

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

FRANCE.

Toulon, November 15.—A levy has been ordered throughout the whole of the maritime inscription list. This levy, which will comprise men of all ages, is intended to fill up the places of sailors on furlough, and to form the crews of the transport ships which are to bring back the French troops from Mexico.

Immediately placed in the castle of that name, opposite Coblenz, on the right bank of the Rhine, at that time the residence of the Archbishop of Treves. Its calibre is 0.284, the diameter of the bullet 0.270, the length of the gun 5m. 66c, and its weight 12,529 kilograms. The Griffin has a German inscription of which the following is a translation: "I am called the Griffin; I serve my gracious Lord of Treves, where he orders me to employ my strength, there I knock down gates and walls." Over this inscription is a figure of a griffin attacked by two men at arms with lances. On the lower part of the piece, the arms of the archbishop are quartered, and above them are to be read the words "Simon, cast me in 1528." Below two men at arms support a shield, and two others are represented engaged in a hand to hand fight. The Griffin was taken by the French on the 28th of January, 1799, during the Congress of Radstadt. This fine gun one of the largest that is known, is a magnificent specimen of the great cannons of the end of the 15th century and beginning of the 16th. It has found its proper place, close by the great howitzer of Rhodes, cast by Aubusson. By inspecting it the rise of the artillery of that epoch may be comprehended.

COMMEMORATION OF RIGHT REV. DR. LYNCH, LORD BISHOP OF GLASGOW, IN PARIS.—The ceremony was performed by three Irish Bishops, who had been residents in the college in their early days, and who take the greatest interest in everything connected with it. The consecrating bishop was the Right Rev. Dr. Keane, Lord Bishop of Cloyne; and the two assistant prelates, the Right Rev. Dr. O'Rea and the Right Rev. Dr. Gilleoly. The Very Rev. Dr. McCabe, newly elected president of the college, acted as deacon. The sub-deacons were the Rev. Mr. Burke and Rev. Mr. Geraan. Rev. Mr. McKenna acted as master of ceremonies. At each side stood the students, wearing their surplices, and presenting an appearance of manly health and intellect such as it would be difficult to find in the same number of men from any other country.

The ceremony was solemn from its very simplicity and from the absence of all pomp and ostentation. The silence that reigned in the little church, the firm voice of the consecrating prelate, the deep emotion evident in that of the new bishop, the serious manner in which the whole ceremony was performed made a deep impression on those who witnessed it. Similar ceremonies I have often seen in large cathedrals, and under the gorgeous towers of Notre Dame, surrounded with pomp and splendour, and in the presence of thousands; but they were not near so impressive as the solemn service in the little chapel of the Irish College, in presence of a few friends of Ireland.

After the consecration, the new prelate gave his blessing to the students and people present. When Mass was over, Right Rev. Dr. Lynch was presented in the college hall, with a crozier and mitre, offered by the students, and, I am told (the ceremony was private) that eloquent addresses were pronounced by the bishops, and that Dr. Lynch replied with great feeling and eloquence.

Many men of talent and worth have, within the memory of people still living, presided over this little Irish colony, but none ever left so much sincere regret as the late president. Simple in his habits, mild and unaffected in private life, firm in the exercise of the duties of his office, he contributed by his conciliatory spirit and by his energy, to make the College what it is considered to-day, a model establishment.

BELGIUM.

The Journal de Bruxelles, referring to the signing of the cholera, relates the following fact: "No person can be found at Bixensan to carry the dead to the graveyard. It is the parish priest, aided by Dr. Troussart, who, whilst reciting the prayers, fulfils this painful duty. I mistake. A man came to this sad locality, where he owns a castle left to him by his venerated father. This excellent Seigneur hastened to visit the sick, and everywhere lavished consolations and large alms. A few days since, he met the hier carried by the priest and Dr. Troussart. He obliged the priest to give up his place and his load, and carried himself to the graveyard the poorest woman of the parish, who had died of the cholera. The author of this Christian deed is Mgr. de Merode, late minister of arms of Pius IX."

ITALY.

PIEDMONT.—WHAT IS MEANT BY 'LIBERTA' IN MODERN ITALY.—Before the outbreak of the recent war, the Florentine Government, which claims to be the emanation of popular opinion, enacted a law for the purpose of terrorizing and persons suspected, for whatever reason, of not sympathizing with the new Government. This law, called from its originator the 'Legge Crispi', armed the Government with the most arbitrary powers, in virtue of which any person however respectable and blameless, might be dragged from his or her home—kept without a reason given or any judicial inquiry in the strictest isolated confinement in prison, or relegated in a distant province far from their families and their business, and there to be subjected to regulations and restrictions more stringent by far than those applied in England to 'ticket-of-leave' felons.

The prefect, thus empowered absolutely and without appeal or inquiry to imprison and condemn to forced domicile whomsoever he thinks fit, is generally in Italy a native of some distant province, dependent upon the tales of their own legends, the loud-voiced 'patriotism' of the Radical class and low wishbones. Imagine for a moment what the state of affairs would be even in England, if, in moments of political excitement, the low Radicalism of the gin shop and pot house intimidated the authorities and dictated to the police magistrate! Far worse, however, is it in Italy, a country at all times famous for private vengeance and secret denunciations. Any observant Englishman who has lived in that country and marked the defects of the vile ends such a stringent law is likely to be abused, and national character, can judge—and will shudder to think—to what can vividly picture to himself the reign of terror it imposed in that country, which claims, nevertheless, to be held as a very model of free and fearless constitutional development.

Hardly was this law published, when self-constituted clubs of ultra-Radicals were formed with the avowed purpose of denouncing all those whose political opinions and predilections differed from their own. The most harmless and respectable citizens were dragged from their homes, their lawful private avocations, their families, and their business, and consigned to distant forced domiciles, or even conducted manacled to prison—conducted like malefactors through remote towns, where they and their respectable character being unknown, they were submitted to the scolding, nay even the actual violence of the populace, armed with bludgeons and paving-stones.

Without even being allowed to communicate with their families, those arrested were detained in the strictest prison seclusion, and then handcuffed like common criminals, marched off in broad day light through the streets to the railway stations, surrounded by a howling pack of the worst rabble. With 'un peudo bonno volente' it is so easy always for the 'constituted authorities' to get a mob anywhere, to cry down with the just, and barrack for Barabbes! Two such cases in Modena even excited the indignation of the Radical newspaper, Il Panaro.

The Italian Minister of Finance deals still more freely with the purses than the Italian Ministry of Justice deals with the liberty of the subject. A comparison of the past and present financial credit of the various States of Italy speaks plainly in favor of the wise frugality of their old rulers, and trumpet-tongued proclaims on every money market of Europe

the reckless, headlong course of the squanderers of the national wealth who for the last seven years have brought Italy to the very brink of national bankruptcy. The interest of the debt of the Modenese States which under the Ducal Government amounted to scarcely seven pence per head, under the new Piedmontese regime amounting nearly twelve francs for each individual of population.

The portion of this year's forced loan which falls to the share of the old Modenese States, with a population less in numbers, and far inferior in wealth than that of Yorkshire, and equal about to that of the Co. of Cork, amounts to no less than 11,166,238 francs, or nearly £450,000 sterling, more than the whole State debt of the Modenese Government up to 1859. Under the Ducal Government the taxes amounted to about 14 francs, or say 11 shillings per individual of the population. Within seven years the new Government has increased them, so that they amount to 26 francs, or £1 sterling per head. And now comes this fresh forced and oppressive loan to increase the individual burden still more.

The railways sold, vast Church and state property sold, the private property of the Italian Sovereigns, the kinsmen of the House of Savoy, sold or sequestrated, their palaces pillaged, and all, all squandered. "Ill got, ill gone!"—Weekly Register.

One might forgive the liberal rulers of Italy their inability to cure the people's idleness; but it is impossible not to feel angry at the recklessness with which they have hitherto been pampering and ministering to it. The Italian Government has promoted consumption at the expense of production. It has made of the State a parasite sucking up the very blood of the community. Government in Italy has become a mere manufacture of places and placemen. The excess of Government servants, says our Florence Correspondent, is a crying evil. The number of clerks in the Italian public offices is incredible. The administrative staff is far more numerous than in other countries with a population half as large again. As we observed on a former occasion, in many branches of administration Italian bureaucracy musters far stronger than even the French. Revolution in Italy has too often been with many patriots a hunt after sinecures. The cry was for Italy, Freedom, and Unity; but the scramble was for salary or pension; at any rate, for paid idleness.—Times.

ROME.—The Osservatore Romano qualifies as a forger the circular all-god to have been issued under the authority of the ex King Francis II, from the Palazzo Farnese, for the purpose of exciting a reactionary movement in Southern Italy.

PIUS IX. AND MR. GLADSTONE.—The Giornale di Roma, of the 10th instant, says:—The following letter has been communicated to us on the part of the Right Hon. W. Gladstone, M.P., for publication in our journal:—

To the Editor of the Giornale di Roma.

Respected Sir.—The Corriere Italiano has published what professes to be an account of an interview with which I was graciously favored by His Holiness on the 22nd of last month. I deeply regret that the extraordinary kindness and consideration which induced His Holiness to grant the favor of an audience to one so undeserving of it, should have been made the occasion of publishing such an account. The editor of the newspaper in question must, doubtless, have been misled. No sooner did I read the report, than I sent the most complete disavowal to friends of mine both at Florence and London. Having learnt, within the last few hours, that it had reached Rome as well, I have taken the liberty of addressing you these lines in order to assure anyone who may have read it, that the account in question is entirely without foundation of any kind. Believe me, &c.,

W. GLADSTONE.

8th November, 1866.

PRUSSIA.

BERLIN, Nov. 14.—The Prussian Government have determined that, whether the ex-King of Hanover absolve the officers formerly belonging to the Hanoverian army from their oath of allegiance or not, these officers shall be permitted to enter the military service of Prussia if desirous of so doing. It is, however, semi-officially declared that the Prussian Government will at all times respect the conscientious and religious scruples of the inhabitants of all the newly-acquired States.

A rather good story is told of Bismarck. He is said to be partial to brandy, and before leaving Berlin for the seat of war a little son of his asked him how long he would be away. He replied that he did not know. Thereupon a servant came in to inquire how many bottles of cognac were to be packed up in the Count's luggage. 'Twenty-four,' was the answer. 'Ah, papa,' cried out the young Bismarck, 'now I know how long you are to be from home—twenty-four days.'

RUSSIA.

RUSSIA SPEAKING OUT.—The Diplomatic Review quotes the Vest, of St. Petersburg the organ of the Russian nobility, making the following observations on the entry of the Princess Dagmar into St. Petersburg:—"The war in which the Danes were implicated, notwithstanding the gallantry evinced by them terminated unfavourably for their cause; but her new country now offers to the Princess Dagmar the most powerful throne in the world. Herself destined to wear the crown of Russia, she is the sister of the future Queen of England and of King George of Greece. While the sovereignty of the most prosperous realm in the universe will one day devolve upon her English brother in law, her Greek brother reigns over a people who are our co-religionists, will, in all probability, establish a great kingdom on the ruins of Mahomedan rule. Should Providence will that the Dardanelles are not to become Russian property, we can only wish that they should fall to orthodox Greece, and her King, the brother of our future mistress, Russia, ruling in the Euxine and Baltic is not in possession of the Straits connecting these seas with the ocean. Much fighting may be required to render us masters of the Dardanelles; but the Sound—the Dardanelles of the north—at any rate is in the hands of King Christian, the illustrious father of our own Dagmar. We hope and trust that the family tie uniting the Danish and Russian dynasties will assist us in attaining these aims, which powerful Russia cannot do otherwise than pursue."

FIRST VISIT OF A PRINCE OF WALES TO ST. PETERSBURG.—The Diplomatic Review says:—When we read the announcement that the Prince of Wales was to attend the marriage of the Princess Dagmar at St. Petersburg, we felt as it smitten by a blow—so different are the things when they happen, from things that are merely foreseen. Yet what is this attendance of a brother in law at the marriage of a sister in law, to the things that are to come out of the alliance? Still this event might furnish grounds of congratulation. For surely all sense and foresight is not so entirely extinct among Englishmen that there should not be some sickening effect produced by this great evidence of the consequences of a Syncretic alliance with the Russian Court. There may come some forethought, and some usefulness, if not some care. Besides there may survive some one or two latent capacities within these realms to be started thereby to life by indignation. We can never find a better opportunity than this to show what England has lost in the person of the Prince Consort, by recording words of his spoken a few days before his death to a member of the then Government:—"The greatest mistake of modern times has been the suffering of Russia to receive her claims of the Warsaw Protocol on Holstein." Had the Prince Consort lived, that Russian plan for which the two daughters of Christian of Glücksbourg were brought up and educated, by means of which a

King of England and the Czar of Russia were to be made brothers in law, would never have succeeded. If these lines meet the eyes of a serious reader, who would entertain him to refer back to that appeared in these columns on the occasion of the death of the Prince, and subsequently on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince of Wales.

ROMAN IRISH INSTITUTIONS.

Few Irish who visit Rome leave the Eternal City without seeing the Irish College. For my own part, I was a frequent visitor—there. I often loved to fly from the society of the Pincian, or the Corso, and take refuge within their sacred walls which enclosed so much of the youth and piety of my native land. Crossing its threshold, I felt as though my foot had touched again on Irish soil. Pacing its corridors, I fancied I trod my own emerald hills once more, and every sound that met my ear was familiar as the voices which I remembered from my childhood. The very air I breathed in its halls seemed Irish; and the generous welcome I received there and the kindly hospitality of the good rector, were truly and unmistakably like welcome and the hospitality of warm Irish hearts. I can scarcely explain the feelings I experienced when, on one occasion, I heard a few of the students speaking over the old language of our country. In that distant land how softly its accents fell upon my ear! It was sweet to me as the melodious cadence of the Italian, and it charmed my hearing with the echo that it gave of sounds that are dear to me, and of generations that are gone for ever. Alas! that we should lose this beautiful language, that its music should die away from amongst us! That language which our mothers for centuries have crooned beside the cradle,—that language in which the woe of our forefathers has so often been uttered, and in which their prayers have for ages been wafted to the throne of God, that language which alone could express the fears and hopes, the joys and sorrows, which sway the breasts of our noble people,—that language which alone lingered the tradition of our nationhood and the legends of our hearths, which was the guarantee of our national individuality, and the fountain of our Irish sympathy—that, even that, is gone! Its farewell notes are dying upon the green hills; its melody grows fainter and fainter; and soon the rich, joyful, mournful, expressive language of our country shall be heard no more.

The adjoining church of St. Agata contains a tomb which also I often loved to visit,—a tomb in which is shrouded the noblest heart that ever beat for Erin,—the heart of her greatest and most gifted son,—the illustrious O'Connell. A mural monument, consisting of two reliefs, mark out the spot where rests this precious relic of our champion. The epitaph, which I believe is from the pen of Dr. Newman, introduces the indignant words in which the Liberator refused to sign the Declaration in 1829, and the lower relief represents him addressing those words to the House of Commons from his bar. The portraits which surround him, of Peel, Graham, the Earl of Lincoln, and Lord Elliot, on one side; and of Lords Althorp, Duncanson, Morpeth, and Ebrington, on the other, are from engravings forwarded from England, and considered by those remembering the originals as successful in a high degree. The architectural details round the monument are very graceful, and by their grey tint happily contrast with the white marble of the figures they enclose. Altogether it is a work highly creditable to all concerned in it—more, however, I cannot help saying, to the munificence of Bunsont, at whose expense it was erected, and to the memory of the great man whose undying fame it commemorates, than to the skill of the artist by whom it was executed. Often I knelt beside it drinking in the inspiration of a spot so dear to every Irishman, and worshipping the spirit of unflinching patriotism that seemed to hover round and guard the heart of him who was her purest and most devoted follower. Peace to that generous heart! Manly wrath against wrong, the heroism which resists oppression, and the fearless fidelity which clings to the cause of truth and right in the face of every earthly opposition, these were the feelings with which it ever throbbled. God grant him their reward!

It was in this church—which, by the way, is the titular one of the celebrated Antoinelli—that I saw one of the prettiest sights in Rome. It was the festival day of its patroness, and the church was decorated modestly, yet tastefully, in honour of the occasion. One of the cardinals pontificated at the altar, and the congregation was composed of little more than the white-robed body of the students who knelt within the choir. The unspotted Victim was offered up amid the homage of those fifty young pure Irish hearts; and when the moment of communion arrived, they arose, every one, without exception, like a glorious band of the elect, to receive into their pious breasts Him for whose service they were filled with such enthusiasm, and for whose honour they were glowing with such devotion. The good cardinal, who was no other than the learned Prefect of the Propaganda, evidently moved by the sight—albeit by no means a new one to him—could not refrain from giving utterance to his feelings; and eloquent and appropriate indeed was the language in which they were expressed. And when at length his words were ended, and they were admitted to the banquet of delights, their orderly movements, their collected demeanour, and the grace of their appearance, won on every heart and was a source of edification, won on every heart and was a source of edification, won on every heart and was a source of edification.

Besides the Irish College, the Irish Dominicans, Franciscans, and Augustinians have also each a house in Rome. The church connected with the first of these is one of the most remarkable in the city,—remarkable in point of age, as the most ancient of the Roman churches, and remarkable in form as the best model existing of the primitive Christian temples. No one who visits Rome will fail to visit San Clemente. From the stattered marble pavement of the court in front into the beautiful ambones of the choir, and the rich Medæval mosaics of the tribune, every inch is interesting; and the fine frescoes of Masaccio which it contains, brighten the attractions of this beautiful church. So much praise, however, has been already lavished on it by all who have visited San Clemente, that it is unnecessary for me to enlarge upon the subject; but I cannot leave it without testifying the feelings of respect and gratitude which I entertain towards its excellent prior. All who knew him are acquainted with his affability and his erudition; and even the stranger often experiences with thankfulness the courteous and obliging manner of this amiable ecclesiastic.

The pretty church and convent of S. Isidoro, which belong to the Franciscans, have also their attractions. Indeed, the church, which has been lately restored, is peculiarly neat and beautiful. It is here that the Irish in Rome usually celebrate the festival of their patron saint. I well recollect the extensive and flourishing congregation of Erin's sons and daughters that I saw collected within its walls to do honour to this glorious founder of their church; and I shall not readily forget the appropriate discourse which the learned and Most Rev. Dr. O'Regan of Clifton—himself an Irishman—delivered on the occasion. After mass, one of the brothers standing outside the church presented to each one as he left a bunch of shamrocks, with which we adorned our hat bands and button-holes, to the day long confusion of policemen, who wondered what on earth our badges of the triple leaf could mean. In the evening of the same day the distinguished Oratorian convert Dr. Maréchal, preached in this church also; but I, unfortunately, was late for the commencement of his discourse, which I regret the more because of the remarkable eloquence of the conclusion, which was the only part I had the pleasure of hearing.

The Irish Augustinians have also as I mentioned an establishment in Rome, and I do not exceed the truth when I say it is not less remarkable than any of the others. My visits, however, to this institution having been fewer than to the houses of either the Franciscans or the Dominicans, I can say little of it from personal observation. The reader will pardon me, therefore, if I content myself, with this simple allusion to an establishment which merits a notice much more lengthy and elaborate. Instead of a description of S. Augustine, for which I should be too largely indebted to other sources, I will close this chapter by the mention of three distinguished Irishmen, whose ashes repose in the Eternal City, and whose graves have been visited with interest for the last 250 years by all those of our countrymen who, during that time, have been in Rome. I refer to Roderic O'Donnell, earl of Tyrconnell, Cathbar, his brother; and Hugh O'Neill, baron of Dungannon. They died in Rome in the year 1608, and are all three buried in the church of S. Pietro in Montorio, itself one of the most interesting monuments in the capital of the Church.—From O'Donovan's 'Memories of Rome.'

ST. PATRICK'S CONDEMNATION OF SLAVE HOLDERS.—A party of wild and disorderly men, under the command and direction of a Welch prince, named Caroticus or Oaradec, made a descent upon one of the south-eastern counties of Ireland for the purpose of plunder, and meeting with resistance, slew a great number of newly-baptized Christians—recent converts made by the saint carrying many others into captivity, with the intention of selling them as slaves. When St. Patrick heard of this cruel transaction, he was overwhelmed with shame and grief. He was deeply afflicted at the untimely death of his recent converts, but he was still more deeply grieved to learn that those who called themselves by the name of Christ could, without compunction, slay for the sake of gain, or sell into slavery, their fellow Christians. At first the saint sent a private letter of remonstrance to Caroticus, imploring him to set at liberty the Christian captives he had taken, and not to sell them into the hands of the enemies of their faith; but his letter was received with scorn and derision. Those rough soldiers cared little for the humility and gentleness of the aged apostle while the reputation of his sanctity had no charms for minds so stupefied by vice and for hearts so hardened in crime. St. Patrick, therefore, sent them a second epistle, which contained a more public reproof of their crime, and declared them all to be cut off, in virtue of his apostolical authority, from the communion of the Church. This second letter, in all probability, met with as little success as the first. It is still in existence. Written in the saint's simple and unadorned style, it breathes in every line the true spirit of the Christian missionary. He speaks in terms of very sincere affection of the land of his adoption, and of the people whom he had begotten unto God; for whose sake he had willingly sold his nobility, and had cheerfully abandoned his home and friends. He warns all Christian people against communicating with Caroticus or his band of soldiers; exhorts them not to converse with them, nor to receive their alms, until, having done penance with tears, they make satisfaction for their sin, and set at liberty the servants of God and the baptized hands of Christ for whom He was crucified and had died. He calls them ravenous wolves, devouring the people of God as they would eat up bread; robbers; murderers; Christians in name, not in deed. For while it has been, he says, the custom with the Christians of Rome and Gaul to send holy priests to the Franks and to foreign nations, with large sums of money, for the purpose of redeeming Christians in captivity, thou, addressing himself to Caroticus, 'slayest men, or sellest them to a strange people that know not God.' What sort of hope, therefore, hast thou in God? He concludes his earnest and spirited address by lamenting the loss of those who were slain; and yet his grief is mingled with joy, for his labour in a strange land has not been in vain, and those who were put to death by the cruel sword of their fellow Christians, will reign with the apostles, and prophets, and martyrs, for ever in heaven. Once more he implores Caroticus and his soldiers to do penance for their crime. They have been the murderers of the brethren of the Lord; but let them do penance, and liberate the baptized captive women whom they have taken, that they may merit from God long life, and be saved both here and hereafter.—Rev. Dr. Todd's 'Patrons of Erin.' (Catholic Publishing Company.)

TREES AND TORNADOS.—Philosophers tell us that the winds gain velocity by unobstructed travel; and the fact is verified by the dreadful hurricane on the ocean, the raging tempest on lake and sea, the awful simoon on the African desert, and the furious tornado on the American prairies—all which strew their paths with desolation, because there are no trees to check the violence of the winds. Even our sudden gusts in summer, when the air becomes too much rarified by heat, are often destructive to life and building.

All these besoms of destruction would be greatly modified could trees be planted in their paths. The trees getting the first strokes, and being flexible would bend before the blast, breaking its force, and making it pass harmlessly over buildings or other stationary objects. The electric fluid so destructive of life and property, also is attracted by trees, and conducted into the ground; and, in fact, trees are the best protectors against all the natural destructive agencies with which men have to contend.

Another consideration as to the value of growing trees is the fact that a park of any size is warmer when belted and grouped with trees, in winter, and cooler in summer, which has been demonstrated by practical experience for centuries. Many fruiting and ornamental plants flourish when so protected that would not live if exposed to bleak winds. Domestic animals, too, grow fatter, thrive better, and give better returns if sheltered and protected by trees. Much better it is also to rear under their broad branches on a not summer's day or to be sheltered by their cheering green when all else is dull and cheerless.

A feeling of admiration and awe comes over me when I think of the wonderful wisdom shown in the form of nature of trees to suit our various wants. If we plant trees with naked stems and branching heads to shut out unlight views, the work is only half done as we can see through and under the branches; but when we plant evergreens, whose large branches are near the ground, they fill up the gap and the work is complete. With fruit trees the same beneficence is manifest. We have to climb up trees to pick the large fruits, which when green are unfit for eating; while it would be tedious to pick the thorny gooseberry and blackberry, did they grow upon trees.

We say, therefore, plant trees for shelter and shade, for embellishment to your grounds and adornment to the landscape; they are grand and ennobling to look upon, and their fruits and timber in a few years growth will be as valuable as gold.—Gardener's Monthly.

A sanctified heart is better than a silver tongue; a heart full of grace is better than a head full of notions; a man may be a great scholar, and yet be a very great sinner.

'Well, Annie, how did you get along with that stupid fool of a lover of yours? Did you succeed in getting rid of him?' 'Oh, yes, I got rid of him easily enough. I married him, and had no lover now.'

'Did the minister put a stamp on you when you were married, Mary?' 'A stamp, Charles! What for, pray?' 'Why, matches ain't legal without a stamp, you know.'