Notice!

The fast-sailing Schooner "A. M. McDonald," will sail in Pinket, between Souris and Charlottetown, for the Season, on the opening Navigation.

Agents:

Jas. W. W. Lord, Ch'town.
Jas. McDonald, Souris.

DOMINICK DEAGLE, Master

Souris, March 15, 1871.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN
FOR 1871.
TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR.

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Dec. 28, 1870.

ALL CURES MADE EASY
BY
Holloway's Ointment.

Bad Legs, Ulcerous Sores, Bad Breasts.

No description of wound, sore or ulcer can resist the healing properties of this excellent Ointment. The worst case readily assumes a healthy appearance whenever this medical agent is applied; sound flesh springs up from the bottom of the wound, inflammation of the surrounding skin is arrested and a complete and permanent cure quickly follows the use of the Ointment.

Piles, Fistulas, and Internal Inflammation.

These distressing and weakening diseases may with certainty be cured by the sufferers themselves, if they will use Holloway's Ointment, and closely attend to the printed instructions. It should be well rubbed upon the neighboring parts, when all obnoxious matter will be removed. A poultice of bread and water may sometimes be applied at bed-time with advantage; the most scrupulous cleanliness must be observed. If those who read this paragraph will bring it under the notice of such of their acquaintances whom it may concern, they will render a service that will never be forgotten, as a cure is certain.

Eruptions, Scald Heads, Ringworm and other Skin Diseases.

After fomentation with warm water, the utmost relief and speediest cure can be readily obtained in all complaints affecting the skin and joints, by the simultaneous use of the Ointment and Pills. But it must be remembered that nearly all skin diseases indicate the depravity of the blood and derangement of the liver and stomach: consequently, in many cases time is required to purify the blood, which will be effected by a judicious use of the Pills. The general health will readily be improved, although the eruption may be driven out more freely than before, and which should be promoted; perseverance is necessary. On the appearance of any of these maladies the Ointment should be well rubbed at least three times a day upon the neck and upper part of the chest, so as to penetrate to the glands, as salt is forced into meat: this course will at once remove inflammation and ulceration. The worst cases will yield to this treatment by following the printed directions.

Scrofula or King's Evil and Swelling of the Glands.

This class of cases may be cured by Holloway's purifying Pills and Ointment, as their double action of purifying the blood and strengthening the system renders them more affable than any other remedy for all complaints of a scrofulous nature. As the blood is impure, the liver, stomach and bowels, being much deranged, require purifying medicine to bring about a cure.

Rheumatism, Gout and Neuralgia.

Nothing has the power of reducing inflammation and subduing pain in these complaints in the same degree as Holloway's cooling Ointment and purifying Pills. When used simultaneously they drive all inflammation and depravities from the system, subdue and remove all enlargement of the joints, and leave the sinews and muscles lax and uncontracted. A cure may always be effected, even under the worst circumstance, if the use of these medicines be persevered in.

Both the Ointment and Pills should be used in the following cases:—

Bad Legs	Corns (Softs)	Rheumatism
Bad Breasts	Cancers	Scalds
Burns	Contracted and Stiff Joints	Yaws
Bunions	Elephantiasis	Skin-diseases
Bites of Moschetoes and Sand-flies	Fistulas	Sore-nipples
Coco-bay	Gout	Sore-throats
Chilblains	Glandular Swellings	Scurvy
Chiego-foot	Lumbago	Sore-heads
Chap'd Hands	Piles	Tumors
		Ulcers
		Wounds

Sold at the Establishment of Professor Holloway, 244 Strand, (near Temple Bar,) London, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicine throughout the civilized world, at the following prices:—1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s. 6d., 22s., and 33s. each Pot.

There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients in every disorder affixed to each Pot.

THE HERALD.

NEW SERIES. VOL 1. CHARLOTTETOWN, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, MAY 24, 1871. NO. 30.

THE HERALD

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING, BY

REILLY & Co.,

EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS,

At their Office, Prince Street, Ch'town.

TERMS FOR THE "HERALD":

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Advertisements inserted at the usual rates.

JOB PRINTING

Of every description, performed with neatness and despatch and on moderate terms, at the Herald Office.

ALMANACK FOR MAY, 1871.

MOON'S PHASES.

Full Moon, 4th day, 6h. 48m., even., E.
Last Qu'rts, 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 OF MONTH	DAY WEEK	SUN rises	SUN sets	MOON SETS	HIGH water	DAY'S lon'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	8 23	16
3	Wednesday	47	6 4	27	9 23	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	33 1	10	4 9	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 55	20

PRICES CURRENT.

Ch'town, May 20, 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* 22s
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.	20s 0d *a* 22s 0d
Buckwheat flour per lb.	1½d *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* s115
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)

Charles Palmer, Esquire, President.
James Anderson, Esquire, Cashier.
Discount Days—Wednesdays and Saturdays.
Hours Business—From 10 a. m. to 1 p. m., and from 2 p. m. to 4 p. m.

Summerside Bank.

Central Street, Summerside, P. E. Island.

President—James L. Holman, Esquire.
Cashier—R. McC. Stavart, Esquire.
Discount Days—Tuesdays and Fridays.
Hours of Business—10 a. m. to 12 p. m., and from 1 p. m. to 2 p. m.

Farmers' Bank,

Rustico, - - P. E. Island.

President—Jerome Dobson, Esquire.
Cashier—Marin J. Blanchard, Esquire.
Discount Day—Wednesday in each week.

AMERICAN
TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT,
SYDNEY STREET,
(*Next door to Hon. D. Brenan's*).

The Subscriber desires to inform his Friends and the Public that he has opened

FIRST-CLASS TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT,

And, having secured the services of Mr. MALCOLM McINTOSH, an experienced Cutter, and of Competent Workmen, he is prepared to give the utmost satisfaction to all who may favor him with their Custom.

He also begs to say that he has always on hand, at his store, in Queen Street, a large stock of all descriptions of

Cloths and Furnishing Goods!

All Orders with which he may be favored, will be attended to with care and punctuality. Perfect satisfaction and Good Fits Warranted.

JOSEPH A. MacDONALD.

Charlottetown, May 3, 1871. 4w

SPRING GOODS.
Latest Styles!!
1871.

Hats & Caps. Boots & Shoes.

Felt Hats,
Straw Hats,
Panama Hats,

NEW STYLES
CLOTH CAPS.

BOOTS & SHOES,
—IN—
Ladies', Children's, Gent's, Youth's, and Boy's.

A. B. SMITH.

South Side Queen Square.

Charlottetown, April 19, 1871.

A PROCLAMATION.

I, D. H. MACKINNON, do, by virtue of Authority vested in me, as Proprietor of the "New York Clothing Emporium," issue his, my Proclamation, the 29th day of October, One Thousand Eight Hundred and Seventy, which, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, is binding to all intent and purposes, that, whereas, this Fashionable Street has been neglectfully miscalled Great George Street, which is not in keeping with the intelligence of the residents thereon, nor appropriate to the business thoroughfare of so magnificent a location for business purposes. Considering that all the Great Georges have passed from the scene of action, Little Georges being exempt from such honors, on account of inability, shall henceforth pass into obscurity, like all their ancestors, and substitute in its place a name which will give new life and vigor to the artistic skill and mechanism displayed on so successful a Street, each day; therefore, I proclaim its name shall henceforth and forever be called

"BROADWAY,"

Where I sell the most handsome and most stylish fitting Garments ever manufactured in Charlottetown or any other place. You can call, gentlemen, and examine my Stock of Cloths, my Fashionable made up Garments to order, my ready-made Garments, which alone excel any custom work in Charlottetown. Come and we will suit you to anything you want in our line, to suit your own notions of comfort and style, as well as our stylish and comfortable ideas, cut and mechanism. You can have all these Cheap, at

"The New York Emporium,"

Broadway, - - Charlottetown.

—BY—

D. H. MACKINNON.

November 16, 1870.

WILLIAM HOOPER.

A LEFT-LUGGAGE STORY.

Six months ago, I was unexpectedly summoned to town by a letter from my London solicitors, Messrs. Smith & Son, on urgent business, the precise nature of which it is unnecessary to specify here. Living as I do some miles from a post-town, I do not get my letters till far into the morning, and it was only by dint of a hard gallop that I succeeded in reaching the station at Buntford, just as the mid day up-express came steaming in. As I passed the bookstall, I called out for a copy of the day's *Times*, but was answered by a gaping boy that he had none—not in yet, or all out—I forget which. Being pressed for time, and moreover haunted by a vague dread of the five dreary unoccupied hours before me, I, with less than my usual discretion flung down a shilling on the counter, and having caught up at random the first of the row of monthly magazines that came to hand, hastened to secure my seat in a first-class carriage. The compartment in which I found myself was empty, but it seemed that I was not long to have it to myself; for the opposite seat—I had taken one next to the window, with my back to the engine—was occupied by a gentleman's hat-box and railway-rug, and a portmanteau was stowed away underneath. The rug—I think I see it before my eyes now—was of a shaggy brown outside, lined with a running pattern of black and blue. The hat-box was labelled "*Wm. Hooper*, passenger to London."

The comfort of a journey, of a long one especially, depends in so great measnre on the nature of one's fellow-travellers, that it is not to be wondered at that my eye dwelt rather long on the name, while I fell into speculations as to its possessor, and whether he would turn out a good, bad, or indifferent companion. Having scanned his luggage well, I proceeded to look out of the window for the man himself, for we were on the point of starting, and it was time he made his appearence. At this moment, there came hurrying up a tall young man with sandy moustache and blue spectacles, carrying a carpet-bag, and an old lady with a dog in her arms. Both looked in at my carriage, and both passed on, the one up, the other down the platform, entering respectively the compartments to the right and left of mine. The only persons now remaining on the platform were the station-master, who was already giving the signal for our depature, two porters and a bearded man who paced up and down with folded arms. Him I was disposed to set down as Mr. Hooper; but if it were he, he shewed a singular indifference to the fate of his property, for the whistle sounded, and we were off, and he simply stood still and started carelessly after us.

Plainly, it was not Mr. Hooper. But where, then, was the man? It was a question more easily asked than answered. I grew weary at last of watching his luggage, and turned my attention to the magazine I had bought at the station. But I could not get on with it at all. Story after story I began, and story after story I abandoned in disgust. I use the word advisedly, for it is with no slighter feeling that common-sense, perhaps common-place, men like myself can regard the tone that at present prevades this class of literature. At last I hit upon one tale that promised to be sensible enough, setting out as it did with an account of the journey on foot of a father and son from Land's End to John o' Groat's House. But it was a mere deception after all. No further on than the third page, they lost their way in a wood, and took shelter in a small wayside inn, the Boots whereof was an individual so onimously described that it needed no large amount of discrimination to perceive that this story was going the way of all the others. Thoroughly out of patience, and apostrophising myself as a double ass for having thrown away a shilling on such rubbish, I tossed the offending book to the further end of the carriage. "How on earth," I said to myself, "can trash like this go down in this work-a-day world? and where do they find writers weak-minded enough to minister to so silly a taste?" Then, my eye falling on the luggage opposite, I continued: "They represent every trivial incident as tending to something of great moment. Something comes out of everything. If one of those wiseacres were here at the present time, he would make something out of that railway-rug I don't doubt."

We had whizzed by four or five out-of-the-way stations at express rate; now we were slackening speed considerably, and presently, bump, bump, we drew up alongside of the platform at the Tamwell Station.

Here we had a stoppage of ten minutes, to enable Northern passengers to lunch; a tedious delay to to those who, like myself, had no better occupation for the time than walking up and down the platform. Among some half-dozen others employed in the same manner, one man in particular attracted my notice. He was below the middle height, broad-shouldered, thick-set, and red-haired. His eyes were small and bright his face not a pleasant one to look at, conveying as it did an most unmistakable impression of craftiness.

"If I were a policeman," said I to myself, "I should keep a sharp look-out on that fellow."

His movements struck me as peculiar. He walked right down the platform, peering into one carriage after another, as though undecided which to enter. Having arrived at the end of the train, he turned, and came leisurely back towards where I was standing. This time he stopped for a moment at my carriage, and an undefined instinct made me watch him yet more narrowly. He glanced back at me, and for an instant his eyes encountered mine, then he turned his head, and walked on. A sudden idea struck me: Could this by any chance be William Hooper, who, having inadvertently got into a wrong carriage at Buntford, was now come to look after his luggage? But I dismissed the notion immediately; he was so evidently not a first-class passenger. The ringing of the first bell took off my attention, and I hastened to resume my seat.

"By your leave, sir," said a voice at my elbow, and there, to my no small astonishment, was the same objectionable individual, actually preparing to enter the carriage.

"Perhaps you are not aware that this is a first-class carriage," I said, in my haughtiest tone, and not budging an inch to facilitate his entrance.

"Just so, sir," he replied, with provoking coolness; and he proceeded to push his way in.

"It *is* William Hooper," was my mental conclusion; but this was negatived the next moment.

"I'll thank you to allow me to move your rug and hat-box to the next seat, sir; I wishes to see the last of a friend."

And, suiting the action to the words, he not only displaced the articles in question, but squezzed his bulky figure out of the window in such a manner as almost to fill up the aperture. It was very annoying; but by remonstrating with a boor, I should, I knew, but expose myself to a disadvantage, so I let him take his way, hoping that when the tickets came to be inspected, he would be sent to the right-about. But I was disappointed. Not only was the ticket he produced as genuinely a first-class one as my one, but the destination thereon marked was the same—Paddington.

"Odious!" I ejaculated to myself as the crrriage was locked, and the train off again. "However, if he makes himself disagreeable, I can but change carriages at the next station."

I had procured a newspaper at Tamwell, and was busied in its persual, when looking up suddenly, I caught my companion's eye fixed on me with an expression absolutely startling in its keen scrutiny.

Yet more startling was the immediate and remarkable change that came over his countenance when he saw that he was observed—his eye dropped; a dull, stupid expression overspread his face, and he turned his head away. However, I had seen enough to set me on my guard. After this, I resolved to watch him steadily, though without appearing to do so.

Acting on this resolution, I soon became aware, that, for some reason or other, he took considerable interest in the luggage he believed to be mine; in reality, the property of the invisible William Hooper. At least, so I judged from the circumstance, that although, so long as I looked his way, he apparently took no notice of either hat-box or rug, no sooner did I turn my head towards the window by which we were seated, than I was conscious—I may almost say instinctively—that both were subjected to the sharpest investigation from his foxy eyes.

I had really forgotten the existence of the portmanteau, when a peculiar *thud*, repeated at intervals, roused me to the preception that my companion's heavy heel was, from time to time, striking with some force against the leather casing. This might have passed for mere clumsiness, had not my suspicion already been excited. As it was, I could not divest myself of the notion, that he had some ulterior object in view, though what it could be was difficult to divine. I could scarcely believe that of sheer malice prepense he could wish to damage the portmanteau. Could he possibly be trying to get some idea of its contents; and, if so, what sinister intentions did he entertain with regard to them?

Believing that danger of some description threatened William Hooper's luggage, I resolved,—since he was not here in person to protect it—to take it under my more immediate surveillance; and, the more effectually to do so, not to disclaim that ownership of it, with which my companion evidently accredited me. I therefore said, as civily as possible: "You find that portmanteau rather in your way, I am afraid; pray, let me draw it out, and take it under my own seat."

"Not at all, not at all!" returned my *vis-a-vis* eagerly. "It's quite comfortable here, sir; don't trouble yourself to move."

He was evidently as loath to part with the portmanteau as I was anxious to get possession of it; but I was the more determined to carry my point, which I succeeded in doing at last.

Shortly after this, we passed through a tunnel—a long one—in the course of our transit through which, suddenly bethinking me of ascertaining the security of the hat-box, I stretched my hand across for the purpose. I had just touched the encircling strap when my fingers encountered those of another hand; there was a mutual start, and both hands were simultaneously withdrawn. This was a disagreeable confirmation of my suspicion, and at the same time I felt considerably out of countenance myself—my object in feeling must have been so palpable, whereas, after all, the position of his hand was not very unnatural, sitting as he was beside it, with his arm, it might be, on the cushioned partition. Neither of us said a word, and presently we emerged from the tunnel close to Whitworth station.

Our *tete-a-tete* ended here, and though I am no coward, I must own that I was not sorry for it. The two passengers who joined our party were a white-haired lady, wearing a Quaker costume, who took the vacant seat next me, opposite Mr. Hoopper's possessions, and an elderly gentlman in an Inverness cape, and wearing a respirator, who seated himself beside them by the other window.

As he appeared to be in delicate health, I ventured to suggest that the seat opposite would be less liable to draught, but he replied that it did not suit him to sit with his back to the engine. I then proposed to move the hat-box and rug, so as to vacate a seat further from the window; but this he also declined, saying he preferred his present seat. So I left him to himself, and he presently dozed off. His sleepiness seemed to infect my opposite neighbor, who, leaning his head on his arm, closed his eyes, and soon began to snore audibly.

My lady-companion alone continued wide awake, and was very chatty and communicative. She appeared to be of a philanthropic turn of mind, and entertained me with accounts of various institutions she had lately been visiting; among others, that of the Whitworth jail It was at this point in the conversation that a sparkle, as of a wakeful eye appearing just for an instant in the mass of red hair and beard reclining on the seat opposite, both warned me to be on my guard, and suggested the thought: "If my friend over there is not well acquainted with the inside of that jail, I am very much mistaken."

I think he must have caught my eye fixed on him, for, from that moment, the snoring gradually ceased, and by and by he began to wake up, in a very natural manner, I must allow. He took no interest in one conversation apparently, for he kept his face turned towards the window, and occupied himself in dotting down with a pencil, in a large pocket-book, sundry marks and lines. One would have almost thought he was sketching, or trying to do so; rather a novel experiment in a railway carriage, even in this age of utilising time.

The Quaker lady evidently adopted this view of the case. "Thee must excuse me, friend," she said, "but the motion of the carriage is surely not favorable to drawing. If thee does not take care, thee will injure thine eyesight permanently."

"Never fear for my eyesight, ma'am," was the gruff reply; "It has held out well enough so far, and is like to do for a good time yet."

"If a lady takes the trouble to concern herself in your behalf, you might at least be at the pains to give her a civil answer," I exclaimed, indignant at his *brusquiere*.

But he gave me no answer but a grim smile, and I felt vexed that I had been betrayed into addressing him. The lady's equanimity was, however, not in the least disturbed, and she quitely resumed the conversation as though nothing had occurred; our companion, meantime—the one who was awake—continuing to divide his attention between the window and his pocket-book.

"I have a little book here concerning the Blind Asylum at Northing I was telling thee about, that if may interest thee to see," said the Quakeress, taking a pamphlet from her bag.

I put out my hand to receive it, but at that moment my opposite neighbor by some awkard movement in turning sharply round, jerked my elbow, and it fell to the ground. I will do him the justice to say that he had the civility to stoop down to pick it up; but he bungled stupidly about it, dropping it again two or three times, and when at last he really had it in his hand, retaining it to scan the title-page with evident curiosity, instead of at once restoring it to its owner.

I felt inclined to resent this as impertinence, but the lady took out another pamphlet, saying goodnaturedly: "If thee is interested in the subject, here is another little book for thee."

"Thank you, ma'am," he replied, a little more graciously than before, "Hand it over to the gentleman, if you please, and I will keep this here one."

He *was* very much interested in the subject, if one might judge from the earnest attention with which he perused each single page; but it would seem that it was a little beyond his depth—he had not the appearance of being a well-educated man—for he looked up at the end with a peculiar baffled and puzzelled expression. With an odd sort of grunt, he folded the pamphlet into his pocket-book—I thought he might at least have offered to return it—and then set to work with his pencil again.

"It is a good work they are doing there," remarked the Quakeress; "one would be glad to forward it all one could."

A nod was the only reply he vouchsafed.

(To be continued.)

IRELAND.

Some time ago, when there was a great fuss made about "the state of Westmeath," a Parliamentary Committee was appointed to inquire into the matter, and to recommend some remedy for the bad condition of affairs which was said to prevail there. The Committee sat in private and examined a number of witnesses, and the result of their labors has been presented to the House of Commons in the shape of a "Blue Book," of considerable thickness, containing a report of all the evidence taken. The following are the remarks of the Dublin *Nation* upon the result of the Committee labours:—

The Report and the minutes of evidence taken by the Westmeath Committee have been issued, and what they make perfectly clear is the fact that the appointment of the Committee was a gross blunder. The Government are no wiser at the present moment with regard to the condition of Westmeath than they were previous to the initiation of those proceedings, and the public have learned little from them, except that stipendiary magistrates and policemen can tell some queer yarns about plotters and perpetrators of crime, and would like to be invested with still greater powers than they possess at present for harrassing the people. Captain Talbot, R. M., informed the Committee that he had recommended the Government to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act, and give power to the police to arrest all persons they might *suspect* of complicity with Ribbonism. Questioned as to the safety of this system, he contented himself with saying that "it would be quite as safe in those cases as in the case of the numbers who were arrested when the Act was suspended for the Fenian conspiracy." Mr. Stephen Seeds, Crown Solicitor, put forward a rather formidable array of suggestions: he would have the Habeas Corpus Act suspended in certain districts to be named by the Lord-Lieutenant; he would have two or three judges nominated to try cases without the intervention of a jury; he would compel all persons to remain within their dwellings after sunset; he would ask for additional powers to search houses and persons; and he would empower the police to enter public houses at all times without warrant. The propositions put forth by this gentleman with reference to the empannelling of juries and the statements made by him with regard to his own action in that matter should attract no small degree of attention in this country. Even with all we know of the practices of Crown Officials in the art of jury-packing, the admission—we should rather say the boast—of Mr. Seeds in relation thereto is somewhat startling, and we shall on a future occasion make fuller reference to the subject. Mr. Rogers, R. M., would give the Lord Lieutenant power to imprison suspected individuals *for an indefinite length of time* "for the purpose of procuring evidence to send them for trial." Such are a few of the "healing measures" proposed in this instance by the paid servants of the Government.

But all of them fall far short of the atrocious suggestions put forward by a Protestant clergyman and landlord, the Rev. Mr. Croffeth. This minister of the Gospel cooly recommends that within certain districts the Habeas Corpus Act and the Land Act should be suspended, the suspected parties should be evicted from their farms, a heavy police tax, which would drive the people into the workhouse, should be imposed on any townlands where those ejected persons might be harbored, and then the Government should offer to convey those pauperized families to Canada, the expense to be borne half by the landlords and half by the country! A more heartless, brutal, and outrageous proposition has rarely been propounded in any age or country. To take the people before their own doors and shoot them would be a more merciful style of treatment than that recommended by this cold-blooded creature, who, it appears, is entitled to call himself a clergyman. He informed the Committee that he ha been more than once shot at, the reason being that he was "raising the rents" on the people; and it appears to us that the Committee, thus made aware of his acts and of his opinions can hardly have been much astonished by the announcement. We have yet to see whether the Government can pretend to find in the "evidence," and the suggestions laid before the Committee, any excuse for further coercive legislation. If they do, they will only be proceeding from one blunder to another, and from bad to worse.

A Professor of the Irish language is to be found at the Notre Dame University in Indiana.