

THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF PRINCE ALFRED.

Never has the heart of all Australia been so tumultuously stirred as by a most cowardly and diabolical attempt made in Sydney to assassinate the Duke of Edinburgh. We thought we could not possibly do better, both for our readers here and our readers at home, than to publish in its entirety the magisterial enquiry, which was held during two days after the attempt. Most of the particulars bearing upon the case will be found in that report, but as there are other aspects from which this most diabolical deed must be viewed, we will give as succinct an account as possible of all the circumstances.

Prince Alfred, after returning from Queensland to Sydney, was of course received with unabated enthusiasm and cordiality. Amongst the amusements got up during His Royal Highness' stay, was a picnic at the Sailors' Home, for the benefit of that excellent and praiseworthy Institution. The Prince himself, as might be expected, took a great personal interest in the affair, and was present during the day—Thursday, the 12th March, 1868, ever to be remembered in these colonies with shame and indignation. After luncheon the Prince accompanied the Countess of Belmore for a short distance through the grounds, followed by his Excellency the Governor, and Sir William Manning, the Chief Justice. Having some communication to make to the latter, the Prince excused himself to the Countess, and joined Sir William handing him an envelope which it subsequently turned out contained a cheque for £50 in favor of the Institution. While engaged in this generous and charitable act a man plainly and respectably dressed in black, stepped out of the crowd, which was following the Royal party at a respectful distance, and stepping up suddenly drew a revolver and while almost touching the Prince's back, fired. The ball took effect, and the unfor-

lunate young gentleman fell forward on his hands and knees, crying out, "Oh, my back is broken." Sir William Manning immediately turned, and with the instinct of a brave man, if not with the habitude of facing death, or the coolness of one accustomed to contemplate it in any form, advanced straight upon the assassin, who immediately presented the revolver at him, saying "stand back." Sir William, however, continued to press on, and the murderous ruffian then pulled the trigger a second time, Sir William, in endeavoring to escape the bullet, falling forward, but the cap missed. The ruffian again presented his revolver in the line of the Duke, lying on the ground, and now nearly surrounded by a number of people—for the whole thing happened in an instant—but a Mr Vial seized him from behind, and the shot being out of the intended line of direction, the ball entered the heel of Mr Thorue, a wealthy merchant, of Sydney, who was standing by. The murderer was, of course, overpowered in a moment, and by the aid of the police, and some of the calmest of those present, rescued from the crowd, who pressed around him to tear him in pieces, there and then. The wounded Prince was carried to a tent suffering great pain, and from the place where the shot took effect and the position of the assassin when he fired, it was feared the wound was fatal. The ball was found to have penetrated within a few inches of the spine on the right, but on probing, it was found to have taken a decided inclination in the same direction round the ribs, and as there were no symptoms of inward bleeding the medical men, who were instantly in attendance, expressed some hopes from the first. The bullet was some days afterwards traced round to the front of the abdomen, having travelled completely round the body, and was successfully extracted. At our latest telegraphic advices the Prince was so well—thanks to youth, pluck, and a good constitution—and so far recovered that he had been on board his ship and

that he had been on board his ship and had driven through the streets of Sydney, where it is unnecessary to say he was received with frantic enthusiasm. The defence attempted to be set up for the assassin O'Farrell, who unfortunately is an Irishman, and declares himself to be a Fenian, is that he has been and is insane. There is undoubtedly the same insanity in the act which possesses every murderous scoundrel under similar circumstances, but no less, and no more. The indignation felt throughout the colonies was intense, and meetings expressive of sorrow and of abhorrence of the crime were held in every town and hamlet. Even the reception of the Prince, enthusiastic as it was, gave no such proof of the loyalty of the people, as the whirlwind that arose upon the news becoming known that the son of the beloved Queen had been shot down like a dog on Australian soil, and had escaped death only by a miracle.

Mr Thorne, who was shot in the heel, is also doing admirably.