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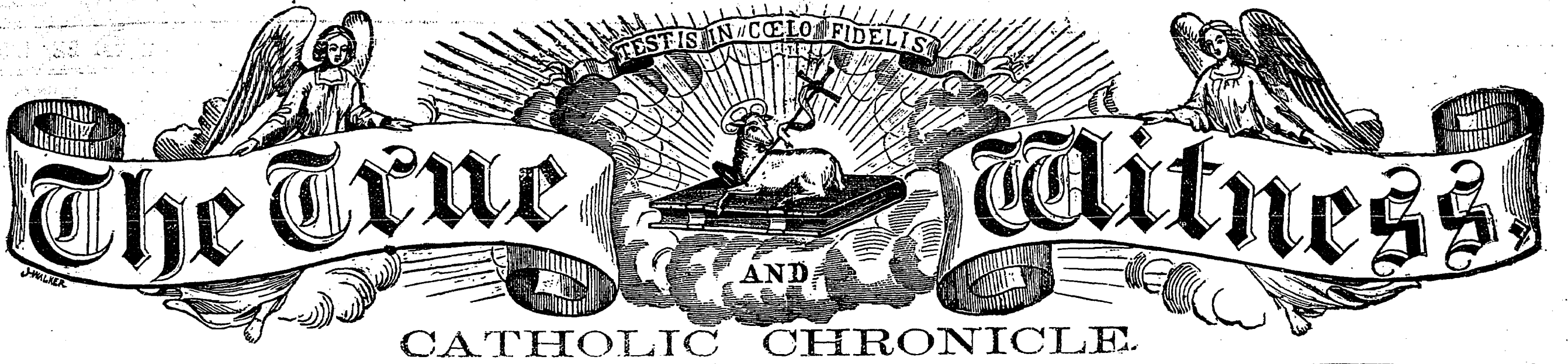
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CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

VOL. XXXIV.—NO. 2.

MONTREAL, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1883.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

IRISH AFFAIRS

ANOTHER VICTORY

Won for the People by Parnell.

Establishing Peasant Proprietary by State Aid.

Remarkable Concession of the British Government to Pressure from the Irish Party.

Ten Million Dollars to be Spent in Opening up the Poor Districts—Opposing the Payment of the Wages of Coercion—Storm-Swept Ireland—The Parnell Fund.

(Special Cable from Irish Agency.)

LONDON, Aug. 18.—There was a violent scene in Parliament on Monday night, recalling to mind the conflicts of the Forster period. The Irish members denounced in scathing language the abominable conduct of the Government, the administration of the law in Ireland, the packing of juries, and the bribing of infamous scoundrels and self-confessed murderers to swear away the lives of innocent men. The conflict, carried on until three o'clock in the morning, arose on the votes to pay the expenses of the prosecution in the Phoenix Park trials and of the other prosecutions under the Coercion Act. The English papers of this morning comment on the scenes in the House in virulent lying articles entirely misrepresenting the object of the Irish members. Comparative calm was restored during last night's session.

IMPORTANT IRISH VICTORIES.

The Irish party have won two victories of wide-reaching importance. The Registration Bill passed through committee. This measure will secure nine-tenths of the Irish representation to the Parnellites in the next Parliament. It is rumored that the Lords intend to throw the Bill out, which will be a most dangerous game for them. The Tramways Bill was read a second time. This is a most extraordinary measure—a sort of Omnibus Bill. It guarantees two per cent on a loan of ten million dollars to develop the tramway system through the poor districts of Ireland; gives \$250,000 as a gift to support Mr. Parnell's migration scheme; gives \$250,000 to help the emigration clause; and amends the Land Act so as to enable companies to purchase estates in the Landed Estates Court and make leases to tenants, the government advancing 75 per cent of the purchase money. The Bill practically begins a system for establishing peasant proprietary by State aid. The migration clause was inserted under Mr. Parnell's threat to oppose the passage of the emigration scheme pure and simple. The measure is regarded as a great triumph for the Parnellites party. It will confer solid advantages on the people.

DISASTROUS STORMS.

Dreadful storms swept over Ireland on Sunday and Monday, threatening destruction to the crops. The Freeman's Journal calls on the Government to prepare for famine and pestilence. It is to be hoped that fine weather may avert this new calamity which threatens.

The Parnell fund is still growing. Fifteen hundred dollars were subscribed yesterday.

LONDON, Aug. 15.—A Dublin correspondent says it has been learned that James Carey early in 1882 sent two men to London to shoot Mr. Forster, late Chief Secretary to Ireland, but their courage failed.

The Times editorially deals harshly with the Irish party, and says that the situation that Mr. Healy and his friends are doing their best to create is becoming simply intolerable. It says that they will find the country will not pay blackmail, and that their action during Monday night's debate shows them to be the real enemies of Parliamentary Government. It believes that popular opinion is moving in the direction of extraordinary measures, and that when taken they will be resolutely carried out.

The Government to-day decided to refuse to allow the authorities at Port Elizabeth, South Africa, to try O'Donnell for the murder of James Carey. The justices at Port Elizabeth, during O'Donnell's preliminary examination, went carefully into the question of jurisdiction, and concluded that the assassination occurred within the legal limits of the district. Accordingly on the 4th instant, after hearing all the testimony relating to the crime, the court committed O'Donnell for trial at the Port Elizabeth October Assizes on the charge of having wilfully murdered James Carey. The commitment had no sooner been made than defence subscriptions were started among the Fenian societies all over the world. The defence movements were carried on with such ostentation in England and Ireland as to attract the serious attention of the Government. It was soon learned that there was absolutely no chance of securing either a fair trial or conviction in Port Elizabeth, and the Crown lawyers were requested to look carefully into the question of the Government's right to change the venue. These lawyers yesterday advised the Government that they could properly order the trial to be had in London. It is not known what grounds were furnished by the

Crown lawyers for this position, as the question of colonial jurisdiction was decided at the time of the commitment in favor of the South African authorities, and they will, it is believed, contest the Home Government's present position. A majority of the Cabinet stoutly opposed the trial of O'Donnell in London, upon the ground that such a proceeding would virtually make of the case a State trial, surround the prisoner with a fictitious and evil importance, herald him and really increase his chances of escape. The decision of the Government occasions much surprise and comment. Two special detectives have been commissioned to proceed at once to Port Elizabeth and fetch O'Donnell to London.

CHICAGO, Aug. 15.—The Clar-na-Gael Association held their annual demonstration this afternoon to raise funds to carry on the agitation in Ireland. Ten thousand people were present. A speech was made by Congressman Finerty. He asserted that we want it distinctly understood that we are proud of the man who killed the informer Carey. He declared the people of Ireland did not want the interference of Cardinal Manning or of the Pope if it tended to keep Ireland in chains.

LONDON, Aug. 16.—In the House of Commons this evening, during a debate on the vote for the expenses of the Land Commission, Mr. Parnell declared that unless the deficiencies of the Land Act were speedily remedied, he would lead a deeper and more desperate agitation than any yet witnessed. The Act, he said, had been applied with slowness and inefficiency, and in a very different way from that in which the Coercion Act had been applied.

The Agricultural Holdings Bill passed its third reading to-night. The amendments adopted by the Lords limiting the scope of the measure will certainly be rejected by the Commons.

LONDON, August 16.—John Redmond, representative of the National League in Australia, denies his mission has been a failure. He expects to continue to send a thousand pounds every two weeks to Ireland. He hopes the Parnell fund will not be closed, as the Australian National League will hold a convention at Melbourne in September to consider the matter.

LONDON, Aug. 16.—A meeting of delegates from Limerick, Clare and Tipperary Counties, was held in Limerick yesterday to establish branches of the National League. A resolution was passed declaring judicial rents are rack rents, and that the meeting was convened a couple of successive bad harvests must lead to a general strike against judicial rents. Friends present.

DUBLIN, Aug. 16.—It is intended to organize a fund to supplement the Government grant for the migration in Ireland. A special appeal for subscriptions will be made to the Irish in America.

LONDON, Aug. 17.—The Supply Bill was considered, the clauses one by one being discussed and opposed by the Irish members. The police vote was especially attacked and opposed in long and bitter speeches, some of the speakers having been called to order several times. A division was finally reached and the clause was adopted by 111 to 20. The clause was then taken up and opposed with like opposition. Mr. Parnell in a vigorous speech opposed the clause, claiming that the treatment of political prisoners under his working in the past was brutal and inhuman, and that the clause in the present bill in no way modified the law now in operation, but, if anything, added to its harshness. Messrs. Healy, T. P. O'Connor and Sullivan followed, protesting against the treatment to which untried prisoners were subjected in Irish jails. Mr. Harrington gave an account of his own treatment while in prison. Sir William Harcourt, replying for the Government, said that the condition of affairs in Ireland made it impossible to allow visitors to have access to untried prisoners. The clause was adopted.

The clause in the Irish Tramway Bill devoting £50,000 of the Church Surplus for migration in Ireland was adopted in the House of Commons this evening.

Mr. Forster, formerly Chief Secretary for Ireland, speaking at Devonport last evening, strongly urged the necessity of emigration for Ireland. There were thousands of hard working farmers there who longed to go to a country where they could live without being terrorized. Mr. Forster approved of the scheme for migration in Ireland.

DUBLIN, Aug. 17.—Mr. Davitt in an address at Donegal strongly condemned the emigration measures which were being taken by the British Government and being aided by Irishmen who misunderstood their necessary results. The country was large enough and rich enough, he said, to support its own, and to depopulate the country by inducing wholesale emigration was to end forever the possibility of securing home rule. The Land Act had been a most lamentable failure and a direct injury to the country. He advocated earnestly the scheme of migration, which would keep the people at home and improve their condition.

LONDON, Aug. 17.—The Commons continued in session till nearly six this a.m. discussing the Government's estimates. The Irish members pointed out the conduct of the police during the election riots at Wexford and the imprisonment of Harrington. The debate was heated and personal.

LONDON, Aug. 18.—As Mr. O'Brien, Home Rule member of Parliament, and friends were going shooting on the O'Brien property, Limerick County, yesterday, they were compelled to desert by a mob of partially armed men.

Biggar that if he did not desert he would "name" him. Mr. Healy in responding was very defiant. He declared there was a state of war between England and Ireland which would become physical warfare if the Irish had power to engage in the struggle.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—An obituary of James McDermott was found by Officer Olsen, of the Fourth Precinct, hanging from the column of the elevated railroad at the corner of Park avenue and Canton street. It was cut down by the officer, who took it to the Myrtle avenue station.

LONDON, Aug. 19.—An Irish Bishop will probably go to America to raise money to supplement the fifty thousand pounds set apart by the Irish Tramways bill for migration in Ireland.

At a meeting in Galway County, Ireland, yesterday of the Shepherd's League for protection against employers in the West of Ireland, an alleged American journalist delivered a long harangue. He said: "Terrible outrages will be inflicted upon you. Unless you watch the cruel landlords and get your rights from them you are cowards."

LONDON, Aug. 19.—The Parliamentary Registration bill passed its third reading in the House of Commons last night.

The House continued in session until 2 20 o'clock on Sunday morning. The Supply bill was finished and the Irish Tramways bill received its third reading. The Government assured Parnell and his followers that only £50,000 would be devoted to emigration. The debate was very bitter, and Biggar, Callan and Newdegate were called to order.

LONDON, Aug. 20.—The election in Sligo County to fill the vacancy in the House of Commons created by the death of the late Mr. O'Connor (Home Ruler) was declared to-day. The vote stood as follows:—Lynch (Home Ruler), 1,596; O'Hara (Conservative), 1,020. Sexton declares that the police attempted to intimidate the electors.

After the result was declared O'Hara charged Sexton with resorting to vulgar personal abuse during the canvass and with slandering the living and dead. Sexton will reply to-night.

Sligo was illuminated last night in honor of Lynch's victory. Sexton in his speech charged the Sligo magistratus with interfering in the election. He denied using abusive language in the canvass.

A shooting affray occurred to-day at Banbridge, County Down. A number of aviators were advancing towards the house of Denis Benschaw, when a volley was fired at them, and the head constable and a policeman wounded dangerously. Benschaw, who is said to be an Orangeman, has been arrested.

DUBLIN, Aug. 20.—The Lord-Lieutenant and Lady Spencer have gone to Cork on a visit. Elaborate precautions were taken for their protection.

Two men have been put on heavy ball for threatening Francis Carey, a brother of James Carey. When Francis was attacked, he drew a revolver and pursued his assailants, and finally gave them into custody.

The Times, commenting on the language used of late in the Commons by members for Ireland, says sternest demeanor will be required to be necessary in view of the revolting excesses.

DUBLIN, Aug. 20.—The Freeman's Journal says violent language in the Commons recently by the Irish members serves no good end.

PERJURY.

McDermott's Action in the Morey Letter Case—His Confession of Why He Tried to Swear Away the Liberty of Kenward Philip—Saving Garfield at all Hazards.

BROOKLYN, August 20.—It will be remembered that the chief witness against Kenward Philip, of this city, in the Morey letter case was James McDermott, the British spy and informer. The accusation against Philip, who was charged with having forged the letter, was subsequently shown to be baseless. The following affidavit, sworn to to-day, sheds a significant light on McDermott's character as well as on those of the politicians who, from partisan ends, sought to blast the life of an innocent man:

CITY OF BROOKLYN, COUNTY OF KINGS, ss: George Robertson, being duly sworn, deposes and says: I reside at number 204 York street, in the said city of Brooklyn. I am a journalist by profession, that, just previous to James McDermott's sailing for Europe in the spring I met him in the saloon of Clarke & Bagpail, on Fulton street, at the City Hall square. He knew me to be a friend of Mr. Kenward Philip, a fellow journalist. He (the said McDermott) there and then stated to me concerning the said Philip and the Morey letter as follows: That he did not blame Kenward Philip for being at enmity with him and not recognizing him on the street when they met; and, further, that when he (McDermott) gave his evidence in the Morey letter case during the Presidential canvass of General Garfield he (McDermott) knew that Philip did not write the Morey letter; and, further, that the reason why he (McDermott) swore that Philip wrote the Morey letter was that it was simply a question as to whether Garfield or Philip should be sacrificed at the time in the premises, and that he had to sacrifice Philip.

Sworn to before me this 17th day of August, 1883. JAMES S. FRETZ, Notary Public, Kings County, State of New York.

CHANGES IN POST OFFICES ALREADY ESTABLISHED.

Offices Closed—Olyburn Brook, Co. Victoria, N.S.; Debert Village, Co. Colchester, N.S.; Kirby, Co. Durham, W.B. O.; Sta. Trinitie, Co. Charlevoix, Q., on 1st January, 1883; Vernon Mines, Co. Kings, N.S. Names Changed—Allumette Island, Co. Pontiac, Q.; Onapeau, Co. McGregor, Co. Marquette, M.; Maklwin.

CAREY AND HIS SLAYER.

CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH SHOW THAT THE INFORMER WAS SYMPHOMATICALLY TRACKED.

O'Donnell is said to be well known to several Irishmen now resident in London, says the Echo of that city, as having been concerned in the Fenian conspiracy of 1866 and 1867. He is stated to have had a command in the final struggle with the Irish constabulary at Tallaght. He was employed as a house painter in Dublin, and on the collapse of the Fenian outbreak he made his escape to England. For some months he worked at Preston, but before the end of the year 1867 he emigrated to America, where, it is said, he was warmly received by the Fenian leaders. When Carey and the other members of the Invincibles were arrested on the charge of having committed the Phoenix Park murders, O'Donnell was sent over from New York to Dublin as chief of a number of men who were to watch the course of events, and it is believed that he acted under the direction of Tynan, who was known to him only as No. 1. O'Donnell, while in Dublin, kept aloof from his old acquaintances, and ostensibly eked out a livelihood by selling photographs, mostly of celebrated Irish-Americans.

On James Carey turning approver a watch was set upon his house night and day, and everything that was done by any member of his family was carefully watched and noted. This was especially the case after the trials in Dublin, and O'Donnell, the night before leaving London, informed some of his old Irish friends assembled in a public house at Great Tower street, that he had travelled from Dublin to London with Mrs. Carey and her children. He said nothing as to her destination, but intimated that he was going to South Africa on an important mission, and that he would be accompanied by another man to see that the work was done all right. The opinion of O'Donnell's London friends, who then little suspected what his "mission" was, is that he was imprudently bound by some secret society to take Carey's life, else he would not have done so at the time and place he did.

The Irish police authorities, it is stated, fell from the very first in their attempts to "copy the movements of the informer after the conclusion of the trials a secret from his enemies. It appears he crossed over from Dublin to London, June 23. On board the steamer a person who had known Carey well penetrated his disguise, and several persons on board the steamer talked of his presence among them. At Holyhead the two placid-looking detectives who accompanied him managed to get him into the London train without exciting the observation of the other passengers. The person who first recognized Carey, and who also knew the detectives well, noticed that when the train arrived at Willerden Junction Carey and the two detective officers took their departure together, it was believed, in a cab. The same night it was known, or at least reported, in Westminster that Carey had been lodged in Scotland Yard. The next day he was taken to Newgate, where he remained until he left this country. Two days after he was removed from Dublin the Irish authorities telegraphed to Scotland Yard that a brother of Joe Brady had booked by a London and Northwestern steamer from North Wall for London, and to keep close watch on his movements. It is believed that the London detectives met Joe Brady's brother on his arrival at Euston, and kept him under strict surveillance. These facts were well known in Irish Nationalist circles at the time.

On the evening of the 29th of June last a member of the Dublin Metropolitan police left the North-wall by the steamer for Holyhead in care of two little boys, stated to be Carey's children. By the same steamer there travelled a tall, middle-aged man, who was seen off by a number of male friends. He was of the artisan class, but jingling from his slatward bearing he had received a military training of some sort; one of his arms was withered and useless. He was about 6 feet in height, of powerful build and very determined appearance, and his face was somewhat scarred. He conversed freely with his friends on shore, and when the steamer was leaving he waved his hat and cried "All right." The people who were seeing him off cheered and waved their hats also, and several men who were in another steamer lying alongside, joined in the demonstration. The coincidence, it is added, is remarkable in view of the statement of Peter O'Donnell that he travelled over from Dublin to Holyhead in the same steamer with Mrs. Carey and her children.

TERRIBLE POWDER EXPLOSIONS.

THE MILLS OF THE ACADIA POWDER CO. DEMOLISHED—A RAILWAY TRAIN BLOWN UP—KILLING SEVERAL MEN.

HALIFAX, Aug. 17.—Two mills and the storehouse of the Acadia Powder Co., situated near Waverly, 13 miles outside of this city, were blown up between two and three o'clock this afternoon. Henry McEwan, an assistant foreman, was instantly killed, and Rawley Smith and Charles Miller, two other employees, severely injured. McEwan had just entered the building, when those in the vicinity heard him striking something with a hammer or other heavy instrument. Hardly two blows had been struck when the explosion occurred, tearing the building to pieces and hurling McEwan's lifeless body twenty yards away. The only portions of the place left standing were two immense wheels, the great weight of which prevented their being moved, and the heavy frame of the building. A second after the first explosion a small storehouse containing two hundred pounds

of powder, and situated about fifty feet away, went up, followed several moments later by the Cornish mill, in which was the most valuable machinery, and by the destruction of which the greatest loss occurs. The two latter buildings were blown to atoms, the wooden splinters covering an area of ground a quarter of a mile square. The injuries of Smith, who is a colored man, are not expected to prove fatal, but he, and Miller as well, will be laid up several months. Neither of the two mills destroyed contained any quantity of powder, that which caused the explosions being about the floor and clinging to the wooden walls. Had the drying rooms of the works, a short distance away, gone up, there would have been an explosion of three tons of powder. An inquest was held this evening on the remains of McEwan, when a verdict was returned in accordance with the facts given. McEwan was 45 years old, and leaves a wife and nine children. He had been employed by the Acadia Powder Company about ten years, and was considered a most reliable hand, being given entire charge of the mill in which he met his death.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Aug. 17.—The Mount Sterling accommodation train going to Lexington ran into the rear car of a train on the Kentucky Central on the Winchester crossing this morning and exploded 400 kegs of giant powder. The depot was wrecked and the engine blown to atoms. The engineer has not been found. Yardmaster Randall and conductor McMillen were killed; several others are also supposed to have lost their lives.

A BISHOP'S THREAT.

HOW MR. LUGGAN WOULD PAY NO REST WITHOUT A LEASE—HIS LORDSHIP THREATENS TO BLOW UP THE PARISH CHURCH.

A correspondent of the Philadelphia Press writes from Loughree, County Galway, Ireland:—On the route of my walk is a little Catholic Church, about two or three miles from town, whose history forms a little chapter all by itself in landlordism as practiced in Ireland and maintained by England. About twenty years ago a Catholic peasant had a thirty-three year lease of a few acres. The land belonged to the Clanricarde estate. He paid 10 shillings (£2 10s) per acre for it annually. He donated one-quarter of an acre to the Bishop at Loughree for a Catholic church. The little lot was walled off nicely and a very pretty chapel erected. Seven years ago the lease ran out. The original lease-holder had died previously, and a new bishop, the present Right Rev. Dr. Duggan, had been installed. The late agent, Mr. Blake, went to Bishop Duggan and said he would have to charge him rent for the quarter acre of ground the chapel was on.

"All right," said the bishop; "and now that the original lease is dead I shall want to get a lease of the lot in my own name." "You know that Lord Clanricarde (that is the present lord) will give no leases," said the agent, who, by-the-by, was a Catholic. "What rent do you want me to pay?" "Oh, about £1 a year."

"The land leased for 10 shilling an acre, and the church lot is only one-quarter of an acre. A half-crown (62 cents) would be the fair rent; but the chapel has increased the value of the surrounding property, so that Lord Clanricarde is making money off the church. He ought to pay me for that increase in rental value of his property," pursued the bishop, laughingly. Blake was a man who never joked. The only fun he saw in life was evicting tenants who opposed his will. So he responded gruffly to the purple-robed ecclesiastic:—"That improvement of land in rental value in the neighborhood makes £1 little enough for the quarter acre for a church site. You will have to pay the rent, bishop."

"Well, if you make me out a lease and have it signed, I'll agree to the rack-rent of 800 per cent on my own improvements. But, if you do not get me the lease you may tell Lord Clanricarde that I'll never pay a cent of rent. Tell him further that if he orders my eviction I'll blow up that church with a barrel of gunpowder."

Beneath the purple of the Christian prelate ran the bold Celtic blood of man. Blake is dead now. No lease had been given, and not one single penny of rent has been paid from that day that the bishop threatened to blow up the church to this.

THE CANADIAN PILGRIMS IN THE ETERNAL CITY.

ROME, Aug. 20.—On Thursday of last week the Pope, as in other years, went at half-past seven in the morning to celebrate Mass in the Pauline Chapel, and so gain the plenary indulgence of the Fortinuculi. The Papal household, as well as a number of Canadian Pilgrims and several distinguished personages were present at the Pope's Mass and received Holy Communion from his hands. At half-past five in the afternoon the Holy Father again visited the Pauline Chapel. After his Mass on the morning of Thursday the Sovereign Pontiff gave audience to the Canadian pilgrims who have come from Lourdes. They numbered thirty, mostly from the diocese of Montreal. A brief address was delivered by the Rev. A. Vacher, priest of St. Sulpice, in Montreal, and an offering of Peter's Pence made to His Holiness. These pilgrims are on their way to the sanctuaries of Assisi and Loreto.

THE VATICAN AND ITALIAN PROGRESS.

ROME, Aug. 20.—The Pope has written to Cardinal De Luca, Prefect of the Congregation, Cardinal Pietri, Bishop of Frascati, and Cardinal Hergenroth, respecting the charges that the Papacy has any desire to stand in the way of the development of Italy, and urging them to defend the church vigorously by adducing evidence from the archives of the Vatican, showing that the charges are unfounded.

JOHN DEVOY AT LIBERTY.

A Private Reception Tendered Him by His Friends.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—Mr. John Devoy, the editor of the Irish Nation, who was convicted last June on his second trial of a criminal libel in publishing an article charging August Belmont, the banker, with dishonesty in connection with the Fenian funds deposited with him years ago by the late Col. John O'Mahoney, was released upon the expiration of his term yesterday. As he had the officials farewell and thanked them for their courtesy, he intimated that he was glad to leave them and stepped into the boat with a light heart. He crossed to the New York side of the river where he was met by an old acquaintance of his, and at once came down to his office. A large deputation would have met him on his discharge from the island, but when the committee having the matter in charge consulted him on the subject last Sunday in his cell, Mr. Devoy emphatically discouraged any public demonstration.

Later in the day Mr. Devoy was found by a Star reporter hard at work at a desk piled high with papers. While he was very glad to be again at liberty, Mr. Devoy said that he had suffered little during his confinement, save the inconvenience of being shut up and prevented from looking after his business interests. He stated that he had received every courtesy at the hands of the officials, and that his task had been to sit up at night with the watchman to attend such prisoners as might be suddenly taken ill and assist in such emergencies as might arise. During the day he slept. His food had been clean and wholesome, and he had no cause of complaint against his treatment during his incarceration.

"I was locked up eight years across the ocean on account of my devotion to Ireland," said he with a pleasant smile. "and I supposed that I had done some wrong and from prison. As any rate, I have learned more of Irish life in America during the past two months than I ever knew before. My sentence was an unjust one, and I attribute it to the influence of \$20,000,000. Nevertheless, it was incurred in the discharge of my duty, and a man ought to be willing to suffer for conscience sake, if his persecutors succeed in getting the upper hand."

About two hundred Irish nationalists met in a hall at No. 64 Fourth street last night to welcome Mr. Devoy from the penitentiary. Among the well known men present were Dr. W. B. Wallace, Senator Thomas F. Grady, John J. Breslin, Stephen J. Meany, E. J. Carey, Lieutenant-Colonel De Lacey, Dr. William Dwyer, Major E. D. Dooly, Hugh King and Assemblyman Michael J. Costello. James Pallas presided and introduced Mr. Devoy, whose health was drunk standing and with cheers. Mr. Devoy said that if all the men who were willing to attend a banquet in his honor would devote equal energy to teaching men like August Belmont that they could not offend 500,000 Irish people with impunity, it would be a greater gratification to him than a warm reception after a cold prison cell.

"Certain newspapers," he said, "condemn us for bringing Irish politics into American public life. But we Irishmen owe no apology to the American people for our interference in their affairs. The Irish connections of America began in the colonial days and continued in the darkest days she ever saw. Irish bones have whitened the fields of battle, the battles for American liberty were fought." Mr. Devoy closed his speech with an appeal for the organization of a society to reclaim Irish criminals, of whom he said, there were already too many for the credit of Ireland.

OBITUARY.

Rev. W. M. Baker, Boston, author of many notable books, is dead.

William Wirt Byker, United States Consul at Cardiff, Wales, died on Saturday.

Roger Bede Vaughan, Catholic Archbishop of Sydney, New South Wales, died suddenly on Saturday.

Judge Jeremiah Black died at ten minutes past two on Sunday morning. An unfavorable change began on Saturday afternoon. He remained conscious almost to the end and died peacefully. The funeral will be held on Tuesday at 3 p.m. at Prospect Hill Cemetery.

Mr. Charles Walker, whose death occurred at Ottawa on Saturday, August 18th, was father of Mr. B. T. Walker, Q.C., of Kingston, Ont., and the late Attorney-General of British Columbia. He was formerly a member of the Royal Engineers, but for many years has been connected with the Canadian Militia Department, and has prepared some very important maps and military documents.

Rev. Robert Knox, of Belfast, Ireland, one of the leaders of the Free-Prebyterian Council, is dead.

Hon. Judge Alleyne, the resident Judge for the County of Rimouski, died very suddenly at Rimouski on the afternoon of August 16th. He was driving with his wife when a violent bleeding of the nose set in. He proceeded at once to Dr. Fisse's, but died on entering the doctor's residence. The cause of the death is supposed to be heart disease. The deceased gentleman was very widely known and very popular, and his death has cast a sudden gloom over the whole community. Judge Alleyne was of the best known and most popular of Quebec's citizens, being brother of Hon. Charles Alleyne, Sheriff. His wife was a daughter of Hon. Senator Delisle. He formerly represented Quebec West in the Legislature of Quebec, and was for many years Colonel commanding the Eighth Royal Rifles, and also Crown Forester.

TO THE PUBLIC!

Investigate for Yourself! Postmaster-General Gresham having published a wild and malicious falsehood...

Capital Prize, \$75,000. Tickets only 85 cents in proportion.



We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi-Monthly Drawings of the Louisiana State Lottery Company...

Incorporated in 1868 for 25 years by the Legislature for Educational and Charitable purposes...

Grand Single Number Drawings take place monthly.

A SPECTACULAR OPPORTUNITY TO WIN A FORTUNE. NINE GRAND DRAWINGS...

CAPITAL PRIZE, \$75,000. 100,000 Tickets at 75 Cents Each...

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Ordinary letters by Mail or Express to M. A. DAUPHIN, New Orleans, La.

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MENEELY BELL FOUNDRY. Manufacture of Bells. Old and New Workmen. Largest Trade. Special attention given to Church Bells.

THE TROY MENEELY BELL FOUNDRY. Clinton H. Meneely Bell Company, TROY, N.Y.

BRITISH-AMERICAN BUSINESS COLLEGE, 112 and 114 King Street West, TORONTO.

THIS is the leading Commercial College in Canada.

ITS LOCATION is in the Business and Educational Centre of this Province.

ITS STAFF of Teachers and Lecturers are thoroughly capable business men.

THE COURSE of Studies has been specially arranged to give a sound business training.

EVERY SUBJECT in the course is taught by men who make these subjects specialties.

Arithmetic, Commercial Law, Bookkeeping, Correspondence, Penmanship, & Phonography.

Are each thoroughly taught.

Will re-open Monday, Sept. 3rd, next. For catalogue and other information apply to THE SECRETARY.

A LITTLE BOSTON BARBER BLOWN UP HIGH.

Theodore Voigt, a little German barber, was shaving at the shop of Mr. Chas. Baumann, No. 25 Avery street, when a Star representative interviewed him.

The first woman to arrive in Carbonate, Col., received an ovation marked by such substantial tokens of welcome as a town lot, a mining claim, and the money with which to buy a silk dress.

OBAMPS are immediately relieved by taking a teaspoonful of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer in a little milk and sugar; it takes about two minutes to relieve the worst cases.

Sir Henry Thompson, the London surgeon, recognizes in fish a combination of all the elements of food that the human body requires in almost every phase of life.

A VOICE FROM THE PRESS.

I take this opportunity to bear testimony to the efficacy of your "Hop Bitters." Expecting to find them nauseous and bitter...

HOW TO TELL GENUINE FLORIDA WATER.

The true Florida water always comes with a little pamphlet wrapped around each bottle, and in the paper of the pamphlet are the words, "Lanman & Kemp, New York," water marked or stamped in pale transparent letters.

NEWFOUNDLAND, the oldest of the British colonies, has a population of four to the square mile.

A PARTIALLY DEAD MAN.

The Morning Herald Baltimore, Md., states: Major B. S. White, of this city, describes his miraculous cure as follows: "I have been a partially dead man for ten years. Doctors attributed my enfeeblement to the enlargement of certain glands. The quantity of medicine I took without relief would be sufficient to set up a first-class apothecary shop."

Horse flesh is sold in some parts of London as beef. It has the peculiar rosy appearance which people like, and it must be proved to be "unfit for the food of man" before its sale can be legally forbidden.

If there ever was a specific for any one complaint then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for sick headache, and every woman should know this. Only one pill a dose.

The resident population of the United Kingdom in the middle of 1883 is estimated at 35,631,290 persons; that of England and Wales at 26,762,974; of Scotland at 3,825,744 and of Ireland at 5,042,572.

ARNICA & OIL LINIMENT. The Best External Remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cramps, Sprains, Flesh Wounds, Burns and Scalds, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.

BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY. Bell of Pure Copper, 4-Ton for Church, Schools, Fire Alarms, Farms, etc.

TILL WARNED, OR BY EXPERIENCE TAUGHT, people will continue to weaken their systems by the use of the ordinary diuretic drugs, when the Oriental Fruit Laxative is a greater purifier and strengthener of the digestive organs.

WANTED.—A Lady with a first-class education in both languages and several years experience in teaching, would like a good school. Highest references. Address this Office.

WANTED AT ST. SOPHIE. County Terrebonne, two Female School Teachers capable of teaching French and English. Address, JOHN JOS. OAREY, Sec.-Treas. 524

EXPERIENCED TEACHER.—Qualified to teach English, French, Latin and Greek, desires position in city or country school, and holding a first-class Model School Diploma for the Province of Quebec. For particulars apply to Rev. J. J. O'Connell, P.O. Box 10, Montreal, P.Q.

WANTED by a Young Lady, holding a first-class Elementary School Diploma, a situation as teacher in town or country. Address M. E., Office of True Witness, Craig street.

IN THE CARQUEZ WOODS.

A TALE OF CALIFORNIA. BRET HARTE'S NEW ROMANCE. CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

Yuba Bill had discharged his passengers for Indian Spring and driven away. Miss Nellie was in the settlement, but where? As time passed he became more desperate and bolder. He walked recklessly up and down the main street, glancing in at the open doors of shops, and even in the windows of private dwellings.

But her progress was scarcely free or exhilarating. She was not accustomed to walking in a country where "buggy riding" was considered the only genteel young lady-like mode of progression, and its regular provision the expected courtesy of mankind.

"Got down to walk, and the coach got away from you, Jack, eh?" A little ashamed of his preoccupation, Brace stammered something about "collections."

"Well, you can settle a bill for us, I reckon. Bill Dacre that bet me five dollars and the drinks that a young gal we met at the edge of the Carquezes Woods, dressed in a long, brown duster and half muffled up in a hood, was the daughter of Father Wynn of Excelcelor."

Mr. Brace felt himself turning pale with eagerness and excitement. But the near prospect of seeing her presently gave him back his caution, and he answered truthfully that he had left her in Excelcelor, and that in his two hours' sojourn in Indian Spring he had not met her once.

With a hurried nod of parting, he continued in the direction of the woods. When he had satisfied himself that the strangers had entered the settlement and would not follow him for further explanation he quickened his pace.

"But it's my name," he replied quietly. "Nonsense! It's only a stupid translation of a stupid nickname. They might as well call you 'Water' at once."

Low did not reply, but turned his head with resigned gravity toward the deeper woods. Grasping the barrel of his rifle with his left hand he threw his right arm across his left wrist and leaned slightly upon it with the habitual ease of a Western hunter.

In another moment he was on her track, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing her reappear at a lesser distance. But the continual intervention of the massive trunks made the chase by no means an easy one, and as he could not keep her always in sight, he was unable to follow or understand the one intelligent direction which she seemed to invariably keep.

At this moment he was not more than a dozen yards from her. He rushed to where she had been standing, but her disappearance was perfect and complete. He made a circuit of the group of trees within whose radices she had last appeared, but there was neither trace of her, nor a suggestion of her mode of escape. He called aloud to her. The vacant woods let his helpless voice die in their unresponsive depths.

CHAPTER III.

Out of compliment to Miss Nellie Wynn, Yuba Bill, on reaching Indian Spring, had made a slight detour to enable him to ostentatiously set down his fair passenger before the door of the Burnhams. When it had closed on the admiring eyes of the passengers and the coach had rattled away, Miss Nellie, without any undue haste or apparent change in her usual quiet demeanor, managed however, to despatch her business promptly, and leaving an impression that she would call again before her return to Excelcelor, parted from her friends, and slipped away through a side street to the General Furnishing Store of Indian Spring.

In passing the emporium on the coach, Miss Nellie's quick eye had discovered a cheap brown linen duster hanging in its window. To purchase it and put it over her delicate cambric dress, albeit with a shivering sense that she looked like a badly folded brown paper parcel, did not take long. As she left the shop it was with mixed emotions of chagrin and security that she noticed that her passage through the settlement no longer turned the heads of its male inhabitants.

But her progress was scarcely free or exhilarating. She was not accustomed to walking in a country where "buggy riding" was considered the only genteel young lady-like mode of progression, and its regular provision the expected courtesy of mankind.

Once she stopped with an exclamation of annoyance, hesitated, and looked back. In half an hour she had twice lost her shoes and her temper; a pink flush took possession of her cheeks, and her eyes were bright with suppressed rage.

"What has happened?" he asked gravely. "Nothing," she said, turning half away, and searching the ground with her eyes, as if she had lost something. "Only I was going back now."

"You shall go back at once if you wish it," he said flushing slightly. "But you have been crying—why?" Frank as Miss Nellie wished to be, she could not bring herself to say that her feet hurt her, and the dust and heat were ruining her complexion. It was, therefore, with a half confident belief that her troubles were really of a moral quality, that she answered: "Nothing—nothing, but—but, it's wrong to come here."

"But you did not think it was wrong when you agreed to come at our last meeting," said the young man, with that persistent logic which exasperates the inconsequent feminine mind. "It cannot be any more wrong to-day."

"But it's my name," he replied quietly. "Nonsense! It's only a stupid translation of a stupid nickname. They might as well call you 'Water' at once."

Low did not reply, but turned his head with resigned gravity toward the deeper woods. Grasping the barrel of his rifle with his left hand he threw his right arm across his left wrist and leaned slightly upon it with the habitual ease of a Western hunter.

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My mother, who died in giving me birth, was the daughter of a chief.

"Then your mother was really an Indian?" said Nellie, "and you are—?" She stopped short.

"But I told you all this the day we first met," said Low with grave astonishment. "Don't you remember our long talk coming from chonoh?"

"No," said Nellie coldly, "you didn't tell me." But she was obliged to drop her eyes before the unwavering, undeniable truthfulness of his.

"You have forgotten," he said calmly; "but it is only right you should have your own way in disposing of a name that I have cared little for; and as you're to have as bare of it—"

"Yes, but it's getting late, and if we are not going forward—"

"We are going forward," said Low impatiently; "but I wanted to tell you, as we were speaking on that subject" (Nellie looked at her watch). "I've been offered the place of botanist and naturalist in Prof. Grant's survey of Mount Shasta, and if I take it—why, when I come back, darling—well—"

"But you're not going just yet?" broke in Nellie, with a new expression on her face. "No."

"Then we need not talk of it now," she said with animation. Her sudden vivacity relieved him. "I see what's the matter," he said gently, looking down at her feet; "these little shoes were not made to keep step with a moccasin. We must try another way." He stooped to lift her like a child to his shoulder. "There," he continued, placing her arm round his neck, "you are clear of the ferns and brambles now, and we can go on. Are you comfortable?"

He looked up, read her answer in her burning eyes, and the warm lips pressed to his forehead at the roots of his straight dark hair, and again moved onward as in a mesmeric dream. But he did not swerve from his direct course, and with a final dash through the undergrowth parted the leafy curtain before the spring.

At first the young girl was dazzled by the strong light that came from a rent in the interwoven arches of the wood. The breach had been caused by the huge bulk of one of the great gnats that had fallen dead, and was lying at a steep angle against one of its slightest branches, having borne down a lesser tree in the arc of its downward path.

"It had been going on for years, down there," said Low, pointing to a cavity from which the fresh water now slowly leaked, "but it had been quickened by the rising of the subterranean springs and rivers which always occurs at a certain stage of the dry season. I remember that on that very night—for it happened a little after midnight, when all sounds are more audible—I was troubled and oppressed in my sleep by what you would call a nightmare—a feeling as if I was kept down by bonds and pinions that I longed to break. And then I heard a crash in this direction, and the first streak of morning brought me the sound and scent of water. Six months afterward I chanced to find my way here, as I told you, and gave it your name. I did not dream that I should ever stand beside it with you, and have you christen it yourself."

He unlocked the cup from his flask, and filling it at the spring handed it to her. But the young girl leapt over the pool, and pouring the water idly took said, "I'd rather put my feet in it. Mayn't I?"

"I don't understand you," he said wondrously.

"My feet are so hot and dusty. The water looks deliciously cool. May I?"

"Certainly."

He turned away as Nellie, with apparent unconsciousness, seated herself on the bank and removed her shoes and stockings. When she had dabbed her feet a few moments in the pool, she said over her shoulder: "We can talk just as well—can't we?"

"Certainly."

"Well, then, why don't you come to church more often, and why don't you think of telling father that you were convicted of sin, and wanted to be baptized?"

"I don't know," hesitated the young man. "Well, you lost the chance of having father convert you, baptize you, and take you into full church fellowship."

"I never thought," he began. "You never thought. Aren't you a Christian?"

"I suppose so."

"No profession?"

"But Nellie, I never thought that you—"

"Never thought that I—what? Do you think that I could ever be anything to a man who did not believe in justification by faith, or in the covenant of Church fellowship? Do you think father would let me?"

In his eagerness to defend himself he stepped to her side. But seeing her little feet shining through the dark water like outcroppings of delicately veined quartz, he stopped embarrassed. Miss Nellie, however, leaped to her feet, and shaking the water from her hair, put her hand on his shoulder to steady herself. "You haven't got a towel—or," she said dubiously, looking at her small handkerchief, "anything to dry them on?"

But Low did not, as she perhaps expected, offer his own handkerchief. "If you take a bath after our fashion," he said gravely, "you must learn to dry yourself after our fashion."

Lifting her again lightly in his arms he carried her a few steps to the sunny opening, and bade her bury her feet in the dried mosses and baked withered grasses that were bleaching in a hollow. The young girl uttered a cry of childish delight as the soft caressed fibres touched her sensitive skin.

THE TRUE WITNESS IS PUBLISHED BY The Post Printing & Publishing Company

761 CRAIG ST., Montreal, Canada.

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TO ADVERTISERS.

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The Post Printing & Publishing Company, MONTREAL, CANADA.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1883

CATHOLIC CALENDAR.

- THURSDAY, 23—St. Philip Beniti, Confessor. Virgil of St. Basil, [181]. FRIDAY, 24—St. Bartholomew, Apostle. Cona. Pp. Flaseh, La Crose. SATURDAY, 25—St. Louis IX., King of France, Confessor.

To our Subscribers.

We are now mailing the accounts due for subscriptions to THE POST and THE TRUE WITNESS to our subscribers, and wish particularly to draw their attention to an announcement made a few months ago in which we stated that all privileges, such as clubs, &c., were abolished; and that all who wished to get the TRUE WITNESS for \$1.00 per annum could do so provided they paid that amount strictly in advance each year, otherwise they would be charged at the usual rate of \$1.50 per annum.

The Shamrock Lacrosse Club hold the Championship of the World; the Young Shamrocks hold the Intermediate Championship; and the still younger Junior Shamrocks hold the District Championship, which they gallantly won on Saturday last.

Marwood, the salaried hangman of the English Government, is growing quite reckless.

The Bureau of Industries of Ontario has issued its crop report for August, and it is far from being satisfactory, as far as the wheat crops are concerned.

THE TELEGRAPH MONOPOLISTS AND THE STRIKERS.

Day after day the telegraph companies assert that their wires are either cut or disabled by the hundred. They charge these alleged acts of lawlessness and vandalism upon the strikers. Not a particle of evidence, however, is presented in justification of these statements, and the operators decline to accept the responsibility.

THE TORONTO WORLD TAKES A FAIR AND HONEST VIEW OF THE WHOLESALE EMIGRATION SCHEME OF THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.

The Toronto World takes a fair and honest view of the wholesale emigration scheme of the English Government to transport two hundred thousand people from Ireland to the prairie regions of the North-West. We would commend this view of our Western contemporaries to the thoughtful consideration of our contemporaries nearer home.

PARNELL TESTIMONIAL FUND.

- ALL subscriptions to the Parnell Testimonial Fund, opened in the columns of THE POST and THE TRUE WITNESS, should be addressed to the editor, Mr. H. J. Cloran, who has consented to act as treasurer. Previously acknowledged... \$533 75 Per P. Galvin, Eganville, Ont. 50 00 Robert Moore, Point St. Charles 1 00 Thos. Cunningham, Montreal 1 00 Per Patrick Lynch, Chapeau 25 55 Per John Mooney, Portage du Fort 14 00 B. Howley, Saulx au Raclet 1 00 P. Madden, Danville, Que. 25 J. Gorman 1 00 P. McGinn, Fredericton, N. B. 2 00 Jno. M. Keary, London, Ont. 3 50

The combined Liberal and Conservative strength in the present Parliament is only equal to what the Conservative strength alone was in 1868, while the National party is now six and a half times more numerous than what it was fifteen years ago.

A morose despatch from Rimouski brings the sad intelligence of the sudden death of the Hon. Judge Alley, the resident Judge for the county of Rimouski. The deceased had up to the time of his appointment to the Bench, a few years ago, been one of Quebec's most prominent and respected citizens.

The London Times had one of its periodical flings at the Irish party in the House of Commons the other day, and threatened the Nationalists with something like annihilation if they dared to further interfere with the measures of the Ministry.

The American press are devoting their attention to the free use made of United States steamers for junketing purposes on the part of officials. The practice is assuming greater proportions every day, and the President of the Republic is not behind in setting the evil example.

The following day, or yesterday, the Daily Witness, commenting on this piece of news, presented to its readers, in an editorial, the following monstrous distortion of the facts and perversion of the true and palpable meaning of the aforesaid despatch.

The intention of Irishmen in Dublin to supplement the Government grant for emigration with a subscription fund, to which American Irishmen are to be asked to contribute, is somewhat out of line with the denunciation of the scheme by some Irishmen as a malignant device for the extirpation of the Irish race from the green isle.

Now, we ask our contemporary if this is fair and honorable! or, rather, if it is not dishonest in the extreme? By what right, or on what considerations, does our contemporary misinform and mislead its readers on the most important and significant events of the day in connection with the Irish question?

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them the public confidence and sympathy, and has upset the calculations of the companies. What the monopolists are now endeavoring to do by sending out all sorts of absurd and slanderous stories about the cutting of wires and interference with the business of the company on the part of the striking telegraphers, is to manufacture capital for themselves, deprive the strikers of the general sympathy and aid extended to them, and especially to find some excuse for their indifference to the interests of the public and their failure to discharge the obligations that the laws require.

FEALTY TO ROME AND HATRED OF ENGLAND. We always knew that our contemporary, the Montreal Daily Witness, was not very fond of or charitably disposed towards the immense majority of the Irish people who do not belong to the Orange or Presbyterian persuasions, but we never imagined that our neighbor held them in demagogical horror and dread.

FALSIFYING THE NEWS AND DISTORTING FACTS. The following cable despatch was received and published by the Montreal Daily Witness, as well as by the rest of the Canadian press. It reads as follows:—

DUBLIN, Aug. 18.—It is intended to organize and raise a fund to supplement the Government grant for migration in Ireland. A special appeal for subscriptions will be made to the Irish in America.

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Bishops of Ireland at once united in a telegram to Parnell, urging him to accept the Government's proposition upon the ground that \$250,000 expended in Irish migration would greatly relieve the "congested districts" of Ireland by moving poor Irish families to better localities in the country, and that the prestige of having secured such a concession from the Government would ensure the election of Lynch, the Parnellite candidate for Sligo, and greatly contribute to success in all the coming borough contests.

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which he will be allowed to identify his prosperity. Oh, no, it is another big mistake on the part of the Witness to imagine that the hatred of English misrule can interfere with an adequate performance of duty to our Canadian home and country. Surely our contemporary would not expect Irish immigrants, who are forced by oppressive systems of government to quit their dear native soil for foreign and strange lands, to leave Ireland with tender emotions of love and gratitude for England, and to bring with them into exile an absolute forgetfulness of the wrongs and misery which were so harshly inflicted upon them.

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mended the Dublin banker to the electors of Sligo, and stated his belief that, from the gentleman's character and pledges, he would make a diligent and devoted member of the Irish party. In his address Mr. Lynch declared in favor of the entire national programme. He first and above all expressed his determination to work for the legislative independence of his country; he would establish an occupying proprietary as the only permanent way of settling the Irish land question, and on the minor questions of education, franchise and municipal government he is also entirely in accord with the Nationalists.

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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 CORE.

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 leaky 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 men. My friend knew I had been connected with every raid since 1865 and my name was mentioned in 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 men," 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, being the accredited agent, then informed 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 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 all 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 afterwards 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 un 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 COURSE 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 accordance 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 proclaim himself a Hibonnan 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, 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 Sylvester. 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 Baejon 338 rue St. Honoré, May 29, 1883.

MY VISIT TO FRANCE.

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 Sican, 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 lawsuit 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 sailed the next day, after vainly trying to get me to go with him.

IN THIS 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 cabled 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 jail, 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 of 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 foregoing 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. HANESSEY, 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.

Holloway's Pills.—The Ohel Wonder of Modern Times.—This incomparable medicine increases the appetite, strengthens the stomach, cleanses the liver, corrects biliousness, prevents flatulency, purifies the system, invigorates the nerves and re-instates sound health. The glorious demand for these Pills throughout the globe astonishes everybody, and a single trial convinces the most sceptical that no medicine equals Holloway's Pills in its ability to remove all complaints incidental to the human race. They are a blessing to the afflicted, and a boon to all that labor under internal or external disease. The purification of the blood, removal of all restraints from the secretive organs, and gentle aperitive action are the prolific sources of the extensive curative range of Holloway's Pills.

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In Stock, Horsford, Dr. FRED HORSFORD, Jr., Salem, Va. Says: "I know of nothing comparable to it to relieve the indigestion and so-called sick headache, and mental depression incident to certain stages of rheumatism."

The Swiss railroad companies now cover a portion of their carriages with a phosphoreted preparation, which makes them visible at night.

CHEAP AND GOOD.—For 60 cents you can purchase from any reliable druggist a box of Mack's Magnetic Medicine, which contains forty-five doses; it is cheaper than other similar medicine sold, and while it is cheap our druggists say it is the best, and gives satisfaction in all cases. Read the advertisement in another column. For sale by Lavolette & Nelson.

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