

wall on the left-side of the road, instead of the open railing of the Green Park on the right. The carriage had proceeded a short distance up the road, when a young man, who had been standing with his back to the Green Park fence, advanced to within a few yards of the carriage, and then deliberately fired pointing towards the Queen. The ball did not take effect; and her Majesty rose from her seat, but was instantly pulled down by Prince Albert. One account says that she uttered a loud scream: this is contradicted; it seems true that she turned deadly pale, and appeared excessively alarmed, but made no exclamation. The postillions paused for an instant; but Prince Albert, in a loud voice, ordered them to drive on,—not, however, before the assassin, saying, "I have got another," discharged a second pistol, pointed towards the carriage; which also, happily, proved harmless. The Queen and Prince went as far as Hyde Park Corner, and then turned to the Dutchess of Kent's mansion in Belgrave Square; so that the Queen's mother heard of the attempted assassination and the safety of her daughter at the same moment.

Meanwhile, the assassin remained near the spot from which he discharged the pistols, leaning composedly against the Park fence with the weapons in his hand. Several persons laid hold of him; and he was conveyed by two Policemen to the Gardner Lane Station-house. After staying a short time with the Dutchess of Kent in Belgrave Square, the Queen and her husband proceeded to Hyde Park; where an immense concourse of persons of all ranks and both sexes had congregated. The reception of the Royal pair was so enthusiastic as almost to overpower the self-possession of the Queen; while Prince Albert's countenance, alternately pale and crimson, betrayed the strength of his emotions. They soon returned to Buckingham Palace, attended by a vast number of the nobility and gentry, in carriages and on horseback. A multitude of persons, collected at the entrance to the Palace, vehemently cheered the Queen; who, though pale and agitated, kept repeatedly bowing and smiling in return. It is said that on reaching her apartments the Queen found relief in a flood of tears, but she recovered herself so as to appear as usual at the dinner table. Persons of distinction flocked to the Palace to make inquiries; and to all the gratifying assurance was given that no bad consequences to the Queen's health were likely to ensue from the shock.

Leaving the Queen and Prince Albert safe in the Palace, we proceed to mention some of the circumstances attending the capture of the assassin; who was seized within a minute from the time when he fired the first pistol. A good deal of confusion pervades the statements of his capture. According to one account, a female held him by the skirts of his coat through the railing. This is contradicted; and it is said that Mr. George Keich, a German courier, was the first person who laid hold of him, by the collar and trousers, until two Policemen came up. The persons who soon assembled on the spot, exclaimed "It's a foreigner!" and Mr. Keich was glad to make his escape. Another statement is, that a bricklayer was the first to seize him. A third attributes his capture to Mr. W. Clayton, an artist in Princes Street, Leicester Square, and Mr. Low, Spectacle-maker, of Copthall Court; who were immediately joined by Mr. Beckham, one of the Queen's Pages, and two Policemen. Sarah Brown, a young female living in Piccadilly, saw him stoop down and load the pistols, a short time before the Queen's carriage came up. A Mr. Wright of Hemel Hempstead, saw the prisoner discharge the first pistol from the opposite side of the road, and sprang forward to seize him; but was daunted when he raised the second pistol, and fell back. This Mr. Wright was taken into custody, but was soon released on Mr. Beckham's statement of what he had actually done. Another stranger in London, Mr. Pecks, a Dorsetshire man, who had gone to the Park to get a sight of the Queen saw the prisoner take his right hand from the left side of his coat, draw out a pistol, and fire it point-blank at the carriage; and Mr. Pecks thought this "an act of rejoicing" till the second pistol was fired; and when he became "stunned and stupefied," and ran off to Covent Garden to tell a Police-constable what he had witnessed. These circumstances as to the assassin's capture are of secondary importance. There were several witnesses to the act of firing the pistols; which the young man himself did not pretend to deny. He gave his real name to the Policeman—Edward Oxford; it was ascertained that he had lodged at No. 6, West Street, West Square, Lambeth; and that his last employment was that of barman at a public house, the Hog-in-the-Pond, Oxford street, corner of south Molton Street. He is only seventeen or eighteen years old; about five feet four inches in height, slightly made, of a light complexion, and not unpossessing countenance. The landlord of the public house spoke well of him; but said he had discharged him a month ago, on account of a bad habit of laughing in customers' faces. It was also ascertained that he was a native of Birmingham,—which town, however he left eight or nine years ago; that his father was dead, but that his mother is alive, with a sister sometimes described as "an interesting girl of sixteen"—sometimes as "married to a Mr. Phelps, a baker, with whom he lived for some time." His father was a Mulatto, and a working jeweller of Birmingham—a man of violent temper: which the son inherits; for on quarrelling with another young man, a barman like himself, at a public-house in Marylebone, he attempted to stab him with a knife. He had been for some time in the habit of carrying pistols, and had practised firing in a shooting gallery. He told his mother that a gentleman named Spring offered to employ him at 1s. 5d. a day when he had learned to fire. He bought a pair of pistols at the shooting gallery.

During Wednesday night, Oxford was confined in a cell at the Gardner Lane Station-house whether he was taken by the Police. He made a joke of the exertions with which, he said the people flocked around him and seized different parts of his clothing, his collar, coat, or trousers. He would answer no questions respecting his motives or accomplices; but had some coffee, and went to bed. Two Policemen, who remained in the cell with him, say that he slept calmly and soundly from eleven at night to between 7 and eight on Thursday morning, when he took a hearty breakfast. His sister applied for permission to speak with him at the Station-house; but it was refused, Mr. McCann, surgeon of Parliament Street, examined him, to ascertain his sanity; of which, he said, there appeared to be no doubt. On searching the prisoner's room in West Street, some discoveries were made, which it is surmised may perhaps throw light on the criminal's motives, and lead to the knowledge of his instigators and accomplices, if he had any. The Policeman found in a drawer a sword, and a quantity of powder and bullets—the bullets fitting the pistols taken from Oxford; "a black crape cap, with three satin bows, of a blood-red colour," attached to it; a piece of paper with thirty signatures—fictitious names, such as "Oxonian" or "Ozonean," "Hannibal" and "Ernest." Some letters also were found in which news from Hanover was referred to; and the members of the Society of "Young England" were advised to provide themselves with arms. These letters bore the signature of "J. Smith." When the articles found in his room were shown to the prisoner, he admitted them to be his. He had only half-a-crown and some pence in his pocket; and as he had been out of employment for some time, it is conjectured that

the money to buy the pistols must have been furnished by some person implicated in the projected assassination. It is alleged that a man was seen to pass the prisoner and nod to him, just before the Queen's carriage came up. Another story is, that a "middle aged person, most respectably dressed," was heard to give him the word to fire. A Policeman has been sent to Birmingham, it was said, to ascertain if any connexion can be traced between Oxford and the Birmingham Chartists.

On Thursday morning, Oxford was conveyed from the Gardner Lane Station-house to the Home Office, for examination. In order to avoid the crowd of people collected about the Station-house to get a glimpse of him, the following plan was adopted: it was arranged that the prisoner should pass out as quickly as possible, turn to the left, and proceed the back way through Downing Street passage to the Home Office; and this was so well managed, that scarcely those who were admitted inside the Station-house saw him pass along. He did not wear handcuffs; and as soon as he got into Gardner's Lane, he took to his heels as fast as he could, and was followed, as was preconcerted, by Inspectors Pierce and Huges.

The result of the examination was the prisoner's commitment to Newgate, to be tried for high treason. He met his sister in a passage of the home office, and she embraced him affectionately. It is said that during his examination he could not refrain from his habit of laughing. He was privately removed from the Home Office, through a back-door leading into the Park and conveyed to Newgate, whilst the crowd outside who were waiting to see him, do't he was still under examination. An uncle of the prisoner, a publican living in the neighborhood of Gracechurch Street, call at the Home Office, and said he wished to engage professional assistance for his nephew. Mr. Hobler was applied to; but he declined, having the prosecution of Gould and Courvoisier on his hands.

One of "the bullets"—at least a bullet—is reported to have been found by a boy on Thursday afternoon; buried in the earth just under a place in the wall which appeared to have been clipped by recent bullet-marks. It was flattened on one side, and marked with red streaks, as though it had been fired against a brick.—The Standard last night denied that any bullet had been found. The Police certainly found none, though hours were spent in carefully sifting the earth near the wall.

#### LONDON, June 20.

The transitory triumph of Lord Stanley and the enemies of Ireland is at an end.—The first clause of his bill was, on Friday night, rejected by a majority of seven! and for all practical purposes the attempt may be said to be at an end.

This clause enacted that the provisions of the bill should extend to persons at present upon the registry. By rejecting it the House has pronounced that the now registered voters shall retain their privilege of voting until the new registration has expired; and as this registration has just been perfected, and as it continues in force in Ireland for eight years, for that period the representation of Ireland is safe.

It was said of Pope Boniface VIII. that he entered upon the papacy like a fox, behaved in it like a lion, and died like a dog. Lord Stanley's entry upon his crusade against the liberties of Ireland was certainly like a fox, if subtlety, cunning, and plausible malignity can liken a man to that animal; his bearing during the attempt was certainly like a lion, if pride and daring, and haughty triumph are to be taken as the characteristics of the lion. His defeat has been as signal as his triumph was high and overbearing; whether he will now sneak off like a dog, and brood in silence over his baffled malice, is more than we can predicate. We much mistake Stanley however, if he do not prove to have more spirit than Boniface showed, and if he do not yet make some desperate efforts before he allows the battle to be lost.

With an ordinary share of attention and perseverance in the Liberal members, the most violent foundering that even Lord Stanley can make must be harmless; but when we remember what has already occurred, when we remember the strange neglect of duty which has been lately exhibited by members upon the ministerial side of the House—conduct which we have more at length remarked upon in another article—we confess that we are not inclined to indulge in any confident security as to what the event of the Stanley crusade may even yet be.

It appears strange to us that we should have to record a majority of seven against a single clause of a wholesale disfranchisement bill as triumph, still stranger that we should find a section of the Liberal party voting, in a childishly inconsistent manner, now for and now against such a bill as this. Yet so it is. As matters stand at present, this is a triumph—and we are thankful for it.

The cases of Courvoisier, Oxford, and Gould, show that we are living in a country without a police. Whatever may be the event of these trials—and the first of them has not terminated at the moment that we write—our judgment will not be altered, either by verdicts of acquittal or conviction. It is plain already, from the whole getting up of the cases, from the ignorance displayed, from the blunders committed, from the babbling talkativeness practised, and from the general loose and unbusiness-like manner in which all of the investigations were conducted, that there is no certainty of detection in England for any crime except that pulling a street-door bell or shaking a shutter.

The evidence of a policeman named John Baldwin, who was called to prove one of the most important points in the Courvoisier case, seems to give us a fair sample of the general intelligence of the men to whom our lives and property are entrusted. We confess that if we cannot have efficient policemen, we would rather trust to a stout cudgel and a watchful eye than to a score of such guardians as these.

We are glad that Oxford's trial comes on so soon as Monday, for when it is over we shall probably enjoy a truce from the disgusting endeavours of the daily press—and particularly of the Times—to puff the miscreant into importance. Had we a real police—had the old corps of police officers been in existence, we should know to a certainty by this time whether he has confederated or not, and if he has, who and what they were. As it is, we shall know nothing about it, unless, indeed, the prospect of the gallows should induce a confession. The Tory papers are evidently uneasy lest the attempt should be traced to some desperate section in some way assuming the colours of their party.—The efforts which the Times makes to influence the Public mind to the belief that the man is mad, are quite ludicrous. The paper found, not in his handwriting, the absence of all visible means of livelihood, and yet the absence of want; money in his pocket, good

clothes, constant attendance at pistol galleries—a most expensive amusement, half-sovereigns lost upon the event of a single shot, thirty shillings paid for pistols, and all these expenses liquidated, cause suspicion in the mind of a journalist. The writers of the Times can hardly help showing their dread that all is not quite safe, and that there may be in existence some "Orange vagabonds" of more desperate counsels than the rest of the party wot of.

If it should be so, the Tories have great reason to bless the new police.

We congratulate the country on the manner in which Lord John Russell's Canada Bill has been received by the Opposition, and the unanimity with which, it has passed the House of Commons. The union of the two provinces, the establishment of a firm and free representative constitution, and the security of the judicial and governing establishments from being paralysed by the mere whim of a factious majority, are all objects worthy of the industry and talent of an enlightened and patriotic statesman; while the acquiescence of the Canadians themselves in this great measure, does honour to the ability and tact of the Governor chosen to conduct this delicate and most important arrangement.

Lord John Russell has earned a reputation by this measure, which will endure long after the memory of half those party battles which drew much more crowded houses in the Commons. The judicious conduct of Mr. Poulett Thomson, has gained him the confidence and applause of those who were least inclined to approve of his appointment, and has compelled those to silence who cried out most loudly against it. All now agree that the bill is a most valuable bill, and that the Governor is a most excellent Governor. Of course we except the Bishop of Exeter, for he is an exception to every rule of party forbearance, and to every general instance of moderation and candour in public conduct.

The threatened motion of Sir Robert Ingles for the triumph of true religion, under the title of Church extension, has met with an untimely fate. Sir Robert has been exceedingly ill-treated.

The champion of the church had set his heart upon this motion. He has scarcely spoken of anything else all the session. He has put it down and postponed it, got up Parliamentary conversations upon it, and presented petitions about it; he has resorted to every method by which he could possibly give his glorious project notoriety and interest.

On Tuesday last the great day came, and Sir Robert, earliest among the early, was in the House even before the Speaker. He had a bag full of papers, proving beyond contradiction, that if every man, woman and child, in England and Wales, were to try to go to church at any given moment, the present churches would not be numerous enough or large enough to hold them. He had a speech also, insisting upon this as a most awful state of things, and deducing all the recent calamities of the country from the too notorious fact that the quantity of hay bricks and mortar is much greater than that of ecclesiastical bricks and mortar; and that while there are houses enough in England and Wales to hold the whole population, the churches are not nearly of equal capacity.

Sir Robert intended also to prove from the canons of the Church of England, as expounded by the Bishop of Exeter, that although the state may safely leave it to the taste or the ability of an individual whether he will or can hire a lodging for the six working days, yet it is an imperative duty of the state to see that he has a pew in a church for the Sunday—and that he pays for it. The peroration of the worthy baronet's harangue would probably have been devoted to the flourishing state of the country, the abundance of food and luxuries enjoyed by the working classes, the exuberant state of the revenue, and the great policy and prudence of investing eight or ten surplus millions in churches, to which people might go—when the present empty churches have been overflowed, and in investing fifteen or sixteen millions more in providing stipends for new parsons, whom people would be more likely to go to hear because they do not seem inclined to go to hear the present ones.

These preparations made, Sir Robert took his seat, surrounded by his slender body guard of sincere and unshrinking admirers and followers; what high panting must have swelled the breast of the enthusiastic man! Within a few minutes how strong would be the muster of mighty combatants within those walls! His kindling imagination could see on the one side

The banding powers of Satan hasting on With furious expedition.

While on the other — the inviolable saints In cubic palanx form advanced, entire, Invulnerable, impenetrably armed, and he, Sir Robert, was to be the Michael of this glorious host. Oh, this should be a great day for the Church!

But soft, the prayers are over, the Speaker has taken the chair—and his first pinch of snuff. Still the benches are empty! The hosts are not mustering. Where are the saints? Alas! they are but a slender body. Where is the "atheist crew?" They are scarcely as numerous as the saints. The Speaker now takes in his hand his small cocked hat, and—awful moment!—he points to Sir Robert, and counts him number one. Sir Robert, if that fatal hat goes round and cannot number forty, then is the battle lost before it is begun—then is the good cause betrayed—then is the House dishonoured—then are there not forty men found faithful among all the worshippers of the bishops and the Church. Horrible suspicion! See how Sir Robert's gaze is glued upon the door—in vain, Sir Robert, in vain—thirty have been counted and four only remain. The hat moves on with ruthless regularity—four seconds more and all is over. Happy event! the door opens, and a member enters. He is one of the infidel crew, to be sure—one of those who come to laugh to scorn the supremacy of the Archbishop of Canterbury; and who is prepared atheistically to deny the sovereign power of the Church over the pockets of the laity. But Sir Robert would now gladly hail the presence of six more—even worse than he.—A moment's respite has been obtained—the counting must begin again. Again the hat points to Sir Robert as number one, and again Sir Robert's eyes are fixed upon the door. We only want six, only six! Where is Sir Robert Peel? Where is Sir James Graham? Where is Colonel Sibthorp? Where is Mr. Bradshaw?—Where can these pillars of the Church be?

In vain, quite in vain! Steadily does the little cocked hat point its way round the House. Thirty-one—thirty-two—thirty-three—the Speaker counts with great deliberation—thirty-four—and a huge sigh, which almost bursts the breast of Sir Robert, tells that all is over. The Speaker rises, the House has been "counted out." "Six more members would have saved us," and as Sir Robert rushes indignantly into the lobby, who should he see but his dear friend, Mr. Bradshaw, barring the way against six good Conservatives, and entreating them not to go in, for that it was arranged among the party that there should be "no House!"

Poor Sir Robert Ingles! Mourn ye bricklayers, for the visions of millions have faded. Take your hands out of your pockets, ye grudging laymen, for the present your purses are secure.

### THE SENTINEL.

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1840.

It is evident that the regular and frequent arrival of English Periodicals, will place such an abundance of interesting information, both literary and political within our reach, that a weekly sheet will not enable us adequately to convey it before the public; and we therefore contemplate issuing *The Sentinel* twice a week, should sufficient advertising and other patronage be afforded, at St. John or Fredericton; if supported generally throughout the Province.

When we shall have ascertained the sentiments of our subscribers, and have matured a plan, we will again bring the subject before the public. The cost of such a paper if properly supported, will not exceed Twenty Five Shillings per annum; and as the contents of the English papers—the most interesting Journals in the world—will, in this way be brought under their notice, and it cannot be done connectedly in any other way, we should hope that a commensurate patronage will be bestowed.

Owing to the mail not having been made up in London on the 1st of the month, the Britannia did not leave Liverpool till the 4th inst. She made the passage however in twelve and a half days, notwithstanding the adverse winds and seas that she encountered; and it is the opinion of the passengers that the run may be accomplished under ordinary circumstances in ten.—The enterprising proprietor, the hon. Mr. CURNARD, came out in the Britannia, accompanied by Miss Cunard. The Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia and Mr. Featherstonhaugh were also passengers; the number of which was about sixty.

By this conveyance we received our files of London papers, as late as the 3d inst. from which we have made copious selections. The most important of these refer to an attempt to assassinate the Queen, who was fired at while proceeding to Hyde Park.—The particulars of which will be found in our columns of this day. Indeed there is but little else of interest in the papers. The Canada Union Bill and Clergy Reserve Bill had not passed; altho' there can be little doubt of their ultimate success. Lord Stanley's Irish Registration Bill was still struggling thro' the House. He had been defeated on the first clause by a majority of seven; and the amendment that had been adopted, would render the proposed measure inoperative during the present term of Parliament. Had the Bill originated with any statesman less hostile to Irish interests, it might be less objectionable; but as the object of the hon. gentleman is evidently to prevent the expression of popular feeling in Ireland at the Elections; it has consequently created much alarm and excitement in the sister kingdom.

Last week we called the attention of the public, to a collision that had taken place between the Fredericton and Meteor Steamers, two boats which run during the night; and on Thursday evening, just after the moon rose, and when objects could be seen distinctly at some distance, the Fredericton and John Ward came in contact, and caused much alarm to the passengers; many of whom had retired to rest. We have always understood that for every wrong there is a remedy; and certainly these frequent accidents, if they really are such, by which human life and property are placed in imminent peril, call for some action on the part of the authorities of the country, whereby such occurrences may be prevented in future, or the party punished who may happen to be to blame.

Notwithstanding the length of time that has elapsed since the contract was taken for conveying the mails by steam between England and these Provinces, the Post-office Department have made no proper arrangements, for forwarding them promptly to this Province after their arrival at Halifax; and that brought out by the steamer did not reach here till Tuesday forenoon, upwards of four days after its arrival at Halifax, and subsequent to its being at Quebec, where it must have been conveyed by the Unicorn in three and a half; whereas by a proper arrangement, the mail could reach St. John in 24 hours and Fredericton in eight. We trust the attention of the Governor General will be drawn to the subject, before he leaves Halifax; as the manner in which the mails are transmitted throughout this Province,—their uncertainty, irregularity and insecurity, forms the greatest and probably only abuse of any magnitude of which its inhabitants have to complain.

His Excellency the Governor General, accompanied by His Excellency the Lieut. Governor of this Province, and attended by their respective suites, arrived at St. John on Wednesday morning last in the steamer Nova Scotia from Windsor; where every preparation had been made for the reception of the distinguished visitors.

His Excellency landed about half past ten o'clock in the forenoon, and was received by Lt. Col. Maxwell the commandant, and the civic authorities; the troops in garrison and the several volunteer companies appearing under arms, and the artillery firing a salute. The Governor General proceeded to the Court House, where he held a Levee; and where numerous presentations took place. Addresses were received from the Body Corporate, Chamber of Commerce and Mechanics Institute; to which His Excellency delivered suitable replies; and who subsequently addressed the immense multitude which had assembled, with much effect. Sir JOHN HARVEY was loudly cheered by the populace, to whom His Excellency delivered a neat and appropriate speech. Their Excellencies subsequently proceeded to the City Hotel, where the whole of the procession including the military passed in front.

It being understood that the Governor General would visit Fredericton, a public meeting was held on Wednesday, and it was determined to make such arrangements for his reception as the limited police would permit, and the capabilities of the community command. Accordingly the shops were closed at one o'clock on Thursday; and about 3 o'clock the 36th Regt. marched out of barracks, and lined the streets from Regent street to Government House, a guard of ho-

nour composed of the Grenadier Company of the 36th and the York Light Dragoons having been drawn up in that leading from the landing.

About 4 o'clock the New-Brunswick made her appearance; and in a few minutes the Governor in Chief and the Lieut. Governor entered one of Sir John's carriages, and proceeded to Government House.

A temporary stair case had been erected at the wharf, ornamented with evergreens, and surmounted by a crown; along the streets through which the cortege passed trees had been planted, flags bearing various devices were also displayed, and salutes were fired by parties of Artillery stationed at each termination of the line. The bells commenced ringing immediately after the steamer hove in sight, and there was every demonstration of respect and welcome exhibited in all directions.

Yesterday forenoon there was a Levee at Government House, which was fully attended; and in the evening there was a Ball in honour of His Excellency's arrival.

His Excellency having consented to receive immediately after the Levee, the Address of the Magistrates and other inhabitants of Fredericton, agreed to at a very respectable Meeting on Wednesday. The Hon. John S. Saunders, Lt. Col. Allen and Lt. Col. Minchin, who had been appointed at the Meeting to present the Address, accompanied by most of the inhabitants, waited on His Excellency at Government House; when the Hon. J. S. Saunders read the following Address:

To His Excellency the Right Hon. CHARLES POULETT THOMPSON, Member of Her Majesty's Privy Council, Governor General in and over the British Provinces of North America, &c. &c. &c.

The Address of the Magistrates and other inhabitants of Fredericton and its vicinity:

We, the Magistrates and other inhabitants of Fredericton, take this occasion of Your Excellency's visit to the Province, to express the high sense we entertain of the enlightened policy and distinguished ability, which have characterized Your Excellency's discharge of those high functions, entrusted to you by our Gracious Sovereign as Her Representative in the Government of Her North American dominions.

Possessing ourselves, beyond the common lot, the benefits springing from the well-regulated state of our internal affairs; and the firm and cordial support afforded by all classes of the community, to every measure calculated to maintain order and to ensure the peace and well being of society; we can assure Your Excellency, that our anxious prayer and fullest sympathy for your success will attend all your endeavours to restore internal peace and union, and to establish a sound polity on the basis of well-digested constitutional rights in our Sister colonies—the Canadas.

We regard the visit of Your Excellency to this Province as a subject of just congratulation, as we feel confident that the extensive resources of a Province so rapidly developing themselves, and so capable of being rendered of increased importance to the parent state, will not escape the observation of Your Excellency, nor fail to excite a deep interest in our welfare.

To which the Governor in Chief made the following reply:

Gentlemen,

I beg you to accept my warm acknowledgements for your Address.

I have received very sincere satisfaction, from my visit to this part of Her Majesty's dominions. The tranquillity which prevails, the harmony existing among all branches of your Government, afford the best guarantee for the advancement of this fine Province; and it will afford me the greatest pleasure, to co-operate with your Lieut. Governor in all measures which may lead to its increased prosperity.

The *Chronicle* people have been striving for some time past, to create a popular feeling in their favour; and in the number for last week, there is a string of grievances real or pretended, which they offer as an apology for subsequent calumny. As the printer and proprietor of that paper are under prosecution for libel, we have considered it due to the administration of justice not to endeavour to prejudice the public mind against them; and if their case is as good as they pretend, they would have done well to pursue a similar course; as it is not to be expected, that a Jury composed of conscientious men, will be swayed by any other evidence, than that which shall be testified in open court, under the solemn sanction of an oath. And our object in noticing the affair at present, is to assure the parties implicated, that we shall report the trial most fully, which we understand will take place in October; and which, if we mistake not, will lead to disclosures, that are "not dreamt of in their philosophy."

Mr. Featherstonhaugh arrived here on Thursday from Halifax.

We have inserted on our first page, the address from the inhabitants of Halifax. It is one of His Excellency's usual non-committals; altho' the enemies of responsible government, seem to flatter themselves with a triumph. It is not probable however, that Mr. THOMPSON will forego the character which he has acquired as a talented and straight-forward statesman, by recommending measures which will be adverse to those principles that are recognised in the despatch of Lord John Russell. And one thing is very certain, that their adoption would neither satisfy nor quiet the people of Nova Scotia. In fact, there must be in all the colonies, that system of accountability and responsibility, which brings with it so many terrors to those, who have hitherto been controlled by neither; and whose existence could not be tolerated under the upright rule, by which the Governor-General professes to be guided. It is because the government of these colonies, has been in the hands of certain leading and influential families, that in all of them there has been caused well-grounded and very general complaint.

This morning His Excellency the Governor in Chief, accompanied by the Lieut. Governor, and their respective suites, embarked on board the New Brunswick on his return to Halifax, whence it is understood he will proceed to Quebec in a ship of war.

Courvoisier had been tried and found guilty of the murder of Lord William Russell, and has subsequently confessed his guilt.

Subscribers in arrears in the neighbourhood of the Ormoco are requested to make payment to Messrs. Scoville & Partelow.

#### MARRIED.

At Maquait Lake on the 9th inst. Mr. Benjamin Atherton, to Miss Julia Ann Clarke, On Thursday the 9th inst. in St. Stephen's Church, in the Parish of Kingston, Mr. George Miller, to Eliza Ann, only daughter of Mr. James White, all of that place.