

individuals; I fight the principle, not the men. It is hard for me to realize that those men mean to insult me. I find it hard to believe, when speaking to them, that the history and practice of their craft is an outrage against principles which I hold so dear. Individually, there are good men in the order but collectively they are a scourge. It is hard too to find that this scourge punishes Irish Catholics in this country. I have come to Montreal to make a new home for myself and my family. I came, as I have been all my life, a loyal subject. I came expecting that here, at least, I should be free from insults to which my faith is still subjected to in Ireland. I came to carry out to my fellow-citizens the policy which I adopted in the lecture in reply to Rev. Mr. Bray. All the papers in Montreal commented me upon the tone I adopted, and that tone I was, and am, anxious to continue. All I want in return is freedom from insult, and until I can secure that freedom I must in duty to myself and to my co-religionists hold on to the stern policy of fighting Orangism with whatever legal means I can, and with whatever energy God has blessed me with.

M. W. KIRWAN.

True Witness Office, May 16, 1878.

FENIANISM DENOUNCED.

FATHER WALWORTH'S OPINION FEARLESSLY EXPRESSED—A LECTURE DELIVERED AT ST. MARY'S CHURCH, ALBANY.

A congregation composed of members of various denominations throughout the city of Albany attended vespers in St. Mary's Church on Sunday evening to hear Father Walworth's Lecture on "Fenianism," a subject interesting at this time on account of the supposed disposition of the members of that order to attack some of the British possessions in the event of war between England and Russia.

Father Walworth said substantially:—If it had been my purpose to gather a large audience here to-night, I should have waited a little longer, until the cloud of "Fenianism" had burst into a violent storm. But I had other things to consider when setting the present time. There are two classes of men who lead the public mind whenever a fever has taken hold of it. One class may truly be termed demagogues, having none but their own private interests to gain, without regard to what may happen to the crowds who love to run after such leaders. The other class do not run with them, but labor strongly against the current of that fever, not for private gain, but for the benefit of those whom they love and for which they have an honest regard; and to prevent them from going into danger and bringing down upon themselves increased sorrow. This class, if they possess the true spirit, may be called apostles, and they obey the Scripture warning, "Thou shalt not follow the multitude to do wrong." In my argument I may say what will displease some whom I dearly love and also those who may love me. If, when I lay my head upon my pillow to-night, I shall feel that my interest in the welfare of the souls of my people has lost to me the friendship of a single one, I will offer my grief and pain to God, in part expiation of my sins, and now, in the name of God and my country, I assume the office of district attorney and make my charges against Fenianism.

First, I charge it with treason against the Irish people. The Fenians claim to have at heart the best interest of that people, and also to be acting in the cause of Ireland. If it were this, and if they presented any reasonable arguments for, or legitimate method of righting the wrongs of Ireland, not one word would I utter against them, on the contrary I would recommend the undertaking and pray for it with my whole heart. This country is full of sympathy for poor oppressed Ireland. If strangers feel thus, surely it ought to be expected the Irish people will feel deeply. Here I found my charge of treason—knowing the feelings of the Irish heart these leaders play upon them, not to accomplish any good, but to fill their own pockets. They may be likened to the fable of monkey and the cat. You all know which suffered from the fire and which secured and ate the cheese. I know not if those whose oppressive laws have crushed poor Ireland, are any more wicked than these imposters, if, indeed, they can be called as mean.

I also charge "Fenianism" with treason against the holy church. We all know how, for centuries, the Irish people, through all kinds of suffering losing nearly all they had, clung to their church, in which their only comfort was to be found. Their church and their clergy only were left them, and this union was left unbroken. Sidney Smith's proposition was to break this union between priest and people, and recommended that the priests be paid a certain amount of money to quiet them, but they would not accept, preferring to live in poverty with their people, and the people also clinging to the clergy. The Fenians now are trying to break up this union between priest and people. Is it any wonder then that this which Fenians call the Irish cause should be prescribed by the bishops and priests of Ireland? They advise that calm reason and good judgment be used.

I charge "Fenianism" with treason against the United States Government, whose privileges they enjoy. The United States, like other governments, has certain neutrality laws, and it cannot permit any of its subjects within its borders to make war with foreign powers, nor allow them to gather together with arms for intended warfare. It is necessary, for many reasons to forbid it. While the United States Government and the American people would not allow it, it does not mean that they do not feel for the wrongs of the Irish people. Their sympathy for them has been shown on more than one occasion. You, no doubt, remember.

THE FAMINE IN IRELAND.

When the Americans showed their sympathy in a very practical form. It was in 1846 or 1847 that they sent a ship filled with bread or grain to the suffering and starving people there. I was told by a person who saw that ship in harbor that when it reached the cove of Cork the shores were lined with distressed humanity watching and waiting for the arrival of the vessel, and imagine their horrid feeling and sad disappointment when it was discovered that the ship could not enter port until the duty had been paid. The disappointed and sympathetic Americans on board at once sent word back to send on the money immediately. It has always been a joy to me to remember that my own father furnished a large part of that cargo and I trust that the blessings then showered upon his head from the Irish shore have been heard in Heaven. Oh! it is not for sympathy, my beloved brethren, not even for misguided Fenians, that the United States laws are made and must be enforced. In 1838, I think it was, I was present at the trial of William Lyon McKenzie, when every reason was put forth why the United States laws should not be enforced in that instance, but they were. Joshua Spencer, one of the ablest lawyers of his day, was United States District Attorney, and conducted the prosecution. The prisoner had been found carrying war into Canada from American soil. He defended himself at his trial, and his whole cry was "Liberty, Liberty, Liberty. We seek liberty, and how can the American Government, so free itself, wish to deprive us of our liberty?" When liberty means the right to do and

say what any man or set of men think proper, it cannot always be allowed.

THE NEUTRALITY LAWS.

can not and should not be broken simply because of the cry of "Liberty." They can not, ought not and will not. America must protect her own people.

Again I charge "Fenianism" with treason against humanity. What does it propose to do? Does it propose to carry a fighting force across to Ireland and there battle and give freedom? Surely that can not be their plan. Can they swim the ocean? In what vessels can they go there? In American vessels? Surely the Government will not permit its vessels to depart for such a purpose. Perhaps in Russian vessels? Will this nation quietly see Russian vessels leave our ports filled with soldiers and arms to make war on the possession of a foreign and friendly power? Certainly not. What then do they mean to do? The only other practicable course will be to

INVADE CANADA.

That plan has been tried before, and the result you know. It was then that the leading general, surrounded by his soldiers, with sword by his side, and pistols in his pocket, was arrested and removed by a single United States marshal. The mother and babe living on the border, would lie sleepless on her bed at night in terror. Suppose it was invaded and some success followed, and suppose great battles took place, and suppose what is quite unappreciable, that Canada were taken. Is it not a fact that Canada is and has been considered a burden to England, but because of their making laws that suit themselves and give them contentment, it remains in her possession. Who are the Canadians? Are they not largely French and Irish Catholics, who would be its principle defenders? Then this would be the result: Catholic blood flowing and Catholic dead strewn the battle field, simply to make England feel a little bit at what the Fenians can do. It is a crime against humanity, and yet that would be the only achievement the wildest hope for now. It is one thing to cry for Ireland's wrongs, for which we all feel, and quite another thing to adjust them. Bloodshed! Oh! It is a fearful thing to shed blood wilfully when not in self defence, and when there is no good to be gained. St. Columbine, the great Irish saint, in his early life, filled with passion, gathered his friends, including princes, around him and by warfare spilled a great quantity of human blood and destroyed many lives in such work, but when the excitement had passed over, a great council was called and he was condemned to exile for the dreadful result of his leadership. He was powerful and resisted, but soon his conscience troubled him, and he appealed to a saintly hermit, who said he must go as punishment for the spilling of his countrymen's blood. He went. He loved Ireland, but had wronged her. And thereafter the penitential cry of his life was: "I have made Irish blood to flow and without need."

Nothing but injury can come of the Fenian undertaking. When they gather together, do not go with them. Give them no money or other aid. Trust in God and not in them. Perhaps my words to-night may be all wasted. Perhaps some may feel that those Fenians can be trusted more than I can or the other clergy. If such is the case, then the will of God be done! Time passes. Life itself passes. Soon the calm and silent grave will gather all in. We may meet on another shore, and then you will know which are your earnest and best friends, those who seek to stir your blood with hatred and revenge or the clergy who preach to you the gospel of love and peace.

THE OPENING OF THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE CEREMONY.

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(Correspondence N.Y. Papers.)

The great *Salle des Fêtes*, meant for the celebration was unfinished and could not be used. By way of a makeshift, a pavilion of crimson and gold was built out from the gallery on the ground tier, just above the fountains and looking toward the Champ de Mars. I should think it might hold 200 people, and on this narrow platform the spoken solemnities of this world's festival actually took place. Right and left of it stretched the Duchesse's tribune, reaching until the pavilion became at the ends invisible; whatever was said in it must have been quite inaudible, except to those next the speaker. From the favoured and exceptional spot which I first occupied, an imperfect view might be had of the top of one corner of the pavilion. I gazed down on it with respect, but I presently found a protracted contemplation of crimson velvets and silks and gold lace became monotonous. If the great hall had been ready, matters might have gone better, but no conceivable ingenuity could put a dignified face on proceedings which had to be conducted in a horse-box. There certainly was not room for a twentieth part of the great dignitaries of State who were invited to be present.

It had been doubtful all the morning whether the weather would permit any of the open air work to be got through with. Rain poured down steadily till ten, and when the clouds broke the blue sky had a wet look about it, and the carriages mostly kept their hoods up. A quarter of an hour before the entrances were closed, another storm of rain and wind and hail came down. It blew with great violence directly into the open gallery where I sat at the moment, and scattered and frightened away all the people who a moment before had thought themselves lucky in getting front seats. The Exhibition was opened with a crash of thunder an hour before the official cannon shot which was to proclaim the thing finished which is not finished. Through the lofty arcades of the Hall you saw the whole extent of the grounds suddenly covered with a mushroom growth of umbrellas. Even the soldiers appeared to have sheltered themselves, but it was only the people fraternizing with the troops, and holding umbrellas over the warriors' heads. This part, the scene came out once more in such beauty as belongs to it; the beauty of the great city that lies about and beyond this Jewish's gourd of a few months' growth; not at all of the gourd itself. I cannot change my opinion that the palace facade is paltry and tawdry; possessing neither the grandeur that comes from solid strength, nor the airy grace that ought to go with a structure so fragile and so transparent. The grounds have made wonderful progress and the whole building is seen to as much advantage to-day as it will ever be; but the eye of the spectator passes over to the great city which rises above with its Invalides dome, all gold; the Tuilleries to the left, the square towers of St. Sulpice, and the far nobler towers of Notre Dame. That is the background, and there is nothing in the foreground to which the eye can come back with any delight.

Strolling down from the gallery I chanced to reach the front entrance just as the Prince of Wales arrived, in grand state, with white liveried lackeys high in the air, and two white liveried lackeys by his side; a troop of cavalry accompanying him; the infantry, presenting arms, and trumpets sounding. The Prince wore a general's uniform—a bluish British scarlet and British gold. Then came other Princes in quick succession, and by the time I had found my way to the other side of the palace and down on the terrace, the Marshal himself had come. It was only ten minutes past two when he stepped into the tribune; a piece of punctuality which is purely military. If other people had only

been as punctual! But you had to pass inside the Trocadero half-a-dozen yawning chasms in the walls half hid and half revealed by hangings of tapestry, behind which were hideous masses of builders' rubbish. And on the very moment of the cupola which crowns the roof, just beneath the single tri colour which floated nearest the sky, there remained to-day as yesterday, a fabric of scaffold and ladder; the plain proof of the unreadiness of the building beneath; so plain; so obtrusive, as to half fit confession and half brazen impudence; the public contradiction of the official pretence that the Exhibition was completed. The ground on which you walked was a fraud New-laid gravel, fair to look at presently sank out of sight into the swamp of mud underneath, and the turf which was varnished green, gave to the foot if you trusted it, and you found yourself ankle deep in fertile but sticky soil.

Drums and trumpets struck up as the mass of gilt uniforms and many coloured feathers entered the tribune and advanced to the front. Of the speeches, I heard not a word, and I can't say whether it was before or after M. Teisserenc de Bort's prose had been delivered that the great guns from distant forts roared out their salute. I took it to be the signal that the Exhibition was from that moment finished and open to the public; a kind of defiant lie. A salvo of sputtering salutes from small pieces in the ground responded, and every now and then raged afresh, apropos of nothing that one could see. The pent-up force of waters beneath the palace broke loose; a sheet of flowing crystal beat over the great basin beneath the tribune, flowed into pools and spacious stone basins below waiting to receive it, and rose in white columns of spray high into the blue air. Nothing was so lovely or pure as this outburst of the fountains.

Not many minutes later a retreat from the tribune and a commotion in the gallery announced the forming and starting of the procession. Ill luck awaited it and attended it. Scarcely had the Marshal put his foot on the path when a fresh shower came pouring down. The Prince of Wales, who was near him, looked up and looked back, as if not quite sure whether he would go on or not. But the stout old Marshal had no idea of giving in; he marched straight through the rain, heedless of the drenching he got. The Prince, with English practical prudence, spread his umbrella. The Archbishop of Paris fairly tucked up his purple petticoats over his arm and strode through the mud with much the same gait you have seen in the heroics of a burlesque when the heroines a man. Not far behind the Chinese Ambassador waddled painfully along in his queer junk shoes. Senators and scarfed deputies were abreast of the Marshal, and ought to have been mentioned with him; for you are to remark that the Legislative bodies had insisted on their equal presence with the Executive, and had declined to appear on the scene as guests; preferring to play the part of hosts conjointly with the President of the Republic. The President of the Senate, Duc d'Audinet Pasquier, hated of the Bonapartists, and the President of the Chamber of Deputies, M. Grévy, once the predestinated successor of Marshal MacMahon in the chair of the Republic, each at the head of his colleagues, marched sturdily toward on a line with the Marshal. The police scattered about outside had thus far made a feat of keeping the public on the paths and off the turf, but curiosity broke all bounds as soon as this cortege appeared, and men and women rushed up to the very bayonets of the troops who formed the two walls of the aisle along which this rather motley throng of great men advanced.

For a while, perhaps till they got half way down the hill, some sort of order was kept in the official array. Not for long, however. The foothold was insecure beneath; the rain above was pitiless, and soon the column began to show gaps here and there, stretching out into a thin parti-coloured line one moment, and the next all huddled into groups and batches of men. It had no more semblance of order than the Exhibition it was on its way to open. It became a scramble. The cheers of the people, which were not very hearty nor loud, could not inspire it, and the members of it who were not in uniform, but wore only the swallow-tail and white tie of the civilian, began to stray away from the files and mingle with the crowd; the soldiers readily opening the ranks to make way for the fugitives. By the time it had reached the bridge, it had lost half its strength. On the bridge it wavered to and fro. A strip of red cloth divided the floor of this structure, but oddly enough the Marshal would not walk on it; he walked on one side of it, and some of his train on the other side as if it were too sacred to be trodden by human feet. Soon the procession and the people became confused and intermingled. You could no longer distinguish from the heights in the rear even the line of red trousers; and once in the Champ de Mars all effort to keep order was abandoned, for a time at least. Here it was that the reporters broke in. Here also the police a little later made a desperate effort to rearrange matters, succeeding only in shutting out numbers of official people, and shutting in numbers of the public, who enjoyed the joke. And in that mixed and humiliating state the Marshal and his retinue passed out of the sight of those who were standing, as I was, on the slopes of the Trocadero Hill.

Now, let us see the Trocadero filling—as we said between the hours of 11 and 1. The Foreign Ministers—General Noyes among them—have arrived and have been received by the Minister of Commerce and Agriculture, M. Teisserenc de Bort. The Superior Commissioners of the Exhibition, French and foreign, have arrived, and have equally (like all the rest I am going to name) made their bow to the Minister of Commerce. Governor McCormick is among these; and, but that I owe a similar acknowledgment to a British Commissioner, I should say the prince of them all for courteous readiness to help those who have a title to his good offices. Lastly, the Foreign Princes have arrived, each in his best clothes—forgive the artless simplicity of the phrase—and each escorted from his hotel to the grounds by a detachment of soldiers, and in every other respect journeying with a pomp calculated to delight the crowd. Here is the list of them as nearly as I could get it; they may be one too many, but I fancied that I saw them all.—His ex-Majesty Don Francisco d'Assise, otherwise the husband of the ex-Queen of Spain, a little gray-haired man with a florid face, the face of a Major Bagstock, who has had to pass too much of his time in choking with rage. There was no excuse for Bagstock as we know; the well-informed believe there is some for this Prince. He has come down in a carriage so heavily gilded that it seems to have been made of one entire and perfect nugget such as they may have been in the habit of mining in the age of gold, and with coachmen and footmen shedding the all too abundant powder from their wigs with every jolt of the vehicle. Next His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, in scarlet; Don Francis, who has sat on a throne, is to take precedence of the Royal Highness, who has only stood on the steps; the Duke of Aosta, brother of the King of Italy; the Prince Royal of Denmark; the Prince Royal of Holland; that Prince of Orange generally called "Lemon" by ladies who have the honour of his friendship; a gentleman who takes a single count nine out of every ten good stories told in Paris about the grandness of his rank. These all represent sovereigns. Add to them the Grand Duke of Leuchtenberg for his illustrious relative, the Emperor of Russia—another good story here I'll have but a minute's time to tell it—and we have the tale complete. As they come they are led into a special saloon, where for the moment they may be seen of none but themselves.

Finally, M. Teisserenc de Bort came forward, uncovered his head, and while the wind blew damp and strong from another approaching gale of rain, commenced his oration. He evidently spoke in the mildest conversational tone, for not a sound was heard audible at a distance of fifty feet. While he was speaking, facing the Marshal-President, with his back towards the world of Paris and the great buildings on the Champ de Mars, various officials passed to and fro behind him; lively conversations were kept up between the ladies and gentlemen—some of the latter even clasping their hands and making sentimental dumb-show to fair faces in the upper tiers of seats—and these remarks were constantly heard:—"But he continues to speak!" "Dieu, how long!" "Hélas! will it never end?" It lasted about twenty minutes, after which M. Grévy is always popular with a Paris populace. And thus closed the opening of the great World's Exhibition of 1878.

THE MURDER OF LORD LEITRIM.

THE OFFICIAL INVESTIGATION.

Lifford, Friday, May 23d.

To-day the prisoners, Anthony McGrenaghan, Thomas McGrenaghan, Bernard McGrenaghan, Michael Harraghy, Anthony McGrenaghan, and Michael McGrenaghan, were brought from Lifford jail, under a strong escort of constabulary, to Lifford courthouse, and placed in the dock, and formally arraigned before Captain Peel, R. M., chairman; Captain Stokes, R. M.; Mr. John Cochrane, J. P.; and Baptist J. Martin, J. P., for the murder of Lord Leitrim, Charles Buchanan, and John Meek.

Mr. Wm. Martin, Sessions Crown Solicitor, appeared on behalf of the Crown, and Mr. James E. O'Doherty, Derry, and Mr. John Mackey, Kameelon, appeared for the prisoners.

Mr. Martin said—I am instructed by the Crown to apply for a further remand of the prisoners. The circumstances of the case have all been brought clearly before the court by Mr. Holmes, and therefore I shall confine myself exclusively to the grounds on which I ask for the remand. The grounds are on the evidence that has been already produced, as well as on what I purpose to bring forward to-day. I purpose to give evidence of the piece of the copybook found at the scene of the murder.

After some further observations, Mr. Martin produced

Ellen Dolan, who deposed to the identity of the copybook found by the Constabulary in the house of the first three prisoners, as a copybook belonging to Mary McGrenaghan, sister of the prisoners, and a pupil at Castlet Glabe National School, of which deponent was teacher. Deponent's handwriting was on the cover of the book which had been taken away from the school.

A Sub-Constable deposed to having seen the copybook in the prisoners' house.

John Frederick Hodges, Professor of Jurisprudence, Queen's College, Belfast, and analyst for the counties of Donegal, Fermanagh and Tyrone, deposed to having received from Sub-Constable Thomas Walsh two pairs of trousers, which he examined, and found stains on both pairs. He found the stains on one of the pairs to contain blood. The other pair were very dirty, and he had not yet completed his analysis of them.

Cross-examined by Mr. O'Doherty—I have been enabled to ascertain that there is blood; nothing more than that.

Sub-constable Sherry proved he found four pair of trousers in the house of Anthony and Michael McGrenaghan, at Gortuastra North, on the 11th of April last, two pairs of which he gave to Constable Kelly, of Millford, who deposed he handed them to Sub-Constable Thomas Walsh, who proved having delivered them to Professor Hodges.

Thomas Peter Carr, County Inspector, deposed—I am continuing my inquiries in this case. Since the last remand of the prisoners I have such information as I believe will commit every one in that dock either as principals or accessories to the murder, and from the information I have received I expect further evidence against every one of them.

Mr. Martin—I desire as long a remand as possible.

Mr. O'Doherty—Till "Thib's eye." I object to the granting of a remand. There has been no additional evidence given against the prisoners since that given on the 11th. Nothing has turned up since, and we are now discussing an application sworn on an information the same as before. The Crown must produce more evidence or the prisoners must be discharged. I do not intend to go into the case, its absurdity is apparent. The whole lot of the McGrenaghans might as well have been brought up as those in the dock. The only thing is that it is suspected that there are spots of blood on the clothes, but it has not been found that it is human blood. Some of the old clothes are so dirty that they cannot be yet examined. The Crown asked for a remand against Harraghy a week ago, and no further evidence been given against him, I protest against any further adjournment of the case. If the Crown proceed in this way there is no knowing when the prisoners will be released. I do not know that there is law for remanding them so often.

Mr. Martin referred the magistrates to the Penge case as precedent for remand.

Captain Stokes said there was a *prima facie* evidence against four of the prisoners.

Ultimately all the prisoners were remanded until Friday, May 10th.

The Courthouse was unusually thronged by parties who seemed to take a lively interest in the proceedings.

LORD LEITRIM'S PROPERTY.

The *Anglo Celt* of May 4th, says:—"We understand that the late Lord Leitrim left a will bequeathing his estates in Westmeath Leitrim and Donegal, to his distant relative, Lieutenant-Colonel Theophilus Clement, of Ashfield, Cootchill, county Cavan. The young Earl, we hear, will only inherit £1,500 a year of entailed property, which it was out of the power of the late Earl to dispose of by will. Colonel Clement is a gentleman of strong Conservative tendencies, and has the reputation of being an excellent landlord, kind and considerate to his tenants. If he becomes the owner of the vast Leitrim property we are quite sure the tenants will find him a just and good landlord."

THE MOTIVE FOR THE DEED—AVENGING A FAMILY WRONG.

The *New York Herald*, of the 16th inst., publishes the following statement, from which it would appear that the assassination of Lord Leitrim was an act of private vengeance for a family wrong, and in no way connected with the agrarian matters. The *Herald* says:—

Was the Earl of Leitrim's death an agrarian outrage, or was it a dark product of personal vengeance? is a question which has been much discussed, and hitherto not satisfactorily settled. The noble lord's relations with his tenants gave warrant for either hypothesis, and each thereof found numerous supporters. Yesterday there came into the possession of the *Herald* information of a character which sweeps away the presumption that land troubles had anything to do with his taking off, and goes far to prove that his death resulted from the fierce resentment which sought to avenge a dishonored home. The informant is a relative of two of the men who were concerned in the death of the Earl of Leitrim, and who are now, he says, safe in America, technically, no doubt, within reach of the extra-

dition treaty, but practically beyond the potent and far-reaching sway of British gold. Only one other party, he says, had anything to do with the shooting of Lord Leitrim, and as his security is not as yet so perfectly assured, he makes his communication with some reserve. He himself left Ireland when a boy and has not been there for twenty-seven years.

THE HONOR OF HOME.

He has memories, however, of some of the worst days of landlord sway and autocratic tyranny, of dispossessed tenants, of profligate opulence and dishonored peasants' families, and not having known any of the ameliorations of these evils is in quick sympathy with what he would doubtless still call "the wild justice of revenge." Upon this topic he burst into a strain of passionate, natural eloquence, avowing that he would, without ruth or mercy, kill the highest official in the land if he should be guilty of violating his home. "There was nothing agrarian in this," he said; "there was no organization; three men, and only three men, had anything to do with it, and two of them are where British gold can never bring them back." When asked for his reasons touching the motive which led to the killing of Lord Leitrim, he drew a letter from his pocket from which he permitted the reporter to copy all that bore upon the subject. He made the condition, however, that dates and names of persons should be omitted and also names of places of inconsiderable extent, but permitted a free reference to large towns like Liverpool and Glasgow, believing that they would afford no clue to the police authorities. The letter, which is written in a rather indifferent hand, is not remarkable for orthographical exactness nor precise structure, but it at least points very explicitly to the motive of what society calls a crime, and what these men call strict and stern justice. It runs as follows, no attempt being made to prove its diction or its orthography:—

THE MOTIVE INDICATED.

DEAR COUSIN—Before this reaches you there will be news of the death of the old villain whom you and some others don't love over much. You know who I mean. His times up and passed. Nor he didn't die in his bed either, but just in the bed he made for many a hundred and thousand of his own poor starved victims. —and young —came over from the —(their place of business) of Liverpool more nor four months ago. —just forced —to company him. I suppose you were aware that —'s niece —died at —last harvest, and —says as how he thinks he sent you word, but isn't shure —in troth, he isn't shure of scarce anything since her death. She went against his will the day she took the big wages from the old varmint—well, at any rate she died poor enough, poor thing, and the child died afore her, and ever since then —has his blood up, and no wonder. God help him, for many's the time he would be awake at nights just thinkin of it all, and so he came over himself and —and they both took lodgings in —for over four weeks, and then went off to —and saw —a brother for a week and then left. I can't give you any of the particulars of the old varmint's death, but maybe you'll hear it from their lips afore long and the death of the driver—that could not be helped, and the agent that was with them both, as they had not none of them time to say much prayers I'm told. So you see the law is offerin' grate sums of money for information, but there's nobody going to get it, for men can't inform much on themselves you know. They'll sail this week if possible, for there isn't the last difficulty, and maybe they'll go by Glasgow, in Scotland, and maybe they'll go by Liverpool.

WHEREAS MOST WRONG? The purpose of going by Liverpool is stated in the letter, but as it might afford a clue the receipt of the letter did not wish its publication. But here was the motive stated with distinctness—"—'s niece, —, died at —last harvest. She went against his will the day she took the big wages from the old varmint. Well, at any rate she died poor enough, poor thing, and the child died afore her." There was the tale told in a few words, in which resentment and sympathy were unconsciously mingled. Was it not then in the showing of this letter another case of the "inexplicable wrong, the unutterable shame?" Or was the wrong, after all, inexplicable? On the one hand were the dead child, innocent of all wrong, the dead peasant girl, slain by the intense agony of her shame, at a time when her days should have been brightest; on the other the dead Earl stricken in the autumn of his days when the honors and the fair fame of a good man would have attained their full fruition; and the dead driver and dead agent, immolated by the very necessity of this deadly vengeance.

LORD LEITRIM'S DEATH ELABORATELY PLANNED "The niece," said the informant of the writer—"that accounts for it all;" that was the pivot upon which the whole thing turned. The land question never entered into it. It will be observed that in the above letter the name of the Earl of Leitrim is never mentioned, the reference being to "the old villain," or "the old varmint." This fact was pointed out by the *Herald* representative, and in reply his informant said that before receiving that letter he had received another, in which that matter was fixed beyond a doubt—a letter which contained "the head work," as he put it, and in which, in fact, the Earl of Leitrim's death was planned. He was asked if he would not be willing to make public this document also, but, this he said, he could not consent to do until the security of the third party involved was assured beyond any possible doubt. For the other two he had no apprehension whatever. Their escape without any difficulty or detention he attributed to the fact that they had not lived in Ireland. They were not at all engaged in agrarian pursuits, but were active workers among the masses of one of the large English industrial communities. The dishonor, however, which had befallen a member of their family ranked in their breasts, and their plans of retribution brought them to Ireland. There, with the aid of the third party, a resident of the country, they succeeded in their terrible and unflinching purpose.

GLOIBING IN THEIR DEED.

Their deed was denounced as murder and assassination, but they only regarded it as retribution. They did not account it any worse than what had been justified ere now as "suiting the snifter with the scimitar." The circumstantial details of the killing of Lord Leitrim and his companions in the informant of the writer could not communicate, but he said that no obstacle stood in the way of their escape. They were separated at Liverpool by a blunder, a superstition, he added, and one came by that way and the other by Glasgow. One arrived in Boston and the other in New York, the latter landing first. "Both have since been together in New York," he proceeded. "I have been with them, and they are now where they cannot be reached, nor do I believe, from the sentiments expressed by the press of New York, that they would ever be given up."

ONE OF THE PARTY NOT YET SAFE. "Are you quite sure that the third party is not in custody in Ireland?" quired the reporter, and he received the reply that he was not only not in custody but not in Ireland. Finally the person who supplied the above information assured the *Herald* representative that as soon as the safety of that party was beyond all doubt (and he intimated that it would not be long until it was so,) he would cheerfully supply further details, and would place the document containing what he called the head work at the disposal of the *Herald* readers.