AN IRISH MURDER.

Sub-Inspector Montgomery, of the Royal Irish Constabulary, the Culprit.

The Slayer of a Bank Clerk Brought to Justice.

History of the Crime and Sketch of the Criminal.

Equal Justice in Ireland at a Late Day.

UNAVAILABILITY OF THE INSANITY PLEA.

Montgomery's Demeanor Under the Delusive Hope of Commutation—Interview in the Condemned Cell—How the Convict Handled the Billhook and Dealt the Deadly Blow.

A mail despatch from Ireland, dated on the 23d of August, reports as follows:—All the preliminary arrangements for the execution of the convict, Thomas Hartley Montgomery, within Omagh jail are now completed. A Wesleyan minister, to whose ministrations he is becoming attentive, daily visits the jail. Two other ministers also attend, and the rector of Omagh, Rev. Dr. Smith, has invited simultaneous prayers for the convict on Saturday and Monday. Montgomery appears, so far, calm and collected. He will be executed on Tuesday, the 26th inst., the hangman—an Irish professional who aspires to Calcraft's position under the Crown—having just arrived at the Omagh prison from Castlebar, county Mayo, where he hanged a man for the murder of a woman, his wife.

THE CONVICT MONTGOMERY—HIS CAREER, CRIME, CONFESSION AND DEATH.

Thomas Hartley Montgomery, the convict murderer, was born at Broad Road, foot of Barrack Hill, in the town of Cavan, Ireland. He was the son of the late John Montgomery, a Sub-Inspector of Police, by his wife, Miss Hartley, daughter of the late Thomas Hartley, Esq., of Countenan, near Skadone, Cavan. He was thirty-three years of age when he murdered Glass, three years since, and his appearance may be recalled now in order to contrast it with the picture of him drawn at the moment of his death, under the hands of the hangman. Tall, well shaped and athletic looking, he presented none of the evidences of weakness by drugging, or debility by intoxication, of which he spoke in Court in mitigation, or palliation, or total excuse of his crime. He appeared to be six feet high; black hair and beard and mustache set off features all of which were regular, and some of which were good. The forehead was good, the nose well shaped, the eyes good (*in se*), but they seemed to have an ugly trick of not being able to look at you directly. Of the mouth it would not be so easy to speak, as it was almost entirely hidden by the mustache; but it struck one as hard-looking, that the lips were thin, and that it wanted mobility. The complexion was slightly bronzed; but there was a good, fresh, healthy tint on the cheeks. He always dressed in good taste, with scrupulous neatness, but without any appearance of affectation, except the fact that during his surveillance, and before his incarceration, he wore a different attire on each succeeding day. He conducted himself coolly and quietly, but looked awkwardly, as well he might; but no look, nor word, nor motion gave any indication of madness arising from drunkenness or any other source.

ENTRY INTO PUBLIC LIFE.

He received an excellent education and entered life as a clerk in a bank. In this capacity he became acquainted with William Glass, his victim. After some years he was appointed to a position in the Constabulary force, and rose to profitable promotion rapidly.

HISTORY OF THE MURDER OF WILLIAM GLASS.

Thomas Hartley Montgomery, the murderer, occupied, as stated, a high position in the Royal Irish Constabulary. He was an ambitious fellow, loved high life, and worshipped money as a means thereto.

William Glass, his victim, was cashier in the branch of the Northern Bank of Ireland at Newtownstewart, and the intimate friend of Montgomery. If young Glass were to be told he was to be murdered on the 29th of June, 1871, he would not have suspected that the polished and dashing police officer would be the assassin. They had laughed and sported together, like true, fast friends. They walked together, and visited each other, until they seemed inseparable.

THE CASHIER MURDERED.

But on the 29th of June, 1871, after banking hours, the cashier was found lying dead in his office, his skull battered in and an office letter file thrust into his brain through one of his ears. It appears deceased was engaged looking at a map at the moment he was assailed. There was plenty of blood on the floor. Some brandy had just been drank from a bottle found in one of the desks or tables. A large sum of money in bills and gold had been abstracted by the cowardly murderer, a small part of which was subsequently found hidden under a pile of stones near to a river a distance from the building. Montgomery was the last one in the world to be suspected for the commission of the crime. He had, however, been seen going into the bank after it was closed for the day; a person not then fully recognized was observed leaving it alone some time later in the evening. He wore a waterproof coat over his arm, and when he arrived at Montgomery's lodgings was entirely free from any stain or trace of blood on his clothing. He was perfectly cool and collected when he reached there.

THE MANAGER ABSENT.

Glass had been alone in the office on that day, and Mr. Strahan, the manager, who lived on the premises, was at the neighboring town of Drumquin, at which a fair was being held, the branch bank in that town being open on fair days. Mrs. Strahan was away at the sea, and the only people in the house on the afternoon of the murder were Miss Thompson, a relative of Mr. Strahan's, and two servants. The bank consisted of two offices, the inner office communicating with the front office by two doors, one on each side of the bank counter. There is no communication between these offices and the dwelling house, except through an entrance hall or lobby. In this lobby are a glass door, giving admittance to the bank, and a door giving admittance to the house. The street door, which opens into this hall or lobby, is a very heavy one. It was kept open during bank hours; when it was open the house door was, of course, shut. Mr. Glass had transacted his business, and at three o'clock he was seen to come out and shut the outer door of the bank. Three persons saw him and spoke to him at a quarter before three, and one of them, Mary Fulton, says that while she was in the outer office Mr. Glass turned into the inner office and she heard a whisper as though somebody was speaking to him in an undertone, but she did not hear what was said.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

Glass usually left the bank soon after three and dined at his lodgings across the way at a quarter past three. On the fatal Tuesday he did not appear, but his lateness created no suspicion. Soon after four o'clock one of Mr. Strahan's servants, Fanny Macbride, wished to see how near it was to five o'clock—the hour at which Mr. Strahan had ordered his dinner. She ran into the hall to look through the glass door at the clock, which was on the front wall, between the windows that look out into the street. She saw blood somewhere in the office, but was too alarmed to look at the clock, and rushed at once to call Miss Thompson. That lady sent her across the street to fetch Mr. McDowd, and on entering the office he saw Mr. Glass' dead body lying on its face in front of the counter. He had been struck in the inner office, as there was blood on a map which hung on the wall about the height of a man's head, and he had stooped in his flight towards the outer door, which he had never reached, as there were hair and blood on the door between the inner and outer offices, which showed that he had run violently against it. The safe in the inner office was open and rifled. The murderer evidently knew that the bank did not record the numbers of its notes, and they were consequently safe spoil, and he had taken a bundle of them and the loose cash, in all some £1,500.

TIME OF THE MURDER.

It was quite evident the murder was done after three o'clock, and the question was, who could have been there to do it? The last person in the bank was Mr. Robert Moncrieff, a miller, whom Miss Fulton, who heard the whispers in the inner office, left standing by the window in the outer office. But Mr. Moncrieff left before Mr. Glass was seen to come forward and close the outer door. Montgomery, however, told more than one person that he was in the bank after three o'clock in the afternoon. He, however, was on the bank premises soon after [illegible] two, for at that hour he called on Miss Thompson, had a few minutes' conversation with her and left.

AN EMBARRASSED SUB-INSPECTOR.

It must be stated that the Sub-Inspector of the Royal Irish Constabulary was deeply embarrassed in his financial affairs. He speculated, lost and overdrew his bank account. He was continually harassed by creditors, who clamored for what was due them, and he had even borrowed moneys from the constables and sub-constables under his command. Money was his idol and his ambition. In consequence of this slavery to the god of Mammon he has died at the hangman's hands. The shocking murder of Glass, of course, caused great excitement throughout the country. Rewards were offered and the police scoured the country searching for the criminal. The usual Coroner's inquest held, Montgomery, though not suspected then, was examined as a witness. It was found he was very dilatory on hearing of the crime in giving instructions to have search made for its perpetrator. He stated that whoever did the deed must have been covered with blood. A bill-hook, with which the fatal blows were inflicted, found in the bank, was produced, and could not be traced to any person. The Coroner's jury left the matter in the dark as much as before.

AN IMPROVED FINANCIAL CONDITION.

It was noticed soon after that Inspector Montgomery, who had been for a long time before dunned by his creditors, now began to show himself to be flush in funds, though he had inherited no property and his pay had not been increased. He even paid some of his long standing debts, and, thinking all suspicion had been lulled, as far as he was concerned, he recklessly displayed or used large sums of money. This at once directed attention towards him; and, though he was high in command in the constabulary, he was not allowed to run much longer at large. It was then remembered that he was the only man who entered the bank after it was closed the day poor Glass was killed, and that the only man who left in the evening was not recognized at the time, though the dress he wore was described. It was remembered also that he had asked a brother officer at the time of the inquest whether the last person seen coming out of the bank could be convicted though no blood was found upon him; and, worse than all, he had expressed the opinion several times before Glass was murdered that

IT WOULD BE EASY TO ROB A BANK.

Montgomery was arrested and indicted for the murder of Glass. There was not a scintilla of evidence against him, except what was circumstantial. His position was high, and the government, it was thought, would not bear hard upon an officer of a force upon which they depend so much for upholding their rule in Ireland. He was a gentleman, had £250 per year, and was allowed a horse and servant in addition. A rich uncle by marriage had promised to provide for him handsomely; and then that he should be guilty of such a cruel, cowardly and perfidious murder—to be the assassin of his constant bosom friend, were circumstances that caused the case to be looked upon with intense interest. Montgomery was twice tried, and each time the jury disagreed. The venue was finally changed to the county Tyrone, and the third trial commenced at Omagh, July 24 last—two years after the crime was committed. The government sent down the Attorney General and special counsel to prosecute. The prisoner had able defenders.

Judge Barry presided. It was shown by medical witnesses that from the position in which Glass was standing when assassinated, and taking into account the location of the blood on the floor, the murderer's clothes need not necessarily have been stained. There were four wounds on the head, each mortal. By the direction of the Attorney General a constable was called, and,

TO THE ASTONISHMENT OF ALL

of the spectators, came dressed as a gentleman, in the very clothes worn by Montgomery on the day of the murder. He was an object of great curiosity as he stood on the witness table, without speaking a word. The prisoner observed with amazement his counterpart, for the man resembled him in height and build. The constable then put on the waterproof coat worn by Montgomery when he walked. He then unbuttoned his clothing and produced the bundle of notes found underneath the stone and billhook found in the bank. The latter was wrapped in a piece of paper and was easily concealed, the handle being placed in one of the pockets of the pants and the blade under the vest. The bundles of notes were then drawn forth from between the pants and shirt and the gold from the remaining pockets. The legal lore of some of the ablest and most eloquent counsel at the Bar of Ireland could not save Montgomery on the third trial.

He was found guilty, and Judge Barry sentenced him to be executed August 26.

DURING THE TRIAL

the prisoner paid close attention to all that occurred. He observed a remarkably cool and confident demeanor and showed a keen interest in the proceedings as they progressed. He betrayed occasionally the reckless action of his mind by the eager glances, during the examination of witnesses, he passed from them to judge and jury. He had well nigh given up hope, and that was at times easily to be learned from the expression of his countenance.

THE THEORY OF THE PROSECUTION

was that Montgomery was in the inner office, and that it was to him Glass spoke when Mary Fulton heard the whispering. It is certain that no one entered by the front door after Glass shut it. Fanny Macbride went out to buy some cookies of some men in the street and left the door ajar, but nobody entered then, for Miss Thompson watched it all the time. Between the time of the closing of the bank door and the condemned man leaving, two or three persons heard noises in the bank, a moan or a groan, a loud footstep or two, and a noise like the drawing of a table. After he left the bank he was seen at several points about the neighborhood, and, at a railway crossing, asked if his clothes were soiled. When sent for as sub-inspector to see the body he showed a disposition to believe it to be suicide; and, having pleaded that he was tired and should go home to bed, he was met on the road to Grange Wood, where the notes were subsequently found. These facts, together with others mentioned before and many contradictions in his own account of himself, form a chain of circumstantial evidence impossible to overcome. His own confession left the matter beyond earthly doubt.

CLEMENCY BAD POLICY.

At the trial a woman swore that after three o'clock on the day of the murder she saw a man come to the front door without his hat, look up and down the street, then go back into the bank, and presently reappear and leave. That man she swore to be Montgomery, but not until after she had heard the sub-inspector was suspected. Owing to Montgomery's position in the royal constabulary—a pet corps of the government—and his family relations it was for some time expected that executive clemency would be extended in his case; but as all of the humbler classes convicted of capital crimes are deprived of life without fail, and particularly such as are convicted of murder in connection with agrarian matters—offences against the landlords and landed interests—it was, no doubt, considered unsafe, no matter how much disposition to save the murderer of Glass from the gallows existed, to interfere with the judgment of the law.

CONVICTION.

Judge Barry delivered an exhaustive charge to the jury, dwelling on the nature and importance of circumstantial evidence. The jury retired at a quarter-past five o'clock in the evening; fifteen minutes afterwards they returned into court.

The learned judge was sent for, and when he had taken his seat their names were called over.

The clerk said:—"Gentlemen, have you agreed to your verdict?"

Foreman—We have.

Clerk—Gentlemen, you say that Thomas Hartley Montgomery is guilty of the murder of William Glass. (To prisoner)—Have you anything to say why sentence of death and execution should not be passed upon you according to law?

THE PRISONER'S CONFESSION.

Prisoner—In the first place I must thank Your Lordship for the impartial consideration shown towards me, not only during the trial, but during the preceding one, I wish to say, my lord, that at the time of the perpetration of the murder, and for twelve months before that, I was in a state of complete insanity. In the month of June, 1870, I was invited to Milecross, the residence of Mr. Bradshaw. At that time I was in the enjoyment of excellent health, and was there deliberately drugged and poisoned, with the object of rendering me weak minded. When I went to the doctor he told me I had only a few days to live, and that I could scarcely recover, and in that state I was directed and compelled, and, being weak minded, I consented to marry, though at the time in a delicate state of health, and then became worse and worse. In the month of November I embarked in these foolish and ridiculous speculations, when I lost enormous sums of money—larger sums than have transpired in evidence, for some persons who gave me money have not come forward to say anything about it. I then became vicious, and this monomania of attacking banks took possession of me. I stated repeatedly to several members of the constabulary not only how this sort of thing could be perpetrated, but that I myself would do it. I told my own orderly upon one occasion I went to Holywood that I intended going to the bank there and killing the cashier, and would carry the money to the Cave Hill and build a house of sods for myself to live in. The man said I was mad, and followed me after that day. When I was in Newtownstewart I was in a state of complete derangement. Head Constable Hobson means far more than he has said when he said I was frequently complaining of my head. I never could get sleep unless I kept towels on my head. I never would have injured one if I had not been mad. Sergeant Armstrong called it a terrible murder, and there can be no doubt it was a murder that no educated man or man of feeling could have performed. Why, a savage of New Zealand could have done nothing worse. But I was a demented being at that time, and bereft of reason, and there is a very great difference between my case and that of a man who knowingly and wilfully commits an act of the kind.

THE SENTENCE.

Judge Barry said:—"Thomas Hartley Montgomery, you have been convicted by a jury of your fellow countrymen of the murder of William Glass. In the justice of that verdict no human being who has heard the evidence in the case could entertain one shadow of doubt. The excuses for your crime, which you now offer at the bar, were not before the jury, nor could have been for one moment taken into consideration. Heinous as your crime is before God and before man, you enlarged the enormity of the offence by the aggravated circumstances under which you committed it. The unfortunate victim confided in you as an officer of justice, whose duty it was to protect him and the property committed to his charge. He confided in you as his friend, and for the base greed of gain you took advantage of that confidence to take him unawares and basely and treacherously slew him. I will not add to the horrors of your position by further observations. Your life is forfeit to the law, but the law demanding that life will deal with you in one respect more mercifully than you dealt with your victim. You sent him to his last account without a moment for reflection or preparation for that dreadful ordeal. You shall have some time to consider your position; and let me beg of you to use that short space of life which yet remains to you in endeavoring to reconcile yourself to that God to whom we are taught to believe no repentant sinner applies in vain. To me it only remains now to pass on you the dreadful sentence of the law. (The judge assumed the black cap.) The sentence and judgment of the Court is, that I do adjudge that you, Thomas Hartley Montgomery, be taken from the bar of this court where you now stand to the place from whence you came, the common jail of the county Tyrone, and that you be taken on Tuesday, the 26th day of August, in this year of our Lord 1873, to the common place of execution within the walls of the prison within which you shall be then confined, and that you shall be then and there hanged by the neck until you are dead, and that your body shall be buried within the precincts of the prison in which you have last been confined after your conviction, and may the Lord have mercy on your soul.

THE MURDERER'S LIBEL ON HIS WIFE'S FAMILY.

Montgomery's statement, just before sentence, in attempted extenuation of his crime, deprived him of any remnant of popular sympathy which still existed for him. In the statement he volunteered as a confession, he flung dirt directly on his wife's uncle, and indirectly on herself. He said he was "drugged and poisoned" and that this was done to weaken his intellect, so that he might be caught as a husband for the niece of

THE REV. MR. BRADSHAW.

Had he been a good man instead of what he proved himself, he would not have been any very great matrimonial "catch" for her. She is a member of an excellent family, and the position of her uncle, both as a clergyman and a magistrate, refutes the idea of such conduct as Montgomery sought to foist upon him. Besides he is well known in Down and Antrim and Armagh, and other northern counties of Ireland as a generous and honorable man. He spent some £1,200 in defending his miserable assailant's life at the inquest and during two abortive trials in Omagh, and was rewarded for his humanity by a charge base and unfounded.

PRESS INTERVIEW WITH THE CONVICT IN PRISON.

Montgomery was interviewed in Omagh Jail, just previous to his execution, by two reporters of the press.

The following is a *verbatim* report of the interview, taken in short hand, read to the convict, and approved by him:—

SCENE IN THE CONDEMNED CELL.

The reporters say, under date of Omagh:—On presenting our order to the Governor we were received with every courtesy, and having submitted to the formal operation of a search, in the course of which we were obliged to leave our pocket-knives and money at the warder's lodge, we were conducted to the condemned cell. This apartment appears to be in the centre of the prison. It is a larger room than an ordinary cell, securely barred at window and locked at door, cleanly whitewashed and furnished with two beds. It is intended that the warder who will remain with the prisoner until he walks out to the scaffold may occupy one of these beds as a matter of rest, though he may not go to sleep.

When we entered the cell we found the prisoner lying on a bed, stripped to his shirt and trousers. He was pale and wasted. The change that has taken place in his appearance, even since he stood in the dock, is very marked. He received us courteously, and said he would give us any information concerning himself or the tragedy in which he had been engaged, with much pleasure. It will be sufficient to state that during the interview the prisoner spoke of the details of the murder without the slightest sign of contrition or delicacy. He was, as a matter of fact, as if conversing about an ordinary every day event, or as if the murderer were another person.

The following is a *verbatim* report, taken in shorthand, of the conversation which ensued. The questions were put by one of our party, and reported by another:—

"Mr. Montgomery, we are connected with the Dublin press, and I hope you will not consider us obtrusive or impertinent in coming to see you. We are anxious to know whether there is anything connected with your case which you wish explained or if you wish to make any statement to the public, as, of course, they take a great interest in the matter."

Prisoner—Anything you like to ask me I will answer.

Reporter—There is one point we should like to have explained, that is, how actually the murder was committed, and whether the theory of the Crown is correct?

Prisoner—The Crown are altogether wrong in regard to their theory of the murder. In fact, if the witnesses for the Crown had spoken truthfully I would not have been convicted, because the time I saw Miss Thompson, which was a cardinal point in the case, was after I had committed the murder. I had the money and weapon about my person when speaking to Miss Thompson, and my hands were bloody.

Reporter—But with reference to the time of the murder; what occurred between yourself and Glass?

Prisoner—I commenced to swing the weapon about; it was lying on the table before that, and I threatened to take his life. He saw the weapon before me, and I told him I was dangerous and he ought to go out of that, and he laughed at me.

Reporter—What passed before he was struck?

Prisoner—He went to look at the map.

Reporter—Did you call his attention to the map?

Prisoner—No.

Reporter—And what brought him to the map?

Prisoner—We had been talking about some place in the county Antrim, and he came over to look for it on the map.

Reporter—What happened then?

Prisoner—He turned his back on me. If his eye had been on me I could not have done it, but his back being turned, I struck him the first blow on the back of the head, and I may tell you that the door of the inner office was closed. The Crown evidence was wrong about that. Glass opened the door and walked out and then fell. I sat down on a chair and read the newspaper. If I had been a sane man I would not have allowed him to get out to the outer office.

Reporter—Have you any hope of mercy on the ground of your belief that you were insane when you committed this murder?

Prisoner—No, I think not.

Reporter—Where was the cash box when Glass was looking at the map?

Prisoner—It was locked up in the safe.

Reporter—You took the key from the person of Glass?

Prisoner—No; he had left it in his desk, and he was about to leave; he had not locked his desk, but he was looking at the map, and I turned away and took up the weapon, which was on the table. He was asking me what I was carrying that weapon for, and I said I was dangerous; that he should get out of that.

Reporter—Had he his back to you or his side?

Prisoner—His back was towards me.

Reporter—How many blows did you inflict in the inner office?

Prisoner—Only one. He ran out after the first blow, and I struck the others in the outer office. The theory of the Crown on this subject is all wrong.

Reporter—At what period of the day did you enter the bank?

Prisoner—It was during bank hours.

Reporter—Was there any whispering in the inner office?

Prisoner—There was not. Glass came in and looked at a paper, but he did not whisper.

Reporter—Had you any object in view in delaying the telegrams?

Prisoner—I did not want to delay the telegrams. The clock was slow, and that is how they were late.

Reporter—Was he dead when you put the file in his ear?

Prisoner—Oh! he was dead of course.

Reporter—Now, what about the lead? How was that put into the stock of the weapon without any trace being found afterwards?

Prisoner—I poured the lead into the stock of the weapon.

Reporter—Of course it was the same lead you bought from Mr. McDowell?

Prisoner—Yes, the same. McDowell said it was a week or a fortnight, but I say it was two months before. There was no fire in the room in which I could melt the lead for a long time. I bought the lead with the intention of making bullets, for I had a pair of small pistols, though I do not know where they are.

Reporter—Of course it was not for the revolver you intended the bullets?

Prisoner—No; I spilled a great deal of the lead in the fire.

Reporter—There was some talk about where the weapon was bought, and where it was stated to have been bought.

Prisoner—I bought it in Belfast.

Reporter—For what purpose, may I ask?

Prisoner—Well, I declare, I believe at the time I bought it, it was with the intention of attacking a cashier in some bank in Belfast.

Reporter—It was after the murder was committed that you saw Miss Thompson?

Prisoner—The time I saw Miss Thompson was the interval between Mrs. McDowell seeing me the first time looking out of the door and coming out the second time.

Reporter—And had you in the meantime committed the murder?

Prisoner—In the meantime I killed Glass.

Reporter—And had you the weapon in your possession?

Prisoner—Yes.

Reporter—Had you it concealed?

Prisoner—I carried it about for days when I was thinking of this; I was carrying about the weapon for days.

Reporter—Did Glass speak at all after he was struck and before he died?

Prisoner—The poor fellow did not speak at all before he died. It was an easy death.

Reporter—Did the moaning take place as described by the witnesses?

Prisoner—No; nor was there any squealing, as stated by some one.

Reporter—I suppose he was insensible after the first blow?

Prisoner—He was; but he turned round, opened the door and fell. I walked out of the room to the outer office.

Reporter—And why did he not go to the street?

Prisoner—He only passed the door and fell. Of course, if I had been in the possession of my complete senses and a deliberate murderer I would not have allowed him to go out of the back office; I would have prevented him.

Reporter—Why did you give the brandy on the former day?

Prisoner—Because he was sick.

Reporter—Was the brandy drugged?

Prisoner—No. When on duty I carried brandy for my own use, in a flask, and I happened to have this and gave it to him, he being sick. I had gone into the bank that day to get change of a £10 note.

Reporter—Had you any intention of robbing the bank when you gave him the brandy?

Prisoner—No. There was nothing in it. The brandy was not drugged.

Reporter—What did you do when Glass fell?

Prisoner—I ran into the outer office, and I sat down and began to read the paper. He was lying outside on the ground, and I sat down at the table in the inner office and read the newspaper. I might have got out the cash box. I put the notes into the sleeve of the water-proof, and I wonder the police did not give evidence of it, for I was in the habit of putting papers in the sleeve of the water-proof pinned up, and I had simply to put a couple of pins into the sleeve of the water-proof and fill it up with the notes. There was blood on some of the notes. They must have selected notes that had no blood upon them and given them to Dr. Hodges, for my hands had blood upon them, and my trousers and coat were covered with blood. I just rubbed it off with a sponge.

Reporter—In the evening?

Prisoner—No; at home, the next morning.

Reporter—Was the money placed by you where it was found?

Prisoner—I can assert positively that the money and gold were found by a person and carried away; it was not where I left it; I did not think that money was discovered; the weapon and money were not there during the first week of July.

Reporter—Was this person an accessory to the murder?

Prisoner—He knew quite well I was doing it; he told me he had found the bill hook.

Reporter—Do you mean the person that proved having found the bill hook?

Prisoner—No.

Reporter—Did the witness who found the bill hook find it in the place where you hid it?

Prisoner—No. I put it on the other side of the lane.

Reporter—Did it never occur to you to make the defence of insanity, considering that you maintain you were insane?

Prisoner—Of course it did. I wanted to do it, and was advised that, in the first place, no jury would find me guilty on the evidence the Crown had. I wanted to tell that to the Court, but they would not let me. This murder would have occurred before I left the county Down at all if I had not been watched.

Reporter—There is one thing that suggests itself to my mind with regard to the conduct of Mr. Bradshaw——

Prisoner—I have a great complaint to make against him. He has been the worst enemy I ever had.

Reporter—His conduct in the Court appeared to be most generous.

Prisoner—That is taking his own statement. There was one check he produced for £40, and he said he had given me that money, but I gave him four £10 notes for it in Belfast.

Reporter—It appeared from the evidence that he helped you.

Prisoner—No, indeed; he did not.

Reporter—What kind of speculations did you indulge in?

Prisoner—Oh, railway shares and general stocks.

Reporter—For instance, name one.

Prisoner—Oh, say Turkish bonds.

Reporter—What became of Mr. Bradshaw's money that he gave to you to pay the policemen—£280—of which you owed to the policemen £230?

Prisoner—It was not given to me to pay the policemen. It was given to me to settle losses. He made me do whatever he asked me to do.

Reporter—Where did you put the money originally?

Prisoner—Where it was found.

Reporter—You say a portion of it was taken and put into the whin bush?

Prisoner—I did not put any money into the whin bush.

Reporter—And did you put the weapon where it was found?

Prisoner—Not in that exact place.

Reporter—Or in that neighborhood?

Prisoner—Yes; it was originally put with the gold on the other side of the lane. The person who found the weapon said it was not there more than a week. There was a good deal of weight attached to its being found near Grangewood. The reason I wanted to go to the railway was that the half-past three o'clock train was coming, and I went to Peter's Bank to look at the train; it was then that the frenzy came on me.

Reporter—Had you been at Peter's Bank before you went to the bank?

Prisoner—Yes, and not afterwards.

Reporter—What was the object of going so often to Grangewood?

Prisoner—I expected to meet Mr. Purcell. My recollection is that Commander Scott said on going away that he would send Mr. Purcell to me. As to searching in Newtownstewart, I had no place to search.

Reporter—Have you anything to say with regard to your treatment by the prison officials?

Prisoner—They have been very kind to me. In fact, since I have been here it has been a paradise compared with the state of mind I was in during the twelve months previously.

Reporter—Have you any statement to make to the public, who naturally feel a great interest in your case?

Prisoner—I wish I had the voice of a trumpet to make myself heard over the three kingdoms—to make my case a warning that men don't discharge their duty to society who will not seize and detain men affected with insanity. When I was moving about robbing banks I should have been locked up for one month.

Reporter—What do you attribute your insanity to?

Prisoner—I was deliberately poisoned for the purpose of driving me weak minded. The object was to reduce me to such a state that I would not be able to protect my own interests. It was in order that I would not insist on a marriage portion.

Reporter—Was Mr. Glass conscious when you put the file in his ear?

Prisoner—He was dead long before I took the file off the table and put it into his ear afterwards.

The visitors then retired, fully impressed with the belief that every word stated by the prisoner may be taken *cum grano salis*.

THE POLARIS.

A Forthcoming Review of Hall's Expedition by Dr. Petermann, of Gotha—The English Loquacious and Do-Nothing Policy Rebuked.

From advance sheets of a forthcoming paper (prepared by Dr. A. Petermann, of Gotha) which has been kindly sent us we translate the following interesting items. Dr. Petermann treats specifically of Captain Hall's American Arctic Expedition, and publishes along with his article the most elaborate and elegant map of the track, discoveries and regions visited by the Polaris that has yet appeared. For the drawing of this map the Doctor says he is indebted to the "Diagram of the explorations of the Polaris, drawn by Sergeant Frederick Meyer, Signal Service, U. S. A.," which he has taken as authority. Dr. Petermann says:—"The American North Polar Expedition of which lately authentic tidings have arrived in America, had a great success, notwithstanding all hostile, jealous and bespotting voices before and after. An Englishman—Dr. Walker—who originally intended to accompany the expedition, but at her departure remained behind, did everything during her absence, and even published a special pamphlet, to discredit the expedition and to prove that she would not meet with any success. The English certainly have, during almost nine years, always been talkers, and have criticised all other views and endeavors but their own, but have done nothing on their own part. Before and after the expedition their criticism culminated in asserting that Captain Hall, the commander, was unfit, and now, after his death, they add that the vessel also—the Polaris—was entirely unfit for ice navigation. In contrast with this English criticism appear the results and doings of the American expedition, so much more important."

Dr. Petermann adds:—"The same voices, having no scientific judgment, have, without hesitation, represented the issue of the expedition as a total failure, which is only possible with a partial and unjust perception, asserting the advance to the North Pole to be the principal object of the expedition. While Dr. Walker had prophesied that the first season would prove useless and without result for the expedition, on account of a too late departure, the Polaris, on the contrary, has steamed through Smith's Sound, Kennedy Channel, and a newly discovered strait, Robeson Channel; has attained the latitude of 82 deg. 16 min. north, and has wintered in latitude 81 deg. 38 min. north."

And again:—"In regard to the land discoveries of Hall's expedition, he also has set foot on land, so far, at the highest north latitude, namely, 82 deg. 9 min. north, besides seeing from an elevation of 1,700 feet a continuation of land to latitude 84 deg. north."

Dr. Petermann concludes:—"It now is shown that even in this difficult and ice-bound region eternal ice is not existing, and it also is proved that the advance to the North Pole by vessel remains the best means, and that sledge journeys are of but little reliance."

The columns of the second heading, "From the Report of Frederick Meyer," give a short statement of geographical and other scientific results.

The third heading's columns are a translation of a report of the London *Times*, and in the columns of the fourth heading further remarks from the New York Herald's and other reports. Dr. Petermann says:—"The meteorologist, F. Meyer, deserves great merit for his surveys of the east and and west coast." He give the following data referring thereto:"—

In latitude 82 deg. 9 min. north he observed at an elevation of 1,700 feet and a distance of horizon of forty-five miles, a bright line, which, others taking for land, he declared to be water. The west coast he thinks to have sighted to latitude 84 deg. north, and the east coast to about 82 deg. 30 min. north. The entrance to Newman's bay is eight to nine miles wide; the southern cap, "Sumner Headland," is situated in latitude 81 deg. 55 min. north; the northern, "Cape Brevoort," in 82 deg. 02 min. north. On the east and west coast he has measured all heights. At Thank-God Harbor the hills were from 900 to 1,300 feet high, and at their summits he established stations and surveyed the entire surroundings.

THE VIENNA EXHIBITION.

The City Fete and the Distribution of Prizes, from the Pen of Mr. Edmund Yates.

The Apathy of the Vienna Authorities.

Over 18,000,000 Florins Paid Out and Only 2,000,000 Taken In.

THE AUSTRIAN KAISER INDIFFERENT

What Mr. Yates Thinks of Mr. Jay and Mr. Jewell.

THE DISTRIBUTION.

VIENNA, August 19, 1873.

Most of those connected with the Vienna Exhibition, the exhibitors, jurors and officials of every grade, more especially those of German origin, have for some time been greatly disgusted with the supineness exhibited by the city authorities in regard to any recognition, in a festive sense, of their presence and their exertions. Beyond the entertainment given by the Minister of Agriculture, in the first week of May, the municipal authorities have undertaken nothing in the shape of festivity, and though this, perhaps, may be accounted for by the fact that the awful monetary collapse of that month sent ruin widespread through the city, it was felt that when matters began to recover themselves a little some effort should have been made by those interested in the matter, not merely out of ordinary gratitude, but out of that peculiar gratitude which has been defined by the cynic as "a lively sense of favors to come."

THE SPECULATORS.

And here, *en passant*, let me just touch for an instant upon the monetary question in regard to the Exhibition. The wholesale suspension of banks and great commercial houses which took place during the month of May had no direct connection with the Exhibition or its promoters. It arose from reckless gambling and miscalculation, and to those concerned in it it was bound to turn up "heads or tails," fortune or beggary. As it happened, the star of ill-luck was in the ascendency, and the speculators were ruined. But the mischief did not stop there. From the opening to the present time the Vienna Exhibition has been one

DEAD, FLAT, DISMAL FAILURE.

The distance from the recognized centres of civilization and commercial enterprise, the long delay in getting matters into proper working order, the intense heat, and finally, the dread alarm of cholera, which, widespread though it has been, has never even yet revealed the true state of the case, have combined to bring about this result. The Viennese are a sanguine people, and in this case they allowed their expectations to outrun all prudential calculation. They built enormous new hotels, immense caravansaries, magnificently appointed and fitted and furnished in the most luxurious manner, which have never had anything like their proper complement of guests, and which now are almost empty; they stocked their shops with high priced goods, which remain unsold; they provided theatrical and musical entertainments, at which the waiters and the policemen constitute the sole audience. The Hotel Austria, in which I am now living, is situated on the Schotten Ring, perhaps the most fashionable boulevard in the city, and, though not so large as the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York, is furnished with equal splendor. It was opened on the 15th of May, and the prices demanded for rooms were sufficiently high. In it I now occupy two large and elegantly fitted apartments, a saloon and a double-bedded sleeping chamber, on the first floor, with outlook on the boulevards, for which I pay eight gulden, equivalent to less than four American dollars, per diem. The attendance is excellent, the *cuisine*, with a French *chef* at its head, is perfect, but so great has been the competition and so small has been the number of visitors that the proprietor is only too glad to take me at the price and to do everything to induce me to prolong my stay. With the exception of the Hotel Metropole, the Goldenes Lamm and the Weisses Rass, all other hotels in the city are in the same plight. Further,

THE EXHIBITION BUILDING,

with its annexes, its exterior pavilions, its gardens and its various arrangements, cost between seventeen and eighteen millions of florins. The receipts, everything taken into consideration, have not yet reached two millions. It closes within little more than two months, and what was looked upon as the most remunerative portion of the season is passed. The gross loss falls upon the government, but it will be easily understood that with such frightful disappointment pressing upon them the Viennese are not likely, as the Americans say, "To feel good," or as the English slang phrase has it, "To be in good form." Nevertheless, it is thought that the municipal authorities might have shown some hospitality to their visitors, and the large-hearted citizens groaned under the assumed niggardliness. They were rendered more bitter in their comments upon the city's parsimony by the fact that the rival city of Pesth, which might easily have declined any responsibility in the matter, had invited upwards of three hundred persons, connected with the Exhibition, and given them

THREE DAYS' AMUSEMENT AND JOLLIFICATION.

It became obvious that something, however small, must be done, and that something was done on Saturday night. The Burgomaster, in the name of the city, issued invitations to the number of 3,000 for an entertainment in the Stadtpark, a very pretty garden situated on one of the boulevards, having in its midst a magnificently decorated hall called the Kur Salon, which is used for the concerts of the Musik-Verein. The hour named was eight o'clock, and on arrival I found a crowd of carriages and magnificent creatures in liveries and cocked hats to receive us. This was all the reception we got, and we were then left to wander at our own sweet will. The Emperor was away at Ischl. It was expected that he would have returned for this ceremony, but he did not choose to do so, and his absence gave his subjects another cause to grumble at the laxity and indifference with which he has treated all matters connected with the Exhibition. The truth probably is that His Imperial Majesty is disgusted at the total failure of the concern, and that he has been but too glad to withdraw himself from the heat, the noise and the dust, which are everywhere prevalent in Vienna. In his absence the prominent personage whom the citizens delighted to honor was his brother, the Archduke Charles Louis, curiously like to the Emperor in face and figure, a gentlemanly, good-natured man, who has been officially connected with the Exhibition as its "Protector," and in that position has gained everybody's good will. He moved about among the various groups, chatting pleasantly to those he knew, and willingly permitting the constant presentations which were made to him. If he had been a stranger in New York he could not have been introduced to more people. These introductions were made through the medium of Baron Von Gagern, a tall, gentlemanly old man, with a silky white mustache, who speaks excellent English, and to whom has been confided the task of looking after the distinguished visitors in Vienna. With the Archduke was his intimate personal friend, the gallant old General Von Rainer, a grizzled, hirsute veteran, whose breast was covered with medals, and Prince Wasa, who ought to have been King of Sweden, and probably would have been if that bold soldier Marshal Bernadotte had never been born.

TWO AMERICAN MINISTERS.

Mr. Jay was there, very courtly, very crisp, very polished; and another American Minister to a foreign Power was also there—a very different man from Mr. Jay; a man whose bright, silvery hair was seen flashing in the midst of every group where a good story was being told, whose frank, honest laugh rang out loud and clear, causing the stiff-buckled Austrian officers to stare in astonishment and the guzzling burghers to look up from their wine and *würst*—a fine specimen of an American gentleman, Governor Jewell, now on his way to his mission at St. Petersburg.

The company gathered in the Kur Salon and spread over the beautiful garden. These last were illuminated *a giorno*, as the Italians say, till all was clear as at noon, with the limelight. In them, too, were placed two enormous buffets, one on either side of the steps leading to the terrace. To show how liberal had been the catering I obtained a

COPY OF THE MENU.

KUR SALON,
am 16. August 1873.

KALTES FLEISCH.

Kalbsbraten.	Huhner-Galantine.	
Prager Schinken.	Roastbeef.	
Westphahler Schinken.	Filet de boeuf.	
Zunge.	Huhner-	Braten.
Hamburger Rauchfleisch.	Ganse-	Braten.
	Enten-	Braten.
Gothaer Cervelatwurst.	Truthahn-	Braten.
Rehrucken.	Strassburger Truffetpastete.	
Rehschlogel.		

Sandwiches.

KALTE FISCHE.

Star.	Sauce Tartar.	Rheinlachs, geräuchert.
Fogosch.	Sauce Tartar.	Jager Haringo.
Schill	Sauce Tartar.	Sardinen in Oel.
Forellen.	Sauce Tartar.	Sardinen, russische.
Rheinlachs.	Sauce Tartar.	Krauterfische (Anchovis).

Russischer Caviar.

Salat—Compot—Obst—Confect.
Kase.

Gefrorenes.

Oesterreicher rothe und weisse Weisse.
Europaischer Champagner.

Klein-Schwechter Marzen-Bier.

Cafe.
Sodawasser—Selterwasser—Gieshubler Wasser.

THEY ATE,

and they ate—ye gods, how they ate! They dived over each other's shoulders and under each other's arms. They bore off toppling pyramids of plates and sat on the borders of fountains and in shady nooks and devoured their contents. They drank beer and Austrian wine steadily from eight till eleven, when the pop of the first champagne cork was heard, and then they surged down upon the buffets like wolves on the fold, and the cry of "*Champagner!*" "*Champagner!*" was heard from 3,000 throats.

In the Kur Salon, which is a large and beautifully decorated hall, there is an orchestra, led by Johann Strauss, the illustrious composer, a good-looking, dark-haired man of about thirty, an immense favorite with the Viennese public. His manner of conducting his band is simply perfect, and in dance music he beats time with his foot in the most animated manner, as though he could scarcely restrain himself from dashing off into the dance. This night the band played several special favorites, among them "Wein, Weib und Gesang," and "Wiener Bluth," a new and very popular waltz; but when they struck up "An den schönen blauen Donau"

THE ENTHUSIASM OF THE CROWD

could no longer be repressed. A stout, bald, elderly gentleman in spectacles seized a flaxen-haired girl round the waist, and in an instant the room was filled with waltzing couples. The *fête* was kept up with great spirit till midnight, and then only broke up to be reformed in smaller knots and coteries. It must have been well into the small hours of the morning before the Britannia Hotel, which may be looked upon as the American headquarters, could be considered quiet.

On Monday, the 18th, was to take place the distribution of the prizes, about which so much had been said and of which so much was expected. People remembered the

GRAND DISTRIBUTION DES PRIX

in Paris, in the year 1867, and the superb pageant surrounding it, and looked for something of the same kind. All the glories of the first day were, we understand, to be renewed and improved upon, all the foreign princes were to come back, all the native Hoheits and Durchlauchts were to be there again in fullest force. The ceremony was to be held under the dome of the Exhibition building, in that rotunda which has no equal in the world, and over it the Emperor was to preside. *Hélas! hélas! l'homme propose, mais Dieu dispose!* The Emperor would not come back from Ischl, the exhibitors who had choked up the magnificent rotunda refused to move their trumpery, the foreign princes were spread all over the face of the earth, the Hoheits and Durchlauchts were away at various watering places, and the grand ceremonial dwindled away, and shrunk to most miserable proportions. It was held in the Winter Riding School attached to the Imperial Palace, a poor barn of a place, which had been floored over and tawdrily decorated for the occasion. There were two galleries filled with ladies, who seemed suffering awfully, for the windows were all closed and the heat was intense, while the body of the hall was packed with some 3,000 sweltering men, few of whom were in uniform or court dress, but the majority in black swallowtail and white choker. One of the first arrivals was Mr. Garretson, the United States Chief Commissioner here, who is immensely popular, not merely with his own countrymen, but with the Austrians and the English, and who has done his best to remove whatever unpleasantness attached to the recollection of the proceedings of the first commission. Precisely at one o'clock the Archduke Charles Louis entered, accompanied by his two brothers, the Archdukes Albrecht and Leopold. (Of the latter a good story is told:—He was formerly a field marshal, but made some serious blunders in the war of 1866, so was deprived of his command and, as compensation, made Lord High Admiral. The first time he went on board his ship he rebuked the captain, who was sitting in the stern sheets of the boat taking him ashore for interfering with the rowing of the men, and desired him to leave "that thing" alone. The captain was steering, and "that thing" was the rudder.) They took up their positions on a dais at the end of the hall in front of a few velvet chairs, and old General Von Rainer read them an opening address. To this the Archduke Charles Louis replied, announcing himself as the Emperor's substitute, and calling on Baron Schwartz to read the list of prize winners. This dreary proceeding occupied nearly half an hour, during which many of the people left. At its conclusion Herr Leuchtenburg, a prominent citizen, returned thanks on the exhibitors' behalf, the band played the Volks hymn and the ceremony was at an end.

And so, once more adieu to Vienna! Once again do I intend, in the Herald's service, to visit her, at the end of October, when *le jeu est fait et rien ne va plus*, when the big bazaar puts up its shutters and its denizens disperse to the furthermost parts of the earth, whence they came.

EDMUND YATES.

FAIR AT NEW ROCHELLE.

Fair for the Benefit of the New Roman Catholic Church of the Blessed Sacrament.

A ladies' fair is now in progress at the Town Hall in New Rochelle, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the erection of a new and commodious church, which is much needed in this section. Rev. Thomas McLoughlin, for the past twenty years the much esteemed pastor of New Rochelle and Mamaroneck, hopes to officiate in the new edifice before many months have elapsed. The fair is well worthy of a visit. There are six tables, presided over by a large number of the Catholic ladies of the vicinity. Valuable and beautiful articles are exposed for chances. Among these articles is a magnificent solid silver trumpet, which is to be voted for and presented to the fire company of the town receiving the largest number of votes. Twenty-five cents is charged for each vote. There are two companies in New Rochelle, composed of some of the most respectable and popular citizens, and much laudable rivalry is the result. The friends on both sides come forward nightly to cast their ballots, and a close contest is anticipated.

THE AUBURN CEMETERY BILL VETOED.

ALBANY, N. Y., Sept. 4, 1873.

Governor Dix has vetoed the bill authorizing the Common Council of Auburn to purchase or acquire land for a public cemetery for the use of said city on the ground that it confers dangerous powers, as it permits the city to take lands in five different towns in the county.