

THE CAREER OF A SPY

TOLD BY A CONSPIRATOR

THE STORY OF THE PERFDY OF McDERMOTT

A Complete Resume of his Bargaining with the British Government, as Told by the Dynamite Party.

HOW HE GAINED AN ENTRANCE TO THE DYNAMITE SCHOOL IN COBK.

MOST REMARKABLE DUPLICITY

THE PLOTS TO KILL HIM.

His Visit to Dublin—Complete Details.

The subjoined history of James McDermott's connection with the Fenian Brotherhood, and his alleged betrayal of the dynamite conspirators, O'Herlihy, Featherstone, Deasy, Flanagan and Dalton, is written with the approval of persons high in authority in the Fenian Brotherhood, and is the official account of the plot or plots which have seen several men to life long imprisonment, made others refugees from the land of their birth, and serves to show the fallacy of secret movements by men sworn to absolute silence and fealty. That part of this story which pertains to England, Ireland and France is indited by James O'Malley, one of the Cork conspirators, and one of the men who followed James McDermott to this country. That portion of the story relating to the movements of McDermott in Canada and the attempts to kill him in New York and Brooklyn is furnished by two members of the Fenian Brotherhood, and has been officially confirmed by the men most interested. The story is complete in every detail. It includes all the evidence in the hands of the Fenian Brotherhood against James McDermott, and the public can now judge for itself the extent of his guilt or the measure of his innocence. McDermott's connection with the movement of 1865 and his alleged betrayal of the Campo Bello affairs together with his career in the original Fenian Brotherhood will not enter into this history. The narrative will be wholly confined to what the secret brotherhood deem absolute proof of his perfidy in the last dynamite plot.

McDERMOTT'S FIRST MOVE. Last December McDermott learned through a leechy member of the Clan na Gael that Dr. Gallagher and his brother Bernard were about to go to Ireland or England for the purpose of blowing up public buildings. McDermott visited the office of O'Donovan Rossa some days afterwards and professed great ardor for Ireland's welfare. He intimated he would like to be sent out with a dynamite party, and offered to defray part of the expenses for the trip. No trust was placed in him by Rossa, and his advances were coldly rebuffed. A week later McDermott called and subscribed his name for \$50 toward the fund "The Resources of Civilization." He introduced in Rossa's office a man whose name he said was O'Brien, and who, he claimed, was his foster brother. McDermott subsequently called on Rossa and told him he was going to Europe to look for Sinnott, the defaulting cashier of the Brooklyn Board of Education. He requested from Rossa credentials to act as correspondent of the United Irishman, and showed a letter from the Brooklyn Union signed by Lorin Palmer, authorizing Jas. McDermott to represent the paper. The letter from Rossa was secured and McDermott called. He was first heard of in Dublin, where he was known as the mysterious visitor to Mrs. Cody, the woman who supplied the Phoenix Park murderers with food. He gave her money lavishly, told her he was a friend of Ireland, requested her to keep his identity a secret from everybody, and finally wormed from her the names of the persons who paid her to supply food to the Phoenix Park prisoners. This escape of McDermott was not known until after the Cork arrests months later, at which time his history was being traced. Mrs. Cody then wrote, in answer to an Irish Nationalist, and said: "McDermott gave me in all £200, and I innocently told him the names of the person who paid me to supply the Phoenix Park prisoners with food. He spoke eloquently of Irish wrongs, showed me O'Donovan Rossa's card, and diverted all suspicion. I only saw his true nature when I learned of the arrest of the parties whose names I gave to McDermott, and my fears were further confirmed when I saw him in conversation with Jenkinson, the Chief of the Secret Serv. Co."

A DARING PLOT. The rest of McDermott's "jollies" while in the United Kingdom and France is best told in the words of O'Malley, one of the conspirators: "A friend called on me in Cork at the Imperial Hotel on the 15th of March last, and told me that an emissary of O'Donovan Rossa had called on him and wanted to make the acquaintance of some of our friends. My friend knew I had been connected with every raid since 1865 and my name was mentioned to the emissary. He expressed a desire to meet me, and he had heard of me. My friend then told me that the name of Rossa's envoy was McDermott, and I immediately expressed distrust. I had been warned by the delegation that accompanied Colonel John O'Mahony's remains to Ireland that McDermott was looked upon as a spy, owing to the mysterious manner in which he followed the delegation. I said to my friend, this man McDermott when in Ireland boasted of having administered the blessed sacrament to a goat, and a man who would perpetrate such an act, or boast of doing so, is not fit to be in an Irish movement. On the whole, said I, I look upon him as a suspicious person. My friend, who is James Lawlor, of Cork, promised to watch McDermott, and in the meantime reported the matter at a meeting of skirmishers that afternoon. Rossa's agent in Cork, Featherstone, was present. The skirmishers despatched me to meet McDermott and learn his real mission, and if we learned he came over as a spy he should not leave Cork alive. I met him at the Imperial Hotel, and he produced a letter of Rossa's authorizing him to act as correspondent of the United Irishman, and there and then he unfolded his mission, which was to establish dynamite societies at his own expense. When asked who authorized him he said it was a labor of love and that men in America were anxious

for communication with men in Ireland for the purpose of sending over arms of war. I asked him if Rossa had given him the names of men in Ireland, and he said no. With a view to drawing McDermott out I explained: "That Rossa is an infernal fraud. He has been boasting, and still he has never sent any one out." (The fact is that there were ten men from Rossa in the city then to my knowledge.) "Rossa hadn't the means, said McDermott. "I am the first missionary, and I want active work." McDermott then informed me that Dr. Gallagher and his brother were in Liverpool, and that something would happen. I told him I had not touched Irish politics in years, and did not see my way clear to do it then. "Only get me the man," said he, "and I will arrange the rest." This interview I reported to the skirmishers, and I told them I was convinced of McDermott's infamy. It was decided to have several interviews with him previous to a certain definite step which we contemplated. On that evening the Local Board Government buildings were blown down by Gallagher and his associates, and this led me to think it possible McDermott might be true. I next saw him on the 16th of March and he was jubilant over the London explosion. "I must run over and see my friends," said he, "and congratulate Gallagher." I expressed admiration of that powerful explosive known as nitro-glycerine, and McDermott offered to show me how to make it. He told me the post office address of Rossa and said I could open communication with him at once. I saw the trap laid for me and also the ignorance of McDermott regarding our means of communication with America. I asked him in relation to the story that he had boasted of administering the holy sacrament to a goat, and he said it was untrue. "Why, I have a daughter a nun and a son a priest," said he.

THE PLOT UNRAVELLED. "I faithfully reported the conversation to the skirmishers, and I was again sent to meet him on the 17th of March. He proposed to teach me how to make nitro-glycerine on the spot. He placed before me written directions of how to make Greek fire, and pretending to be ignorant of the nature of the document, I began to copy it. "Make out two copies," said he, "I want one for Castle Island." "Do you know anyone there?" said I. "No, but it is a place I am very anxious to go to." Assembling him to be a spy I knew his only business in Castle Island would be the discovery of the man who killed Arthur Herbert, the tyrant magistrate and landlord. Rewards aggregating \$20,000 had been offered for the conviction of his slayer. "McDermott," said I, "this paper only shows how to make a liquid article and I understand that dynamite is a solid." "They must have sent me the wrong document," said he, "but it was sent by Rossa." I hung the copy I had written into the fire, whereupon Mr. McDermott said, "Write a copy for me, my hand is shaking." I wrote nothing; said I, "for if my writing was found in your possession it would compromise me." He pressed me hard, promising to get rid of the copies at once, but I refused. I made my usual report to the skirmishers, dwelling particularly on the attempt to entrap me. Featherstone, Sinnott, the accredited agent, the informant of the skirmishers that the receipt for Greek fire had been sent from New York to him (Featherstone) in care of a Queenstown lady, and had been handed in mistake to McDermott, who had called on the lady in company of some Queenstown friends. The letter had no superscription, but had been enclosed in a letter to the lady, telling her to hand it to a person who would call. When McDermott and his friends were at the house she told about the letter, and McDermott, jumping up, said: "Why, that is for me." Featherstone flew into a rage and, backed by several of the inexperienced skirmishers, proposed to call at once on McDermott and demand an explanation. "If you wait on him," said I, "you will disclose at once what I have been concealing—the existence of a dynamite school." I visited McDermott and told him the document he had shown me about Greek fire had been sent from New York to a wild young fellow in Cork, who was much terrified that McDermott should have it. He refused to give up the document, and said he could only give it to the man it was sent to. I then proposed to the dynamite school that a complete stranger to the skirmishers should call on McDermott and represent himself as the man. In this I was overruled, and I was again sent to McDermott. I demanded the document, and he handed me a paper. "This is only a copy, said I, and I want the original." "I copied it," said McDermott, "and fearing that the handwriting of another would be found on me, I burned the original. I am now convinced the original had been sent to Dublin Castle, and so reported. This enraged Featherstone, and he decided, notwithstanding my protestations, to see McDermott and demand an explanation."

DYNAMITERS ENTRAPPED. Featherstone called upon McDermott at the Imperial Hotel on the 18th of March and McDermott took him out of the reach of my hearing. Explanations passed which Featherstone considered satisfactory. McDermott then in a very confidential way handed Featherstone a card on which was written by Rossa: "My dear Jim—Excuse me for not being able to see you off; remember me to the boys when you see them." Featherstone passed the card to me and McDermott said: "You see I had more credentials than you thought, but I did not know how far I could trust you." "Why, that card is nothing," said I. "Well, I had to run for the boat," said McDermott, "and it is lucky I have that much to show." He then had a long private talk with Featherstone, at the end of which I was informed by the latter, McDermott was all right. I expected a promise from Featherstone that he would on no account let McDermott know anything. McDermott left us then on the 18th ostensibly for Killarney, and returned on the 21st of March. We have since learned he was in Dublin, as the register of the hotel there shows. On the evening of the 21st, to my utter amazement I found McDermott seated alongside Featherstone at a meeting of the dynamiters. McDermott made a blazing speech, and proposed to poison the Hon. Captain Plunkett, the resident magistrate for Cork. On that night the plans for the Liverpool explosion were decided. McDermott came to me at the meeting and said: "O'Malley, you pursued me—hard, but you know now I am all right." On the next day, the 22nd, McDermott left Cork for London, and there, through Featherstone, met John O'Connor, sentenced to penal servitude for life, under the name of Dalton. The day after McDermott's arrival in London, Sir William Harcourt stated in Parliament that he had been offered information for £10,000 of numerous plots of a startling nature for the destruction of public buildings and the existence of secret societies in Cork and Castle Island. McDermott called Dalton to the public buildings, and he is the mysterious personage testified to last week, who gestulated so violently in the company of Dalton when opposite Westminster palace. Previous to McDermott's departure for London it was decid-

ed by him and Featherstone that a box of nitro-glycerine should be brought on to Liverpool by Deasy. Only McDermott and Featherstone were then cognizant of this. Deasy was to sail on the 19th. On the arrival of the steamer at Liverpool it was boarded by the police and searched. Deasy was not on board, however, having missed the boat. A SEARCHED RETRICAL. McDermott posted back in hot haste to Cork and insisted on Deasy being at once sent. Having complete hold of Featherstone, he induced the latter to send Deasy on the 27th with the nitro-glycerine. Deasy was warned not to take any documents with him, not even a note to Flanagan to whom the dynamite was consigned. Before he left, however, McDermott intercepted him and gave him a note to Flanagan stating, "this is Mr. Deasy, a good man and the person who brings you the nitro-glycerine." Deasy was arrested on his arrival and the note led to the capture of Flanagan. It was by this letter from McDermott signed with Featherstone's name that Flanagan, Featherstone and Deasy were convicted. The evening of Deasy's arrest in Liverpool, McDermott got drunk in Cork, and I got possession of his note book. I found in it the names of many residents of Cork, and the houses of these people were afterward searched. On the 27th of March, after Deasy sailed, McDermott offered me £100 to give to a waiter at the Imperial Hotel to poison the Hon. Captain Plunkett. I still suspected him and told him I had nothing to say. Then the news came to us that while McDermott was in London he was very conspicuous with Dalton. He showed the latter all the public buildings and the footprints of the two were dogged by detectives. The strange part of it was that whenever McDermott separated from Dalton the detectives always followed the latter and never paid any attention to McDermott. Dalton was arrested the day McDermott left London.

THE CORK ARREST. Following the arrests of Deasy and Flanagan in Liverpool came the capture of Featherstone, O'Herlihy, Carmody and a man named Morgan. Up to the day before the arrests there had been nothing against O'Herlihy, but on that day he allowed McDermott to cable across to America for funds. An order for a draft came by cable next day to O'Herlihy, and he was seized by the government officials. I was now satisfied of McDermott's guilt, because the man Morgan who was arrested had no connection with us, and his name had never been mentioned but once, and then in McDermott's presence. "On the night of the arrest McDermott left a note at my house warning me to fly, but I knew that would be the signal for my arrest. He appeared the same evening in the disguise of a minister to me, and told me to disguise myself similarly. I refused. He then rushed to the Imperial Hotel and announced wildly that it was he who led the dynamite plots and asked how he could escape. The next morning in his ordinary attire he left Cork and went to Dublin. In his room at the hotel was found the following:— "MY DEAR—Ray to Inspector Starkey £50 for me, which will be refunded to you by Jenkinson on your arrival in Dublin. "There was no signature, and as I mentioned once before, Jenkinson is the chief of the Irish secret service. When McDermott went to Dublin he registered as St. Sylvester and then called on James O'Connor of the Irishman. He told the latter stories of his great daring and wanted a chance to do something. He called upon Michael Davitt in jail, and the latter suspecting him had him turned out of the cell. Then O'Connor's house was surrounded and searched for McDermott, who was enjoying a cigar on Sackville street. This was to give O'Connor the idea that McDermott was wanted by the police. O'Connor was arrested and discharged. When Featherstone was arrested he had in his possession the copy of the directions for making Greek fire. Featherstone now said he had been duped by McDermott, for all the men arrested were only those McDermott had met, while others whom he had been doing good work, but whom McDermott did not know, were molested. McDermott wrote to me from Dublin asking if I knew men named Morehead and Fletcher. With a design to draw him back to Cork I caused a letter to be written by another party, stating the men he inquired for and other Americans had just arrived in Cork. My object in getting McDermott back was to kill him. In reply I received a letter dated the 14th of May, from Dublin, stating that McDermott had left for Liverpool several days before. To my intense amazement I then learned that he was the witness present at the secret inquiry when the Cork conspirators were held for treason felony. As soon as the men were held, McDermott sailed for Havre, and after he had safely arrived in Paris the British detectives gave out that they were looking for him.

HIS COUSIN IN FRANCE. I immediately wrote to a trusted journalist in France, stating to him my suspicions of McDermott and asking about his movements in Paris. I received the following in answer: A STATEMENT. I beg to acknowledge the receipt of a letter dated the 27th inst. in which a well known and trusted Nationalist of Cork, Mr. William O'Riordan (at present in Havre), requests me to furnish him with particulars regarding the recent visit of Mr. James McDermott to this city. In the same communication Mr. O'Riordan adds that he makes this request because he is firmly convinced that Mr. McDermott has been giving important information for some time to the British Government relative to what is known as the dynamite conspiracy in Cork. In according to Mr. O'Riordan's desires let me not be misinterpreted or misunderstood. I have no positive evidence of Mr. McDermott's treachery—if treachery there be on his part—and until I am satisfied he is guilty, I will believe him innocent; but having been asked to note down anything that might be of use in throwing light on his character as far as it could study it in Paris, I do so—not to worry Mr. McDermott, but to serve the cause, every champion of which should never be afraid to welcome the scrutiny of his confederates into his actions, private or public. Mr. McDermott came to Paris from Antwerp little over a month ago, and was met here on the evening of his arrival by Mr. Patrick Casey and myself. On that occasion he told us that he had been four days on sea, having left Liverpool for Belgium, after evading the Irish and British police authorities for weeks previously. While in Paris McDermott was very anxious about the movements of another Irishman, a Mr. Patrick Kieran, nicknamed "Sick the Goat," who had arrived here without a letter of recommendation of any kind from any revolutionary or other organization. This Kieran, while giving an almost unbroken silence on his past career, had no objection to proclaiming himself a Ribbonman and a member of the old I. R. B., and said he was willing to become a "dynamiter." Mr. McDermott openly declared more than once to Mr. Casey, myself

and others that if he knew Kieran was a true man, he would send him down to Castle Island to do some work there. Still, he suspected as many of us suspected, this man, though wrongly so to be a spy, while at the same time, he was taking him more and more into his confidence. In reference to matters which I thought should be kept strictly concealed from him as long as he had any doubt of his honesty of principle. Mr. McDermott, who used to say that all the money he was spending for the cause was his own, must have expended no less a sum than 10,000 francs during his stay in Paris. His bankers were Monroe & Co., and he was known to them as Robert Noonan, and was taken at his hotel and elsewhere as that of Saint Gylvestre. The day of his departure for Havre (last Friday) he went as usual to the bank for money and his correspondence, returned in a state of high jubilation, observing that he had got good news about property in Ireland worth £10,000, a suit about which was pending for some years between himself and others. He went into no more particulars on this affair, nor did I ask him to do so. Mr. Casey and myself accompanied him to Havre, where he introduced us to Mr. O'Riordan, and I must say candidly and above board, and will be borne out in the statement by Mr. Casey, that Mr. McDermott's manner underwent a rapid change the moment he shook hands and kissed his Cork acquaintance. He was nervous, cautious and reserved in his conversation with us, as up to that time was frank and unassuming. I may be right or wrong, but I am inclined to attribute this transformation of character to a (probably to him) suspicious movement made by Mr. O'Riordan, who took me aside at the close of the evening to give me the first idea of what he was convinced Mr. McDermott really was.

I may state, in conclusion, that Mr. McDermott was constantly asserting that Mr. Casey was an informer, and that he had good reasons for believing so. One of these reasons, he said, was the non-publication of Mr. O's evidence at the secret inquiry. It may be, moreover, added that Mr. McDermott sent to Cork for one of the men there, whose expenses he promised to pay in case he would come to see him in Paris, with the view of continuing the dynamite business in that city, his neighborhood, and in Kerry. I procured him a man. However, even in presence of all those facts, I refuse to say that I believe Mr. McDermott to be a British spy. I don't for a moment doubt Mr. O'Riordan's sincerity, but it is possible that he may be mistaken in his view concerning him. Nevertheless, Mr. O'Riordan should be heard with respect, and should be adduce convincing evidence of Mr. McDermott's guilt, the Irish in America ought to be made immediately aware who it was that victimized Deasy, Featherstone, O'Herlihy and others. I leave the matter there.

EDMUND DAVIS, Hotel Baejun 338 rue St. Honoré, May 29, 1883. McDERMOTT then sent over a French journalist to bring me from Cork to Paris. This was a plan to find my whereabouts. The journalist inquired at the Fenian headquarters for me and was told I had left, although I was really in the city. All the time the journalist was in Cork he was dogged by Detectives Nolan and Slean, although no one knew of his visit but McDermott. On the 22nd of May I escaped to Havre and wrote to my friend in Paris for further information about McDermott. I then learned in answer that the traitor was spending money lavishly and that he announced himself as "St. Sylvester," the proprietor of a large hotel at Coney Island. While in Havre my friend, Mr. Donovan of that city, received the following letter:

PARIS, May 19, 1883. MY DEAR SIR—You do not know me but I know you through Pat Casey, Eugene Davis and others here, and so I crave a favor from you. It is this: My home is in America, but I was lately in Ireland and the climate became so hot for me that I left some of my clothes behind me in my hurry to get away from the heat. I have instructed my friend to send the trunk and direct in your name to you. They will send you also the keys by mail, so that you may have them inspected by the French Customs authorities. I expect to return by the steamer from Havre on Saturday next, and so will, in that event, have the pleasure of seeing you in the meantime. I go by the name of Robert Noonan and St. Sylvester here, but my real name is: Yours truly, JAMES McDERMOTT.

GETTING HIS REWARD. On the last Friday in May the news came to Paris that the Cork conspirators were held for trial, and McDermott was very jubilant. My friend in Paris in writing to me about it said: "I asked McDermott what made him so jubilant, and he said it was because a law suit in Wicklow had been decided in favor of him. He brought me to Monroe & Co, the bankers, and there he received drafts on the New York for 50,000 francs. He told me he was the illegitimate son of the Earl of Wicklow." On the Friday morning that McDermott got this money he went to Havre, and there met me. He put his arm around my neck and kissed me, and told me he was going to sail in the morning for New York. He called the next day, after vainly trying to get me to go with him.

IN HIS COUNTRY. Before McDermott arrived I had cabled over his treachery, but he told Rossa when charged with being a traitor that it was O'Malley who had betrayed the organization. McDermott stayed in New York until he learned that I was coming out, when he went to Canada. There he dubbed himself the "Invincible aspect," and tried to organize societies for the destruction of public buildings. The editor of the Montreal Free Press called to Davitt and McDermott, and Davitt answered he was a spy. McDermott was busted out of Montreal and went to Toronto. There he put up many plots. He was exposed by The Free Press, which, in an editorial headed, "More infamous than Casey," said: "The mystery which hung around McDermott has been sufficiently unraveled to put him on a level with the infamous Casey. The chain of circumstantial evidence against him is damaging in the highest degree. His relations with government officials, his hobnobbing with detectives, his denunciation by the most prominent Irishmen in the United States and Ireland, every circumstance in connection with his villainous career go to show that this McDermott 'talked dynamite,' and concocted, or attempted to concoct, dynamite plots for the purpose of immediately betraying his dupes to the government and receiving handsome rewards on the strength of his own delusive schemes." THE ATTEMPT TO KILL HIM. McDermott was brought to New York by means of a decoy letter, and was invited into Captain S. P. Ryan's saloon in Chambers street. The man who was to kill him snatched the trigger of his revolver five times before it went off. The cartridge that did

blow was defective and the aim was wrong. Another set of men were then selected to kill him, and a note was left at McDermott's saloon, in Montague street, Brooklyn, on the Monday following the shooting, asking McDermott to meet two friends. He promised to meet them at 9 o'clock Monday evening at McDermott's, but when the men arrived to kill him they found the following note addressed to one of the men: Tuesday evening. Mr. Deas Love—I got your letter at McDermott's last night. I regret—sincerely regret—that I cannot meet you as you suggest. I am due in Albany to-morrow morning. I do not think I will go. If I do not I will go to the Oceanus, at Rockaway, most probably, and if you have nothing to do and can get there I should be most happy to have you come and be my guest for a day or two. Of course, you have heard of the terrible affair of Saturday last, and the still terrible accusation, groundless as hell is black, made against me in the Cork matters. Instead of denying "bell, book and candle" all knowledge or even acquaintance with the poor devil in Jersey, the idle professors of Irishism are doing their level best to make it appear to the English jury that the men in prison are guilty on general principles. I am disgusted, beyond expression, and I mean to vindicate my good name ahead of time, if necessary. Now, action speaks better than words, and I propose doing something that will be of use. Our mutual friend will tell you what I proposed on Saturday, but, upon reflection, I think it would be too dangerous for you to go over in person. Indeed, I am sure it would, and as I am going upon your advice in the premises to the extent of my last dollar, suggest, then, how comedy can be brought or stolen at once, and I'll make good the needful and ask no questions as to why, how and by whom it was accomplished. I am now pretty satisfied that the shot was not intended for me, and in view of Mr. Rossa's advice yesterday and what I have heard to-day, I have written to Judge Smith, saying that I will not prosecute the prisoner; I am weary of all this dirty notoriety, and am going to take a rest, and let time, which makes all things even, do me justice. Sincerely yours, JAMES McDERMOTT.

AT THE TOMBS. It was then resolved to kill McDermott at the Tombs when he appeared against Gaynor. McDermott was accompanied by his brother Harry, William H. Muldoon, formerly property clerk, and Counselor O'Keely. McDermott was to be stabbed as he took the witness chair and six men, armed to the teeth, were to guard an avenue for the escape of McDermott's assassin. As the man who was to do the deed approached McDermott he was stopped by O'Malley and by a reporter for the New York World, who was cognizant of the plan. The reporter argued that McDermott's guilt should first be established before he was killed, if killed at all, and insisted on the matter being dropped. O'Malley told the proposed avenger that it was the height of folly to kill him in the court room. "You will be arrested and hanged," said O'Malley. "But I won't be arrested, because these men with me will shoot down any one who attempts to molest me." "That is worse still, for innocent men doing their duty in this court as officers will be shot down."

The men were given the signal to leave the room, and after a protracted conference outside it was decided to wait until McDermott got in his carriage to leave. When McDermott got in the carriage Muldoon and his brother sat beside him. It was learned from the driver that the party were going over the bridge, and a man was sent on the carriage-way to shoot McDermott. When the carriage arrived on the bridge it was moving at a fair pace and the man could not kill without danger of shooting Muldoon. While the conspirators were making fresh plans McDermott escaped to Europe. It was not known that he had gone and Long Branch, Patchogue, Albany, Coney Island, Sheepshead Bay, Newport, Saratoga and many other places were searched in vain.

MORE INFAMY. It was not until after he had gone that all his infamy was found out. The man O'Brien who he introduced to Rossa as his foster brother, was found trying to buy O'Geary, a member of the Sunburst Club of the Clan-na-gael, to act as a spy on the movements of a well known Irish Nationalist of New York. O'Brien told O'Geary that he could have all the money he wished if he followed his directions. O'Geary reported the matter to Rossa, but when communication was opened he fled. When McDermott introduced O'Brien as his foster brother, he said the latter was employed by Inspector Newman, of the Secret Service Department, of the N. Y. Post Office, and anything advanced in care of Newman would reach O'Brien. The latter called upon several leading Irishmen and palmed himself off as a member of the Clan na Gael. It was through him that the British Government were advised from this side of the water of what was going on. On the day that McDermott sailed for Liverpool, last month, he sent, it has been since learned, a cable despatch to the English Government which cost \$51. This despatch instigated the British officials in relation to some matter, probably McDermott's flight. It has been also learned that Mr. McDermott cashed his drafts at No. 8 Wall street, and that they were drawn in favor of Robert Norman, a gentleman of this city, whom McDermott personated in Paris.

THE OFFICIAL RECORD. To the Editor of the Brooklyn Eagle: The following is the official record of McDermott's duplicity with the exception of some details which cannot be got at to-day. Its publication is with the consent and by the aid of the parties interested. The letters published were furnished by O'Malley and Long with the understanding that the whole story should be written by yours truly. JOHN A. HANESSBY, 180 High street, Brooklyn. Young, middle-aged, or old men, suffering from nervous debility or kindred affections, should address, with two stamps, for large treatise, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

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