

principle and good sense, and has discharged them in a manner which could not have been surpassed by the political veteran himself. Nor is this all. The Monarch is a youthful female,—an affectionate and happy wife and mother,—furnishing to the whole country a delightful exhibition of domestic felicity.

And is it possible that an individual of sane mind could deliberately seek to deprive of life such a Sovereign,—such a lady,—such a wife and mother? But, as we have just remarked, till the result of the examinations of the wretched culprit are before us, we really know not what to say. In our declarations of loyal attachment to Her Majesty, all our readers will at once join us, as well as in expressions of heartfelt thankfulness to Divine Providence that the attempt was frustrated. But this is not enough. Something must be done to prevent the repetition of such actions, and something effectual.—*Watchman*.

It is with deep concern that we announce that a second attempt has been made on the life of Her Majesty. It appears that about six o'clock yesterday evening, as she was returning in an open barouche, with Prince Albert, from their evening drive, a young man of the name of John Francis, and whose appearance is contrafactually described, attempted to fire a pistol into the carriage. . . . The one great point, about which all Englishmen must feel the warmest anxiety, is happily clear—that the Queen herself is uninjured. . . . We cannot for an instant suppose that this miserable attempt is anything else than the wild and causeless act of another lunatic. It is impossible—or, at least, almost incredibly monstrous—that any one who is master of his own mind can have found motive for such a crime. For personal motives there is no room; and as to political ones, we are certainly far wrong in our estimate of human, much more of English character, if men are to be found among us so transported by the little animosities of politics as to harbour murderous designs against such a sovereign as our present Queen—a Sovereign interesting, independent of her own personal character, from her sex, her age, her circumstances—one, too, who has hitherto shown herself certainly not more unfavourable than prudence warrants, to those persons and classes among whom alone any such political feelings exist as could suggest such a crime. . . . It is, however, the duty of those who have Her Majesty's safety under their charge, to investigate the matter as closely as if there existed no such *prima facie* incredibility as we suppose. It is their duty to give, and our right to claim, if possible, more than assurance on a matter of such vital importance to the nation. Every thread should be pursued—every indication thoroughly and perseveringly worked out—which can afford or lead to any explanation of this most unnatural attempt. Nor need we, we are sure, distrust the diligence and perseverance of those on whom that office devolves.—*Times*.

London was startled last evening with a report that an attempt had been made on the life of Her Majesty the Queen; and immediately the report was confirmed by the statement of Sir R. Peel in the House of Commons. There followed an almost universal burst of commingled shame and indignation—of shame that there should be an Englishman so brutalized and degraded as to desire to terminate the existence of a Sovereign who bears her great faculties so meekly, who sympathises so deeply for the sufferings of the humblest of her subjects, and the happy and graceful tenour of whose domestic life, is equally instructive to the highest and the lowest—of indignation, that England should be a second time disgraced in the estimation of the world, by so wicked and atrocious a treason. If earnest devotion to the public welfare—if unaffected zeal for the constitution, which is still the admiration of mankind—if brimming kindness, tenderness and charity—if the love of a nation, and affection of a people could shield any Sovereign from harm, then indeed would Queen Victoria bear a charmed life. Happily, however, Providence has again guarded Her Majesty against a treasonable attack from which her own excellence and purity ought to have been sufficient protection.—*Herald*.

DESCRIPTION OF THE PRISONER.

The prisoner, John Francis, is the son of a respectable man of that name, living in Tottenham Court road. He is about 20 years of age, about 5 feet 6 inches in height, and at present rather shabby in appearance. He has a foreign cast of countenance, though by no means such as to warrant the belief at first entertained that he was a German. There is nothing to indicate ferocity in his countenance. It appears that he has been absent from his family for more than six months past. His father had not heard of him for nearly that time. The father, who is a very respectable, honest-looking man, went down to the Home Office, in a state of the deepest anxiety. He was, it appears, at Deptford when he was informed of the crime. When asked about the residence of his son, he said he did not know. The last he had heard of him was some months ago, when he lived in Great Portland street. He could in no way account for his son's extraordinary conduct. He had never heard him make any allusion to Her Majesty, or express any dislike to the Queen or the Government.

The father of Francis, who is a very clever and industrious man, a Machinist at Covent Garden Theatre, brought his son (the prisoner) up to the same business, but some months since he got into confirmed loose habits, and deserted his parent. Since then, as stated above, he has had no direct communication with him. The prisoner

had been fully committed to take his trial for the atrocious crime with which he stands charged—high treason.

The prisoner has been under the notice of the police for the last day or two, having been seen loitering about the Parks; and on Sunday last he was observed by one of the police sergeants on duty to pull out of his pocket something that appeared like a pistol. This circumstance was mentioned, but the inference drawn from it was, that he contemplated suicide; therefore orders were given to notice his actions.

The house of the prisoner's father was minutely searched on Monday, and again yesterday morning, but we understand that nothing whatever of a suspicious character was found. No papers or writings of any kind which could give rise to the least suspicion that the miscreant has any accomplices having been discovered, it is considered the rash act of an isolated individual.

Col. Arbuthnot and Col. Wylde were close to the royal carriage when the pistol was fired. We understand the prisoner was so close to them that the smoke came into their faces, and that they are of opinion, if the shot had taken effect, it would have been more likely to have injured one of them than either Her Majesty or her illustrious consort.

Since it has been ascertained that the pistol actually exploded, a search has been made in order to endeavour to discover the bullet, if possible, but as yet the result of the search has not been made known.

The Royal *cortège*, when the pistol was discharged, was fortunately proceeding at a rate rather more rapid than usual, and to that circumstance it is supposed Her Majesty in a great measure owes the preservation of her life, as Francis was seen by the police constable Tounce to take a deliberate aim. The act had been noticed by Prince Albert, who sat on the right hand of his Royal consort, and who immediately rose from his seat. He intimated to one of the outriders who the miscreant was, when the Royal servant got off his horse to assist in the apprehension; but finding him safe in the custody of Tounce, and the soldier of the Fusilier Guards, he again followed the Royal carriage.

A noble trait in Her Majesty's character was last night revealed to the House of Commons. Sir Robert Peel stated, and his statement was confirmed by Mr. Lascelles, (whose sister is we believe, the lady alluded to,) that Her Majesty, aware that she might be exposed to danger, (a person answering in every respect the description of Francis having been observed to point a pistol at the carriage in which Her Majesty was seated on her return from church, on Sunday,) and resolved not to deny herself the pleasure, and even the duty of taking relaxation, would not allow any lady to accompany her in her carriage, that no other person might be exposed to the assassin's attempt but herself. Prince Albert, alone, shared her danger; but the Lady in Waiting was left at the Palace. Her Majesty is as generous as she is brave.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Mr. Baring, having expressed his unwillingness to detain the house with any lengthened observations, particularly after the intelligence which had just been received, was proceeding however to make some remarks which he considered necessary on the subject of the bill, but was interrupted by the raising of

Sir R. PEEL, who, in a state of strong emotion, addressed the house to the following effect:—Sir, whatever inconvenience the public service may sustain, still I think it would be quite inconsistent with my duty that I should remain here, considering the position which I hold. (Cheers.) It would be most satisfactory that I should be present at the discussion of this measure, but still there are considerations upon which I trust to the sense of the house to justify my unavoidable absence. (Cries of "Adjourn.") Perhaps I ought to state to the house the occasion of it. At the same time my own information is so imperfect that any statement I can make must necessarily be incomplete. Since I entered the house, information has been received by me that an attempt has been made upon the Queen's life, which, thanks to a merciful Providence, has been unsuccessful. I have reason to believe that the assassin is in custody, and at as early a period as possible he will be subjected to an examination. Under these circumstances, I feel—

Mr. C. WOOD.—The Queen is safe; the Queen is safe.

Sir R. PEEL.—The Queen is entirely safe. (Cheers.) Under these circumstances I will leave it to the house to decide—(cries of "Adjourn.") I am under an engagement to my noble friend, the member for Dorset, that his motion shall come on at five o'clock to-morrow, and I should propose that this discussion should be taken immediately after that on my noble friend's motion. I do not think that, in the present excited state of the house, we could pay proper attention to the public business, and therefore I believe, that not only out of respect and good feeling for Her Majesty, but also on the ground that no business could be transacted under such excited feelings in a satisfactory manner, it is better that we adjourn. I move that this debate be adjourned till to-morrow.

Lord J. RUSSELL.—I beg to take the opportunity of cordially seconding the motion of the Right Hon. gentleman. I concur with him in thinking that at a period of such anxiety, caused by the intelligence we have received even though accompanied by the information that Her Majesty's life is happily safe, it would be quite impossible for us to attend properly to the details of the measures which might come before us. The Right Hon. gentleman has