

The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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WEDNESDAY JULY 19, 1882.

CATHOLIC CALENDAR.

JULY. THURSDAY, 20.—St. Jerome Emilian, Confessor. Cons. Bp. Grace, St. Paul, 1859. FRIDAY, 21.—St. Praxedis, Virgin and Martyr. SATURDAY, 22.—St. Mary Magdalen. Bishop Egan, Philadelphia, died, 1814. Bishop Chanoche, Natchez, died, 1852. SUNDAY, 23.—Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost. St. Apollinaris, Bishop and Martyr. Epist. 1 Pet. v. 1-11; Gosp. Luke xxii. 24-30; Last Gosp. Luke xvi. 1-9. MONDAY, 24.—Vigil of St. James. St. Christine, Virgin and Martyr. TUESDAY, 25.—St. James the Greater, Apostle. Cons. Abp. Blanchet, Oregon, 1845; Bp. McMullen, Chicago, 1881. WEDNESDAY, 26.—St. Anne, Mother of the B. V. M.

The greatest feat of lacrosse throwing on record was accomplished on Saturday last by Mr. Lally, of the Shamrocks, in the game between that Club and the Cornwall Island Indians. He threw the ball from one goal to another, thus making over a hundred and forty-seven yards at a swing. It is no wonder the Shamrocks are boycotted.

GOLDWIN SMITH has returned to Canada once more. He is not appreciated in England, where he is known as a mild sort of "crank," possessing a good literary style. He cannot even make mischief there as nobody seems to pay attention to what he says or does any more than if he were John instead of Goldwin Smith. But he is a great man in Canada, although the St. George's Society did refuse to admit him to membership.

The Shamrock Lacrosse team, if not actually boycotted, is in the position that no other team in Canada has courage to face it. We would suggest that the four best clubs in Canada send each three of its best men to form a team to try if the Shamrocks are actually invincible, or else that the champions throw off three men, and thus reduced challenge either the Montreals or Torontos. Under present circumstances any single club may be excused for not caring to court defeat.

No one can complain that we do not obtain minute information from Alexandria. A sailor christened Arabi "Horrible Pacha," we are informed. This shows British sailors can indulge in bon mots and jeux d'esprit under a heavy fire, and though we are ashamed to confess we for the life of us cannot see the point we must loyally suppose it has convulsed the world with laughter. We are also told that "it is said" a lighted shell having fallen on the deck of the "Alexandra" a sailor plucked it up and taking out the fuse put it in a bucket of water. Others say the Egyptians have no shells. Nevertheless these little incidents, whether they are true or not, go to show that wit and bravery are still in the navy.

The American newspapers are making much ado about their "fleet" in Alexandria. They tell us with considerable spirit, that the American Admiral steamed round the British fleet, and that his sailors cheered each ship in turn, and how the Americans did this, and would have done that, if they occupied the place of the British. All this is very absurd, but its absurdity does not seem to strike the Admiral of the "American Fleet" in Levantine waters, what business have the American intermeddling with things British or things Egyptian? If the fleet does not mind its eye it will be run down and sunk one of these fine mornings by that everlasting yacht of the Khedive, about which we hear so much that is contradictory.

The Right Honorable John Bright, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, has withdrawn from the English Ministry, giving as his reason that he does not like the war against Egypt. And thus is the Gladstone Government falling to pieces, a Government which two years ago had a hundred of a majority at its back, but was the other day defeated by thirteen majority in a House of over four hundred. The Whigs with Tory leanings bolted first, Argyle, Grey and others, and now the radical element is leaving the sinking ship. Were it not for the Egyptian troubles it is probable England would now be ruled by a Tory Government or in the throes of a general election. John Bright stood Irish coercion well enough, but his heart melted towards the poor Egyptians. We have, politically speaking, seen the last of what was once a great man. We shall perhaps soon see Mr. Gladstone following his example. It is just as well, they are too old to take part in the fierce struggle between the Tories and Radicals which they see coming.

The ascendancy in Ireland is crumbling away slowly and almost imperceptibly, but surely. Sixty years ago the idea of electing a Catholic to the Dublin Council, or even a patriotic Protestant, would have been laughed to scorn; a fortnight ago, a Nationalist, a follower of Parnell, in the person of Mr. Dawson, was re-elected Lord Mayor by 33 against 16. For a number of years past a sort of "tacit agreement" was admitted, whereby a Tory and a Nationalist, a Catholic and Protestant were to be elected turn about but the Tory Mayor of 1880—Mr. Moyer—having, instigated by the Castle, thrown in his casting vote against granting the freedom of Dublin to Mr. Parnell, though he promised he would not, the Liberals declared the agreement a fraud and the generosity of the majority thrown away upon such gentry, and as a punishment re-elected the Parnellite candidate. It is a healthy sign of the times, and it is significant when it is known that the franchise of Dublin is so limited that none but comparatively wealthy men have a vote.

The question of paying the Irish Parliamentary representatives is rapidly taking a practical shape. Dublin has been almost the first to move definitely in the matter. On the 23 June a large and influential preliminary meeting was held in James's-street, Mr. Thomas Mayne, T. O., occupying the chair. Several prominent citizens, amongst them being Dr. Kenny and Mr. Alfred Webb, wrote letters of apology for non-attendance, expressing at the same time their hearty approval of the proposal to pay the members. A resolution was passed unanimously stating that it was highly desirable to give effect as soon as possible to the popular wish that the Irish representatives should be remunerated for their services, and before the meeting separated a provisional committee was formed to perfect an organization in Dublin and draught a scheme which might be submitted to the Irish people. This provisional committee met on Tuesday evening, when some important business was transacted. In Tipperary there is a movement on foot to hold a county meeting for the purpose of inaugurating a fund; and the Wexford Home Rule Club is working industriously in the same direction. The question is assuming a practical shape among the Irish of England also.

The abduction of the child of Mr. Melvin Smith, 583 Mountain street, is one of those rare and atrocious crimes which thrill a whole community. Who has not heard of the abduction of Charley Ross, and the destruction of the father of the beautiful child, how he travelled the continent in search of him and how he beggared himself without succeeding in recovering his darling. It is an epic as heartrending as that of Evangeline and Gabriel as told by Longfellow, and sure we are that many tears have been shed in sympathy, and many a sigh breathed, and many a prayer sent up to Heaven for the recovery of the stolen child by tens of thousands all over the land. The child of Mr. Smith was taken away from its home for a like reason—to secure a sum of money to the thieves, thieves of the vilest description, who are worse than wild beasts, and should be dealt with as such when captured, as they must be, if the community are loyal to themselves and the central domestic idea. Let this atrocious class of crime once become successful and it will be so contagious as to terrify the hearts of parents and bring uneasiness to the family circle, for whose child will be considered safe? Gold and jewels and money may be locked away in vaults and safes, but the most precious of jewels must be continually exposed to danger from criminals who prey upon the human affections for lucre. We understand that all the detective agencies are at work in the present case, but this is not enough; every citizen in Montreal should take a keen and personal interest in the capture of the child stealers, and when discovered,—as we hope they will be,—the severest punishment the law can inflict should be dealt out to them.

It is a mistake to suppose that the two grand central figures in the Egyptian embroglio are Arabi Pacha, and the Khedive. On the contrary the two men who have most to do with it, the two men on whom all the events turn as on a pivot, are Lord Charles Beresford and the New York Herald correspondent. It is thrilling to read of the adventures of Lord Charles, surpassed only by those of the correspondent who is omniscient and omnipresent. It is true the American fleet falls in for a portion of the glory. If this fleet was let loose upon Egypt something fearful would happen, the pyramids would fall—John Smith's name and all, and the poor, wretched mummies would "walk abroad in their shrivelled majesty." The Nile would certainly overflow before its time with red sanguinary gore. But a sordid republic refuses this fleet permission to rush, and consequently it is left to the correspondent to shed lustre on the American name and fame as well as a single individual can do. That he has done it we have his own words as an undoubted proof. Has he not been everywhere? Has he not seen the splinters fly and heard Admiral Seymour sigh? But, above all, has he not chronicled the achievements of Lord Charles Beresford, and, perhaps, dined with him. Scobleff had his McGahan, why not Beresford have his Snooks?

The situation in Egypt is not improving. The British have got on their hands a very large and very white elephant with which they know not what to do. If it were merely a question of fighting any army that Arabi Pacha can bring together it would be as easy of solution as the bombardment of Alexandria by Seymour. Egyptian troops cannot stand

the shock of British marines and sailors; they never could and they never will. But, unfortunately, Arabi Pacha is only the known quantity in the problem to be solved. It is notorious that the Conference is so divided that no two ambassadors hold the same opinions, and it is also notorious that not one of them—except the suave Lord Dufferin—countenances the bombardment of Alexandria. The British Under Secretary of Foreign Affairs stated in the House of Commons that Germany and Austria were in union with England on the Egyptian crisis, but he was in error and has had to make explanations in the House, showing what led him to indulge in the delusion. The plain truth is England is isolated. If Turkish troops go to Egypt it will not be to re-establish the control. If the French land an army it will be to protect French interests in the Canal; for the only one thing thing the Conference seems to be in agreement upon is that the status quo shall not be re-established. England is making extensive war preparations but then so are the other Powers who intend having a voice in the settlement of the Egyptian question. Not one of those Powers but is jealous of England's preponderating power in the East and in the Mediterranean. Even Spain takes loudly about Gibraltar. Perhaps the division among the other Powers may lead up to English successes; but what is far more likely is that the Conference will end by dividing itself into two parties, which will go to war one with another. If this should be so, it would seem most natural that England, Germany and Austria would be on one side, Russia, France, Italy and Turkey on the other, and perhaps Spain. Time, however, will tell, and time only; we must wait till the face of the Conference shall have been played out and the tragedy has commenced, though on the stage it is the fierce which is kept to the last.

The bombardment of Alexandria and its results have taught the world that the Egyptians can fight like heroes, and that they are bent on a desperate resistance. Arabi Bey has, by consummate strategy, taken his army intact out of danger to a place whence it can either march upon Cairo, where the British cannot follow him until they muster an army, or where he can rest and wait until he is joined by numerous hordes of the Arabs of the desert; that is to say, of the descendants of the men who kept the Crusaders in check for three hundred years and ultimately made them retire from Asia, nay, followed them into Europe and retailed. Religious fanaticism inspired them then and made them conquerors; religious fanaticism may inspire them to-day, like causes produce like results. We cannot believe half the reports which fly around in times of war excitement, but we know for certain that Alexandria has been given to the flames, and that the Suez Canal is in danger, and also that if the Egyptian army had been supplied with shell victory might have perched on their. As the diplomatic curtain is drawn up it is seen that Bismarck is in favor of England's action, and Austria as well, that country being at present not much better than a German dependency. Of the sentiments of Russia nothing is known as yet, but, by all accounts, France is sullen and angry, and arming as fast as she can. She is in a state of indecision, which may pass away in a few days, for it is hardly possible France will remain inactive while her prestige is passing away. It is fear of Germany that causes her inactivity.

Our amiable contemporary, the Witness, is nothing if not a Christian newspaper of the most evangelical type, which, however, did not prevent it deifying Garibaldi, one of the most open foes of Christianity to whom this century gave birth. But then its love for Garibaldi is easily explained. He attacked the Papacy, and so did the Witness, and allies in war have a sneaking regard for one another no matter how their opinions may differ in many respects. Ten to one it Garibaldi was aware of the existence of our contemporary, he would have become one of its subscribers. Garibaldi, besides being an atheist of the most pronounced pattern, was also a Revolutionist, a Socialist, a Communist, and held the Nihilists in the highest esteem. And yet the Witness wrote a glowing obituary notice of the old hero. But the Witness does not love all revolutionists or men aspiring to freedom. It makes an exception of the Irish. In its issue of yesterday it suggests that one of the reasons why England went to war with Egypt was to give the Irish a chance to rise—as England's difficulty is Ireland's opportunity—so that it might have an excuse for crushing them out of existence with the hand which was left at liberty, and it evidently approves of the idea in that meek Christian spirit for which it is so justly celebrated. The Gazette thinks the editorial paragraph of so atrocious a nature that it must have escaped the editorial eye. Perhaps so. Perhaps it slipped in through mistake, perhaps it was the printer's devil slid it into the form unknown to the foreman. If that be so we shall see an ample apology this evening, an apology we wait for with intense anxiety.

DUBLIN CASTLE is engaged already in making preparations to administer the Oerclon Act as soon as it becomes law. A circular, dated the 22nd inst., and addressed to all the resident magistrates in the country, has just been published. From this it appears that the Lord Lieutenant has come to the conclusion that in the present state of the country it is necessary to maintain special resident magistrates in certain portions of the country. Up to the date on which the circular was issued the country was divided into six divisions, comprising fifteen counties. Five more counties are now to be added to these so that there will be only twelve counties

exempted from the control of special resident magistrates. These officials will practically rule just as they like in their districts. All reports of outrages, of any meetings, or of any important matters relating to the preservation of order, are to be transmitted through the special magistrates to the Government, and these gentlemen are also to have the general supervision of all affairs connected with patrolling and the establishment of military and constabulary posts. It is arranged, however, as was promised by the Government in the House of Commons, that no special resident magistrate shall hear or decide cases at quarter or petty sessions, and no resident magistrate shall sit on the bench to try a case in the preliminary investigation of which he may have taken a part.

While crime did not exist in Ireland we said so, when it does we acknowledge it. The Dublin Nation of July says sorrowfully:—"The past week has unfortunately witnessed a number of those deplorable outrages throughout the country which do so much to stay the progress of the national movement. The most terrible of these occurred on Tuesday, when a caretaker named Cahill, living on a farm from which the previous tenant had been evicted, was shot dead at a place called Ashill, near Tralee. It was only last month that the same man was fired upon, but he escaped on that occasion. Meath was the scene of another fearful outrage on Sunday afternoon. An old pensioner and lodge-keeper named McGahy was seated in his cottage when three men with blackened faces and false whiskers entered and discharged a gun at him. McGahy's shoulder was badly shattered, and he is not expected to recover. On the same day a party of men visited the house of a bailiff named McCarthy, near Kanturk. He was out at the time, but, finding his sister at home, they seized her, and cut off the hair of her head, and then set the house on fire. In the same way another party of armed and disguised men attacked the house of a man named Patrick Sullivan, a rent-warrior of Ballyone, near Causeway. They dragged him out of his bed, and fired several shots at him, which took effect in various parts of his body. He lies at present, it is reported, in a very precarious condition."

The most reliable authorities on Egypt, as being the most impartial, American ex-Consul-General Wolf and Lieut. Gorrige of the U. S. Navy, give it as their opinion that there has been no massacre in Alexandria of Europeans, in the proper sense of the word, that the reported massacres were riots between the Levantines and Arabs, the former comprised of Greeks, Cypriotes, Maltese and the scum of Mediterranean sea ports, and that, therefore, the bombardment by Admiral Seymour was unjust and brutal. Lieut. Gorrige says, among other things, that "the bombardment was a step for which there cannot be found a shadow of justification in the circumstances which are supposed to have led to it. It is, to my mind, emphatically the most brutal and unjustifiable act of which the British Government and people have been guilty. The whole civilized world ought to frown upon it as being wholly unwarranted and cruelly brutal. There is no parallel in history for such a monstrous destruction of life and property. In the worst days of the pirate era such inexcusable cruelty was never committed. If an English fleet can go round the world bombarding cities on a little provocation as Admiral Seymour's fleet had for firing on Alexandria no city is safe. The agitation of the Irish question in this city is as great a provocation for a bombardment from British guns as Alexandria gave. It is at once a very shameful and serious business." And this is the general opinion as expressed by the New York Press.

INDULGING IN BATHS.

As a general rule much is not expected in the way of logic from a certain esteemed contemporary, but it does sometimes go into baths in a manner that excites the admiration of those disposed to applaud anything done well. And the baths of our evening contemporary was yesterday exceedingly well done: it was absolute perfection, it reached the bottom; it was the dead level of baths. A prisoner escaped from the St. Vincent de Paul penitentiary, and while running away was shot dead by one of the wardens, who was performing what to him must have been an exceedingly painful duty. Our contemporary—among other journals—have time and again complained of the number of prisoners who escaped, or attempted to escape from this penitentiary and their clamors it may have been which moved the Government to pass an act last year empowering wardens to shoot prisoners if they attempted to escape. If this act is barbarous, it is a barbarity shared in common with England and the United States. In Australia, at Portland, everywhere under the British convict system if a prisoner attempts to escape the duty of the Warden is to shoot him if he can. When John Mitchell was escaping from his own prison in Australia the keeper fired a pistol after him and was censured for his bad aim. But where is the use in arguing against baths. Possibly if it was the prisoner who managed to kill the warden the murderer would have the fullest sympathy of our contemporary; for, after all, what was the poor man doing but taking a run for liberty. In future it will be advisable to arm the Wardens with straws, lest they may hurt the poor convicts who try to evade their sentences.

It seems the whole trouble lies in the fact that the Governor is a Catholic and the Catholic chaplain is too much influenced with him and Mr. Moylan, Inspector

of Prisons, and everything is demoralized on that account. But it appears to us that when Mr. McKay was in temporary charge there were escapes and attempts at escape, as also during the reign of Mr. Bedson, who was sound on the goose question. It was notorious that in those later times we speak of it was not a chaplain—Protestant or Catholic—who really ruled the prison, but a convict; one who is now at large. But one might excuse baths, seeing the source it comes from; one cannot get blood from a Swedish turnip. What is really inexcusable, even according to the lowest stratum of journalistic ethics, is the going to an ex-convict and parading his opinions and criticisms on the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary. As a rule neither convicts nor ex-convicts like prisons of any description, but if there must be penitentiaries, they should be so managed as not to wound the tender susceptibilities of the poor prisoners. There should be no chaplains, for instance, to hint to them occasionally that they have transgressed; it is indelicate, to say the least of it. They object to jails on principle, but if those evidences of a degraded civilization are to be tolerated, the prisoners in ease and posse and jusse should be consulted as to its management, wardens should not be allowed to roam around with beastly, dangerous carbines. The dietary should be changed now and then to suit the tastes of the boarders, some of whom have feeble constitutions, and a hamper of champagne introduced should be no great hardship, for, as our contemporary logically expresses it:—"The object of a penitentiary seems to be misunderstood by the Powers that be; improvement ought not to be regarded as society's revenge for outrages committed against its well-being; but rather as society's cure for a disorder. Society is always justified in protecting itself, and its system of dealing with criminals should aim at this and nothing more. The principal objects to be obtained from the punishment of criminals are deterrence and reformation."

If any of our readers can understand this sublime bathos we envy them. We would earnestly advise the editor and the ex-convict to put their wooden heads together, and by that friction by which the Indians produce fire try to evolve something better on the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary than their last attempt, which is bathos, always bathos.

ARABI PACHA.

The latest news from Egypt is not of a sensational nature. Alexandria is still burning; what was spared by British shells has been looted and then set fire to by the Arabs. The Khedive is in a beautiful state of indecision, so is the Sultan, so is Admiral Seymour, so is everybody but Arabi Pacha, who alone seems to have a definite object. The British press at first aimed at painting Arabi in colors the most hideous, but they find that it will not work, and are therefore toning down a little. There are too many Americans, French, Italians, Germans, and let us be just—impartial Englishmen—acquainted with Arabi and willing to do him justice. He may be a fanatic, but he is also a patriot. He is doing what a patriotic Canadian would do if placed under like circumstances. Suppose the Egyptians were wealthy and powerful, and had navies galore, and came here to Canada and extended themselves and took possession of the revenues, and of all the principal offices in the country, and were every day tightening their hold on it with a view to entire possession ultimately, and reducing Canadians to the position of hewers of wood and drawers of water, what would be the duty of a Canadian patriot? Would he not try to drive them out into the sea or any other convenient place where he and his country would not be liable to be troubled with them any more? What right have the French and English to occupy Egypt? The right given by force; no more,—a right which the Egyptians are still more justified in exercising than they. Blackening the character of Arabi Bey will not answer any useful purpose. It was all very well eighty years ago to tell the chav-bacons of England that Napoleon was a monster who had two heads and devoured little children for breakfast; it was all very well during the Indian mutiny to say that Nana Sahib and Tant Poope were unmitigated ruffians and murderers, none dared contradict the statement, but it is different with Egypt, upon which the eye of civilization is drawn. Tant Poope and Nana Sahib merely attempted what Alfred the Great accomplished a thousand years before i. e. the expulsion of invaders, and what Arabi Pacha is attempting now. If Arabi succeeds he will have a paragraph in the world's history, if he fail he will be only mentioned as a fanatic traitor, if at all. It is true there have been excesses in Egypt, but revolutions are not made with rose water, and, so far as is known, Arabi did his best to prevent them. Let us relate an oft-told fable as an illustration of Arabi's position. A man and a lion once travelled in company, and indulged in pleasant conversation. After awhile they came to a shop window, in which was a picture representing a prostrate lion with a man in heroic attitude, sword drawn, with his foot on the lion's neck. "See there," cried the man triumphantly, "mark the superiority of our species." "Ah," said the lion, "true, but it was a man who made that sketch, if it were a lion their positions would be altogether different." And so with the Arabi Bey. The Egyptians would not paint him in the same dark colors as do the British, who once upon a time said Washington was a miserable half educated demagogue.

THE ST. VINCENT DE PAUL TRAGEDY.

VERDICT OF JUSTIFIABLE HOMICIDE—GUARD MCGILLWALNE GIVES THE PARTICULARS OF HIS SHOOTING THE CONVICT, DERAGON—THE JURY COMMEND HIM FOR THE ACT—THE INQUEST.

As soon as the news of the shooting of a St. Vincent de Paul convict had reached town, Coroner Jones hurried, with his secretary, to the scene of the tragedy. The body of the victim was viewed in the gatekeeper's lodge and there was general regret that young Deragon should have been shot down dead after being given an occasion to make a dash for liberty. The deceased was but 21 years of age and a native of LaPrairie.

The inquest was held in the Warden's office, when the following evidence was adduced:—Godfrey Laviolette, Warden of the penitentiary, who is the first witness examined. Being sworn, he deposed:—Yesterday, the 12th of July, convicts to the number of 19, with a guard of four officers, were sent to the penitentiary quarry, nearly two miles from the prison. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon I was informed that two of the prisoners, Deragon and Bertrand, were endeavoring to escape, and that one of the officers, keeper McIlwaine, pursued them. The other convicts were brought back to the prison in charge of the three guards. Immediately upon receipt of the information I sent officers in pursuit of the fugitives in every direction. Keeper McIlwaine and guards Couvrette and Belanger were armed with carbines and pistols also. Officer McIlwaine reported, when he came home at seven o'clock in the evening, that he had pursued the deceased, and about six o'clock in the evening he discovered that he was in the wood a certain distance, when he called out to him to stop several times, firing at the same time his carbine in the air. The convict Deragon took no notice of these calls, but continued to run. Officer McIlwaine, feeling a good deal fatigued and in fear of losing the prisoner, tried to frighten him, but the more he endeavored to frighten him the more the fugitive ran, and as there were no officers or others to help him he had no other course to adopt but to take extreme measures. In the evening, about ten o'clock, the body was brought to the penitentiary by the guard and keeper McIlwaine. I saw the body last night, and I identify the body which I have seen to-day as that of the deceased Deragon. Francois Couvrette, guard, deposed: I was in charge with other guards of the 19 convicts employed at the quarry. Coming out after dinner those who attempted to escape came to the door of the shanty in which they had dinner with the other prisoners. Bertrand and Deragon threw themselves down upon the grass at the door of the shanty. I was standing up at the time. Bertrand stood up, and went to the corner of the building; Deragon got up immediately afterwards and took a drink of water, after which he went towards the corner of the shanty, where he found Bertrand, when they both took to flight. Bertrand had gone first and waited for Deragon, who followed him in the direction indicated above, and then I lost sight of them. As soon as they had disappeared, I armed myself with my carbine and fired in the air to give the alarm. I fired four shots. Immediately I perceived Bertrand lying in the field, and gaining the wood towards the south. Finally I returned to the quarry with Guards Belanger and Lemaire in charge of the other convicts, whom we brought back to the penitentiary. Afterwards I left the penitentiary, and went back again in search of the fugitives. McIlwaine was in the wood, where I joined him, and gave him my carbine, and he continued searching for the deceased until four o'clock. I went in the direction of St. Martin Junction in search of the fugitives. I did not get home until 1 o'clock.

Francis Patrick McIlwaine, keeper in the penitentiary, deposed:—Yesterday, the 12th of July, I, with Francois Couvrette, Magloire Belanger and Olivier Demaire, went out to the penitentiary quarry in charge of 19 convicts. Between twelve and one o'clock we died. I was in the dining hall when I heard some alarm shots. I ran out of the dining hall and saw Jean Baptiste Deragon, the deceased, and Alexandre Bertrand running across the field. I ran upstairs where Lemaire, the guard, was, and got my revolver, after which I ran downstairs and pursued the fugitives. When I got within 60 yards of Deragon I called to him to stop, but he did not stop. I ran a long way after that again after these convicts and fired another shot. After I fired the second shot Deragon put up his hand to his ear and walked a few steps. He started and ran again, and I pursued him. I called out to the deceased but he did not stop. I fired again and the deceased put up his hand to his head again. I did not see him after that until a quarter past six o'clock in the evening. I went round the wood and got on the other side of it. I was watching the deceased from the east end of wood. Guard Couvrette brought me a carbine on the east side of the wood. After receiving the carbine, I stopped there watching until six o'clock. I then started to go home, and went along the north side of the brick when I came across bars-footed tracks, which were four feet from the wood. I tracked him up along the little gully for about 200 yards, and saw marks as if he had been on his hands and knees. Next I saw Deragon run along the fence between him and me, and I hallooed to him to stop three times, but he only ran faster. I ran after him at the same time, but when I saw he would not stop I fired. I was running when I fired, Deragon fell down then. I fired two more shots in the air to give the alarm. I did not go up to him, because I feared he might have been shamming and would have got hold of me. Guard Lemaire and John Guimond then came up, and I told them to go and see what was the matter with him. We three then went over to the deceased and I saw a hole in his shirt as if it had been pierced. He was alive. I got a farmal horse and cart, and the body was removed to the penitentiary by Guimond and Lemaire. I walked to the penitentiary and reported myself to the Warden. Deceased was dead before he was put into the cart, and left the field. I saw no blood about his person yesterday. I identify the body as that of the deceased Deragon.

Dr. Pominville gave his medical testimony. After a short deliberation, the following verdict was rendered:—"That on the twelfth day of the month of July, A. D. 1882, one Francois Patrick McIlwaine, a duly authorized officer in the St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary in the District of Montreal, did, in the due execution of his office, justifiably and of inevitable necessity kill one Jean Baptiste Deragon, a convict at the time and when the said Jean Baptiste Deragon was endeavoring to escape and take flight from the said St. Vincent de Paul Penitentiary."

THE ESCAPED CONVICT.—Alexandre Bertrand, the deceased's companion in the attempt, who is still at large, was aged 21, a native of LaPrairie, and had most completed his three years term of highway robbery. He was one of those who escaped last April, for which he got an additional month's imprisonment.