

the sight of the young lawyer. Alfred was frightfully pale; his hands, which grasped some notes, trembled violently, and he could only give utterance to some inarticulate sounds. This unwonted agitation affected the audience so much the more, that they knew the firmness of Alfred's character, and the brilliancy of his oratorical talents. Finally, conquering his emotion, in a calm and grave tone he dissected, one by one, the charges brought against Rudolphe, proving their worthlessness, and destroying, by the simple force of reasoning, the skilful combination of proofs, which his adversary had brought forward. After pleading the cause of his friend, in a calm and collected manner, Alfred turned to Rudolphe and exclaimed with enthusiasm, 'You are all aware that he, whom I defend, was an intimate companion of the unfortunate young man, whose untimely end we deplore so deeply, but whose loss I feel more sensible than you, for I was also one of his cherished friends. Admitted to the confidence of both the victim and the prisoner, I know how utterly impossible it was for Rudolphe Delaunay to lift his arm in anger against Charles Darns. Nay, more, I know that upon every occasion he would have defended him at the sacrifice of his life itself. I feel assured that in thus defending the honor of Rudolphe, I accomplish the desire of our beloved Charles. Yes, from the depths of the coffin, his voice bids me proclaim the innocence of our friend. I feel that the avenging arm of Divine justice will one day discover to the world the cowardly assassin—that assassin is not Rudolphe—my brother—my friend. You cannot prove his crime, and in the name of the sacred rights of justice, I demand the life of my friend. I demand the restoration of his honor, which has been so unjustly tarnished.'

It was with difficulty that Alfred concluded his speech, which he delivered with such energy, that it appeared as if the shade of Charles, invoked by Alfred, was hovering around the accused.

Alfred resumed his seat, pale and trembling; his colleagues approached him with whispering words of encouragement; Rudolphe leaned towards him and said—

'I thank you; you have spoken as he would have done. What matters it to die?—but to have it believed that I killed Charles!—I!'

The audience was breathless, and at that moment there was not one of that vast assemblage who would not have restored life and liberty to Rudolphe. But how evanescent is human opinion! The reply of the opposing lawyer, cold and brief, destroyed in a few moments the favorable impression produced by the vehement address of Alfred. The latter gaped with enthusiasm; but even while he spoke his fears for the success of his endeavors became more intense. He regarded the magistrates, but their cold and stern countenances gave little hope; then his gaze wandered from the interested faces of the jurors to the audience, who listened with breathless attention. He glanced at Rudolphe and the imploring looks of his friend inspired him to make new efforts; he demanded his life, as if it were for his own that he was pleading; and when the last burning word expired upon his tongue, and he seated himself amidst the greatest applause, his despairing supplication found an echo in every heart.

The jury began their deliberations; two hours passed away in all the agony of suspense. Alfred was more affected than Rudolphe. More than once he wiped away the cold drops which bathed his brow, and each time the door opened, a mortal paleness overspread his face, as if he waited the sentence of his own death. At last the jury entered the court-room, and the foreman in the name of all, announced the following decision: "Guilty, with extenuating circumstances."

'Guilty!' cried Rudolphe. 'No, I swear it in the face of Heaven.'

The sentence was as follows:—The criminal was condemned to twenty years hard labor. He listened without a word, and allowed himself to be conducted to prison in silence, casting a last look upon Alfred, who was utterly overwhelmed and who paid no attention to the lively sympathy of his friends, and other members of the bar.

CHAPTER V.—ALFRED SERVAIS.

The violent agitation through which Alfred had passed proved too much for his strength, and on leaving the court-house he found himself obliged to retire immediately to bed. The next morning he awoke with a high fever; a dangerous illness succeeded, and for six weeks Alfred hovered between life and death. Four months elapsed before he was able to leave the house and resume the labors of his profession. During that time no one had dared to speak to him of Rudolphe, for fear of agitating him; but he afterwards learned that the condemned had positively refused to petition for a new trial; that he had submitted with astonishing firmness to the humiliations of his new condition, and that two months before he had left P— for Toulon, accompanied by his companions in misery. Before departing he had left a little package for Alfred. Alfred broke the seal, and found enclosed the watch of his friend together with a little note from him.

The part which Alfred had taken in the late trial gained for him considerable notice. The delicacy of feeling, the talent displayed by him upon that occasion, the affection manifested for Rudolphe, all contributed to exalt him to the highest point of public favor. His business increased, and he found himself already a prominent member of the profession upon which he had only entered. People thronged to him from all parts for advice, and confided to him the most difficult and important cases, he was spoken of not only as an able advocate, but as a man of unblemished integrity. Alfred, always of a serious disposition, had acquired with years a dignity of character which elicited for him universal admiration. Sought after by the world, he withdrew from its seductions and lived in the closest retirement. Possessed of ample means, his style of living was such as to excite the wonder of the curious; but the orphan and the widow could

have accounted for the disposition of his fortune. He might have entered into the most brilliant matrimonial alliances, for many a father and mother in the highest circles of society, looked favorably upon the young lawyer; but he never manifested the least desire to marry. His life appeared to be devoted to the memory of an early sorrow; and in losing his friends he had renounced for ever the pleasures and the enjoyments of life. When his acquaintances reproached him for his isolation, he replied with emotion—'You know the sad event which embittered my youth; I had two friends—two brothers—where are they to-day? If they could be restored to me, or if I could bury the past in oblivion, I would be gay—happy—my youth would return. But the past, the terrible past, is always before my eyes. Forgive me if I cause you pain by my sadness, and when you are happy with the friends of your childhood, pity me!' In spite of this determined resistance, many efforts were made to enliven the solitude of Alfred—to persuade him to select a wife, who would solace his sorrow, and soothe with her affection the remainder of his life.—Many efforts were made to induce the recluse to assume his place in society, but in vain. One day an old and valued friend of his father, Dr. Bertrand, paid him a visit. Alfred was seated in his study, which was furnished with extreme simplicity. Upon his desk was a marble bust of Charles, and a miniature portrait of Rudolphe was hanging on the wall. Alfred received the Doctor with politeness, requesting him to be seated, and a conversation of a little interest was held between them. At last the old doctor summoned all his courage and said to him.

'My good Alfred, I see you live quite alone here.'

'It is true; my work, the labors of my profession serve me instead of company.'

'Would not a wife, an amiable, a worthy and a virtuous wife, be more agreeable company than "Ulpien," "Tribonian," and "Justinien"?'

'Dr. Bertrand, I have never thought of marrying.'

'Your friends think of it for you.'

'They are very kind; but their trouble is useless.'

'Suppose they would select for you a young lady possessing the advantages of high birth, beauty, accomplishments, and virtue, endowed with tastes, elevated as your own—would you refuse her?'

Alfred seized the hand of his old friend, and pressing it, said, 'how good you are, and how sincerely I thank you. What you propose to me would, I avow, be the glory, the happiness of my life; but I cannot accept it; I will never marry.'

'Never! you are very decided; but tell me why?'

'You know,' said Alfred, 'the grief which desolated my life, and through which I renounced society and its charms.'

'Oh! yes, yes,' said the doctor, 'it was certainly a sad affair; to lose one friend in a manner so tragic, and another by an abominable crime, which banished him from society; yes, that was very sad; but it is only another reason why you should seek in the happiness of domestic life, to forget your early sorrows.'

'I cannot—my heart is withered, and I could neither bestow nor receive the happiness of which you speak.'

'Nonsense! drive away such gloomy fancies. You, who have such a brilliant future before you.'

'What matters the future—give me back the past.'

'You are incorrigible. I entreat you at least to reflect.'

'My decision is unalterable.'

'Are you quite sure, Alfred?'

'Quite sure.'

The old doctor shrugged his shoulders with an air of ill-concealed irritation, murmured in a low voice—'it is useless to reason with an obstinate man,' took his cane and hat, and with a ceremonious salute bade Alfred adieu.

Alfred conducted him to the door, then he returned to his study, seated himself at his desk, and indulged in a long and apparently painful meditation. He then opened a secret drawer of the desk, and took from it a blank book, in which he began to write with feverish haste and unwonted agitation.

(To be Continued.)

IRISH INTELLIGENCE.

It has pleased the Almighty to call to Himself on the 14th of June, instant, after long and painful suffering, at the Parochial House, Cloughbawn, in his 67th year, the Rev. Thomas Hore, P.P., of Cloughbawn and Poulseavy.

DEATH OF THE RIGHT REV. DR. McLOUGHLIN.—The Right Rev. Dr. McLaughlin, Bishop of Derry, died at Hartfield House, Drumcondra, on Saturday, June 18. The deceased Prelate was, for many years an invalid. Consecrated as Coadjutor-Bishop of Derry in July, 1837, he succeeded to the See in August, 1840, and continued to govern it, beloved by his Clergy and people, until the summer of 1845, when he was stricken by a painful malady, which obliged him to resign its administration of his diocese. Since then he resided for the most part at Hartfield House. About a fortnight ago he got a slight attack of paralysis, from which, however, he soon rallied. But he himself, with a strong presentiment that his end was near, asked for and received the last sacraments, and prepared for death with edifying piety and resignation. Another more severe attack followed on last Friday, and ended fatally about four o'clock p.m. on Saturday. The funeral, which was strictly private, took place on Monday last at eleven o'clock, when the body was removed for interment in the little cemetery of All Hallows College. The Office for the Dead was chanted by an efficient choir of students from the College. The Right Rev. Dr. Kelly, the present Bishop of Derry, pronounced the Absolution. Amongst the clergy present were the Rev. Mr. Scarr, Chaplain to the deceased; Rev. Thomas Mulhally, Rev. James McDevitt, Rev. Dr. Conroy, All Hallows; Rev. Dean O'Keane, and Rev. Professor O'Brien, Maynooth. Dr. McLaughlin was born at Castleblin, in the county Down, and was in the seventieth year of his age.—R.I.P.—Morning News.

In the grey hours of the early morning, on Thursday last, the metropolis of Ireland was the scene of remarkable and highly significant proceedings. The citizens had learned—but, indeed, in no very positive manner—that the remains of their beloved fellow-countryman, W. S. O'Brien, would arrive that morning, per steamer, at the North Wall, from Wales. It was late on Wednesday when this fact was ascertained with some approach to certainty, and even within that time a telegram which was received from Bangor, stating that the remains of the deceased patriot would be sent by the night mail boat (which would arrive, not at the North Wall, but at Kingstown), went far to unsettle the calculations of the people, and lead to some confusion and disappointment. But the general belief continued to be that the honoured relics would be brought to the place first announced, and arrangements to give them as suitable a reception as the circumstances would admit, were at once entered into. Between two and three o'clock, a.m., on Thursday, in the raw twilight, after a night of heavy rain, and notwithstanding the probability of a continued down-pour, a large number of persons proceeded from the city and took the places they had engaged by ticket on board the Kingstown and Hero steamers, with the intention of proceeding out beyond the bay to meet the Cambria, bringing home the sad freight to Ireland. They had not proceeded far when that vessel was discerned steaming rapidly for the river, with her flag half-mast high. As she approached, the brass band on board the Kingstown commenced to play appropriate sacred music, and as she steamed by, every head on the decks of both vessels was reverentially uncovered. As soon as the coffin which held the mortal part of the departed patriot was put on shore a crowd of the people that lined the Quays clustered about it and bore it up demanding that they should be allowed to take the melancholy burden on their shoulders. The distance to be traversed, however, and the time within which it should be accomplished, would not permit of this intention being carried out, and, after a little progress had been made in this manner, the body was transferred to the hearse which was in attendance, and the funeral procession started at a moderate pace for the railway station. Steadily, noiselessly, solemnly proceeded the great concourse of men, the main body in ordered ranks, along upwards of three miles of mud-covered streets, following with measured pace and thoughtful aspect the body of the departed chieftain. In numbers, at a fair computation, they were some twenty thousand strong. It was no holiday amusement, no idle ramble for mere display. The shops were closed, the streets were silent, the air was bleak and cold. The twenty thousand processions assembled at that time to mark their love for the memory of one who had dared and suffered for Ireland, and to show their participation in the noble motives that prompted his career. All honor to the men who thus gave evidence of the gratitude, the fidelity, the principles, the hopes, that live in the heart of the Irish nation. 'All cannot be right, gentlemen,' said an eloquent counsel, in closing his address to the jury on a memorable occasion, 'in the country where such a man as William Smith O'Brien is guilty, if guilty he be, of sedition.' All cannot be lost, we say, in the country which produces such men as William Smith O'Brien; and there is no need to despair for the people who honored his remains with that multitudinous funeral procession in the quiet dawn of last Thursday morning.—Dublin Nation, 28th ult.

A leading characteristic of Smith O'Brien was courage. Of his physical bravery we have spoken. Throughout life he never feared to do what he considered the right, no matter how it might be censured for inconsistency. In early life he did not fear to break with his own class and take the popular side. Later, with the same persistent fearlessness, he quitted the side of the leader he had himself selected. When after much suffering and long exile, he returned with views modified and tempered, he did not shun the misrepresentation he might incur by their conscientious avowal. He opposed rash ideas of insurrection, and strongly disapproved the baleful spread of secret societies. Nor did he shrink from exposing the folly of which so many extreme nationalists are guilty, in hoping for aid for insurrection from the overflow of the Federal armies. Not yet did he despise the efforts of a humbler patriot than that which marked his own earlier career. He received with avidity every proposition to stimulate the industrial energies of the country, and his last public act was the offer of a prize for the best crop of flax to be grown in his own locality. Such is a hasty sketch of a man who has played a remarkable part in a stirring time. Gifted with excellent abilities, and with a mind stored with accumulated knowledge, he took an intellectual position far above the average of even cultivated men of his own class. But his distinction was less the result of mental power, than of the events in which he mingled, and the lofty purity of character he displayed. In the roll of illustrious Irishmen there may be counted men more brilliant, but we honestly believe there is to be found none more pure, none more single minded, none more free from the slightest stain of selfishness—none more earnestly and devotedly patriotic than was Wm. Smith O'Brien.—Cork Examiner.

THE COMPACT IN SLIGO.—The Sligo Champion, in the course of an able article on the Compact question, gives the following instructive account of the treatment of a large Catholic majority by a small Protestant minority in Sligo:—We shall leave it to others to speak of their several localities, and confine our further remarks to this ancient borough. How has the 'compact' worked in Sligo? We can speak from our own knowledge of five years—of five elections to the office of Mayor, and in every instance Catholics have been excluded. We learn from the returns of the Census Commissioners, that the population of the borough is comprised of—

Catholics.....10,493
Protestants.....2,175

And that the Presbyterians number 290, and the Methodists 233. During the five years we have had two Protestant Mayors, two Methodist Mayors, and a Presbyterian Mayor, but not one Catholic Mayor—and notwithstanding that the population is essentially Catholic, we have no doubt that some of the tolerant majority would prefer 'Turk, Jew, or Aheist' being elected to the office of Mayor in preference to a Catholic. Such is the tolerance of the Sligo Ascendancy, that not one of the four men who were elected to the chief magistracy previous to the present Mayor, invited the Catholic members of the Corporation to their inaugural dinner!

HOW THE 'COMPACT' IS OBSERVED IN THE NORTH.—A correspondent of a Belfast paper gives us an insight into the manner in which the Bussall party in Ulster, where in some cases they possess a majority, observes the practise which their friends in Dublin are so desirous of maintaining:—

The Ulster Gazette, in its summary of last Saturday, makes the following observations with regard to a motion lately made in the Dublin Corporation:—'The object of the motion evidently was, and is, to do away with having a Protestant as Lord Mayor of Dublin. The Hon. Mr. Vereker moved an amendment which was lost. He said that, as a Conservative he was willing to admit that when his party had a majority they acted with intolerance.' We wonder on what grounds Mr. Vereker made this admission. We know of no place where such exists! Now the Gazette might not travel beyond the city in which it is published to find an example of the rank intolerance. In July, 1860, the Town Council of Armagh consisted of 17 v. Catholics and nine Protestants. Thirty one years of the passing of the Emancipation Act it was by no means strange that the Catholics, being in a majority, were anxious to elect a Catholic Chairman of the Town Commissioners. They did so, however, succeed in their ambi-

tions design. Owing to the apathy of a few of their own body, they were defeated at that election by a majority of one. But Protestant ascendancy became alarmed at the prospect of the Romanists, and were determined to mark their signal displeasure of it at the earliest opportunity. Previously to the election of Town Commissioners, which took place in July, 1863, a circular was extensively sent through Armagh calling on the Protestants to exclude every Roman Catholic from the Town Council, and 'to vindicate the Protestant character of the city.' One great charge against the Romanists set forth in that circular was, 'that the Romanists being in a majority at the previous election, were anxious to elect a Catholic chairman.' Surely, that was not a crime which should merit for the ambitious Romanists the punishment of exclusion from the Town Council. But, in the opinion of the Ulster Gazette and the Protestant clergy of Armagh, this was considered a sufficient reason to exclude Catholics from civic honors. The white-chokered gentry to a man voted against the Catholics, simply because they were Catholics—a nice proof of this of 'Protestant tolerance.' The Gazette was in ecstasies at the result of the election when twenty one 'true blues' were declared to be the Town Commissioners for the next three years. The Daily Express and other leading Protestant journals sent forth shouts of joy at the great Protestant triumph in Armagh. The Protestant rector of— a few days afterwards, addressing the 'loyal' Orangemen of his district exhorted them to union, and instanced the great victory achieved in Armagh as a proof of what this union could effect. Does the Gazette still entertain the same opinion of the conduct pursued in Armagh at the late election of Town Commissioners? Does it consider it no intolerance to exclude every Catholic from the Town Council? Does it consider it unpardonable presumption on the part of the Catholics of Armagh to wish to see one of their own body filling, for one year the office of Chairman of the Town Commissioners?

PRISON CHAPLAINS IN IRELAND.—The admission of Catholic chaplains to English jails, where large numbers of Catholic prisoners are under sentence, has been rejected by the Visiting Justices in numerous places. In other, and more enlightened, communities, they have been admitted not only without opposition, but with unanimity. On the whole, however, the balance was largely on the side of the bigots. When we are told Ireland is severe on the professors of other creeds, we ask when, or where? Catholics wish to live in friendship with their Protestant fellow-countrymen, but they object to an Establishment from which they derive no benefit and they are bound to support. They only ask that the same measure of justice should be extended to them as they would extend to others. But injustice is carried further. Let us take a Parliamentary return recently issued showing the provision made for prisoners in Irish county and borough jails. According to this return there were, on the 1st of January last, 364 prisoners of the Established Church, 122 Presbyterians, and 2,513 Catholic prisoners. For the 364 Protestants 39 chaplains are provided, receiving between £1,607. For the 122 Presbyterians 14 religious instructors, receiving £568; and for 2,513 Catholic prisoners 39 chaplains receiving £1,127! So there is one Protestant chaplain for nine Protestant prisoners—one Presbyterian for the same number of Presbyterians—and one Catholic chaplain for every forty-five Catholic prisoners. The Protestant chaplain receives at the rate of £41 a year—and the Catholic £44 for seven times the work. We would not test the value of spiritual ministrations by pounds, shillings, and pence. Clergymen are reluctant to be dragged into such conflicts, and we respect their feelings. But when we see English magistrates acting in such a paltry spirit, in the case of Catholic chaplains claiming admission to English jails, we would show them how liberally Protestant chaplains are treated in Ireland, and how the clergy, on whom almost all the work falls, are silent in the face of such injustice. We think whatever the feelings of the clergy, a remedy should be applied to this state of things. Why should one man receive as much for one day's work as another for seven days? This is exactly what takes place under the present system. Distributing the £1,607 among 39 Established Church chaplains, each receives an average of £41 for instructing an average number of 9 prisoners, or at the rate of £4 10s per head, whereas the Catholic chaplain receives an average of £44 for 64 prisoners, or at the rate of 14s per head! We would invite the attention of rejecting magistrates in England to these statistics. Authorities nearer home, who have the disposal of these offices, and the remuneration attaching to them, might be induced, on seeing this gross inequality, to redress the balance and be just to the Catholic Clergy though they do not complain.—Freeman.

ON BOARD THE ALABAMA.—We (Westford Independent) have just been favored with a copy of the following letter, written by a young townsman, son of our industrious hardworking townsman, Thomas Kehoe, better known as "Tom the Diver." He has been but a few years at sea, and when at the Cape of Good Hope, fell in with some of the crew of the Alabama, and while smarting from the rope's end of the British mate, willingly cast his lot among the Americans, sailed with them to Singapore, and the Chinese seas, and returned safe again to Charbourg, from whence the letter was written. Wild and thoughtless as the lad may have been, and only sixteen years, he had a kind and loving heart, for he remitted money to his poor mother from Singapore, and, as will be seen speaks hopefully and kindly of the future. We are unable to say whether he has survived the action, or having done so is a prisoner—but we think, were he free in England, a letter would soon be here—and we hope there will.

Charbourg, June 17, 1864.

Dear Mother—With pleasure I take my pen in hand to write to you these few lines. I am well, and I hope you are the same. We are going to meet the United States gun-boat Kearsage to-morrow, and we expect to capture her. Do not be alarmed, for I trust to God to come out safe and sound, and if I do I shall write to you again and let you know all the particulars—and if I do not, you may know that I died in the fear of God, and please pray for me.—Your affectionate son,

THOMAS KEHOE.

There is something like a natural phenomenon exhibited in this neighborhood. You are aware that in wet lands and boggy ground, the frosts of the nights past affected the potato stalks, withering them completely. In this neighborhood (Broadford) we have also to lament a similar visitation, but "Jack Frost" has been most capricious in his visitations. The stalks in one field are perfectly black, whilst in the very next they are as green and as healthy as ever I saw them. I observed this in fields situated on an even surface in a single bog, and apparently the same in quality and condition in every respect.—Cor. of Munster News.

DUBLIN, June 25.—When the Dublin Metropolitan Railway Bill was before Parliament in March 1863, the corporation gave it a determined opposition. In order to make the scheme odious to the citizens a black unsightly structure in the shape of a railway bridge was erected over Westmoreland-street, to show how that leading thoroughfare would be disfigured. A sub-committee was appointed to carry out this object; only one member of the committee attended, and as the matter was urgent he took it upon himself to order the thing to be done. It was done in the most hasty manner, with little care to secure the supports on the footway, or to protect the lives of the people who were constantly passing. The legs of the shears slipped when a piece of timber weighing about a quarter of a ton was being hoisted into position. This piece of timber fell upon a lady named Graham, who was struck down upon the pavement, and removed all but lifeless. Her left thigh was broken, and blood flowed copiously from

wounds, while she suffered serious internal injuries, showing also symptoms of concussion of the brain. Consciousness did not return, entirely till several days had passed. She was attended by Dr. Forrest for 13 weeks daily, sometimes twice a day, and on and off ever since. Her life has been preserved, but she walks lame, and her constitution is injured. An appeal was made by her brother to the corporation for compensation, which was refused. An action was then commenced, to which defence was taken on the grounds that the defendants did not erect the structure, that it was not a common nuisance, that the injuries were not caused by it, and that the defendants were not responsible. Sergeant Armstrong, however, yesterday admitted on the part of the corporation that they could not deny their liability, and they now offered a verdict for £1,400 and costs. This was accepted. Counsel excused the opposition on the ground that, under the Municipal Corporation Act, they had great difficulty in parting with any of the public fund in such a case, except after a verdict.—Times Cor.

GREAT BRITAIN.

RELIGIOUS CHANGES IN PRISONS.—In the prisons of Scotland there were, on New Year-day, 2,429 prisoners, of whom 998 described themselves as belonging to the Church of Scotland, 300 to the Free Church, 598 to the Roman Catholic, 217 to the Episcopalian, 126 to the United Presbyterian, 24 to other denominations, and 156 (five-sixths of them in Edinburgh) of no religious denomination. In Edinburgh one prisoner in every three is described by this last phrase; but in the prisons generally every prisoner (or almost every one) is set down as of some religion or other. There are 63 paid Chaplains, or other religious teachers, visiting the prisons of Scotland; most of these belong to the national Church. In Perth the Government paid a Roman Catholic Priest £70 for his year's visitation of the Roman Catholic convicts there, 188 in number at the date of this return. There were as many Roman Catholic prisoners in Glasgow goal, but no visiting Priest appointed; but within the last three months eight of these Roman Catholic prisoners had requested the attendance of a Priest, or had been visited by one. In Ireland there was on New Year-day 3,009 prisoners; 2,513 were Roman Catholics, 364 are described as belonging to the Established Church, 122 as Presbyterians, three were Quakers, and one a Methodist. For them there were 93 religious instructors, paid out of the country rates—39 Roman Catholics, 39 belonging to the Established Church, and 14 Presbyterians. There were also in Ireland 1,767 persons in convict prisons; 1,497 of them were Roman Catholics, 220 belonging to the Established Church, and 50 Presbyterians. For these the Government provided 16 Chaplains—seven Roman Catholics, five Episcopalian, and four Presbyterian; and there were also, eight ladies voluntarily visiting Mountjoy female prison—two Roman Catholics, one Presbyterian, and five members of the Established Church.

The Channel Fleet at Spithead is engaged filling up with coal, provisions, and stores, in readiness to proceed to the Baltic, should its presence be required in that quarter. Every ship in the fleet is in the most perfect order.

Dr. Colenso, Bishop of Natal, has presented a petition of appeal to the Judicial Committee of Privy Council against the Judgment of the Bishop of Cape Town, depriving him of his see. The petition raises the question of the Bishop of Cape Town's jurisdiction. Mr. Fitzjames Stephen has been retained for the Bishop of Natal.—Standard.

We find it stated in a Glasgow paper that Robert Monteith, Esq., of Carstairs, has just purchased a beautiful place called Smyllum Castle, together with the lovely grounds attached, for the purpose of being formed into a Monastery or Convent. The price paid for the property is said to be £8,000. In what part of Scotland the estate is situated is not mentioned.

In 1849 the tonnage of Great Britain, exclusive of the colonies, was 3,500,000 tons. In 1862 it was 4,950,000 tons. Steam shipping had increased from 1849, tons in 1849 to 600,000 tons in 1863. In 1849 there entered and cleared of British shipping 9,700,000 tons, while last year the total was 16,500,000 tons. But this was insignificant compared with the exports, which had risen from a declared value of £56,000,000 in 1847 to £146,000,000 in 1863.

THE SURGEON OF THE ALABAMA.—David Herbert Llewellyn, who perished in the noble performance of his duty in the late action off Oberburg, was the son of the Rev. David Llewellyn, perpetual curate of Easton Royal, Wilts. He was educated at Marlborough College, was an articled pupil of Dr. Haas, of Richmond, and subsequently studied his profession at Charing-cross Hospital from 1856 to 1859. He was Silver Medalist in Surgery and Ophthalmic. He was with the Alabama throughout the whole of her eventful career, and was much respected by all on board. We are enabled to give a copy of the last letter which we believe he ever wrote. It was addressed to Mr. Travers, the resident medical officer of Charing-cross Hospital, and is as follows:—'Oberburg, June 14, 1864.—Dear Travers,—Here we are. I send this by a gentleman coming to London. An enemy is outside. If she only stays long enough, we go out and fight her. If I live, expect to see me in London shortly. If I die, give my best love to all who know me. If Monsieur A. de Oaillet should call on you, please show him every attention. I remain, dear Travers, ever yours, D. H. Llewellyn.' How poor Llewellyn did his duty as a man and a surgeon may be judged by the following touching episode which was seen to occur during the late battle.—The whaleboat and dingy, the only two boats uninjured, were lowered, and the wounded men placed in them, Mr. Fulham being sent in charge of them to the Kearsage. When the boats were full, a man who was unwounded endeavored to enter one, but was held back by the surgeon of the ship—Mr. Llewellyn. 'See,' he said, 'I want to save my life as much as you do; but let the wounded men be saved first.' 'Doctor,' said the officer in the boat, 'we can make room for you.' 'I will not peril the wounded men,' was his reply. 'He remained behind, and sank with the ship—a loss much deplored by all the officers and men. Noble and self-denying as was the conduct of the late surgeon of the Alabama, we are proud in the conviction that the same chivalrous spirit animates the medical officers of the united services of this kingdom. There has been much talk of their being non-combatant officers; but where are we to look for greater heroism or self-devotion, even at the cannon's mouth? And yet Llewellyn was the type of a class whom the Admiralty and the Horse Guards have thought fit, by every means in their power, to degrade and insult. No wonder, under such circumstances, that the service is now so unpopular that there are more than two hundred vacancies which cannot be filled up. The cause in which the real hero of the late naval duel perished is not one which can be acknowledged by any national testimonial; but we are glad to hear that his fellow students contemplate the erection of a tablet to his memory in the hospital in which he so greatly distinguished himself, and in which his kindly and generous spirit had gained for him the greatest esteem and affection.' It would be a fitting monument to his memory, and we trust that it will be placed in so appropriate a place.—The Lancet.

CAPTAIN SEMMES.—Captain Semmes sustained a somewhat painful blow on the back part of the right hand from the splinter of a shell which had previously shot away a man's arm. There are three small openings over the posterior part of the metacarpal bones, accompanied with considerable inflammation extending up the arm. Dr. Wilson, who is in attendance upon Captain Semmes, does not consider that the splinter penetrated to the bones, nor does he consider the injury of a serious character. The sailors are all now quite well.—Lancet.