the sea becomes rough. The old gentleman in brown, on the contrary, with a relieved air, exclaimed—

'I *am* Major Clements, Mr. Cecil, and delighted thus to meet you.'

They shook hands, and both turned their eyes on the sufferer.—His pitiable appearance told an unmistakeable tale.

'I conclude,' said the Major, 'that you are Mr. Snellgrove's son, and will rejoice at what I have to tell you. My influence with the friends of your father's young debtors has put all those affairs in train for speedy liquidation. The officers will purchase their saddlery of some worthier tradesman, and never again put themselves on a level with an ungrateful, slanderous inferior. Further, to ease your mind—I have forbidden the *kicking*, nor shall one of your own making whips deepen the weals inflicted by your stays; but, as a parting advice, I counsel you, when next you wish to pass for a military man, to forbear from insulting either women, or supposed non-combatants. Both, in this case, have, by accident, had the best revenge: and may forget, in *your* conduct, what they hardly ought to forgive in that of any one with the rank of a gentleman.'

The hapless bunch of carrots begged leave to stop the coach, as they were now near a post-house, whence he instantly ordered a chaise; & transferring his luggage to it, hastened back to town, not one of his late fellow-travellers thinking it worth while to cry, 'STOP THE MONKEY!'

[Monthly Magazine.

*Mufti. Officers in plain clothes are said to be in Mufti.

THE MILITIA OFFICER'S INAUGURAL SPEECH—"Feller Sogers," said a newly elected lieutenant of militia, in Passedumkeak, "I'm alfired obleeged to you for this shove up in the ranks you have given me. Feller Sodgers, I'm not a goin to forget your kindness soon—not by a darn'd sight: and I tell you what it is, I'll stick to my post like pitch to a pine board, so long as there's peace; but as I go in rotation in office, if we should come to blows with the Britishers, I'll be darn'd if I dont resign right off, and give every feller a fair shake for fame and glory."

LETTERS OF THE ALPHABET.—The Sandwich Island Alphabet has 12 letters; Burmese 19; the Italian 20; the Bengalese 21; the Hebrew, Syriac, Chaldee, Samaritan and Latin 22 each; the French; the German and Dutch 26 each; the Spanish and Sclavonic 27 each; the Arabic 38; the Persian and Coptic 32; the Turkish 32; the Georgian 25; the Armenian 33; the Russian 41; the Muscovite 43; the Sanscrit & Japanese 50; the Ethopic and Tartarian 202.

From the N. O. Picayune, June 9th.

HORRIBLE MURDER BY NEGROES.—In our paper of Tuesday last, we mention the mysterious murder of a man named Todd, in the parish of Concordia. It is now ascertained that this was but one of a series of murders committed by two negro men named Joseph and Enoch—the former belonging to Mr. Voorhees, on Bayou de Glaize; the other did belong to Mr. B. Duran, also on Bayou de Glaize, (but was sold to a gentleman near New Orleans.)

The clerk of the steamer Sun Flower has furnished the Natchez Free Trader with a detailed account of their infamous proceedings. One of the murderers was caught, on the 5th instant, near Union Point, on the Mississippi, the other making his escape though not without having several balls fired at him, and is supposed to have been wounded; though not caught, it is to be hoped that he will soon be brought to pay the penalty of his atrocious crimes.

It appears that the negro boy Enoch, after being sold, ran away from his new master and returned to Bayou de Glaize, and fell in with the boy Joseph, whom he persuaded off with a yellow girl named Margaret, known to some as having belonged to a planter on the above bayou—that after persuading Joseph and this girl off, they armed themselves and commenced the work of destruction and death. They proceeded first to the house of Mr. Noah Harrington, on Red river, near the cut-off, whom they killed, carrying off the daughter of Mr. H. with them, whom they kept in the woods some six weeks, using her with unheard of cruelty, platting vines together and whipping her until from torture she was compelled to yield to their hellish purposes, and at other times tying her up to a tree as a mark to shoot at.

They then killed another man, whose name is not known. After committing this murder, on returning to the place where Miss H. was confined, they remarked that they had killed another hog. After this they went to the house of Mr. George Todd, not far from Mr. H.'s whom they also killed, carrying off Mrs. Todd with a small child, whom they treated also in a most brutal manner, and threatening to kill both her and the child if it should cry; and often when they were on the point of killing them all, the yellow girl would throw herself on her knees and beg their lives, saying that if they shot them their bullets would have to pass through her body. Mrs. Todd and Miss Harrington both state that the yellow girl several times saved their lives.

The boy Joseph, immediately after his capture, confessed that he killed both Mr. Harrington and Mr. Todd, and the other person, but stated that he had been forced to do it by Enoch who first enticed him to run away. No white person was plicated.

After this confession, it was deliberately resolved that the negro should be burned alive. The terrible scene is thus described by the Free Trader:

"The boy was taken and chained to a tree immediately on the bank of the Mississippi, on what is called Union Point. Faggots were then collected and piled around him, to which he appeared quite indifferent. When the word was asked what he had to say. He then warned all to take example by him, and asked the prayers of all around; he then called for a drink of water, which was handed to him; he drank it and said; 'Now set fire—I am ready to go in peace!'

The torches at an ligtened and placed in the pile, which soon ignited. He watched unmoved the curling flame as it grew, until it began to entwine itself around and feed upon his body; then he sent forth cries of agony painful to the ear, begging some one to blow his brains out, at the same time surging with almost superhuman strength, until the staple with which the chain was fastened to the tree, not being well secured, drew out, and he leaped from the burning pile. At that moment the sharp ring of several rifles was heard—the body of the negro fell a corpse on the ground. He was picked up by some two or three, and again thrown into the fire and consumed—not a vestige remaining to show that such a being ever existed.

The yellow girl was taken to Natchez, in the custody of Mr. C. S. Lyman, who will deliver her up to the proper authorities at Vidalia, La.

The Mississippi editor can find words enough, and forcible enough, to express his horror at the atrocious crimes committed by the Negroes—and execrable indeed they were—but he has not a word to say in condemnation of the horrid vengeance taken by the citizens upon the miserable wretch who had fallen into their hands. But perhaps he thinks there was no great harm in torturing a criminal to death in the same manner that was practised by the ecclesiastics of the Spanish Inquisition, and, no longer ago than within the last hundred years, by the law-givers and judges of England.

"THERE'S THE KEY-HOLE."—A shrewd and lively young belle was introduced a few evenings since, to a bombastic little youth, about as diminutive in his personal appearance as a man can well be. After conversing with her for some minutes he turned to leave the room, when, as he was on the point of opening the door, the young lady *innocently* observed, "Pray don't trouble yourself, there is the *key-hole*."

ASTRONOMY EXTRAORDINARY.—A short time ago, a countryman, being attracted by handbills pasted on the walls to visit the observatory on the Calton-hill, Edinburgh, expressed a desire to see the moon through the great telescope. He accordingly ascended the steps for this purpose, but when viewing the planet, by some means the front of the telescope shifted downwards. Immediately was displayed to his view a neighboring sign-board. In amazement he bawled out, "Gude preserve us! wonders will never cease! Edinburgh ale sold in the moon!"

A HINT TO SMITHS.—The cutting of bars of iron or pipes with the chisel is a laborious and tardy process. By the following mode the same end is attained more speedily, easily, and neatly:—Bring the iron to a white heat, and then, fixing it in a vice, apply the common saw, which, without being turned in the edge or injured in any respect, will divide it as easily as if it were a carrot!

FROM BERMUDA.—We have a Bermuda paper of the 11th instant, containing advices from Jamica to the 22nd of May.

Lord Elgin, the new Governor, had arrived at Kingston and entered upon the duties of his office.—Sir Charles Metcalfe embarked for England on the 20th, on board the sloop-of-war Vestal

Commercial distress was still felt at Kingston, Money was scarce, and some heavy failures had occurred. The crops promised to be fine, especially that of sugar. Labor was scarce and very dear.

We make the following extracts from the Bermuda paper.

EMIGRATION.—The want of labor in this country has become so palpable, from the inert habits, the unbearable indolence of the working classes—that it has become not only desirable, but absolutely necessary, to endeavour to remedy the existing evil, and meet the exigencies of the country, by obtaining from abroad, persons suitable for the agricultural and other departments of labor. To this end, the House of Assembly have been in committee during the week on that portion of His Excellency the Governor's speech relating to the introducing of white laborers; and we understand it is in cotemplation by one of the Honorable members for Paget, [Mr. H. J. Tucker,] to bring forward a bill for the encouragement of immigration to these islands from the mother country.

THE WRECKED CONVICT SHIP SIR GEORGE ARTHUR.—Owing to our paper being published so soon after the wreck of the Sir George Arthur, we were unable to give either a lengthened or correct statement. The whole voyage of this ship, we now hear, was a series of disasters and accidents, owing to the very improper state in which she was allowed to go to sea. We hear, upon good authority, that there was scarcely a spare rope in the ship much less, the means of repairing the accidents which were continually happening. Added to all this, the crew mutinied on the 18th of May, and refused to work the ship, since which time convicts have done the entire duty, some of them even steering, and the remainder behaving so well and working so hard (in spite of all the accusations of the crew that disaffection existed among them) that a main topmast was shifted at sea, without the assistance of any of the sailors, excepting the chief mate.

Matters remained much in this state until the Thursday previous to the wreck, when land was reported to be in sight, The weather was thick, and the ship stood on, going at least five knots for four hours, and then hove to, owing to the two topsails having been blown away. The chief mate was evidently in doubt as to the position of the ship—repeatedly asking the captain to 'put her about,' which was refused, and at about a quarter before twelve she struck. The Rev. Dr. Malet, and Dr. Williams, the surgeon-superintendent of the ship, went on deck, and found the captain drunk in his cabin, the chief mate in his bed and no look-out on deck. On their being roused, the chief mate did his best in every way; and Dr. Williams insisted on his taking charge of the ship, forbiding the captain to interfere, which he repeatedly attempted, and, in fact, when the ship was anchored, he veered out too much cable, and she again tailed on the reef, and lost her rudder. Dr. Malet & one of the convicts fired guns and burnt blue lights, until assistance was obtained.

We feel confident from what we hear, that but for Dr. Malet's exertion's many lives must have been lost. The captain of this unfortunate ship was so enraged with his mutinous crew that he persisted in his intention to let them sink in the vessel—they being still in confinement; but the surgeon, seeing his determination, broke their berth open and liberated them. Boats were soon attracted, and as the ship was fast making water, Dr. Williams disembarked the convicts, sending as many as was safe in each boat; and did not leave the ship until all of them were safe in the boats—one convict remaining with him until half past 9 A. M. on Friday, when the ship was fast sinking; Dr. W. in vain endeavoured to bring the captain and chief mate with him, but they obstinately refused. Nothing has yet been heard of them, and we much fear they have met a watery grave

The passengers and all the convicts were safely landed.

The Sir George Arthur was taken up by the Government on the same plan as the ships sent to New South Wales, with the exception that she had no military guard.

From the Albany Daily Advertiser of Monday.

Arrival of the Britannia.

The steamship Britannia arrived at Boston at 11 A. M. on Saturday. She left Liverpool on the afternoon of the 4th inst. and brings London and Liverpool papers of that day. She brought out 50 passengers.

The most prominent items of news are two attempts upon the life of the Queen of England, and the fall of Ghuznee, one of the strongest British fortresses in India.

The British War Steamer Rhadamanthus arrived at Halifax on the 15th instant, with despatches for Lord Ashburton, and orders for the Warspite to proceed to the Mediterranean. The special messenger to Lord Ashburton came from Halifax in the Britannia, and it is rumored that his despatches are of the highest importance.

The Income Tax Bill and the Tariff have nearly passed the House of Commons, and will speedily be taken through the House of Lords, and receive the Royal assent. The alterations that have been made in the customs' duties, as originally proposed, during their progress through the lower house, are very trivial.

The British appear to be making immense preparations for the prosecution of the war in China and India. No less than 50,000 stand of arms had been forwarded to Bombay, by way of Alexandria and Suez.

ATTEMPTS UPON THE LIFE OF THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

Another madman, or a monster without the excuse of madness, has attempted the assassination of the Queen of England. At six o'clock on Monday evening, as her Majesty, accompanied by Prince Albert, was returning to the Palace in an open barouche, with outriders, an assassin presented a pistol and discharged it at the Queen, from very nearly the same spot on Constitution Hill from which Oxford fired. The wretch was instantly seized by a soldier of the Scotch Fusileer Guard.—He is an Englishman, named John Francis, son to a scene-shifter at one of the theatres. He is about 20 years of age.

The assassin was examined before the Privy Council, and committed to Newgate.

It appears that an attempt had been made on the Queen's life on the day previous, probably by the same person.

From the N. Y. Com. Adv.

The commercial news per the Britannia is favorable. The prospects for the coming harvest were good; trade in the manufacturing districts, had improved; the extreme depression in the prices of the lower qualities of cotton was recovered, and large sales were made during the two weeks intervening between the departures of the Great Western and Britannia, at improved rates.

The London papers, of course, publish columns of gossip, and rumor, and conjecture, about this affair, from which we select such items as are worth copying.

Immediately after the capture of the would-be-assasin, he was removed to the station house, and thence, by the private entrance through the Park, to the Home office, where, at half past seven o'clock, he was examined before the Privy Council, assisted by Mr. Hall, the chief magistrate of Bow street. Among the privy councillors present were his Royal Highness Prince Albert, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Robert Peel, the Earl of Ripon, Sir James Graham, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lord John Russell, and many other members of the late government, together with many of the noblemen who had been attending in their place in Parliament. The prisoner had been searched by the police soon after he was given into custody. There were found upon his person a pocket book, without name or address, or any clue to the party's occupation, a bunch of keys, and a small pocket knife. There was no charge of any kind, nor any ball or cartridge; nothing, in fact, from which any idea of reloading would be inferred. The pistol had been discharged; it was a small pocket pistol, about seven inches in length appeared, to have been recently loaded, but whether with ball or large shot we could not learn.

The dress of the delinquent seemed to betoken that he was of the class of superintendant workmen. When placed before the Privy Council, he kept a strict silence, declining to give his name or designation. The persons who were near the spot were severally examined, and identified the prisoner as the party who fired the pistol. He had in the hurry of the moment fired too soon to allow his pistol to have any effect, even if it had been much larger and a rifle. It must have gone above the head of the small open carriage in which her Majesty usually rides in the parks. He was concealing the pistol in the breast of his waistcoat, when he was seized. He could only have had the one pistol, for one only was found, and the prisoner was never out of sight of those by whom he was taken. After the witnesses were examined, the prisoner declining to say a word, he was remanded.

In the House of Commons Mr. Baring was speaking on the third reading of the property tax bill, when the news was communicated to Sir Robert Peel that an attempt had been made to shoot her Majesty on Constitution-hill.

Sir Robert Peel immediately rose and said that he had received a communication of a most important nature—one which he thought the House would agree with him in thinking that the business of the evening must be postponed. [Hear, hear.] It would be impossible to proceed with business. Another attempt had been made on the life of Her Majesty, and it was his duty, and the duty of the members of the Privy Council, to attend immediately at the Home Office.—[Hear.]

The scene at this moment was most animated.—The members on both sides rose and called out with the greatest earnestness and loyalty—"Is the Queen safe?" "Is the Queen safe?" "Is her Majesty hurt?" This scene did credit to the feelings and hearts of Englishmen.

Sir R. Peel—The Queen is safe. Her Majesty is not hurt, and I am happy to inform the the House that the assassin is in safe custody

This announcement caused the greatest satisfaction and delight, and the House immediately afterward adjourned.

There seems very little doubt that a similar attempt had been made on the previous Sunday, and probably by the same person. On that occasion, however, he only presented the pistol and did not pull the trigger.

As in the case of Oxford, no ball could be found, and it is probable that there was none in the pistol.

The following account is given of Francis, and of his conduct prior to the attempt:—

The prisoner's real name is John Francis, and he is about five and twenty. On the 14th January last, he engaged the second-floor back room at the house of Mr. Foster, 105 Great Titchfield street, Marylebone, and occupied that room with another young man, named William Elam, and they jointly paid the rent. The prisoner was considered a good-tempered, inoffensive young man, and came home regularly to his meals, and was never out late at night. One person, of a rather superior class of society, from his dress and general appearance, has latterly been in the habit of visiting him, and remained for some time alone with him in his room; but no parcels were ever sent to him, as appears from very particular inquiry made upon this subject by the police.

The prisoner's conduct during the last few days appears to have been extraordinary. He had been all along getting his livelihood by working as a journeyman carpenter, but on Monday week he engaged a shop and parlor at No. 63 Mortimer-street, which adjoins Great Titchfield street, at the weekly rent of twenty-four shillings, and expressed his intention to open it in the trade of a tobacconist. He then employed a painter to put his name over the door, as it now appears—"Francis, Tobacconist;" and expressed his intention to open the shop on Thursday morning. In the meantime he caused cards to be printed, and a great quantity of snuff, tobacco cigars, and such articles were sent in, and on Thursday morning the shop was opened, and the prisoner attended in it all day. On that night having closed the shop, he went home to bed as usual, and the next morning he again proceeded to the snuff-shop, and remained there until his fellow lodger had gone to work; he was then seen to go up into his room and remain there a short time, when he again left the house.

Upon the young man, Elam, returning, he found that his box had been broken open, and that four pounds ten in gold had been stolen. He immediately gave information to Mr. Foster, his landlord, who at once proceeded to the snuff shop in Mortimer street, where he found the prisoner sitting in a most unconcerned manner behind the counter. He [Mr. Foster] immediately said to him, "what have you been about? I suppose you know what I have come here for." The prisoner immediately replied, "Oh, I suppose you want the money," and directly pulled out the gold and gave it to Mr. Foster, who then told him not to enter his house any more. The prisoner expressed some anxiety about his boxes, and said he supposed Mr. Foster would not object to letting him have them. Mr. Foster, suspecting from the discovery that had been made that the prisoner might have committed some other depredations that would be discovered by searching his boxes, determined upon retaining possession of them, and told him that he would take care of them for him, but that he should not have possession of them for the present

It appears that on this same day the persons of whom the prisoner had purchased the articles to stock his shop, and to whom he promised immediate payment, came to him and insisted upon receiving the amount of their goods. He told them he was unable to pay them, and they insisted on having back their property, and the whole of the goods were accordingly removed and the shop closed. This occurred in the latter part of the day, and about dusk on Tuesday evening the prisoner shut up the shop, and was seen to walk away. He then, it appears, not having the opportunity, for the reason above stated, of going to his own lodging, proceeded to a coffee shop at the end of Oxford-street, where he hired a room, and there remained until the Monday, when the desperate act was committed.

Public Record Office Reference: C.O. 47/59

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