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Extract from letter of Pope Pius IX.

Rome, Dec. 30, 1868.

Rev. I. T. Hecker:

We heartily congratulate you upon the esteem which your periodical, "The Catholic World," has, through its erudition and perspicuity, acquired even among teose who differ from us, etc.

Letter from the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York.

New York, Feb. 7, 1865.

Dear Father Hecker:

I have read the Prospectus which you have kindly submitted of a new Catholic Magazine, to be entitled: "The Catholic World," which it is proposed publishing in this city, under your supervision; and I am happy to state there is nothing in its whole scope and spirit which has not my hearty approval. The want of some such periodical is widely and deeply felt, and I cannot doubt that the Catholic community at large will rejoice at the prospect of having this want, if not fully, at least in a great measure, supplied.

With the privilege which you have of drawing on the intellectual wealth of Catholic Europe, and the liberal means placed at your disposal, there ought to be no such word as *failure*, in your vocabulary.

Hoping that this laudable enterprise will met with well-merited success, and under God's blessing, become fruitful in all the good which it proposes,

I remain, Rev. Dear Sir, very truly, your friend and servant in Christ,

JOHN,
Archbishop of New York.

"THE CATHOLIC WORLD"

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LAWRENCE KEHOE,
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The Catholic Publication Society,
No. 126 Nassau Street, N. Y.

P. O. Box 5,396.
Nov. 1, 1870.

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HERALD OFFICE,

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NEW SERIES. VOL 1. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, MAY 31, 1871. NO. 31.

THE HERALD

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, BY

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ALMANACK FOR MAY, 1871.

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon, 4th day, 6h. 48m., even., E.
Last Qu'rtr, 11th day, 10h. 11m., morn., W.S.W.
New Moon, 19th day, 6h. 33m., morn., S. S. E.
First Quarter, 27th day, 8h. 50m., morn., N.E.

DAY MONTH	DAY WEEK	SUN rises	SUN sets	MOON SETS	HIGH water	DAY'S len'th
		h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
1	Monday	4 51	7 4	3 26	7 36	14 13
2	Tuesday	49	5	4 0	8 33	16
3	Wednesday	47	6	4 27	9 33	19
4	Thursday	46	7	rises	10 16	22
5	Friday	45	8	8 15	11 5	24
6	Saturday	44	9	9 33	11 52	25
7	Sunday	43	10	10 49	even	27
8	Monday	42	12	11 54	1 34	30
9	Tuesday	41	13	morn	2 29	32
10	Wednesday	40	14	0 44	3 26	34
11	Thursday	39	16	1 26	4 27	37
12	Friday	38	17	2 0	5 30	39
13	Saturday	36	18	2 26	6 30	42
14	Sunday	35	19	2 50	7 30	44
15	Monday	34	20	3 10	8 20	46
16	Tuesday	33	21	3 34	9 7	49
17	Wednesday	31	23	3 36	9 50	52
18	Thursday	30	24	4 19	10 30	54
19	Friday	29	25	sets	11 9	56
20	Saturday	28	26	8 46	11 47	58
21	Sunday	27	27	9 41	morn	15 0
22	Monday	26	28	10 32	0 25	2
23	Tuesday	25	29	11 21	1 10	4
24	Wednesday	24	30	11 59	1 50	7
25	Thursday	23	31	morn	2 34	10
26	Friday	22	32	0 36	3 21	11
27	Saturday	21	34	1 10	4 5	13
28	Sunday	20	35	1 38	5 5	15
29	Monday	19	36	2 1	6 2	17
30	Tuesday	18	37	6 59	2 58	18
31	Wednesday	17	39	2 52	7 56	20

PRICES CURRENT.

Ch'town, May 26, 1871.

Provisions.	
Beef, (small) per lb.	6d a 10d
Do. by the quarter	4½d a 5½d
Pork (carcass)	4½d
Do. (small)	5d a 8d
Mutton, per lb.	7d a 10d
Lamb, per qr.	3s a 5s
Veal, per lb.	3d a 6d
Ham, per lb.	6d a 9d
Butter (fresh)	1s a 1s 3d
Do. by the tub	1s 2d a 1s 3d
Cheese, per lb.	3d a 5d
Do. (new milk)	10d a 1s
Tallow, per lb.	7d a 9d
Lard, per lb.	9d a 1s
Flour, per 100 lbs.	21s a 23s
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.	20s 0d a 22s 0d
Buckwheat flour per lb.	7½d a 2d
Eggs, per doz.	8d a 0s 9d
Grain	
Barley, per bush.	4s 6d a 5s 6d
Oats per bush.	2s 10d a 3s 0d
Vegetables.	
Green Peas, per quart	-
Potatoes, per bush.	3s 0d a 3s 6d
Turnips per bush.	1s 2d a 1s 6d
Poultry.	
Geese	2s 9d a 3s 9d
Turkeys, each	6s a 8s
Fowls, each	1s 3d a 2s
Chickens, per pair	none
Ducks	none
Fish.	
Codfish, per qtl.	20s a 30s
Herrings, per barrel	25s a 40s
Mackerel, per doz.	-
Sundries.	
Hay, per ton	105s a 115
Straw, per cwt.	1s 6d a 2s
Clover Seed, per lb.	1s 1d a 1s 3d
Timothy Seed, per bush.	18s a 20s
Homespun, per yard	4s a 6s
Calfskins, per lb.	6d a 9d
Hides, per lb.	4½d a 5d
Wool	1s a 1s 6d
Sheepskins	5s 6d a 8s 0d
Apples, per bush.	3s 0d a 4s 0d
Partridges	-

George Lewis, Market Clerk.

Banking Notice.

BANK OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND!

(*Corner of Great George and King Streets.*)

Hon. Daniel Brenan, President.
William Cundall, Esquire, Cashier.

Discount Days—Mondays and Thursdays.
Hours of Business—From 10 a. m. to 1 p. m., and from 2 p. m. to 4 p. m.

☞ The P. E. Island having's Bank is in connection with the Treasurer's Office. Days of deposit: Tuesdays and Fridays, from 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.

Union Bank of P. E. Island.

(*North Side Queen Square.*)

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Farmers' Bank,

Rustico, - - P. E. Island.

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Discount Day—Wednesday in each week.

Business Cards.

RONALD MACDONALD,
COMMISSION MERCHANT,
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—AND—
COLLECTING AGENT.

Souris, P. E. I., January 2, 1871. 1y

Card.

JAMES BEAIRSTO, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OFFICE AND RESIDENCE:

MRS. DEWARS'S KING ST.,
Charlottetown, - P. E. I.

May 17, 1871.

HENRY J. GAFFNEY, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

OFFICE IN

North American Hotel.
KENT STREET.

Charlottetown, August 3, 1870. 1y

REMOVAL!

DR. GAFFNEY has removed his Office from DesBrisay's Block to

North American Hotel, Kent St.

April 5, 1871.—City pa 3m

HEAD QUARTERS.

THE Subscriber would call attention to the fact, that persons in want of a good

Shave, Hair Cut, or Shampoo,

Would do well to call at Head Quarters, Upper Queen Street, DesBrisay's Block. Not only will he get the above in first-class style, but also OYSTERS, in every variety.

CHAS. O. WINKLER.

Dec. 7, 1870.

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Feb. 16, 1871. } 1y

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Kent Street, Charlottetown.

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In point of Workmanship, Design, and Lettering, he feels confident that the work executed at his Establishment heretofore, will compare favorably with that from any similar Establishment in the Island.

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☞ Also, on hand, Registered Grates and Grindstones.

Remember the Old Stand.

JOHN CAIRNS.

March 15, 1871.—pat

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Mutual Fire Insurance Office, February 15, 1871. }

WILLIAM HOOPER.

A LEFT-LUGGAGE STORY.

(Concluded.)

It was a drowsy day, dull and close. After a while, we relapsed into silence. We stopped at but few stations, and no fresh passengers came in to rouse us. Before long, my three companions all seemed to be dozing, and had it not been for a vague sense of insecurity, I should have followed their example.

Time went on. We were within half an hour of London, and nothing had occurred to ratify my suspicions. The first movement was on the part of the invalid, who, as we neared Chelston, our last stopping-place, roused himself from his slumber, and took down his umbrella from its resting-place above the seat. At the same instant, he of the red hair sat up wide awake, though but a moment before he had been, to all appearance, buried in sleep.

The tickets are always given up here and we were called upon to have them ready. The ticket-collector came round in a hurry as usual, took the four tickets, saw that the door was locked, and was about to move on, when the gentleman in the respirator placed his hand on the door, saying: "I'm for Chelston — let me out, please."

The man glanced back at the tickets in his hand, and read out: "Northsea Buntford, and Whitworth—all for Paddington, sir."

"I know," said the invalid feebly, "There was some difficulty about booking me through to Chelston, and they told me a Paddington-ticket would do. The advantage, if there is any, is on the Company's side.

"All right sir;" and he unlocked the door.

At the mention of *Northsea* being on one of the tickets, my opposite neighbor and I exchanged a momentary glance. I made sure I had discovered one fact about him—namely, that he had been in the train longer even than I had, and had only changed carriages at Tamwell—a circumstance which, I hardly know why, confirmed my belief in his being a suspicious character. As for his face, I confess I could not make out its expression; but he must know now that I suspected him, I thought. At any rate, we both looked a little conscious, I fancy; both turned our heads away, and to show we were not thinking of anything particular, both began at the same time a low whistle, the effect whereof, tunes and keys being different, may be more easily imagined than described.

The elderly gentleman had, in the meantime, effected his exit, and was on the point of going off down the platform, when my *vis-a-vis* unceremoniously clutched hold of him by the cape. "I beg pardon, sir; but if you would do me a trifling favor, I should be greatly obliged."

"If I can serve you in any way, I shall be happy to do so," returned the other; "but there is no time to lose—you will be off in another minute."

I judged from his tone that he was not overwell pleased with the style of address, and no wonder; but the unmannerly fellow did not seem to see it. With a careless "That's just why I ask you," he scribbled a few words on a page of his pocket-book, tore it out, and twisting it up into a sort of note, handed it to the gentleman, saying: "Will you be so good as to take this to the telegraph office? — See, the door is over there. Thank you, sir. There's the shilling. Ask 'em to send it off at once please." Then, by way of explanation, he added: "I'm bound to let my mother know I'm coming, you see. It might make her ill if I was to look in on her all of a sudden."

"I don't see that a telegram will mend matters," I muttered; but I don't think he heard me, and I did not care that he should.

The old gentleman made his way to the door, indicated. We were off before he reappeared.

I began now seriously to consider what steps it would be well to take with regard to William Hooper's luggage on reaching Paddington, to which we were drawing very near. If, as seemed the most natural and straightforward course, I went off to the superintendent at once to acquaint him with the circumstances, I should have, meantime, to leave it to the mercy of my red-haired friend, who had already interested himself so much concerning it. And yet, what other course was open to me?

I was still quite at sea as to what plan to adopt, when we rushed shrieking into that Babel of sights and sounds, the Paddington Station. It was more than a year since I was there last, and it seemed to be more bustling than ever. Not that I could see much, however, for my friend opposite quite monopolised the window. I regretted it the less, that I now hastily made up my mind—no better course suggesting itself to me—to keep my seat until a favorable opportunity offered of securing the services of a porter, to convey the luggage in my charge to safe quarters. Having watched over it so far, I was not going to abandon it now.

The object of my suspicious seemed in no hurry to go; he retained his seat, his head still out of the window, till the lady rose, saying: "We are at our journey's end, if I mistake not. May I trouble thee to let me pass out, friend?"

"Beg pardon, ma'am," he exclaimed; and opening the door, he sprang down himself first, and then, with more politeness than I should have expected of him, helped her to alight. This done, he seemed a some perplexity as to what to do next. With his hand on the door-handle, he looked after her as she walked away towards the barriers raised round the luggage; then back at me; and finally, round and behind him. Suddenly, he darted off, and the next thing I saw him talking to a man in a snuff-colored coat at some distance.

I had pulled the portmanteau from under the seat, in readiness to have it taken out, but had not yet succeeded in getting hold of a porter, when my friend returned alone, and offered his help, observing that the train would be shunted almost immediately to make room for another, and that I had best look sharp. There was reason in what he said, and considering that the luggage would be at least as safe on the platform as in the carriage, I thought it well to avail myself of his assistance.

The portmanteau was heavy—singularly so, for its size. We lifted it out. I placed the rug and hat-box on the top of it, and then I took up my stand by its side. My companion showed no disposition to run off with anything, but neither did he take himself off and there was that in his manner I did not like. It was in vain that I gave him sundry hints to begone about his business; he met them all with the most impenetrable obtuseness, real or feigned, and kept hanging about me, never going more than a dozen yards or so from the place where I was standing. I was in an awkward predicament. I did not dare to leave my charge to call a porter, and they paid no heed to my shouts and gesticulations. Other trains were coming in, moreover, and taking off their attention. At this moment I observed a man coming towards us, who, at first sight, I should have said was the very same with whom my companion had been talking but a few minutes back; I had not seen his face very well, but the hue of his coat, and a somewhat peculiar slouch in his shoulders, were identical. But when he passed close to us, going on towards the luggage-van, and there was, so far as I could see, no sign of recognition between the two, I thought I must have been mistaken.

Presently, my quondam travelling-companion, the Quaker lady, came up the platform, followed by a porter, who was wheeling her luggage in a truck; and he again was followed, rather to my surprise, by the same man who had passed us on his way down just before. This time, I particularly noticed both him and my red-haired friend. Their eyes met. Was I mistaken in fancying that they exchanged a glance of intelligence? The Quakeress nodded pleasantly; I raised my hat, and then called out to the porter to return for my luggage when he had disposed of that of the lady. The row of cabs was visible from the spot where I was standing, and I watched the Quaker lady enter one. Judge of my astonishment when at the last moment, after the luggage was adjusted, and they were on the point of starting, I saw the wearer of the snuff-coloured coat, the same who had been following in her wake as she passed me, jump up and take his seat on the box beside the driver! The porter did not return as he had promised; I suppose some one else snapped him up, and I was beginning to grow very weary of my position. For the last quarter of an hour, a policeman had been pacing up and down the platform where we were standing. It had struck me that he was keeping an eye on my companion—who was very possibly known to the police as a dangerous character—but it only just now occurred to me that I could not do better than make over to him the guardianship of Mr. Hooper's property. Accordingly, I beckoned him to my side. I half expected that my companion would have bolted on this, but he kept his ground.

"You want me, sir?" asked the policeman, looking rather odd I fancied.

"Yes; I wish to give over this luggage into your charge. It is labelled *William Hooper*, you will observe. It does not belong to me, but was in the carriage when I entered it. I cannot guess what has become of the owner; but it will, no doubt, be inquired after before long, so you had best give it up to the care of the Company. I recommend you not to let it out of your sight till it is safe in their keeping. I wash my hands of it."

As I said these words, I looked sternly at the man whose evil designs, whatever they might have been, I hoped thus effectually to foil. So far from looking abashed, however, he returned me a smile that was the very embodiment of impudence.

"Have you no tongue in your head?" he said rudely to the policeman. "Can't you tell the gentleman that you'll do his bidding?"

It was, to my mind, like a a rat challenging a terrier; and I should have liked dearly to see him get a good setdown; but the policeman was too forbearing by far. Taking no notice of his insolence, he simply turned to me with a "Very good, sir!" and then beckoned to a porter in the distance, who obeyed his signal fast enough.

With a parting admonition to him to look well to his charge, I took up my bag, and walked off, very glad to be free.

I called a cab, and drove at once to my solicitor's office. I had got out, and dismissed my vehicle, when, whom should my amazed eye light on, standing but a few paces from the door I was about to enter, but my late travelling-companion, whom I had left, twenty minutes before, by the policeman's side on the Paddington platform! There was no mistaking the man though he affected not to see me. Beyond doubt, he had either followed, or not impossibly accompained me.

Indignant at this espionage, yet uncertain how to act, I determined to consult my legal adviser; who, without more ado, sent for a policeman. To him I pointed out my obnoxious fellow-traveller, who was still lounging about the nearest lamp post, and then, leaving him to take what steps he thought proper, Mr. Smith and I proceeded to business.

Scarcely had we entered upon it, however, when the policeman returned, and with elongated face and flurried manner requested to speak to Mr. Smith alone. To me he would not vouchsafe a word of explanation, and I had to wait in a small ante-room, in no very amiable frame of mind, while they two were closeted together.

The interview did not last long. There was an explosion of laughter in the next room, and then out came Mr. Smith, looking excessively amused.

"My dear sir," he exclaimed, "whom do you think we have been setting this good fellow to watch?"

"How should I know?" I replied with some acrimony. "Some one who's no better than he should be, I'm quite sure!"

"As to that," said the lawyer, "I've never yet come across the man who was. But setting jesting asi de — it's too ridiculous. Why, it's one of his own feather—a detective, with whom he has often done business: and the best of it is, he—the detective, that is — has bid him keep a sharp look-out on you, and not let you get out some back-way unobserved. He says you are a scoundrel, and a very deep one; and that the account you have been giving of yourself is all humbug."

"Preposterous!" I cried, indignantly. "You are making game of me, Mr. Smith."

"No such thing, my dear sir. Calm yourself, and I will explain. In the first place, I must tell you that he takes you for one William Hooper."

"Well, and if he does? what, in the name of goodness, has that got to do with it?"

"Just this: that William Hooper, or rather a fellow assuming that name, is suspected, on good grounds, of having been concerned in a robbery of jewelry at Northsea last night; and of carrying off his spoils with him to-day. This detective was put on the scent, and flattered himself that he had secured both his person and his ill-gotten goods. It is not to be wondered at, when you took such good care of his luggage, that he should take you for the man himself."

The policeman, at this moment, entered the room, followed by my late travelling-companion, who now, to my enlightened eyes, looked no longer disagreeably crafty, but simply clever and shrewd. It is not necessary to recapitulate all that passed, nor how Mr. Smith at last succeeded in convincing the detective that I, his client of twenty years' standing, was a man of the most respectable antecedents, and in no possible way connected with the so-called William Hooper. Suffice it to say that he was persuaded of the mistake in time, and that then we all had a hearty laugh over what had occurred. The detective even went so far as to read out to us the instructions received that morning, on which he had been acting. These were a few hurried lines, directing him to be on the look-out for a man travelling up to town, under the name of *William Hooper*; to get a seat in the same carriage, and keep a strick watch on all his movements; also particularly to notice any communication that might pass between him and any fellow-traveller, as there was reason to believe he was accompained by an accomplice in the shape of an elderly woman. Hence the interest he had taken in my conversation with the Quaker lady, of which he had in reality been taking notes in a peculiar shorthand of his own, fancying that more was meant than appeared on the surface; and the eagerness with which he intercepted the pamphlet, which must have edified him extremely. It was left to his own discretion either to arrest the parties on reaching Paddington, or to let them go their own ways, following them up closely; by which means it was hoped he might be able to find the clue to some other robberies that had lately taken place in the same neighborhood. This latter plan he had resolved to adopt with regard to me, and had also sent a colleague to accompany the poor Quaker lady on her route, ascertain where she went, and whether she were truly that which she gave herself out to be. The detective had been staggered for a moment by my voluntarily resigning the luggage to the charge of the policeman, but had thought it explained by the fact that I saw myself suspected, and hoped in that manner to get off myself, even at the sacrifice of the stolen goods. But if I were not William Hooper, where, then, was the real man? That was the question now uppermost in all our minds. "There was one Northsea ticket," remarked the officer. "I thought I was sure of you then."

"That was yours, surely!" I exclaimed.

"No, indeed, sir; I got in at Buntford. Was in a hurry, and had not time to look about me till we get to Tamwelll. It must have been one of the two others."

"Not the lady," I said. "I happened to notice her ticket as I handed it — it was taken at Whitworth, where she got in."

"Then there is only that fellow in the respirator.—Ha!" he exclaimed suddenly "If I haven't been and let the right man slip through my fingers after all! What a fool I was not to suspect it!" And he quite ground his teeth with vexation.

"It can't have been he," I said. "He took no notice of the luggage whatever; and he cannot have failed to recognize it, sitting close beside it as he did."

"I doubt he knew me better than I knew him," replied the detective, "and thought it best to keep quiet. I might have guessed it, when he was so bent on getting out at Chelston; but, then, I was so certain it was you. And then to go and give him that telegraphic message to send off! He took precious care it should not go, no doubt. No wonder they weren't quite on the look-out for me when we got to Paddington. However, I'll have him yet. — Good-morning to you, gentlemen; there's no time to lose."

At the next assizes, the great jewel-robbery at Northsea came on. I do not, in general, take much interest in such matters; but, hearing that my friend Smith was to be present, and feeling some curiosity as to the end of this affair in one phase of which I had been so strangely mixed up, I made my way to the assize town.

When this particular case was called, two prisoners, a man and a woman, were led into the dock. I looked at them eagearly, fully expecting to recognize in the former the elderly gentleman who had been one of my companions in the railway carriage on that memorable journey to London. But no; he was tall, and young, and sandy-haired. Surely I had seen him somewhere before, though! And his companion? Yes, now I recollected. They were the same two, with the blue spectacles and lapdog respectively, whom I had observed getting into the train at Buntford, just before it started.

The red-haired detective was present and gave important evidence. The case did not last long, it was so clear against the prisoners, and both were convicted.

"You succeeded in getting hold of the right man, at last," I remarked to the detective. When the business of the day ended he, Smith, and I met to dine and talked matters over together at the hotel. "But you made a mistake a second time, I see. The old man in the respirator was not the fellow, Hooper, after all."

"Don't be too sure of that, sir," returned the detective. And then he proceeded to tell me the whole story, so far as he had been able to make it out. How the sandy-haired young man, having got into an empty carriage at Buntford, had contrived, by means of the appliances contained in his carpet-bag, to transform himself into an old man, so effectually disguised, as to be, he thought quite safe from detection. On returning to his own carriage at Whitworth, he had, however, recognized the detective, and seeing that *I* had appropriated his luggage, judged it wisest to make no fuss, but quietly decamp at Chelston

I have not had occasion, since my adventure, to make another journey by rail. When next *I* do so, *I* shall take good care not to enter a carriage that contains hat-box, rug, or portmanteau, *minus* an owner.

General News.

IRELAND.

While we are writing these lines, a new Coercion Bill for Westmeath and other parts of the country, is being introduced into the British Parliament.

Already that county is being tortured and ruined by a fearfully oppressive series of enactments, the occupation by armed men to which it is subjected, is beggaring the people, interferring with their business abolishing their liberties, and imperilling their lives. And yet new burdens, new chains, and new perils are being provided for them!

Is there to be no stand made against this sort of thing? Will Westmeath, will *I*reland, lie down tame and torpid while every principle of the constitution is being invaded, and every vestige of public liberty is perishing in the land?

Surely some voice ought to be raised, some protest ought to be made, some constitutional action ought to be taken, against the course which our rulers, in their blindness, are now pursuing.

Why do not the people of Westmeath assemble in thousands, at lawful public meetings, to denounce the horrible oppression which is laid on them, and to demand that they shall be relieved of it? They would have sympathy and help from the whole country, if needed, in such a moment.

A few days ago the poor people who make and vend matches in London, rose up against the tax which was about to be imposed on their industry, and simply by a demonstration of their dissatisfaction with the threatened impost, they defeated it. *I*rish opinion is not equally influential with English Ministers, but yet in a matter of such immense importance to our countrymen as this continued imposition of coercion acts, they might fairly be expected to give public expression to their feelings. *I*t seems to us that both the Government and the Ribbon disturbers, if such there be, stand in need of such warning. The quiescence of the country is an encouragement to outrages and terrorism of all kinds, legal and illegal, and these things can be checked only by spirited and resolute popular action. *I*t matters go on as they are now going, the farming and laboring classes of Westmeath will be absolutely ruined. Will they submit to this, and make no effort for self-protection?—*Dublin Nation.*

A violent English bigot, named Charley, who is a member of the House of Commons, from time to time makes an attempt to stop the flow of charity or to arrest the generous efforts of the Catholic people of *I*reland in contributing funds for the erection of churches, convents and schools. A beautiful church is being built at the top of Haytesbury street, and a Bazaar in aid of the building fund is announced to be held next month. The Protestant zeal of Charley, M. P., is aroused by this proceeding, which, he says, being in the nature of a lottery, is illegal. He rose one night last week in his place in the House of Commons, and asked the Chief Secretary for *I*reland if his attention had been called to this Bazaar, and if so, whether he meant to take any steps to put the law as to lotteries in force against the promoters of the undertaking. The Chief Secretary replied that the Government was aware of the Bazaar inquestion, and of the object for which it was to be held, but that there was no intention to take any proceedings in reference to it. He added, however, that Mr. Charley, M.P., could accomplish what he desired by becoming what he termed a "Common informer," and in that congenial character take legal action against the parties responsible for the Bazaar. M. Charley resumed his seat, and hasn't made any noise since.

Late Irish papers state that the people are pouring to the seaports like a torrent, all bound for the shores of the United States. Extra steamers have had to be started, and it is said that Ireland, in one short season, will lose what she cannot spare—the services of one hundred thousand of her children. It is not the very poor who now emigrate; they have been cleared off long since. The emigrants this year are nearly all of the agricultural class.

RUSSIA.

The Moscow correspondent of the Trent *Herald* declares that Russia is making efforts to have her army thoroughly strenghtened and equipped for any war. Among other efforts the new fortifications at Kertch have been furnished, and cast iron guns of very heavy calibre have been mounted upon them.

There is evidently trouble brewing in the Baltic provinces of Russia. The Germans in Livonia and Esthonia are offering more and more open resistance to the Imperial Government, which tramples under foot all their religious prerogatives in the interest of the orthodox Greek Church.

A Lemburg letter says that about one hundred and fifty thousand Russian troops are along the Polish and Roumanian frontiers. They are the best troops in the Russian army, and have been more rapidly reorganised than the remainder.

PRUSSIA.

Important Statement of Prince Bismark.—The *Manchester Guardian's* Berlin correspondent telegraphs that in Monday's debate on the new loan, Prince Bismarck said: "The allied Government had hoped that the conclusion of definitive peace would not be exposed to great difficulties. It appeared as if the French Government hoped that when it felt stronger it would obtain more favourable conditions, but under no circumstances should we permit any attempt to weaken the conditions of preliminary peace. After disturbances had broken out in Paris, the French Government was not in a position to fulfil the conditions of peace. We made no objection to assembling armies of about 100,000 men at Versailles, but, as a matter of course, the obligation to surrender prisoners is no longer valid. Accordingly only about one-third have been delivered. These circumstances make far greater outlay necessary than we could foresee at the conclusion of the preliminaries. If the French Govern-