

LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.

FOURTY-FIVE IRISH MEMBERS VOTE TO DEPOSE PARNELL.

They March Out of the Meeting Over Which Mr. Parnell Presided—A Scene of Great Excitement—Parnell Calls Heavily a Second Round and Matches a Paper from Justin McCarthy—Both Factions Will Issue Manifestos to the Irish People—The English Can't Understand Why Chicago Will Have the World's Fair—The Lying Rumors that have Annoyed Mr. Mackay and His Family—Another Musical Parody.

LONDON, Dec. 6.—The break up of the Parnell conference and the deposition of Mr. Parnell have marked every Irishman's mind since the meeting. When the meeting opened at 1 o'clock this afternoon it was immediately seen that a very acute crisis indeed had supervened, and perhaps for the first time in this prolonged struggle the original anti-Parnellites perceived their true course. The necessity of getting rid of Mr. Parnell was a determination to take an inevitable step. Very angry feeling prevailed between the factions. The friends of Mr. Parnell who had joined the original opposition upon the basis of the negotiations with Mr. Gladstone broke away and walked out in a most dignified manner. A distinctly defiant attitude was presented, and the allusions to Mr. Gladstone were received with vehement cries of hostility and defiance. Mr. Parnell alone was to all outward appearance calm and collected. He, however, recognized the failure of the strategy which he had adopted, and he was not so much so with such suddenness and energy, and when he took the chair it was generally felt that the position had become insupportable to every one.

The sitting was stormy to the limit of violence. Mr. Gladstone's letter was received by Mr. Parnell's friends with a storm of applause. The usual was followed with jeers and laughter and frontal cheers. All good feeling between the two factions disappeared, and after a sitting of two hours and a half an adjournment for luncheon, forced by the majority and based upon a ultimatum, was taken. Mr. Parnell thought he could have until 6 o'clock to decide whether he would resign.

The meeting was resumed in a half hour, and in the interval excitement had reached fever heat. The members reassembled amid a scene of extraordinary commotion, and there seemed every prospect of physical collision between the two factions. Mr. Parnell decided at the earliest request of his friends, to hold on. The advice coincided with his own sentiments.

The position was now on the eve of a climax. Mr. Abraham had drawn up a resolution to depose Mr. Parnell. That honorable gentleman got wind of the purport of the resolution, and in accepting it, Mr. Abraham passed it to Mr. Parnell, who, in a most dignified manner, handed and put the paper in his pocket. Mr. McCarthy rose to a point of order, and was met by Mr. Parnell with counter cries of "Order." A dozen men rose with loud shouts of "McCarthy, McCarthy," "Parnell," "Abraham," "John O'Connor," "No," and so on. Mr. McCarthy claimed a hearing, and Mr. Parnell, whom Mr. Parnell declined to listen to, calling upon Mr. John O'Connor. Mr. McCarthy insisted upon his right under parliamentary usage.

Mr. Parnell—Don't preach parliamentary usage to me. Mr. McCarthy—Have had longer experience of the use of the House than you, for the first time in the House I sat in the reporters' gallery, and I know that when a member catches the Speaker's eye he is in possession of the House. Mr. Abraham caught your eye. Mr. Parnell (disdainfully)—Mr. John O'Connor, I called upon you, sir.

Mr. O'Connor—I followed this atrocious abuse of the rules of procedure. In the midst of which Mr. John O'Connor, "Long John," got upon his legs and moved a resolution expressing confidence in Mr. Parnell's conduct, and in the course of his speech, Mr. O'Connor made a long and violent speech, into which Mr. Parnell interjected approving cries of his own. Mr. O'Connor's powerful voice was frequently drowned by the furious opposition of the anti-Parnellites and by the incessant counter clamor of Mr. Parnell's friends. Mr. Parnell, in a most dignified manner, declared an epithet rejoinder to his speech, and in the course of his speech asked: Who is to be the master of Ireland? Gladstone (dryly)—Who is to be the mistress of Ireland. (Uproar and cheers and counter cheers).

Mr. Parnell (triumphantly)—You are a low, cowardly scoundrel to speak of a lady in that way before a body of Irish gentlemen. Mr. Parnell's friends followed this retort, and it was not long before Mr. Parnell was restored momentarily. Mr. Parnell at the time was blue with passion, and Mr. Healy sat calm and unruffled. The member for Cork continued a speech remarkable for its varying emotions.

Mr. Parnell rose to move his amendment, and was just about to do so, when Mr. Healy, upon whom Mr. Parnell called, and this gave rise to a series of exciting incidents. It was becoming evident that Mr. Parnell intended to fight the position for hours—if necessary, all night; that he had made up his mind not to budge, but to stand firm to his election of the 25th of March.

At 5 o'clock on a given signal Mr. McCarthy rose with forty-four others and prepared to leave the room. This was the signal for a scene which has certainly never been witnessed in a committee room of the House of Commons, and is without parallel since the memorable expulsion of the wools of the home rule party. The room was crowded with a surging mass of excited men. As the forty-five men moved toward the door the minority rose, mounted the tables and their own chairs, shrieking and cheering and pouring forth personal attacks upon their compatriots, distinguishing individual members as "traitors" and "scoundrels" and "traitors." The noise was deafening and the scene one of the wildest possible character. The police in charge of the corridor, apprehending a serious disturbance, sent for reinforcements and concentrated toward the open door. The attendants who had themselves named as traitors and scoundrels, and who upon the returning column and made a force endeavor to get at their assailants. This caused the utmost confusion, pressing back the main body of the dissentients upon Mr. Parnell and his friends, now driven to desperation. The attendants were not a little alarmed, but happily members who would have resorted to physical violence in defence of their honor were forcibly held back by their more pacific or colder-blooded friends.

In the midst of the commotion the voice of Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy was heard, in what appeared to be a speech. "Gentlemen," said the honorable member, "I had decided to support Mr. Parnell in this crisis, but after what has occurred, after the failure of our negotiations with Mr. Gladstone, and in view of the fact that home rule is

threatened with ruin by the action of Mr. Parnell, I shall vote for his deposition." This was a signal for an accentuation of the excitement, and several of Mr. Parnell's friends made a dash for the slight form of the honorable member, but a rallying force rushed to his aid, and he was conveyed from the room. By degrees the anti-Parnell party reached the corridor and made their way down the stairs to the conference room. It was now dark, and the stairs being dimly lighted, several elderly gentlemen stumbled over their friends, and a dozen tumbled in a heap into one of the corners, which gave rise to a report that the enemy was attacking the rear of the column, a report which had an alarming significance, seeing that it was generally understood that Mr. Parnell and some of his adherents carried weapons of offence in their pockets.

The procession was a remarkable one as it filed through the ghostly, dim-lit lobbies, and clattered over the reverberating stone pavement. The members of the anti-Parnell party elected and full of purpose, and its members discussed their own actions in voices of many tones and moods. A dim religious light met the members as they entered the vestibule and blundered in a heap down the short flight of stone steps. The conference was held in a room which was filled with one or two feeble gas jets, and cold for lack of a fire. It presented a cheerless aspect; but it was perhaps for these reasons in harmony with the revolt which it witnessed to a conclusion.

The small coffin-shaped apartment was crowded with dark and angry forms, and its light was dimly lit by a few feeble gas jets, which seemed not to lose volume with exhaustion. Mr. Sexton took the chair at one end of a long table, and a series of resolutions were carried. Mr. Abraham's motion deposing Mr. Parnell was solemnly moved and seconded, and carried with a short, sharp, vigorous voice which was not without effect. Mr. McCarthy as Chairman was moved and carried. A small committee was next appointed, consisting of eight members, whose duty it will be to resume negotiations with Mr. Gladstone, and finally a resolution was adopted that the members of the Irish Parliamentary Party should resign their seats in the House of Commons, and that the Irish party is and must always remain independent of all other parties, and that its members agree to fall together and never to accept any settlement of home rule except such as is in harmony with the aspirations of the Irish people. The resolution was carried by a large majority.

Meanwhile Mr. Parnell sat with his friends up stairs, but the interest in their doings had followed the revolt down stairs, and by 6 o'clock both parties had left the premises, which once more resumed the repose habitual when the House is not sitting. Both parties will issue manifestos forthwith. The civil war has been commenced.

The political paralysis resulting from the Parnell crisis has again been painfully shown this week. Divisions were challenged on the Irish Land bill, but they were not seriously meant, and the Government secured enormous majorities, thanks to the absence of actual support of Mr. Parnell and his associates. Mr. Parnell's friends, however, in one division Mr. Parnell led twenty-seven of his men into the Tory lobby, in which he found not only Ireland's hereditary enemies, but also two Liberal home rulers, forerunners of weak-kneed followers of Gladstone, who may desert. The same lack of heart and confusing tactics were shown in the division on the Home Rule bill. Mr. Parnell led twenty-seven of his men into the Tory lobby, in which he found not only Ireland's hereditary enemies, but also two Liberal home rulers, forerunners of weak-kneed followers of Gladstone, who may desert.

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There seems to be a very enthusiastic over Dr. Koch's consumption remedy just at present than there has been before since the discovery was first announced. Whether this is due to the natural reaction that follows upon any sensation, or whether it is partly brought about by the death of a girl at Insubruck from the same disease, or whether it is due to the fact that the Atlantic Ocean swallows up half of New York's radius and the unfairness of such a comparison.

The Chicago mail looked so fierce and determined that the argument was not followed up. Telegrams from Cape Town say that a fight took place at the beginning of last month between the Portuguese and the British South Africa Company, in Manicaland. The latter had the best of it, and proudly claimed the victory. The operations of the British South Africa Company make interesting reading. Its little army of 700 stalwart and energetic young Englishmen, sent in the last year, has been marching through Manicaland, without coming into hostile contact with the natives, and taking Manicaland in the rear has calmly gobbled up that country also.

Manicaland is full of gold reefs and alluvial deposits, and a great rush has commenced, which bids fair to empty civilized South Africa of its younger and more adventurous men. The British South Africa Company is prepared to fight for it whether or not it be aided by the imperial forces. Fort Salisbury, the company's headquarters in Manicaland, is on an open, breezy upland 4,000 feet above the sea. The plateau is splendidly watered, and all seasons, the climate is admirably adapted for European life. It is asserted that the soil is better than the best corn-growing tracts in the United States, but attention is at present concentrated upon gold. The prospect is so alluring that Englishmen are freely boasting of their intention to eclipse the record of American progress westward, and to make their way to the Pacific by the sea route, which includes the possibility of fierce struggles with natives used to fighting, and of filibustering conflicts with the Portuguese.

George H. Sims, England's favorite writer of melodramas, has this week confessed that during the past ten years he has received for only one of his numerous plays \$37 for the London rights, and for a continental rights \$12,000 from America, and \$600 from Australia. Against this may be set the fact that Henry Irving alone receives without asking about 300 or 400 plays from dramatic aspirants, chiefly amateurs, of course.

John Gifford, a Belgian lad twelve years old, made a highly successful debut as a violinist this week. Some critics speak of him in terms of extravagant praise, and all agree that he can reckon upon a great future.

The Duke of Norfolk, hereditary Earl Marischal of England and chief Catholic peer, is now at Lourdes with his crippled son. He has been there twice previously upon the same errand, but heretofore the miraculous waters had no effect upon the lad. The Duke's faith, however, is abundant, and has within the past week been strengthened by signs of apparent improvement in his son's condition. It has been decided in a British court this week, and confirmed by the law officers of the Crown, that every citizen, unless physically incapacitated, is bound to assist the police in their duty. The decision, which is author-

itatively, was given in the case of a man who declined to help a policeman to carry a violent prisoner to the nearest lockup.

Mr. Gladstone, hearing the News, Thanks God that Home Rule is Moved.

LONDON, Dec. 6.—At 1 o'clock to-day the Irish members of the House of Commons, who are considering the advisability of retiring Mr. Parnell from the leadership of the party, reassembled in the committee room of the House of Commons, which has been set apart for their use. It was the desire of the members to maintain the strictest secrecy regarding their proceedings, and they had requested the officials of the House to all them in keeping outside the door of the meeting room. In consequence, no one was allowed in the lobby adjoining the room. Even the courtesy extended to the press was suspended, and no reporters were permitted near the place.

The first business transacted was the reading of Mr. Gladstone's letter in reply to the committee, consisting of Messrs. Leamy and Redmond, who represented Mr. Parnell, and Messrs. Sexton and Healy, representing his opponents, who were appointed to negotiate with the liberal leader regarding the control of the Irish Parliamentary Party. Mr. Gladstone remains firm in his determination in no way to recognize Mr. Parnell as the leader of the Nationalists, and his position is emphasized by his letter, in which he offers to conduct negotiations with a new Irish party, which he has formed, and which he has named the "Irish National League." The reading of the letter was greeted with a storm of applause, and Mr. Parnell, who was seated at the head of the table, was heard to exclaim: "I am glad to hear that Mr. Gladstone has taken this course. It is a course which will lead to the success of the party."

Mr. Parnell then made a motion that Mr. Gladstone's letter should be read, and that the House should adjourn until 6 o'clock to-day. The motion was carried by a large majority. Mr. Parnell then made a motion that Mr. Gladstone's letter should be read, and that the House should adjourn until 6 o'clock to-day. The motion was carried by a large majority.

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FOUND DEAD IN A DITCH. THE TALE OF A. J. STEWART'S OLD SECRETARY, CHARLES H. SWORDS.

Apparently He Was Picking His Way Across Fleetwood Park on Tuesday Night When He Fell—Lost a Fortune.

The body of Charles H. Swords, treasurer of the Jewellers Mercantile Agency (Limited) of 210 Broadway, was found in a ditch in Fleetwood Park yesterday afternoon, by Flormond Nelson, an Italian laborer of 64 West Third street. Nelson was picking greens in the park and stumbled over the body before he saw it.

He told a policeman, who had the body sent to the Morrisania Town Hall, when it was identified by letters found in the pocket of the coat on the body. Swords lived at 1727 Washington avenue. Word was sent to his house, and it was denied there at first that he was missing. Later a servant called at the Town Hall and identified the body. She said that Mrs. Swords, who was sick in bed, had sent her Mr. Swords away, she said, on Thursday morning, and was not heard of until the policeman brought the news of his death. Nothing had been thought of his absence, because he often went off and did not return for several days.

Mr. Swords was 55 years old. His wife, identified by letters found in the pocket of the coat on the body, was a drinking man, and his friends had been accustomed to going on excursions. He had lived in Morrisania thirty years, and was a member and officer of Trinity Congregational Church at 173rd street and Washington avenue.

The spot where the body was found in Fleetwood Park was 330 feet north of the clubhouse and grand stand, at the foot of a little embankment. There is a ditch 18 inches deep running along there, and a big bulldozer had been at work there, and the grass on the left side of the ditch was cut up. The grass on the embankment was torn, and a hole was made in the ditch. At 10th street and Central avenue is a road, and at 10th street and Central avenue is a road, and at 10th street and Central avenue is a road.

The police think that Swords was on his way home from work, and that he fell into the ditch. He was not seen by any one else, and he was not seen by any one else, and he was not seen by any one else.

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A HOBOKEN WIFE DISAPPEARS. Mrs. Philip Gray Elopes with a Philadelphia Drummer—The Husband in Pursuit.

NATICK, Dec. 6.—Harvey Brown of Philadelphia, accompanied by a woman who has been introduced as his wife, came up to Clakstown in this county yesterday and stayed for two or three hours at the house of an acquaintance in the upper part of the town. Later in the day another man appeared in the same town in search of the couple. This man said his name was Philip Gray, and that his place of residence was Hoboken. He said, also, that he was in search of his wife and a Philadelphia drummer who had eloped with her. The drummer's name, he said, was Avery, but he understood that he sometimes assumed a fictitious name, and that he had in several instances caused trouble in families where he became acquainted by his sweet ways and his undue familiarity with other men's wives and daughters. Somehow Mrs. Gray's presence in Clakstown became known to the couple, and Avery, alias Harvey Brown, left with the woman for their parts.

Mr. Gray said his wife visited in Philadelphia for two weeks last spring, and during her stay there she became acquainted with Avery. In the summer Avery called at his residence in Hoboken, during his (Gray's) absence, probably by appointment with his wife, and the latter, not being inquired for, was not present. Mr. Gray informed Mr. Gray of something that related to the elopement, and that he had seen the Philadelphia man enter his apartments, and that he had seen him in the street, and that he had seen him in the street, and that he had seen him in the street.

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NO TELLING WHERE THE SATURDAY IN-BOUND FLEET WAS. The fog that rolled over the town and harbor yesterday like the recurrent surf of an unsubstantial sea was born somewhere in or back of New Jersey.

It was an unusually warm fog, having absorbed the temperature of a southerly wind that had blown in it waves toward this city. It was not as dense as some north visitors that have crossed the North River from Jersey, but it kept the whistles hoarsely blowing warnings and the ferry bells ringing in muffled tones until late at night. The signal service young men said that the fog was local, and that there were no reports of its existence along the coast south of us.

The observer at Sandy Hook reported that the fog shut out his vision of the sea at 2 1/2 o'clock. A fleet of four passenger steamships was overdue. The *Sale* of the North German Lloyd line, which left Southampton on Nov. 27, was not about eight days ago. It struck the usual winter passage in eight days. The *Nathaniel* of the American Steamship Company, from New York, but it kept the whistles hoarsely blowing warnings and the ferry bells ringing in muffled tones until late at night. The signal service young men said that the fog was local, and that there were no reports of its existence along the coast south of us.

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THE REVOLT AGAINST PARNELL. Mr. Gladstone, hearing the News, Thanks God that Home Rule is Moved.

LONDON, Dec. 6.—At 1 o'clock to-day the Irish members of the House of Commons, who are considering the advisability of retiring Mr. Parnell from the leadership of the party, reassembled in the committee room of the House of Commons, which has been set apart for their use. It was the desire of the members to maintain the strictest secrecy regarding their proceedings, and they had requested the officials of the House to all them in keeping outside the door of the meeting room. In consequence, no one was allowed in the lobby adjoining the room. Even the courtesy extended to the press was suspended, and no reporters were permitted near the place.

The first business transacted was the reading of Mr. Gladstone's letter in reply to the committee, consisting of Messrs. Leamy and Redmond, who represented Mr. Parnell, and Messrs. Sexton and Healy, representing his opponents, who were appointed to negotiate with the liberal leader regarding the control of the Irish Parliamentary Party. Mr. Gladstone remains firm in his determination in no way to recognize Mr. Parnell as the leader of the Nationalists, and his position is emphasized by his letter, in which he offers to conduct negotiations with a new Irish party, which he has formed, and which he has named the "Irish National League." The reading of the letter was greeted with a storm of applause, and Mr. Parnell, who was seated at the head of the table, was heard to exclaim: "I am glad to hear that Mr. Gladstone has taken this course. It is a course which will lead to the success of the party."

Mr. Parnell then made a motion that Mr. Gladstone's letter should be read, and that the House should adjourn until 6 o'clock to-day. The motion was carried by a large majority. Mr. Parnell then made a motion that Mr. Gladstone's letter should be read, and that the House should adjourn until 6 o'clock to-day. The motion was carried by a large majority.

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THE HOBOKEN WIFE DISAPPEARS. Mrs. Philip Gray Elopes with a Philadelphia Drummer—The Husband in Pursuit.

NATICK, Dec. 6.—Harvey Brown of Philadelphia, accompanied by a woman who has been introduced as his wife, came up to Clakstown in this county yesterday and stayed for two or three hours at the house of an acquaintance in the upper part of the town. Later in the day another man appeared in the same town in search of the couple. This man said his name was Philip Gray, and that his place of residence was Hoboken. He said, also, that he was in search of his wife and a Philadelphia drummer who had eloped with her. The drummer's name, he said, was Avery, but he understood that he sometimes assumed a fictitious name, and that he had in several instances caused trouble in families where he became acquainted by his sweet ways and his undue familiarity with other men's wives and daughters. Somehow Mrs. Gray's presence in Clakstown became known to the couple, and Avery, alias Harvey Brown, left with the woman for their parts.

Mr. Gray said his wife visited in Philadelphia for two weeks last spring, and during her stay there she became