

the difference. (Laughter, in which the Commissioner joined.)

Sir C. F. Williams admitted that there was a good deal of truth in that, but he saw that the bankrupt had been to Margate with a very large sum of money—what had become of that?

The Bankrupt—That's exactly what I want to know. (A laugh.) All I know is, that I went, and the money went. I came back again, and I should be very glad to see the money come back again also. (Laughter.)

Sir C. F. Williams—That seems to me a very fair and straightforward wish on the part of the bankrupt. He would like to see the money back again—probably to divide it amongst his creditors. I really don't see what more he could do, if he had the money now in his pockets. My only wish is to see justice done.

A Creditor—Yes, that's all very fine; but we are done as well as justice. (Cries of hear.)

Sir C. F. Williams—Silence! I sit here as judge, and if these interruptions are to take place, I will have the Court cleared. (To the Bankrupt.)—Here are some items I cannot understand.—What became of all the money you earned in the last year?

The Bankrupt—That's what puzzles me. Some of it went this way, and some that way, and some the other.

A Creditor—None of it seems to have come this way. (A laugh.)

Sir C. F. Williams—That laughter is very indecent, and I will certainly protect the feelings of the bankrupt, as well as my own dignity. (To the Bankrupt.)—I see an item for keeping a carriage. Pray can you favor us with an explanation of that?

The Bankrupt—In the first place a carriage is cheaper. It takes you where you like, when you like, and how you like. It puts you down, takes you up, drives you on, carries you on, whisks you round, and drives you home in no time.

Sir C. F. Williams—That's very true. But how is it cheaper than a cab or omnibus?

The Bankrupt—Why, clearly, it must be cheaper. If you get into a cab or an omnibus, you must dip into your ready money. You exhaust your capital, you cripple your means, and empty your pockets; so that the pockets of your creditors naturally suffer in the end. But if you have a private carriage, your account, as well as your carriage, will keep running on. (A laugh.)

Sir C. F. Williams (smiling)—That is true to a certain extent. But what do you propose to do now?

The Bankrupt—My income has hitherto been so much—say so much in round numbers. Suppose it to be as much again as half. I have no objection to pay over to my creditors that portion of it which I can do without—say the half, and I will keep as much again, that is to say, it shall be proportioned into two. I will take as much as half, and the remainder my creditors are welcome to.

Sir C. F. Williams—This seems very fair.—(To the Bankrupt.)—I don't think you can do more.

The Bankrupt—We have been doing all we could for some time, I can assure you. We only want to be set upon our legs again. It is really bad enough to owe the money, and not to have it; but to be lectured about it into the bargain is rather too hard.

Sir C. F. Williams—But why do you go away from your creditors?

The Bankrupt—What was the use of staying with them? We are blamed for going to our creditors at all, and now we are blamed for not going to them, when we really could do them no good—for we of course could not pay them. So we went to Margate, intending to settle with everybody.

Sir C. F. Williams—A very good intention.—But pray how was it carried out.

The Bankrupt—We had not time to think of that. I told one of my principal creditors, some months ago, that I would if I could, but I could not. If I could it is possible now that I should; and hereafter I will if I can—but that depends on circumstances. I mean, of course, my own circumstances.

Sir C. F. Williams hoped it would be so. He (Sir C. F. Williams) would be glad to see the bankrupt begin the world again.

A Creditor—Hadn't he better begin at the other end?—for if he begins in the old way there will be little good result from it. (A laugh.)

Sir C. F. Williams thought this a very unfair observation; and, after a few encouraging remarks to the bankrupt, the inquiry terminated.—Punch.

THE DESCENDANTS OF THE LATE KING OF SWEDEN.—The Journal de la Somme gives the following:—“Marie Anne Justine Bernadotte, grand-daughter of one of the brothers of the late King of Sweden (who has left behind 60,000,000*l.* of personal property), married Jean Joseph Freug. Four children were born from this marriage, and the whole family have resided at Abbeville for the last two years. These relatives of the King of Sweden exercise the calling of menders of crockery, going about to the villages around to earn their daily bread, and find it difficult to make a living.

THE ELEPHANT IN THE REGENT'S PARK.—The daily rations of Jack the male elephant, kept in the garden of the Zoological Society of London, and now about thirty years old, are a truss and a half of hay, 42*lb.* of Swedish turnips, a mash consisting of 3*lb.* of boiled rice, a bushel of chaff, and half a bushel of bran, 10*lb.* of sea-biscuit, a bundle of straw for his bed, weighing about 36*lb.*, which he usually eats by the morning, and 36 pails of water. Besides this he collects no small portion of savoury alms from the public. Formerly his allowance was larger, and he had oats and mangel wurtzel; but at that time Sunday was a day of fasting with him (as it is still to the *carnivori*), only broken by a slight morning meal. Some four or five years ago he determined to stand this hebdomadary privation no longer, and for two or three successive Sabbath nights he made such disturbance that the keepers had small repose. Finding that this hint was not taken, he went a little further next time, and so bestirred himself that, like other agitators who have known how far to go, he carried his point; for he made an attack upon his den with such good-will and effect, that they were fain to get up in the middle of the night to feed him. Since this demonstration of physical force he has enjoyed his full meals on Sunday.

Lying seems a matter quite understood and agreed upon amongst the inhabitants of Barbary. When an European ambassador once remonstrated with the Emperor of Morocco for violating a treaty which he had lately made, ‘Dost thou think I am a Christian,’ replied the Emperor, ‘that I should be a slave to my word?’—Lord's *Algiers and Barbary*.

GOOD WISHES.—An Irish hangman, upon asking a criminal about to be hanged for the customary bequest, and receiving it, exclaimed, ‘Long life to your honor,’ and at the same moment let the drop fall.

NOVA SCOTIA.

THE SALADIN.

HALIFAX, JUNE 4.—Mr. Lyle, Deputy Marshal of the Court of Vice Admiralty, Hon. M. Tobin, Agent for Lloyds, and Mr. H. Boggs, arrived yesterday afternoon in H. M. Schooner Fair Rosamond, from the wreck of the Saladin, with six men of the crew of that vessel in custody. A large portion of the more valuable property, including the specie, silver in bars, chronometers, charts, &c., was brought in the Fair Rosamond, and was deposited this morning in the vaults of the Bank of Nova Scotia, for safe keeping. The remainder of the silver, and a large quantity of copper, have yet to arrive in two vessels which were engaged at Country Harbour to convey the same. But little if any of the guano will be saved.

The six men were taken to the gaol immediately on their arrival, and confined in separate apartments, circumstances connected with the vessel being sufficient to cause suspicion, and to warrant their detention.

HALIFAX, JUNE 11.—FURTHER particulars connected with this vessel have transpired since our last, which, we are sorry to say, negative all idea of the innocence of the men in custody, and impress upon the transactions in which they have been engaged, a truly awful character.

On Saturday morning, two of the men, one named Galloway, the other Carr, who were confined in one cell, sent for the Sheriff, expressed a desire to develop all the circumstances which had occurred on board of the Saladin, of which they had any knowledge, and commenced the relation of a tale of horror which it would be difficult to parallel among the most dreadful records of piracy and murder committed upon the high seas. The Sheriff immediately communicated with the Attorney General, and, accompanied by him, and other officials, whose duty required them to be present, proceeded to the gaol, where the men underwent a close examination, which elicited particulars, all of which bear intrinsic evidence of truth, and leave no room to doubt the extent of crime of which these unhappy wretches have been guilty.

The substance of these revelations, so far as we can gather, is as follows:—

The Saladin sailed from Valparaiso about the 8th February, with a complement of twelve persons, including officers. Some of these were new men, four of the crew who had gone out to Valparaiso having left her there. A Captain Fielding, whose vessel had been seized for smuggling a cargo of guano, and his son, a lad about fifteen years of age, were taken on board as passengers. This man, it appears, instigated all the mischief. His plan, suggested by avarice, for he must have been aware of the valuable freight on board, was to kill the captain and officers, seize the ship, and proceed with her to the St. Lawrence, on the shores of which they were to land, divide the plunder, and then separate, to enjoy as they best might their unhalloved gains. Unhappily he too well prevailed—the plausibility of the scheme secured the acquiescence of these reckless characters, and without a reflection upon the improbability of being able to carry it out, and escape a just retribution, they took the first favourable opportunity to put it in execution.

The bloody drama opened on Sunday night the 14th April. The first mate, whose watch it was, had been unwell, and had lain down to sleep on the hen coop or companion. Up to this time it would appear as if the men who have confessed, had no knowledge of the conspiracy—at least we have been given to understand that such is their assertion.—Hearing a noise on deck they left their hammocks, went up, and there beheld the demon Fielding, assisted by two others, in the act of throwing the mate overboard, and this they soon succeeded in doing. Having fully committed themselves to the worst atrocity by this treacherous act, some of the villains went below for the purpose of despatching the Captain, whom they found asleep, but his dog, (so trifling was the incident that averted their purpose,) being at his side, probably with an inverted consciousness of their intention, which they perceived, they retired without effecting their purpose. The second mate then came on deck, was seized upon and thrown overboard. While in the water he called out ‘Murder!’ and Fielding, fearful perhaps that such an alarm might put the Capt. upon his guard, raised the cry, ‘a man overboard.’ This awoke Capt. McKenzie, who rushed on deck, when the Swede (Anderson), one of the prisoners, struck at him with a bludgeon as he was emerging from the companion, and stunned him. Immediately recovering, the unfortunate man rushed upon the assassin, calling to Fielding for assistance. He was seized upon, his skull clove with a hatchet, and the Swede terminated his existence by repeated strokes of the same weapon. After the captain was despatched, the murderers proceeded to make sure work of the rest of the crew who were not implicated in the conspiracy, who unconscious of evil were despatched in cold blood, without being able to make any resistance, as each made his appearance on the deck, and their bodies thrown overboard. Fielding then assumed the command, called the men aft, harangued them in a speech in which he assured them of being under a commander who could appreciate their services, and who would not bully them as ‘Sandy’ had done; and explained his designs with regard to their future destination, as we have before stated.

It pleased the Almighty to crush this daring villain, ere the exultation attendant upon his success had subsided, by the very instruments through whom his unhalloved designs had been executed. The second tragedy was as horrible in its incidents as the first, though in it may be perceptibly traced the avenging dispensation of that being who neither slumbers nor sleeps, by whom even the very hairs of our heads are numbered, and who will in nowise spare the guilty. The very circumstances which in his fiendish cunning he had calculated upon to ensure his safety, led to his destruction. Dark hints of there being yet too many on board, led each one to consider his own safety involved, and to suspect the designs of their tyrant. To prevent, it is supposed, any fatal results which might ensue from the quarrelsome dispositions of such a gang of desperadoes, and of which a specimen was afforded at a carouse after the occurrences we have detailed, all the fire arms, and all weapons whatever, at his suggestion, were thrown overboard, with the exception of the Captain's gun. Fielding, however, had concealed weapons for his own defence in case of need. These had been discovered in a berth—it is said a pair of loaded pistols and a knife were still in his possession. The men questioned his intentions, and not being satisfied with his replies, they seized upon and bound him, and a part of them kept watch over him one whole night in the cabin. After a serious consultation, the next morning, (the Tuesday succeeding the murder of the Captain,) they determined to throw him overboard, which was soon effected, and thus the villain perished by a similar death to that by which he had sent his innocent and unsuspecting victims to their last account.

The destruction of the father involved that of the son. From all that we can learn, the poor lad had taken no part in the horrible scenes, though a witness of them, and perhaps consenting, so far as he might be allowed. He entreated them piteously to spare his life, and the man to whom it was given in charge to throw them overboard, appeared inclined to relent, but was compelled by the threats of the others, and by a regard for his own safety, to unclasp him from his desperate embrace, and the shrieking wretch met the same miserable fate as his parent.

Nothing extraordinary appears to have occurred between this time and the wreck of the vessel on the coast of Nova Scotia, save the scenes of riot and dissipation that might have been expected. The figure head was disguised, and the name of the vessel covered with painted canvass—her guilty crew must also have carefully avoided speaking vessels on their voyage. One of their boats they sank, probably as a precautionary measure against any portion of the crew escaping in her; and the long-boat, which they were in the act of fitting up, and in which they intended to leave the ship after having scuttled her, was sunk one night in a storm—thus making their short-sighted precautions prove the means of their speedy apprehension.

The Prisoners will be tried by the High Court of Commissioners, a Court distinct from the Court of Vice Admiralty, and appointed to take cognizance of crimes of mutiny and piracy upon the high seas.—The names of the prison-

ers are—Carr, Galloway, Johnston, Hazelton, Jones, and Anderson—the last a Swede.

We cannot state positively when the trial will come on, but believe that there will be no unnecessary delay in furthering the ends of justice.

VERY LATE FROM HAYTI!

PROGRESS OF THE NEGRO INSURRECTION.

From the Yarmouth (N.S.) Herald.

The fine Barque Lady Falkland, Capt. Baker, arrived here last evening, 23 days from Aux Cayes, bound to London.

We are greatly obliged to Capt. B. for the following communication, narrating from personal observation the progress of the negro insurrection, and the state of affairs at the parts of the Island which he visited.

To the Editor of the Yarmouth Herald.

Sir—I arrived at Aux Cayes, St. Domingo, on the 11th of April, 1844, and on going ashore was much surprised to find the streets thronged with armed negroes, mostly with wooden pikes about ten feet long, and sharp pointed. On going to the Store of Messrs. Bella & Co., I was informed that the town was in possession of the negroes from the mountains, by whom it had been taken three days previous. The inhabitants were not expecting them, and of course were unprepared. However, there was a battle fought, and so far as I could learn about 250 killed and wounded. Nearly all the inhabitants of the town got on board the shipping in the harbour, which got under weigh and moved about three miles outside, and there lay three days as full of people as they could hold. Several boats were fired into whilst taking them off, and a number of lives lost. About eight or nine hundred left for Jamaica. This so exasperated the General then in command of the town, that he gave orders to his troops (as he called them), to shoot any one seen going on board the shipping, or leaving the town in any way; and when one of the Schooners returned from Jamaica, he had the Captain taken and shot in the presence of his wife and children. It appears that the negroes expected when they took the town, that they were to pillage and burn it. This the General put a stop to, saying, if any one was found to plunder the least thing from the inhabitants, that he would be shot; and he was as good as his word, for there were ten shot about two hours after I landed for stealing.

I left the next morning for Aquin, (a distance of about thirty miles from Aux Cayes,) where I was to receive my cargo. I arrived there the same day, and on going on shore found the inhabitants of the town all under arms, expecting the negroes upon them every minute. They were about 3000 strong here and well armed. As all communication was cut off between this place and Aux Cayes, the General sent for me; he wanted to know if the (insurgent) army had left Aux Cayes before I left. I told him I did not know. He treated me very politely, and said as I was an Englishman, he would do all in his power to assist me, for he considered the English were his friends. I got my ship's ballast out, and went on with my loading as fast as I could, in hopes of getting away before any engagement should take place. Four or five days after this, there came in five of what they called their men-of-war, and landed about two thousand troops from a place called Jaquemel. Nothing of consequence took place till Sunday morning the 21st; just at the dawn of day, I heard the battle commence. I jumped on deck and called all hands. I could then, as the day began to break, see the boats coming off from the shore, as full of women and children as they could hold. To see the confusion was horrible—those poor creatures frightened almost out of their senses, running for their lives, some of them with their children and clothes in their arms; they would rush into the water like dogs to get to the boats. I sent my boat to their assistance, and in about 20 minutes our decks and every other part of the ship, was thronged as full as they could stow, and all the other vessels in port the same way. The battle did not last long—not over an hour and a half before the firing ceased. I then jumped into my boat and went on shore, and found the enemy (the insurgents) had retreated. There was great confusion in the town, the people were busy taking the wounded to a place provided for them. I saw a number lying dead, and some dying. Such a sight I hope I never shall witness again. Amongst those I saw dead, was the Colonel of the enemy. By the papers that were found on him, it appeared he was to pillage the town and set fire to it if they got possession. So far as I could learn, there were about 50 killed and 150 wounded, and 200 taken prisoners, with two pieces of brass cannon.

We lay three days after this without doing anything, our decks crowded with women and children night and day, and it was with the greatest difficulty that I got them to leave the ship, to enable me to get on with my loading. However, I managed at last to get them to go on shore in the day time, but at night they were all on board again, and continued so until I was loaded. The night I was to leave, whilst on shore settling my business, there were crowds running after me, begging to be allowed to come on board and stop all night. I told them I would sail in the middle of the night, and would be obliged to take them away if they went on board; their reply was, they wished I would take them away, that they were sure they would be murdered if they stopped there. I managed to get away from them the best way I could, and left next morning at day-break, and if ever I was pleased, it was when I found myself outside the harbour. About 2 p. m. same day I arrived at Aux Cayes, where I was obliged to stop for orders and water. As soon as I had come to anchor, the Captain of Her Majesty's Brig Griffin sent for me to go on board before proceeding on shore, which I did. He advised me to leave my letters and papers with him, and he would put me ashore in his own boat, and send an Officer with me. As soon as I landed, the General sent for me. He wanted to find out how strong they were at Aquin. He said he expected the town was then in possession of his army, that he had sent 3000 troops to reinforce those that attacked it before—this would make his force about 8000. It must have been a bloody battle, for they were about 5000 strong at Aquin, and much better armed than the negroes, with brave officers at their head. I heard General Jeffrey say that he would never give up the town as long as he was alive, and if it was taken would blow his own brains out.

Imagine these people are going to carry on the war I cannot imagine. Both parties are as poor as they can be. The General made a demand on the three English merchants at Aux Cayes for money. They told me they gave him 700 dollars—he wanted more, and they said they would have been compelled to give had there not been an English man-of-war in port. They applied to the Commander, who told the General that he was there to protect the English merchants, and if he did not relinquish the demand, would batter down the town—and he moored his vessel abreast of it, head and stern, with her broadside to the town, ready for action. The merchants said they heard nothing further from the General.

Two American vessels were lying there with provisions, which were very scarce, but no one would buy. The General tried to force them to land their cargoes, and would doubtless have effected it, had there not been an American man-of-war in port, which interfered.

The negroes had in possession when I left, fifteen towns and villages. An army of 30,000 was, however, expected from Port au Prince to retake those places. This the residents were much alarmed at, for they well knew that if the negroes found they could not hold them, they would murder the coloured people, and pillage and burn the towns. Every coloured person that could get away was leaving the Island—about 80 women left Aquin whilst I lay there, for Curacao; those that were married would have been accompanied by their husbands, but they were too closely watched. They were sending their furniture and effects off the Island as fast as they could find opportunities, to other Islands. Mr. Rosped, the gentleman to whom I was consigned, sent all his family in the Curacao schooner, and he would have gone himself if he could have got away.

It is truly distressing to see the state of things in the Island.

I am, Sir, yours truly,
JAMES BAKER.

Yarmouth, 29th May, 1844.

GREAT FIRE IN NEW ORLEANS—TEN SQUARES LAID IN ASHES.—BETWEEN TWO AND THREE HUNDRED HOUSES BURNED.—Our New Orleans papers of the 20th inst., received yesterday morning, bring us accounts of the most disastrous fire which has ever occurred in that city since the previous. The following is from the Picayune of the 19th:— We are called upon to record the particulars of one of the most extensive and disastrous fires which has ever occurred in our city. Between 12 and 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon, the flames burst forth in the carpenter's shop of Mr. Gou near the Northwest corner of Franklin and Jackson streets, which, before they could be got under, spread to the adjoining tenements with frightful rapidity. Every building was of wood, and as dry as tinder itself from the long drought, so that nothing could check the onward progress of the devouring element. The firemen assembled immediately; but as no water could be obtained other than from the gutters, their attempts at first were rendered utterly unavailing.

The wind fortunately blew in the direction towards the swamp; had it been otherwise, the flames would have been swept towards the river, in which case there would have been no bounds to the destruction. As it was, they were carried with lightning rapidity down Jackson street, communicating to the houses on either side, and soon presented a broad sheet of fire some hundred yards in width. The attempt to arrest them was soon found entirely out of the power of man; no water could be procured, and the engines were thus rendered useless.

To save their furniture was all the unfortunate residents of this section could hope to achieve, and even in this they were many of them disappointed. No sooner did they move their effects to some house which they hoped was out of reach of the devouring element, than the flames were upon them, and they could only save themselves by flight. In this way the fire raged for three hours, during which time it kept down Jackson street, burning out to Canal on the right and Common on the left, and Tremé, Villere and Robertson, to Claiborne streets, in all ten squares. Of all the buildings which occupied this space yesterday morning, none are now standing save the *Maison de Sante* or Dr. Stone's Hospital, and a few houses along Common street.

To attempt to picture the scene, while the fierce element was raging at its wildest, were impossible. Houseless and unfortunates were seen rushing through the smoke and flame, and seeking a shelter which only proved temporary, for the flames were again upon them. Beds and bedding, furniture, groceries—in short, every thing that could be moved in the hurry—was seen piled and thrown together in Canal and Common streets, the owners sitting upon the little wreck that was left to them of all their household store. Many of the inmates of the houses were labouring under sickness and infirmity, and their eyes rolled wildly as they were borne from their homes. Mothers, half frantic, were searching for lost children—children were rushing, with loud screams, amid the fierce crackling of the flames, and seeking their parents in every face. All was confusion and despair; but the most distressing sight of all, perhaps, was the removal of the sick from the *Maison de Sante*—God grant we may never be called upon to witness such a spectacle again.

At a little past four o'clock the fire had subsided—spent itself for the want of further food to consume. To attempt to give a list of the sufferers, or the amount of property destroyed, would be impossible. Hundreds of citizens have been left without shelter, and the loss has unfortunately fallen mostly upon poor but industrious families, many of whom owned the small but comfortable dwellings in which they resided. Along Canal street, between Tremé and Robertson streets, stood a number of large, elegant, and costly brick residences, all of which are destroyed. Their blackened walls are some of them still standing; but as to the other parts of the burnt district the houses were mostly of wood, nothing now greets the eye of the beholder save an immense forest of chimneys—all else being burnt smooth with the ground. We can liken the appearance of this unfortunate section of our city to nothing save a new field, just brought into cultivation, and on which the heavy trees have been deadened and shorn of their branches and tops, but still left standing—and mementoes of what they were in their freshness and pride.

In our next we shall probably be able to give some estimate of the calamitous loss which has been sustained—at present it is impossible to make even a rough calculation. Not less than two hundred—many say two hundred and fifty houses have been destroyed, besides an immense amount of other property. Some part of this was insured at the different offices in this city, but the greater portion is a dead loss.

P. S.—Since writing the above, we have heard it stated that the number of houses destroyed will not fall short of two hundred and eighty, and many think that three hundred will not cover the entire number. Hundreds of families are thus left homeless and shelterless, and many of them absolutely dependent for bread upon a community that we not, we feel confident, turn a deaf ear to any appeal they may be made.

The Bee of the 20th says:—“The number of persons homeless by this distressing calamity, cannot fall short of two thousand, the greater portion of whom are of the poor class of society.”

FROM MATANZAS.—Captain Leach, of the ship *Florence*, which arrived at New York on Thursday forenoon, in eight days from Matanzas, states that the Court was still engaged in trying persons arrested on a charge of being concerned in the late servile insurrection. A number of the negroes had been condemned and taken to the estates to which they belonged, in order to be shot. After the slaves had been disposed of, the free blacks were to be tried. Nearly all the fort were full of prisoners.

By the brig *Thos. H. Benton*, from Central America, New York; we learn that on the 29th ult., the port of St. Juan was still blockaded by a British naval force.

MORTALITY ON THE COAST OF AFRICA.—The *British Roderick Dhu*, of Providence, U. S., from Acera, reports that the *British brig Stillman*, from Sierra Leone for the leeward, was at Cape Coast, March 25, with the loss of hands, except captain and second officer.

The Colonial Herald.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1844.

The *St. George* made two trips to Pictou during the present week, bringing a mail each time, by which we have received our usual supplies of Colonial papers. The papers are devoid of political interest.

We are indebted to the *Yarmouth Herald* for a very interesting account of the civil war now raging at Hayti, contained in a letter addressed to the Editor by Capt. Baker, of the barque *Lady Falkland*, of that port, who was an eye witness of the events which he so graphically describes, and in which he himself seems to have acted a somewhat conspicuous part.

BOSTON AND LIVERPOOL STEAMSHIPS.—The *Britannia* since she passed through the ice canal in January last, has been thoroughly overhauled from stem to stern, every piece of defective timber taken out of her, and having passed strict and thorough government survey, is now in every point as good as new. Her last voyage was a very fine one, considering the season, having fallen in with large fields of ice, but by keeping south avoided them all. Capt. He is still in command, and we are happy to announce it as well as as strong as ever. The *Acadia* was overhauled in company, and is strong and firm. The *Hibernia* works admirably, and is the best ship on the ocean. The *Colombia* left Liverpool on Sunday for this port, and is in fine order. The *Cambria*, which is the name of the new ship now reported, will be launched in June, and ready to take