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The True Witness AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

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MONTREAL WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1882.

PRICE FIVE CENTS

IRELAND THE LAND WAR

DUBLIN, Dec. 12.—At the trial of Higgins to-day, his little girl, Kate, was called as a witness for the defence. She ran to her father, and, throwing her arms around his neck, kissed him affectionately. The prisoner was much affected. Murphy, replying for the Crown, said the perjury committed by the two witnesses for the defence was appalling. The first arrest under the "Curfew" clause of the Repression Act was made last evening. The prisoner is believed to have been a companion of the murderers of Detective Cox. DUBLIN, Dec. 13.—At Connaught Assizes yesterday, a farmer named Kilmartin, residing on one of the Aran Islands, was convicted of grievously wounding a blaith, and sentenced by Judge Lawson to penal servitude for life. At Limerick Assizes to-day, John and Patrick Carroll, convicted of killing a farmer named Hickey, were sentenced to ten and twenty years. The crime was agrarian. In delivering sentence on Higgins, Justice O'Brien expressed the opinion that Higgins was the least guilty of the three persons concerned in the murder. Marwood, the executioner, has arrived en route for Galway, protected by nine detectives. LONDON, Dec. 14.—Gladstone has resigned the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and Mr. Childers, Secretary of War, has been appointed to succeed him. Changes in the Ministry, made necessary by this arrangement, are still under consideration. DUBLIN, Dec. 14.—Two important arrests were made here this morning in connection with the murder of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke. The names were not disclosed. A private investigation is being held at the Castle. DUBLIN, Dec. 14.—The Government has issued a circular in regard to the distress in the west of Ireland, declaring it is determined to rely solely upon the administration of relief through the Boards of Guardians, as it is satisfied that relief works are not only extravagant and demoralizing, but often fail to relieve the most needy. The Government will be prepared to empower the Boards of Guardians to borrow money, if necessary, to meet the present or on their resources. DUBLIN, Dec. 14.—Two important arrests were made here this morning in connection with the murder of Lord Cavendish and Mr. Burke. The men apprehended are Byrne, a pavior, and Hanlon, a leather currier. One has been identified by persons who were in Phoenix Park on the night of the murder. One of the men was seen on the car on which the assassins drove. The arrests were made on the evidence of informers. A private investigation was held at the Castle this morning. The detectives believe they have unraveled the Phoenix Park mystery. Some of the informers, when they found that the police already knew much, were induced by fear to tell more. The police, by putting together various items of information, have got what they believe to be a direct chain of information. The prisoners, Hanlon and Byrne, were confronted at the Castle to-day with several persons who saw the assassins drive away. The identification, however, was not deemed sufficient. The prisoners were detained, in order that others might see them. They will probably be charged with the Phoenix Park murders in Court to-morrow, when six witnesses will be examined. Further arrests are probable. Byrne and Hanlon have been discharged, but will appear before the Magistrate to-morrow. The trial of Thos. Higgins, another of the prisoners charged with being concerned in the murder of the Huddys, began to-day. The Crown Prosecutor declared the accused fired the shot which killed one of the victims. The co-operative stores here were burned to-day. The building was full of goods, and the loss will be heavy. It is reported that the caretaker and his family perished in the flames. LONDON, Dec. 14.—The Times Dublin correspondent telegraphs that as the case against Messrs. Davitt, Healy and Quinn has been postponed, owing to the absence of the Judges from the Assizes, it would not occasion surprise if the proceedings against them were allowed to drop. Glasgow, Dec. 14.—Forster, speaking here of the condition of Ireland, said he was sure that the most powerful Government that ever existed in England would be overthrown if it attempted to introduce Home Rule, which would never be granted, as it involved absolute separation and a great probability of civil war in Ireland. DUBLIN, Dec. 14.—At Connaught Assizes to-day, a prisoner was sentenced to life servitude for attacking a bailiff's house. Parnell has arrived and will preside at the meeting of the National League to-morrow. LONDON, Dec. 15.—A Dublin despatch says nothing tending to elucidate the Phoenix Park mystery has yet been discovered. Plymouth, Eng., Dec. 15.—Westgate, the self-accused participant in the murder of Cavendish and Burke, has arrived here from Jamaica. DUBLIN, Dec. 15.—An order has been issued prohibiting the importation of the Irish Wolf. At a meeting of the organizing committee of the Irish National League held to-day, Parnell presided. The receipts thus far have amounted to £236 and 250 branches have been formed. The proposal to merge the Home Rule Association, with a fund of £700, in the National League is accepted. It was resolved to form a central branch, of which the officers of the local branches are to be ex-officio members. Parnell proposed resolu-

tions, which were adopted, condemning the decision of the Government to alleviate distress in Ireland by means of poor-houses instead of public works as insulting to the Irish people, declaring that in the recent utterances of Lord Derby, favoring emigration from Ireland, the committee discern an intention to starve the poorer inhabitants out of the country, and revive the worst traditions of 1846. They affirm that if public works enterprises are not at once resorted to, it is in the opinion of the committee that a system of out-door relief ought to be started, and they recommend that a bill amending the Land Act, including provisions for laborers, be adopted. The director of the Criminal Investigation Department, a Queen's Counsel and the Superintendent of Detectives resumed their private enquiry to-day. They have information of the existence of two secret organizations in Dublin, the object of one being the overthrow of the Government in a fair fight; the other assassination of informers. Disclosures have laid bare an extraordinary state of things, but particulars are not revealed. Brady and Hanlon were again examined before the Magistrate, but persons in Phoenix Park when Cavendish and Burke were murdered failed to identify them. They will be examined to-morrow, that they may account for certain circumstances within the knowledge of the police. A witness at the inquiry yesterday was so astounded at the knowledge possessed by the police that he faints. It is believed that the man behind whose house were found the knives supposed to have been used in the murders will be examined to-morrow. The police believe they know the driver of the car that conveyed the murderers to and from the park. They think he also drove the car on which Field's assistants rode. DUBLIN, Dec. 17.—Westgate, the self-accused participant in the murder of Cavendish and Burke has arrived and will be arraigned to-morrow. Westgate now flatly denies that he ever made a confession implicating himself in the Phoenix Park murders, or that he knows anything about the crime. The Lord Lieutenant issued three new proclamations last evening offering rewards for information relative to the Phoenix Park murders, namely, £5,000 for information leading to the conviction of the assassins, the authorities promising to insure the names of the informants will not be divulged; £1,000 to any accomplice in the crime not the actual murderers, who will give information leading to the conviction of any actual murderers or accomplices; £500 for information leading to the identification of any accomplice or of the horse or car on which the assassins rode, or of the assassins' clothes or weapons, the money to be paid on corroboration of information given by that in possession of the authorities, even though no person be convicted. Persons desiring to tender information under the proclamation offering £500 reward can communicate with the police anonymously, and will receive an answer by advertisement. It is considered significant that the proclamations, although issued last night, are dated November 11th. LONDON, Dec. 16.—A Dublin correspondent says:—The police believe they collected sufficient evidence to sustain the charge of conspiracy to commit the Phoenix Park murders against prisoners now in custody on suspicion of being concerned in the crime. DUBLIN, Dec. 16.—Thomas Higgins was convicted and sentenced to death to-day for participation in the murder of the two Huddys, Lord Ardilaun's bailiffs. COBE, Dec. 16.—Parnell, Connor and Sexton arrived to-day. In the evening a banquet was given to Parnell. While the toasts were being offered, a stranger proposed the health of the Queen of the Belgians. An attempt was made to eject him, whereupon he drew a revolver. The weapon was wrested from him, and he was given in custody. Replying to the toast, Mr. Parnell said the cause of Home Rule was rapidly coming to the front. Both English political parties were very much afraid of the Irish vote. Applications to the Westport Poor Law Union, under the Arrears Act, for assistance to emigrate, number 1,000. Many applicants desire to go to Australia. DUBLIN, Dec. 16.—The police to-night made a raid upon numerous public houses frequented by persons suspected of belonging to secret societies. All found inside the houses were searched. Nothing of a criminal nature was found. A letter signed "Kory of the Hills" was received at the Home Office last evening, threatening within the next few days one or more Government offices, or some other large building will be fired, as retribution for the execution of the three men in Galway yesterday for the murder of the Joyce family. The police at all the Government offices have been doubled. DUBLIN, Dec. 16.—Thomas Higgins was sentenced to death to-day for participation in the murder of the Huddys. DUBLIN, Dec. 18.—Mr. Parnell, speaking at a banquet at Cork, said that he estimated that £3,000,000 of arrears of rent would be wiped out by the Arrears Act. He believed, since the commencement of the agitation, £3,000,000 reduction in rent had been obtained for the people. The Land Courts would, under the present system, take twenty-five years to settle rents. Such a settlement could never go to the root of the question, which could only be settled by the establishment of a peasant proprietary. The claims of laborers required immediate attention, which must be brought about by agitation and organization. He intended to urge everybody to induce tenants to borrow money from the Board of Works to improve their holdings and afford employment to laborers during the winter. Such borrowing would also have the effect of proving that tenants ought not to have to pay landlords increased rent for any part of improvements effected by tenants. The decision in the case of Adams versus Dunseath would be "smashed and pulverized." At the Munster Assizes the jury, after de-

liberating an hour and a half, failed to agree upon a verdict in the case of the murder of the farmer, Thomas Browne, who was shot dead on October 3rd last, near his own house in Castleland. The Official Gazette publishes an order directing the forfeiture of all the copies of the Irish World of December 9th, for the reason, as the order states, that they contain matter inciting to acts of violence and intimidation. DUBLIN, Dec. 18.—Westgate, at the Castle to-day, was privately examined touching his confessed connection with the Phoenix Park murder. Despite the prohibition of the Government, 3,000 members of the Land League assembled at Loughrea to-day. They adopted resolutions to support the League and condemnatory to Gladstone's policy. Parnell to-day opened the Cork Branch of the National League. He explained that the purpose of the League was not to serve the interests of any one class, but its efforts would be devoted to national objects and the advancement of the Irish people of every class. Mr. Biggar, M. P., at the inauguration of the National Club of Waterford to-day, denounced the Lord Lieutenant as a bloodthirsty English peer, who hanged Hynes and Myles Joyce, although satisfied of their innocence, in order to gratify the English Whigs. Biggar was loudly cheered. COBE, Dec. 18.—Mr. Parnell, in a speech a banquet given to his honor yesterday, said he would always oppose any attempt of the Government to land emigrants in a hopeless, penniless condition, on the shores of the Eastern States of America. If England desired to promote emigration of Irishmen, let them be placed on a line in America provided with houses and means to raise a crop the first year of their residence. He advocated relief for congested districts, by purchasing for the people vast tracts of grazing land in Ireland, which were peopled before the famine. There was no reason, he said, why they should not be peopled again. The Times says: Objections have been raised to Lord Derby's appointment to the India office by reason of the views he expressed in his recent speech at Manchester in relation to Egypt. DUBLIN, Dec. 18.—It is stated that a famine prevails in Carrick, County Donegal, the people living on Indian meal. It is said 2,500 persons are in danger of starving. DUBLIN, Dec. 8.—Michael Flynn was arraigned to-day charged with participation in the murder of the Huddys and pleaded not guilty. DUBLIN, Dec. 19.—Westgate, charged with participation in the Phoenix Park murders, was remanded to-day. DUBLIN, Dec. 19.—A meeting was held in Mullingar last night for the purpose of forming a branch of the Irish National League. Mr. Harrington said that if the more prosperous farmers did not throw themselves into the new movement, they would have the whole force of the labor agitation against them. DUBLIN, Dec. 19.—Mr. Parnell's petition for the sale of his estate in the county Wicklow is explained by his personal friends as a matter of principle on his part, and as showing his desire to afford his tenants a chance to buy and become their own landlords. The transaction is very generally commented upon, and a less charitable construction is put upon it. Timid landlords fear that he foresees the total ruin of landed property in Ireland, and wants to save what he can while the occasion offers. Others hold that he cannot stand the strain incident to being at the same time an Irish landlord and the leader of the Irish parliamentary party. THE SULTAN A MURDERER. LONDON, Dec. 16.—Last week one of the chief servants of the Sultan desired leave of absence to visit his family, and draw up a petition to him. When a favorable opportunity presented itself, the servant prostrated himself before the Sultan, putting his hand in his bosom to draw forth the document. The Sultan, being seized with suspicion that the man was about to assassinate him, pulled out a revolver and shot him dead. The affair was hushed up. Now every one in the palace avoids the slightest ambiguity of gesture. WINNIPEG AND THE CHINA TRADE. Winnipeg is ever to the front in business enterprises, as in other directions. Within the past few days Mr. James Bisset, formerly chief factor in the Hudson's Bay Co. service and in charge of the fur store in Montreal, has been in this city arranging for the opening in Winnipeg of a wholesale tea establishment. Mr. Bisset's premises will be those at present occupied by Messrs. Galt on Princess street. Mr. Bisset left last night for China, going by way of San Francisco, and will make extensive purchases of tea in "The Flowery Kingdom." This is an important event in the business history of Winnipeg, and is another tribute to the beneficial influence of the National Policy, which has greatly promoted this direct trade with China and Japan. While the present shipments will of necessity come over foreign soil, the people of Winnipeg look forward to the day, within a very few years hence, when our imports from China and India shall be landed on the British Columbia coast, and thence brought over our All-Canadian line to the Canadian Pacific, to Winnipeg, "the bull's-eye of Canada."—Winnipeg Times. CHANGES IN THE BRITISH CABINET. The changes in the British Cabinet are now completed. The following took the oath before the Queen-in-Council to-day:—Lord Derby, Secretary of State for the Colonies; Lord Kimberley, Secretary of State for India; Margate Harcourt, Secretary of State for War; Hugh Childers, Chancellor of the Exchequer. It is said that a man named Fourtane, who was recently arraigned before the criminal court of the department of the Upper Garonne, in France, has become insane through simulating insanity.

IRELAND REVISITED.

'Bitter Beav'—Steamship Etiquette.—Sweet Dublin Bay—is it like Naples?—The "Port" of Dublin—The Green-Islanders' Opinion—A Visionary Irish Capital—A City of Statues—King Billy—A Complaint. (By JOHN AUGUSTUS O'SHEA.) The steamship which awaits us alongside the railway platform is called the "Shamrock," and is a swift, strong boat, fit to grapple with the billows of this nasty strip of sea. I step on board with my belongings, and secure a lounge on the lower deck. Returning to the bar on the main deck, I overhear a characteristic conversation between the chief steward and a couple of voyagers. One calls for two glasses of "bitter beav!" "We have no bitter beav, sir, on draught; but, if you like, you can have a bottle of Bees." "No draught beav; how beastly!" said tourist Number Two. "Aw, Bill, I told you how it would be in this blessed country!" remarked tourist Number One, to his companion. Had an Irishman made this remark, it would have been laughed at as a bull. The gentlemen with the affected pronunciation meant a sneer at the Irish harbor. The "Shamrock" is a great improvement on the miserable colossus which ply between Dover and Calais, and give such a foretaste of limbo to passengers with queasy stomachs. I have known naval officers coming home from a long cruise, and travellers who had braved all the fury of the Atlantic gales with equanimity, to be upset by the churning, choppy waves in that sorry Channel. Even Captain Webb, an old salt, was sea-sick on his return after having accomplished his unparalleled feat of swimming from England to France. But, if the "Shamrock" is a safe craft in rough weather, its appliances for refreshments (in matters more solid than bitter beav) leave much to be desired, and there is too rigid a line drawn between first class folk and those for whom I asked permission to have my friend, the Grenadier, come to the saloon to have share of a bottle of wine with me, but was sternly refused. Under the circumstances, I went into his end of the craft and saw something of the steerage accommodation. It is mean. I do not want to go there again: in the unsheltered portion the poor passengers are often numbed with the cold and soaked with the spray; in the sheltered portion they are worse off, in an atmosphere stuffy, overheated, and laden with close, rancid odors of train-oil and bilge-water. Luckily for these people, the night was calm. I threw myself on the lounge, unconcerned in a rug, and went off to sleep, to be awakened by the noise of my fellow-passengers making their ablutions. How refreshing a head-plunge into a basin of cold water, a brush-up, and a drink of wholesome, stimulating coffee! As I emerge for a turn on deck, the firmament is dappled with the dawn-clouds, and the breath of the morning is fresh, but fresh and bracing. We are entering the famed Bay of Dublin, and the familiar coast-line begins to unroll us. Own, cousin to Mendez Pinto, is the man who compared the Bay of Dublin to the Bay of Naples. I know both; he didn't—at least I hope so, for the sake of his reputation for veracity. Lamby is not Proclia; there is no inverted cone of volcanic smoke from the Wicklow mountains; there is no cotilla of fagelluce sitting over the dancing waters. Where is the lively Chiaia, with its back-ground of fawn hill, topped by the palace? Here is the blue serenity of the Mediterranean in this restless inlet—where is the sky blue still with the clear, brightly-soft blue of the Persian turquoise?—and, above all, where is the right worshipful and most unpainful and indescribable Sun? Still, the Bay of Dublin has its charms, as you leave your way into it when the Lord of Day is lighting up the Divinely-limned diorama, if you are not chilly, or hungry, and if you have not been awfully nauseated. To the left in Kingstown, olim Dunleary, with its grim guard-ship, and on further the stretch of pretty hamlets to Sandymount; the encompassing arm of land on the right is bounded by the tall, misty Hill of Howth; and then, farther in is the flat, curvilinear spread of Clontarf, where King Brian smote the Danes, while a projecting spur prolonged in a narrow causeway, with a lighthouse at the extremity, advances mid-way to us. That lighthouse is the Poolbeg, and the sentinelled low-lying pile of masonry, eyeleted with embrasures, at the back of the causeway, is the Pigeon House Fort. The ping of rifles is borne to us, for there is a range for musketry instruction close by the fort, and we can discern the white tops of tents in the inner spaces of the stronghold. Stronghold, did I say? It is stronghold no longer; defences in stone have had their linings—earth and sand have replaced them; a well-founded and well-thought modern ironclad ought to be able to pound this antiquated fortalice into smithereens in a few hours. Dublin Bay is renowned for its herrings. The fishery says they are better eating than dolphins. But where are the busy smacks? There are more here red and black undulating boys in this bay than fishing vessels. Perhaps, this is not the season, and, in my landman's ignorance, I make mistake where there is no grievance. But, in any case, I want to know this—that many men draw more harvest of the finny tribe from Irish waters than Irishmen? The lighthouse at the point of the North Wall is a near, and I move bow-wards on the upper deck to have a better view. "Eight, ten, twelve. I cannot make out more than a dozen ships in this port of Dublin," I scolded, with bitter acconation on that word, port. "It does look strange," interposed my friend of the Grenadiers who had overheard me; "but, it is explained very simply. The country is disturbed. You have no idea how terribly unsettled it is in the interior. Why, nigh half our men were out in small details

on what they call protection duty. A jolly good billet, too," added the sergeant with a chuckle. "Didn't they just like it?" "Sternly reasoned, my brave buddy flier; in the coastal trade. The merchants of M'Amicht send no timber here, because Paddy Delany has exhumed a worm-eaten gun-stock from the Bog of Allen; no argosies from Ind or far Cathay empty their freights of silk or tea by the Custom House, because Mr. Jones has been boycotted in Galway and ladies' fashions are out of favor; no Spanish wine is wafted in plump rullets across the main, because a private still has been discovered in the wilds of Donegal. Tenderden steeps accounts for Goodwin sands." We arrive in Dublin, we go ashore, there is a new connecting station with the railway lines to the interior at the landing place. I part with my soldier friend and charter a car—no, thank you, no more anecdotes about Larry Doolan, his wit. He is played out; he is an impudent blag (I may add, parenthetically, that this Larry Doolan atrociously overcharged me, and never cracked anything but his whelp—not a single joke.) I drove to the Imperial Hotel in Sackville Street, and as I rattled by the deserted quays I felt more than ever inclined to quarrel with the man who compared Dublin to Naples. If there is one feature more than another which strikes the visitor to the delightful southern capital it is its liveliness; there is a continuous chatter, an universal movement, a perpetual to-and-fro in-and-out interlacing confusion of a swarming population, laughing, singing and shouting. The Neapolitan people, albeit paperized, dishonest, dirty, and ragged, are the happiest, most carefree, most good-humored, and truly philosophic variety in creation, enjoying the now, caring naught for the morrow, content with a few handfuls of macaroni, a pull at a thin cigar and a little stalling on a mandolin—the least, most gally-bustling and picturesque ragamuffins on the earth's compass. Naples is lively, I repeat; Dublin is dead—lively. There is about it an agglutinated habit of having seen better days. The tokens of faded gentility, social mildew and commercial backwardness are unmistakable. But before I rouse the ire of the good citizens of the chief town of my own land, and bring an old house toppling over my ears, let me say that Dublin, withal, has the appearance of a metropolis. There is more done in New York in an hour than in Dublin in a week; yet, contrasted with Dublin, the boasted Empire City of the United States looks provincial. It is too modern and trashy like. It lacks the solid architecture, the many public buildings—the Bank, the College, the Castle, the cathedrals, the line of quays, with its numerous bridges; the spacious squares, bordered with imposing mansions; and the wide commanding thoroughfares set with monuments, many of which are noble. I have a vision of a Dublin which would be one of the fairest, brightest, most life-fulfilling capitals in civilization. A Dublin with a purified life, edged with trees and covered with pleasure boats above bridge and merchantmen and steam packets below—a Dublin with its fashionable season, its park-ride, its routs and balls, its parties and operas—a Dublin with thousands of Jacquard looms in the cleaned and revived working quarter of the Liberties, and well-dressed, temperate inhabitants, working for good wage, and with leisure and money and heart for rational recreation in summer excursions and other water commodes, in athletic tournaments out-of-doors and sound dramatic performances within—a Dublin, rich, high-spirited, self-reliant and self-respecting. Such Dublin as that would soon create a tone, a society, a literature, and an influence. But, before you have such a Dublin, it will be necessary to have Irishmen legislating for Irish interests in the chambers where the money changers now most congregate. Perhaps the vision is Utopian. I have some difficulty in obtaining a room in the hotel, for the town is much crowded on account of the horse show. That trouble over, I stroll out for a short ramble. I walk as far as College Green, a matter of five minutes. In no other city in my rather extensive experience of travel are so many specimens of the mystery of Phidias to be met with in the same place. First, there is that well-known landmark, the tall Nelson column, which fore-shoots the splendid steeple, and might advantageously be moved higher up. Then, a very effective statue to the late Sir John Gray, who was a practical patriot, and gave the city the priceless benefaction of crystal water from the Ventry hills. At this side of O'Connell Bridge, as the widened and vastly-improved former Carlisle Bridge last present more appropriately called, stands the recently-unveiled memorial to the Liberator—one of the stateliest, most massive and magnificent monuments in existence. Were this erected in Milan instead of Dublin, there would be pilgrimages to inspect it, and the world of art (with a capital A) would go into ecstasies over its admirable general conception, its power and proportion, the fitness and eloquent vigor of the symbolic group circling the drum, and the grand strength and speaking resemblance of the heroic surrounding figures. It is a memorial, not merely to the political triumph of Daniel O'Connell, but to the genius as a sculptor of John Foley. In the description of the ceremonial of inauguration by gentlemen sent over specially from great London journals, this material trophy comes—and that not the least thoughtful—school of intellect was dismissed in three lines. These gentlemen are supposed to be art critics (with a capital A). At the other side of the bridge is an excellent statue, conspicuous from its white stone, of O'Connell's rival in Conciliation Hall, the leader of the Young Ireland secession—William Smith O'Brien. This popular idol was sentenced to die the death of a traitor once. "Thus the whirlwind of time brings in his revenges." Nay, in obelisk effigy, charges the enemy on the very site where he was shot; Emmet may have a memorial on the identical spot where he was strangled

Down Westmorland street, and we come upon quite a gallery of statues—Moore, represented as a dumpy coke-seller's assistant, jostling down impassioned observations on the quality of the last children sold; and in close neighborhood, as if to heighten the contrast, shrouded behind the railings of the College where they were educated, the Goldsmith and Burke of Foley. I see them before me as I write. Dear, quaint, simple-souled Noll, in brodered fall, long flapped vest, knee-breeches, and buckled shoon gazing intently on an open volume held up on his outspread left palm, a stylus in his drooping right hand. He is immersed in thought; there is analysis in his globe-like forehead which brows meditatively bent, and a sort of deprecating fastidiousness in his bulged lips; he is evidently trying to add new polish to some line—mayhap, in The Deserted Village—which does not satisfy his taste. Burke is in costume of the same period, but more dainty, as besemeth his purity; he wears a frill and lace ruffles; his right hand rests on his right hip, and his left holds a scroll. His attitude is one of reflection, but a reflectiveness under which energy, resolution and readiness of attack are plain. The face is bold, square, strongly-marked and framed by a copious growth of brushed-back curly hair. There is a statue of Henry Grattan in the act of declamation in College Green, directly opposite the Penate House, which was the scenes of many of his oratorical victories. The figure is striking, and catches the approval of the masses; but the pose is too theatrical—that of a debating club favoring the motion of a thesaurical compiler of the mistle-leaf. And King Billy, sometimes regarded with Orange lilies and sometimes crowned with obloquy, on his impossible charger (Lowther Arcade model), with his brosed individuality and his absurd Roman garb, half of Cossack half of circus rider, sell to him! It is a pleasure to recognize the battered old monarch whose name has been shibboleth of so many street riots, and whose carcass has borne the brunt of so much empty in tar and gun-powder, from mud and flint, and who still bestrides his high-actioned steed with unmoved and immovable serenity. Positively, I am rejoiced by the effulgent apparition of the crippled Dutchman, and nod to him as an acquaintance to whom I was indebted for some hours of exciting fun in the rollicking "lang sijn." Here be statues galore, but where are those to Charles Lover and Clarence Morgan? I search for them in vain, and then I marvel at my folly when I recollect that the museum which the novelist conducted, the Dublin University, had to leave Ireland to escape sudden death in order to perish of slow inanition elsewhere, and that there is not a single native edition of the works of a poet to be had in any publishing house in Dublin. EDUCATION IN MONTREAL. How Much the Local Government Contributes for Common and Technical Education, and the Expense Which Wants to be Repaired. The financial report of the Superintendent of Education for this Province for the year ending June 30th, 1882, has been received at the office of this journal. The total amount paid for Superior Education (for Catholics) in this city is \$9,871.45 divided as follows:—Commercial Academy, \$493.75, Falco street; Academy, \$38.30; Bishop's Academy, \$113.24; Catholic Commissioners, \$1452.00; St. Joseph's school, \$68.00; Model school, \$54.45; Scientific school, applied to arts, \$2,500; St. Clare's school, \$1,100; St. Hubert street, \$81.68; St. Clare, Ontario street, \$113.44; Sacred Heart, St. Catherine street, \$54.44; Convent, St. James street, \$81.00; Point St. Charles Convent, \$81.65; St. Jacques school, \$567.19; St. Mary's College, \$1,588.13; Laval University, \$1,980.00; St. Bridget's school, \$77.00; St. Mary Convent, \$72.60; Villa Maria Convent, \$500.00. Last year the amount paid for the same purpose was \$9,592.00, making an increase for superior education of \$280.00. The amount paid in 1881 for common school education was \$9,098.10, and in 1882, \$9,195.16, making a decrease last year of \$500. Another anomaly in connection with this important matter, is the fact that, although the city pays about \$150,000 in taxes per annum, it only appoints two School Commissioners, while the Government, by paying only about \$20,000, takes to itself the privilege of naming seven out of nine School Commissioners. The Commission would do well to see that justice is rendered in this matter and suggest to the Government a change in the law, by which the ratepayers would have the privilege of appointing the number of commissioners in proportion to the amount they pay. CHILD BURNED TO DEATH. L'ESTRAT, Que., Dec. 18.—About seven o'clock this evening a fire was discovered in the house of Mr. Casgrain, a child of about three years being burned to death before he could be rescued from the flames. A man named Arcel, while on the roof of a house opposite the fire, lost his balance and fell to the ground, injuring himself so badly that his life was despaired of, but the doctor has now hopes of his recovery. At one time there was great danger of the fire spreading, and several houses adjoining caught, as a strong west wind was blowing, but now the fire, though not quite extinguished, is under control, and no further danger is expected. The fire is supposed to have originated in the room of the child who was burned to death, a lighted candle having been left in his room. A great portion of the furniture was lost. The exact loss cannot yet be ascertained. The building was insured. BRANCH IRISH NATIONAL LEAGUE. JAMES CITY, Dec. 18.—Two hundred delegates from various Irish societies organized a branch of the Irish National League this afternoon. Mrs. Parnell, Boss O'Grady and John E. Parnell were present. A speaker of the O'Donovan Bossa, stamped, urged his hearers to lay aside talk, which accomplished nothing, and resort to more effectual arguments—Armstrong's guns and Winchester rifles. The programme of the Dublin conference was adopted.

THE COMET OF A SEASON.

"He is drowned! I know he is drowned!" she cried. "There has been a wreck, and he is drowned, and I shall never see him any more!"

Had Montana merely fallen overboard in the night and so perished? Had he deliberately put an end to his career? That no one ever can know.

There was a very happy Thanksgiving at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Miller, of No. 319 East Fifty-second street, New York, and as the hitherto moderately furnished apartment was freshly furnished up with the addition of two cosy arm chairs, a reporter inquired of Mrs. Miller how she had been able to make so many comfortable changes, to which she replied: "It is all due to our dear little daughter, Joie; she is a great girl and so nice to me and her father, and though only 15 years of age, has worked very hard as a seamstress, earning but a meagre pittance to help us pay the rent."

JOIE'S THANKSGIVING.

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"I was afraid," interrupted Mr. Miller, "the little darling would overwork herself; she is so good, and she has saved a few dollars this week. About the beginning of November I was surprised when she told me that she had sent a dollar by mail to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, La., with the expectation of making a large fortune. I did not approve of it at first, when she said she had done the same thing before, and had implicit faith in the Louisiana State Lottery Company. Imagine what an agreeable disappointment we received on the 14th November last, when we were notified that ticket numbered 52,116, which she held, was entitled to one-fifth of the capital donation of \$75,000."

"Did Miss Josephine collect her share promptly?" queried the reporter. "Oh, yes indeed; Mr. Dauphin paid over to the express company \$15,000 to the order of Miss Josephine Miller, and she got the money last week."

"Was she elated with her success?" suggested the reporter. "The little darling was so crazy with joy that I asked her to take a little vacation, and the old gentleman smiled, as he thanked the reporter for congratulating him upon his daughter's good fortune." Philadelphia Record, December 6.

A beverage that is said to have taken the place of absinthe to a considerable extent in France has been introduced in New Orleans. It is called amstel-poon, and is believed to assist digestion, to be an aperient and febrifuge, to stimulate agreeably, and to kill with certainty if afforded a full opportunity.

"BUOHUPALBA." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases. \$1. Drugists.

Since Wolsey, 1633, the following British and Irish Cardinals have been created: Fisher, 1638; Beaton, 1648; Pole, 1658; Allard, 1694; Howard, 1694; Torris, 1704; York, 1807; Erekine, 1811; Weld, 1837; Acton, 1847; Wiseman, 1865; Cullen, 1873; Manning, Howard, Newman, Macobe.

Smart Weed and Belladonna combined with the other ingredients used in the best porous plasters make Carter's S. W. & B. B. Scotch Plasters the best in the market. Price 25 cents.

FOR 30 YEARS The dark-eyed and lovely daughters of Spanish America have used Murray & Lamy's Florida Water as their most cosmetic and toilet perfume. It is the most fragrant, as well as the most lasting of all Florida Waters, and possesses refreshing and invigorating properties not contained in any other preparation of the kind.

Dr. Hawkins, ex-Provost of Oriel College, Oxford, who died lately, aged 95, had the distinction of being in his day the best hated head of a house in that university, more especially in his own college.

"FEMALE COMPLAINTS." Dr. R. V. FISHER, Buffalo, N. Y. Dear Sir:—I write to tell you what your "Favorite Prescription" has done for me. I had been a great sufferer from female complaints, especially "dragging down," for over six years, during much of the time unable to work. I paid out hundreds of dollars without any benefit till I took three bottles of the "Favorite Prescription," and I never had anything do me so much good in my life. I advise every sick lady to take it.

Mrs. EMILY RHODES, McBrides, Mich.

In a running race in New York last evening, Thomas Delaney, of the Grammarly Athletic Club, beat George, the English champion, by 58 seconds, and also the best amateur record.

Holloway's Ointment and Pills.—In all outward complaints a desperate effort should be made to at once remove these annoying infirmities, and of establishing a cure. The remarkable remedies discovered by Professor Holloway will satisfactorily accomplish this desirable result, without any of those dangers or drawbacks which attend the old method of treating ulcerative inflammations, scrofulous affections, and scrofulous eruptions. The most timid invalids may use both the Ointment and Pills with the utmost safety with certain success, provided a moderate attention be bestowed on their accompanying "Directions." Both the preparations soothe, heal, and purify. The one assists the other most materially in effecting cures and renewing strength by helping exhausted nature just where she needs such succor.

It is reported that some time ago the L. C. Railway authorities sold ten locomotives which were said to be the best for general use. Monday's junk dealer, it is stated, was the largest purchaser.

THE DWARF'S SECRET.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"I hope you are not going to work late," she said.

"Only to write a letter, dear child," he answered.

"I understand," said Sulpice, "you are going to wait for Xavier."

"Yes, he must hear my decision to-night."

"Remember your promise."

"Have no fear, Sulpice. Rest in peace my good son!"

The young priest went up to the top floor, where his room was situated.

Sabine went to her little apartment, just between her father's and Xavier's.

The young girl, who had begged her father to retire early, seated herself at a table, and began to write with the rapidity of inspiration and of joy.

Meanwhile M. Pomeroy rang for Baptiste.

"Let me know when M. Xavier comes in," he said briefly.

"M. Xavier has been in more than an hour," said the man.

"Then ask him to come to my study."

A moment more, and Xavier was in the study.

His countenance bore traces of late hours and of premature excess; his eyes were dim, his lips colorless, his usually careful dress was disordered, his hands trembling with nervous excitement.

"Why did you not appear at dinner?" said his father.

The young man hung his head, but said nothing.

"Where were you?"

"At the club."

"So you preferred the society of your friends to ours?"

"I have not dined," said Xavier, in a low voice.

"What were you doing then?"

"I was playing."

"You were playing, and you lost, I suppose?"

"I lost."

"A large sum?"

"Yes, father."

"How much?"

"Forty thousand francs."

"Your gaming purse is large then?"

"No, I played on my word."

"Indeed. So there are people willing to risk forty thousand francs on your word. That shows considerable confidence in your honor."

"And my honesty?"

"How is that?"

"It proves that if I make debts I pay them; if I contract a loan I make it good."

"With what?" said M. Pomeroy.

"With—well with the money you are good enough to give me."

"Our interview is going to be longer than I expected," said the father. "I intended to let you stand like a criminal before his judge, but I pity your evident prostration, so take a seat and listen to me."

It was the first time Xavier had ever heard his father speak to him with such a friendly tone. He lost the little assurance he had on entering, and almost fell into an arm-chair.

"When I married your mother," began M. Pomeroy, "she was poor; I was earning my living by my trade, and in those evil days we learned to know and appreciate each other. When fortune came, it found us prepared to encounter her perils. Your mother remained what she had ever been—a model of a woman and a wife. If she possessed jewels it was simply because it pleased me to bestow them. She never asked for them, and was never vain of them. She brought up her children up without ever ceasing to be an accomplished woman, a charming and lovable companion to me. She watched over you as long as God spared her, and one day she left me alone. Yes, alone; for though she left me you three, and you fill a great part of my heart, there is still a large portion which must remain forever widowed. I devoted myself to your education and that of Sulpice. You both received the same lessons, and from the same professors. Sulpice, it is true, had been longer under your mother's care, and perhaps inherited more of her angelic character. Scarcely was he of an age to think when he became serious; scarcely was it time for him to choose a profession when he chose the perpetual sacrifice of self, the abnegation of his whole life. He became a priest, and is already an apostle. The seminary took him from me, you alone remained. You alone were to live the life of the world, and sustain the family name among respectable people. If that does not excuse my weakness, it at least explains it. For awhile I thought your folly was but the fleeting effervescence of youth; I did not put you under the yoke of labor soon enough, and every day I have felt that you are going farther and farther away from me."

"Father—"

"Do not interrupt me, you will answer later. Your superfluous wants grow in proportion as they were satisfied. You took me upon the weak side of affection and paternal vanity, and since then I have been nothing more to you than the purveyor of your wants, eyes, the accomplice of your faults. But one can stop anywhere, even on the decline of a hill. I see the abyss, I would escape it, and I feel you are rushing into it. I have purchased your horses, paid your debts, and it is enough. The banker is no more. The father can be found at your pleasure; all that is necessary is a change of life. But I will not be content with promises. I want facts."

"Commande me, father," said Xavier, dejectedly.

"You have incurred other debts?"

"Yes, father."

"Their total amount is—"

"About twenty thousand francs."

"Let us add five for the about," said Pomeroy, marking the figures on a sheet of paper.

"I gave orders to an upholsterer to have my apartments refitted and my furniture renewed."

"Furniture only five years in use? Well, I can countermand the order, and if need be indemnify the upholsterer. As for the thirty thousand francs due to other creditors, the sale of your stable will suffice for that."

"What sell my horses?" cried Xavier.

"Yes, at the Tattersall next week."

"But they will say I am ruined."

"I prefer that to being ruined myself."

"And to-day's debt?" cried Xavier anxiously.

"You must make some arrangement about it."

"Make arrangements for a gambling debt, father? Can you dream of such a thing? Why, it is sacred. My honor is at stake."

"Sacred debt, honor!" cried M. Pomeroy; "truly you have a singular way of altering the meaning of words. Why, I ask you, is a gambling debt more sacred than any other? Is it because gambling is in itself a vice? For my part, sir, I hold that debt truly sacred which I incur towards a tradesman struggling for his livelihood, or a workman living by his salary. By falling to pay such a debt you drive the one to insolvency, the

other to the street. It is a more serious matter than to disappoint some hot-headed boy who staked at the card-table a portion of his inheritance. Honor! Who has honor to fill the duties imposed upon us by society and by our conscience. For the soldier, it consists in defending his flag at the cost of his life; for the magistrate, in unwavering integrity; for the artist or man of letters, in employing his talents to the best advantage; for the merchant, in preserving his credit; for the son, in showing his gratitude to his parents. Honor! I can speak of it, for I have kept my own. But I forbid you to mention the word in connection with a gambling debt. And as for the law, it considers them so sacred that it takes no cognizance of them."

"I advise nothing. I simply say that I will not pay this debt."

"Then, what am I to do?"

"Make an arrangement with this creditor, as you have made with many others. You must ask for an extension of time, which will doubtless be granted you. You do not know, for you take no interest in family affairs, that Sabine was betrothed to-day to Benedict Fongereis. I do not think it right to sacrifice her share and that of Sulpice to your extravagance. I will not throw their fortune into the pit you dig for it. To-morrow you will take control of the factory, and will receive a salary of twelve thousand francs a year. By means of that sum you will pay this gambling debt."

"Father," said Xavier, rising, his face livid, his limbs falling under him. "You will not compel me to do this, to admit my poverty, to ask for a delay! Give me this forty thousand francs, and after that refuse what you will. Do not reduce me to shame and despair. What are forty thousand francs to you?"

"Such a sum represents the careful savings of several families," said the father. "Forty thousand francs! How many small tradesmen would it save from ruin, how many people from despair. I tell you plainly you have spent more than your share of the inheritance. The rest belongs to Sabine and Sulpice."

"What use is such a fortune to my brother," cried Xavier, "who lives in a garret, goes barefoot from choice and feeds on bread-and-water?"

"You forget the poor, sir."

"Oh, it is horrible, atrocious!" cried the young man. "I am willing to amend, to give up everything, even to go into the factory, and be content with twelve thousand francs a year. But pay my debt, father, pay my debt. It must be paid, it must, do you hear? I want your word for it, your promise. There is gold in that safe. Give me some of it till I pay, till I pay."

"I have said no," said the merchant struggling to overcome the impression which Xavier's grief made upon him.

"Take care, father, take care!" said Xavier, wildly, and as he spoke approaching his father's desk.

"Wretch, do you threaten me?" said M. Pomeroy, rising.

Just as the father and son stood thus face to face, the one livid with rage, the other justly indignant, the study door was suddenly opened and Sabine, with a cry of horror, rushed between them. Xavier pushed her away, and the young girl weeping threw her arms around her father's neck. He gently disengaged himself, saying, "Leave us, dear child, leave us, I beg of you; my disagreement with your brother is painful, it is true, but it need not alarm you."

"O Xavier!" cried Sabine, turning to her brother, "do not sadden by a violent scene this day of my betrothal. Beg father's pardon, for you must be wrong. He is goodness itself!"

Xavier remained silent and morose.

"It is my turn to command, Sabine," said the father gravely. "Go to rest and come to me early. I want to speak to you."

Sabine addressed a last entreaty to her brother, who looked at her with a sullen and lowering eye, then embracing her father she went away.

"You refuse me," said Xavier, "you finally refuse me."

"I do," said his father.

"Then," cried the young man in a despairing tone, "it is your doing if misfortune comes upon this house."

CHAPTER III.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE BLACK CAP.

In the very heart of Paris, near the quay and bordering upon the river, in the broad light of day and in a pleasant neighborhood is a street or rather a narrow lane, through the centre of which runs a muddy stream and where high dark walls shut out the rays of the sun. The Rue Gil-le-Cour, one of the oldest streets in that ancient Paris which has disappeared under the progress of modern improvements, remained what it was in the middle ages. But little more and it would require to have an iron chain stretched at either extremity of it, which together with the watch might enable honest citizens of Paris to sleep in peace.

About half way down this street, some four years before this story opens, stood a square shop, full of rubbish, rusty iron, broken or mended china, old clothes, curtains ready to fall into dust, copper vessels covered with verdigris, instruments of all trades which men may lawfully and openly pursue.

We say lawfully and openly, for in dark corners of the room were huge bunches of keys of every conceivable form, finely pointed chisels, files of exquisite perfection, pin-cers that were masterpieces in their kind, in fine, a whole collection of disavowed articles of articles which were seldom called for in any other language than that of slang.

Father Methusalem, who owed his surname to his indefinite age, was, within the memory of a whole generation of men, already old when he became proprietor of this shop and all its belongings. These belongings, beginning by a court dark as Erebus, gloomy as a prison gate, ended in a building for the construction of which Father Methusalem had made use of the most heterogeneous elements. Wood and mortar had the principal share in it. The doors and windows had neither form, proportion, nor equilibrium. Several panes in the window were supplied by greasy paper; hinges creaked, window bolts had ceased to work, the ancient stove smoked, and yet there appeared in white letters on a black board, placed just above the entrance door, the sign, "Pension Bourgeoise." These words set us thinking. What sort of kitchen could there be in the underground depths of this extraordinary structure? Who could be the customers of such a table d'hote?

In the middle of a large room stood a deal table, stained with wine and gravy, and backed by the knives of the boarders and set at the time when we entered with dipped plates, wooden spoons and iron forks. There were no knives, as the guests usually brought their own. Fewer mugs stood before each plate. Benches served for seats. There was but one chair in the room; it marked the place reserved for Father Methusalem.

A dark, winding staircase with rickety steps led down into the depths of the cellar transformed into a kitchen. Upon a long range

of furnace, in stew-pans as large as boilers, over a hot fire boiled a strange mixture, the *olla podrida* daily served up to the boarders; it was in fact the inevitable dish. In the steaming mess were rabbits, bones of mutton, chunks of beef, the tails of red herrings, sheep's tails, remnants of calves heads, beetles, onions and lobster claws. A great lump of grease and several cloves of garlic gave all these components a certain similarity of taste. Some of the chickens, ready for broiling, were out-laid and beefsteaks laid out upon the table proved that this establishment was capable of rising to the level of circumstances. Beside the heavy, sodden-looking potato-salad was delicate lettuce or fresh red cabbage; close to the livid cheese, the odor of which, *au generis*, betrayed its quality, a superb basket of fruit awaited those who were equal to the expense of a dainty meal.

Among the tables, pots and kettles moved an extraordinary figure who seemed in perfect accordance with her sinister surroundings. It was a woman scarcely three feet high and apparently some fifty odd years of age. Her head was disproportionately large, her face sullen and dark in expression, crossed over and anon by a gleam of cold malice. Her grey hair, too abundant to be held in check by the red plaid handkerchiefs which covered it, hung loose upon her shoulders; in her great ears, which stood far from her head, she wore a pair of earrings, such as might have belonged to some Norman peasant and so long that they touched her shoulders. The upper portion of this singular creature was of the usual proportions of a woman, but her lower limbs were uncannily small. She had the appearance of a human trunk attached to a pair of broad feet. This horribly deformed being was dressed in a Brandenburg or Hussar jacket, a faded blue skirt and shoes made from a pair of boots whence the uppers had been cut off.

How Methusalem and this dwarfish creature had become acquainted, and why this singular pair, similar in vice, continued to remain together no one could tell. If Methusalem were the head of the house, La Naine was undoubtedly its right arm, and her influence upon the dealer in questionable commodities was very great.

The Naine was Methusalem's factotum. She went to market every day and made all necessary purchases; and also to the lowest restaurants, buying up at nominal prices the half spoiled remnants. A tin box received fish, meat and vegetables all in one, an earthenware jar held coffee grains, tea-leaves, and crusts of bread, which were used for various culinary purposes.

Meanwhile Methusalem was taken up with commercial affairs; he kept the shop, and waited upon customers. He had customers of two sorts, those who needed tools, who wanted to hire a complete dishwasher for a day or a week, and those who wished to engage a room or take some meals at the Pension Bourgeoise. The ordinary meal cost ten sous. It comprised the daily bread cut in discretion, a small bottle of wine and a cup of coffee. Dinners *a la carte* were such as might be provided at a second-class restaurant.

A worn-out clock, of which the cuckoo declined to appear, struck out six. The Naine immediately seized a spoon of unusual dimensions, and plunging it into the pot dipped up the soup. After which, taking the earthenware tureen by both handles, she mounted the stairs with an agility surprising in a being so deformed. Just as she reached the dining-room the door leading from the courtyard opened, and a dozen or so of men, with Methusalem at their head entered. Each one took his own place, which was indicated by a square of copper, marked with a figure, and Methusalem began to serve.

"Well, well, boys," he said with a sort of grim jollity, "how goes business? Have you anything to sell or to exchange? Who wants any rabbit skins, rusty iron, or broken glass?"

"I do," said a man of ferocious aspect, who was known as Rat-de-Cave. "I have six silver forks and spoons which Providence has thrown in my way; they are first class and should sell for twenty-three centimes the gram, but they might get one into trouble. People who forget these things on their dirt-heaps, dare to claim them before the magistrates, sometimes, but I'll not give them the chance. Once melted up, silver never reappears except in the pocket. Will you oblige me by making these into ingots, Father Methusalem?"

"With pleasure, comrade, with pleasure," said the old man, "but we must be quick about melting it, and you about selling it. Several silver mines have been discovered near Valparaiso, a pick is put into the earth, and presto, the metal gleams. So silver is going down in the Parisian market."

"Bah," said Rat-de-Cave, "there is a tariff for silver."

"There is a tariff, true; but just take your ingots to the mint, my lad, and see what price they will offer you. It is a fine establishment, we must not speak ill of our neighbors; but suspicious, inquisitive, meddling; one cannot go there with an ounce of gold but they must know precisely where he got it."

"How much will you pay for silver, then, Methusalem?" asked Rat-de-Cave.

"Sixty-five centimes the gram," said Methusalem, "and I lose on it, it is merely to oblige a customer."

Rat-de-Cave shook his head, incredulously.

"And you, Pommé d'Api," asked Methusalem, addressing a boy about fourteen years of age, whose pallid, worn face betrayed an early acquaintance with vice, "did you open many carriage doors last night, or pick up any cigar ends?"

"I should think so," said the boy, proudly.

"There was a beautiful actress; a piece, the 'Drame de la Misère,' the play began at three o'clock; there was a crush and a crowd, no one looked out for his pocket. But the coming out was best of all, the street was packed, every one wanted carriages at the same time. I had ten of my men ready to my orders. When one of them told me the carriage was ready, I ran to open the door. I helped my lady in, I assisted a stout gentleman, and nearly every time, a fan, a lace handkerchief, or a piece of jewelry remained in my hands. Mère Fanfane got the best of me, but it's all one, I don't complain. I love pretty actresses, as much at least as the great people do."

"So Mother Fanfane had all the profits of the sale?"

"I kept whatever I could for you."

"And what do you want now?"

"A complete costume of velvet, with sleeves and hat to match."

"You have some plan in your head?" said Methusalem.

"I am going to the ball at Vauxhall," said Pommé d'Api, "and I must be smart; there is no smugging in it in white blouses there; it is near the Custom House."

"I say, Pommé d'Api," said Rat-de-Cave, "be gallant and take the Naine there, so that you will have a dancer ready to hand."

The Naine's eyes flashed, and she replied, "I'd have you to know that I want none

of his company; nor the likes of him either. If I had wished, I could have been the wife of a man who could raise four weights of three pounds each, with his arms extended, and who could have knocked you all down with one blow of his fist."

"At this outbreak, Methusalem's guests all laughed outright."

"And you refused a husband of that sort," said Pommé d'Api. "By my faith, you're hard to please; are you waiting for the King of Blarney, or must your heart be touched like the strings of a guitar?"

"My reasons do not concern you, miserable pigmy," cried the Naine.

"Then why do you confide in us?" said the boy; "and if it comes to that, I know all about it."

"Stop," cried the Naine, "stop."

"If you get angry, I'll tell his name," said Pommé d'Api. "I know more than you think about the romance of your life, and it was queer enough how I got to hear it. It was one night at a gingerbread fair. The Monte-bank saw his clown come to read drunk, to the despair of the manager. I saw there were some pence to be earned, and I offered to take his place. The man thought me rather ambitious, but he questioned me about my kit, and finding that I could receive a kick or a box in the ear gracefully, he engaged me secretly, saying never a word to his master. After the show, being charmed with my debut and the receipts, they invited me to supper. I accepted, and at dessert Signor Gulgofo asked me to enter his troupe. I declined the honor, informing Gulgofo that I exercised the lucrative trade of opener of carriages, and dealer in theatre checks."

"I spoke of Father Methusalem's boarding-house, and of you, Naine, and Gulgofo exclaimed, 'By your description, I am sure I know her once.'"

"Bah," cried I, incredulously.

"How and where? I asked."

"It is a long time now, since such a woman became a member of our company. She brought with her a child some three years of age, pale and delicate, with eyes of clear amber, and dress that bespoke wealth. We could easily train the child, and as for the woman, she had only to show herself to make an audience laugh. I engaged her. During her engagement we went through Spain, Italy, and France; when I offered to renew my agreement, she said that she wanted to put the child under a regular course of study. Sturdy indeed, a fine joke! I have taught her enough to gain a living in any city of Europe. But remonstrance was useless, she took the child, and I never saw her since. If she is in want, give me her address. There is always place for her in the company. I promised Gulgofo to bring you to him, but I always forgot. Perhaps I should never have remembered this episode, if you had not spoken of your journey, and the athlete who asked you in marriage."

An expression of pain and rage crossed the woman's face, and she would have thrown the bottle she held in her hand at the boy's head, had not Methusalem, seeing the danger, interposed, reminding Naine of her duties, and calling Pommé d'Api to order.

"Supper went off gayly."

After it was over, the Naine lit a petroleum lamp, which gave out a horrid odor, and each one of the guests lighting his pipe or his cigar, soon filled the room with a dense cloud of smoke.

Conversation had ceased, the Naine was about to bury herself in the black depths of the kitchen, when a young man of some twenty years of age opened the dining-room door. He quickly removed his hat, put it under his left arm with a graceful gesture, and drawing from his pocket a soft cap of black silk, placed it jauntily upon the side of his head, and advanced into the circle of smokers.

"Hurray for the Knights of the Black Cap!" he said in a sonorous voice.

This was the signal, every one of the guests immediately put on a similar head gear, and once hoisting this passport, became mutually confidential and communicative.

"Have you dined, Fleur d'Echouaund?" asked the Naine of the new-comer.

"No, bring me whatever you like, only see that it is good, and in a private room. Rat-de-Cave will keep me company."

"Willingly," answered Rat-de-Cave.

"What," cried Methusalem, "concealment from the Father of the Knights of the Black Cap?"

"You will know all in a day or two, old man," said the new comer.

"Agreed, I permit the consultation."

The Naine soon appeared, with a beefsteak deliciously cooked, salad and a bottle of wine. She laid the table in a neighboring room, and Rat-de-Cave was soon closeted there with his hopeful associate.

The latter, whom they called by the name of Fleur d'Echouaund (Gallows-Flower), was a good-looking, well-made youth, carefully dressed and intelligent. His face was a perfect oval, his eyes were blue, and not as yet dimmed by late hours, his brows finely pencilled and delicately arched. If his lips were somewhat too thin, they had a trick of smiling pleasantly. His hands were white, his feet small. His hair, reddish in color, showed to advantage the delicacy of his complexion. Everything about him indicated a man who had led an

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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS. Subscribers in the country should always give the name of their Post Office...

WEDNESDAY... DEC. 20, 1882

CATHOLIC CALENDAR

DECEMBER. THURSDAY, 21.—St. Thomas, Apostle. Ep. Rese, Detroit, died, 1871.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS

It has become necessary once more to call the attention of our subscribers to the large number of subscriptions which remain unpaid after repeated appeals for prompt settlement.

The Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury is about the fattest position in the gift of the Queen, or rather of Mr. Gladstone...

The notorious Judge Lawson is evidently bent on arousing popular indignation, or rather, enmity. His latest sentence was to send a poor farmer to penal servitude for life for an assault upon a bailiff...

Mr. Jones, the sub-professor of Eton College, England, who was ordered by the head official of the Institution to suppress his book in which he depicted the condition of Ireland...

There is still considerable illiteracy in the United States, more than one would expect, when the educational facilities of the country are considered...

of the South the proportion of illiteracy is about 20 per cent, while in the twenty-two States of the North it is scarcely three per cent...

A rival of DeLesseps has come to the surface in England. His name is J. C. King; he has drawn up and published a detailed plan of a grand land junction between England and Ireland...

THE "PASSION PLAY" The project of producing the "Passion Play" in New York has been revived by Samuel Morse. It will be remembered that the idea of presenting this sacred drama...

CAPTAIN SHAW RIDICULED

The American press could not resist the temptation of poking fun at Captain Shaw over the recent disastrous conflagration which laid a large area of the business portion of London in ashes...

MEDICAL CO-EDUCATION

Some little excitement has been created in and around the Queen's University of Kingston by a rather awkward incident which occurred in the Medical Department...

folded their young imaginations, or else that they had cast aside all feminine modesty and delicacy. This supposition was unfounded, for they have done neither one nor the other and they have in consequence upset the whole medical department...

THE MARQUIS OF LORNE AND THE FENIANS. Some of the gentlemen of the Associated Press must take great pleasure in getting up "Fenian scares" and telegraphing false and ridiculous stories to the newspapers...

CHANGES IN THE ENGLISH CABINET

The reports that Gladstone intended to retire at the present time from active political life, are now proved to be baseless. There has, however, been a general Cabinet shake up, and several changes have been made...

THE TORONTO "WORLD" AND SECTARIANISM

The Toronto World, one of these few organs of public opinion that is bound to neither party in politics and seeks the national independence of the Canadian colony, refused the use of its columns to two letters...

length of time prevent the ill-assorted components of his party from undergoing a process of disintegration, it will be not the least remarkable achievement in his career...

LORD DERBY AND BUCKSHOT FORSTER

Lord Derby did not delay in justifying the predictions made in his regard, that his presence in the Cabinet would bode no good to the Irish cause. One of his first official utterances bore down on the demands of the Irish people...

EUROPEANS IN THE UNITED STATES CONGRESS

In the next Congress of the United States there will be more than double the number of foreign-born representatives than now hold seats in the present Congress, which will be dissolved on the 4th March next...

IMMIGRANTS AMONG CASTLE GARDEN THIEVES

If the poor emigrants leaving Europe knew what awaited them in Castle Garden, New York, they would certainly select some other port wherein to land on the shores of America. The immigrant depot at Castle Garden is nothing short of being a den of thieves...

think that our contemporary, although actuated in its refusal by a proper spirit, neglected to take a comprehensive view of the civil and official situation of the whole people, and in consequence failed to add that 'good Canadian citizenship and capacity for work should not be ignored in a portion of the population because it belongs to a certain nationality and professes a certain religion...

LABOR REPRESENTATION IN THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT

Of all the countries where Parliamentary Government obtains, England is the one in which the workingman is the least represented in the halls of the Legislature...

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New York press admit that this wholesale pillage, reflects severely on the metropolis, and on the whole country; the business is nefarious, and intending emigrants should be made aware of it...

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