

HUNTING DOWN A SUSPECT.

(From the London correspondent of the *Dublin Freeman*.)

THE system of police espionage inaugurated by Mr. Jenkinson since his transfer to the Home Office has its ludicrous aspects. It undoubtedly causes annoyance to inoffensive Irishmen who have business to London occasionally, and who find themselves honoured by the company of a pair of detectives wherever they go to; but upon the other hand, it gives rise to so many comic and laughable incidents that one feels almost inclined to ask whether Mr. Jenkinson does not consider himself in honour bound to give a little pleasant entertainment now and then to the men he selects for persecution. Everyone is acquainted with the case of Mr. P. N. Fitzgerald. Mr. Fitzgerald was kept in prison for seven months upon suspicion of an offence which the Government utterly failed to prove. It might have been thought that seven months' incarceration would have been considered punishment enough for a man who, in the opinion of a Crimes Act jury, was quite innocent. Mr. Jenkinson holds a different view. Mr. Fitzgerald's health was seriously injured while in Sligo Gaol, and soon after his release he went to the South of Europe to try what a milder climate could do to give him back what he had lost. He returned to England a few days ago, his friends will be glad to learn, greatly improved, and the moment he landed at Dover two detectives took him under observation. They rode in the train with him, followed him to his hotel, occupied the same sitting-room, and partook of dinner at the same table. They watched him writing his letters, examined the blotting-paper on which he had dried them after he left, and generally gave him such annoyance that he was obliged to threaten to forcibly resent their insolence if it was continued longer.

On Monday morning Mr. Fitzgerald paid a visit to a friend on the west side of London. He drove in a cab, and was pursued in another by a detective—this time a fresh one from Scotland-yard. He had scarcely been ten minutes upstairs in his friend's house when a loud knock was heard at the door. The servant, upon answering the call, was accosted in a gruff voice by a man outside, who wanted to know "How long the gentleman would be upstairs?" "What gentleman?" she asked. "Mr. Fitzgerald," he replied, "him that went up at this moment." Mr. Fitzgerald and his friend, overhearing the colloquy, resolved to find out what the fellow was about, and asked the servant to show him upstairs. He entered the room smiling. "Look 'ere, Mr. Fitzgerald," he began, "you are annoyed because we are following you. Now, if you go straight from this to your 'otel, I'll undertake to bring your case before Mr. Littlechild, at Scotland Yard, and I am sure he will see that you are not annoyed any more." Mr. Fitzgerald, preserving as much gravity as he was able under the circumstances, said he could not give him any advice as to what he should do. All he wanted was not to be dogged about the streets. At this time the joke of the fellow's offer was not seen. If Mr. Fitzgerald had gone straight to his hotel, another detective, who was stationed at the door there, would have "taken him on," and the fellow himself would have been set free for the day. "Now," said Mr. Fitzgerald, resuming the conversation, and continuing to maintain his mock gravity, "do you think Mr. Littlechild would be favourably influenced by your representations?" "I am quite sure he would," replied the detective, with a look of persuasion. Then he began to get warmly sympathetic, and burst out into assurances of the utmost goodwill towards all men, but towards Mr. Fitzgerald in particular. "I assure you on my 'eart and soul," he said, "I feel deeply for you. No man could stand it. It is really a shaima" (shame). "Then why do you follow me?" demanded Mr. Fitzgerald. "Oh, I've got to do that," he said. "I've got to keep my eyes on you. I've got to report to Scotland Yard everywhere you go and every 'ouse you henter." "Then I suppose," said Mr. Fitzgerald, "you will have this gentleman (his friend) watched in future?" "That's got nothing to do with me," he promptly replied. "If they want to find out about him they can, but at present all I have got to do is to keep you under hobversation, and it may be a matter of the 'sack' to me if I let you go out of sight." Mr. Fitzgerald promised to do his best to accommodate him in that way. "All I 'ope is," said the fellow, going towards the door, "all I 'ope is that you won't cab it the rest of the day." This remark had reference to the difficulty of keeping the subject under observation in a cab. Mr. Fitzgerald replied that he was afraid he would have to use that means of locomotion. "By the way," said the fellow carelessly as he was about to leave, "had you any of them Irish Constabulary men after you?" "No," replied Mr. Fitzgerald. "They are a bad lot," continued the representative of Mr. Jenkinson, "and I can tell you we have no liking for 'em at all." With this the interview terminated, and the detective after profusely apologising for his intrusion went away.

In half an hour afterwards Mr. Fitzgerald and his friend walked out and found their man pacing the flagway in front of the house. They resolved to hail the first cab they met in order to enable them to keep an appointment at Westminster. There happened to be but one cab in the street at the time, and they got into it and drove off. This put the detective into a most ludicrous dilemma. He looked about in all directions for another vehicle, but not one was to be found. Meanwhile his charge was fast going out of sight, and if he missed him he might, as he said himself, "get the sack." In this emergency he decided to pursue the flying cab on foot, and for five minutes he raced after it in a manner that would have done credit to a champion runner at Lillie Bridge. He then succeeded in getting into another cab, and kept up the pursuit under more comfortable conditions until he saw Mr. Fitzgerald and his friend alight. During the remainder of the day Mr. Fitzgerald was followed by at least six different detectives, who handed him over from one to another as he went to different parts of the city, and finally, on his departure for Liverpool in the evening, two more of them were put upon his track, and kept him company in the same compartment during his journey northward.

IRELAND AND AMERICA.

MR. HARRINGTON, M.P., has addressed an important letter to Mr. Patrick Egan, the president of the Irish National League of America. In the opening sentences Mr. Harrington explains, on behalf of Mr. Parnell, that it is impossible to send any Irish member of Parliament to America just at present owing to the necessity of fighting the Redistribution of Seats Bill and the Crimes Act during the session. He then says:—

Our organisation is making splendid progress and doing great work. To the activity which our Irish branches displayed in working up the registration of voters during the past two years we owe the fact that Ireland is to receive the benefit of the extended franchise, for we showed that with energy and perseverance we could secure under the limited franchise nearly every seat which the new franchise brings within our easy grasp. A very large proportion of our funds was expended on this part of the struggle, and even still our expenses in attending boundary commissions and preparing schemes and evidence for them are very large. If, however, we had not to sustain a large number of evicted tenants who have come to us as a legacy from the Land League our organisation at home would be able to meet its own working expenses. But this Evicted Tenant's Fund is a first charge upon us and forms the largest part of our expenditure. We have received from our Irish branches during the year £6,000, while we have had to vote over £7,600 in grants to these evicted tenants. I have seen a statement in some of the American papers attributed to Mr. Parnell, that no funds were needed in Ireland until the general election. He tells me he never made such a statement. On the contrary, it is with a view to preparing for the general election that we mainly want funds. We shall have to put forward about ninety candidates at the general election in Ireland, and we must have local machinery prepared to work every one of these elections, as all the constituencies will be split up into single-member constituencies, and every man will have to fight his own corner with the local aid he may receive. Mr. Parnell has directed me to request that any Parliamentary fund at present in hand might be forwarded, as a large proportion of the present expenditure of the National League falls within the line of a Parliamentary fund; such as the preparation of bills for Parliament, the rent and expenses of Parliamentary office, and the expenses of members delegated to attend meetings, as well as the preparation of pamphlets on the Crimes Act, and the supplying of other such information to Parliament. To remove these off our limited resources would leave us free to devote a larger proportion of our funds to organisation. Under all these circumstances Mr. Parnell urgently requests that you will point out to our friends in America the necessity for renewed exertion in support of the Parliamentary fund.

FRED ARCHER INTERVIEWED.

(From *Dublin Freeman's* special correspondent.)

CORRESPONDENT—Tell me of any remarkable people you saw in New York.

Archer—Well, would you consider Miss Dudley remarkable;

Correspondent—Most certainly. And did you see her?

Archer—Yes, and had a long conversation with her. I'll tell you how it was. There was a young friend of mine in New York who took me to see the Tombs Police Court, and after I had seen some terrible people either tried or awaiting trial, I sent in my card to Miss Dudley. She at once sent for me and remarked she was really glad to see an Englishman. I saw her in a place most unlike a prison. A very nice little room it was, and she appeared to have perfect liberty to pretty well see anyone. They have very great liberty, it struck me, in American prisons. When I looked round Miss Dudley's room she asked me, "Would you ever think this was really a jail?" I replied that the apartment looked to me more like a drawing-room.

Correspondent—Did she touch upon the recent remarkable event at all?

Archer—Oh, dear, yes. She spoke most freely about it. She told me she could have shot Rossa easily after she had fired the first shot; but as the fellow put up his hand and begged in God's name for mercy she spared him. She thought him a desperate coward.

Correspondent—Did she speak of anyone else?

Archer—Yes, she chaffingly told me that she would next come across to England and shoot old Gladstone, and then repair to join the Mahdi. She said, too, that it was her intention to take an office next door to Rossa, in Chamber street, New York, and that she would frighten him to death.

Correspondent—Did you think Miss Dudley insane?

Archer—Not a bit of it. She is all right as far as I could see.

Correspondent—Please describe her personal appearance.

Archer—Miss Dudley is, I should say, one of the finest women I ever saw. She is tall, very good looking, with beautiful light flaxen hair, and in my life I never saw a more beautiful set of teeth. Her hands are small, whilst she was dressed with exquisite good taste in black.

Correspondent—What does she think will be her fate?

Archer—She is quite convinced that she will be acquitted; and you see in a case like that they don't try prisoners as strictly as they do in England.

Correspondent—Does she admit that she is the same Miss Dudley who in England was restrained?

Archer—No, she did not say so; but she told me she was from England. Throughout my conversation with her she was most cheerful.

The sunken eye, the palid complexion, the disfiguring eruptions on the face, indicate that there is something wrong going on within. Expel the lurking foe to health. Ayer's Sarsaparilla was devised for that purpose; and does it.