The Herald.

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THE HERALD

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BY

EDWARD REILLY,

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ALMANACK FOR JULY.

MOON S PHASES.

New Moon, 1st day, 5h. 36m, evening, E.
First Quarter, 8th day, 1h. 19m., evening, E. S. E.
Full Moon, 16th day, 3h. 44m., evening, N. E.
Last Quarter, 24th day, 10h. 20m., morning, S. W.
New Moon, 31st day, 0h. 31m., morning, N.

DAY MONTH.	DAY WEEK.	SUN rises	SUN sets	High Water	Moon rises.	Day's length.
		h m	h m	h m	h m	h m
1	Monday	4 18	7 49	10 34	sets	15 3
2	Tuesday	19	49	11 30	8 13	3
3	Wednesday	20	49	morn.	9 3	2
4	Thursday	21	48	0 21	9 46	2
5	Friday	21	48	1 13	10 24	2
6	Saturday	21	48	2 5	10 58	2
7	Sunday	22	48	2 52	11 27	2
8	Monday	23	48	3 44	morn.	2
9	Tuesday	24	47	4 30	0 1	2
10	Wednesday	24	47	5 25	0 30	2
11	Thursday	25	46	6 19	1 3	2
12	Friday	26	46	7 15	1 38	2
13	Saturday	27	45	8 9	2 15	1
14	Sunday	28	44	9 0	3 0	1
15	Monday	29	44	9 48	3 44	1
16	Tuesday	30	43	10 33	rises	1
17	Wednesday	31	42	11 17	7 56	1
18	Thursday	32	41	11 57	8 31	
19	Friday	33	40	even.	9 4	
20	Saturday	34	39	1 14	9 34	
21	Sunday	35	38	1 55	10 4	
22	Monday	36	37	2 35	10 34	
23	Tuesday	37	36	3 18	11 7	
24	Wednesday	38	35	4 4	11 43	
25	Thursday	39	34	4 58	morn	
26	Friday	4 40	33	6	0 25	
27	Saturday	41	32	7 4	1 9	
28	Sunday	42	31	8 13	2 4	
29	Monday	44	29	9 19	3 5	
30	Tuesday	45	28	10 21	sets	
31	Wednesday	46	27	11 17	7 37	

Prices Current.

CHARLOTTETOWN, July 12, 1867.

Provisions.	
Beef, (small) per lb.,	6d to 9d
Do by the quarter,	6d to 7d
Pork, (carcass)	4d to 5d
Do (small)	6d to 8d
Mutton, per lb.,	3½d to 7d
Veal, per lb	6d to 7d
Lard, per lb ,	3d to 5d
Ham, per lb.,	6d to 1d
Butter, (fresh)	9d to 10d
Do by the tub,	
Cheese, per lb.,	4d to 7d
Tallow, per lb.,	9d to 1½d
Beef, per lb.,	8d to 6s
Flour, per lb.,	3½d to 3½d
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.,	17s to 18s
Eggs, per dozen,	7d to 8d
Grain.	
Barley, per bushel,	5s to 5s
Oats per do.,	2s 9d
Vegetables.	
Peas, per quart,	2d
Potatoes, per bushel.	2s 3d to 2s 6d
Poultry.	
Geese,	
Turkeys, each,	5s to 8s 6d
Fowls, each,	1s to 1s 8d
Chickens per pair,	2s 6d to 3s
Ducks,	none
Fish.	
Codfish, per qtl.,	20s to 30s
Herrings, per barrel,	25s to 40s
Mackerel, per dozen,	
Lumber.	
Boards (Hemlock)	4s
Do (Spruce)	4s to 5s
Do (Pine)	7s to 9s
Shingles, per M,	13s to 18s
Sundries.	
Hay, per ton,	70s to 80s
Straw, per ton	20s to 25s
Timothy Seed,	
Clover Seed, per lb.,	
Homespun, per yard,	4s to 6s
Calfskins, per lb.,	6d to 9d
Hides, per lb.,	4d
Wool,	1s to 1s 3d
Sheepskins,	9d to 1s
Apples, per doz.,	
Partridges,	

GEORGE LEWIS, Market Clerk.

Fishermen's Outfits.

THE SUBSCRIBER is prepared to furnish promptly to FISHERMEN, at reasonable prices, all the OUTFITS necessary to prosecute all the different branches of FISHING carried on about Prince Edward Island, and in the adjacent waters, such as

Salt,	Flour,
Barrels,	Bread,
Pogies,	Beans,
Clams,	Peas,
Mackerel Hooks,	Butter,
Cod do	Pork,
Mackerel Lines,	Beef,
Cod do	Lard,
Mackerel Jigs,	Tea,
Cod Leads,	Coffee,
Cotton Duck,	Sugar,
Do Sail Twine,	Molasses,
Bait Knives,	Spices,
Splitting Knives,	Pickles,
Jig Rasps,	Lanterns,
Bait Heavers,	Boiled Oil,
Clam Choppers,	Kerosene Oil,
Oil Clothes,	Vinegar,
Sou'Westers,	&c., &c., &c.

He also possesses excellent facilities for INSPECTING and PACKING MACKEREL and other FISH.

I. C. HALL.

Charlottetown, May 22, 1867.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE STATE OF THE WEST.

LETTER OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF TUAM.

To the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Derby.

St. Jarlath's, Tuam, June 15th.

MY LORD—The published report of the proceedings on Friday week in the House of Commons leaves no longer any doubt of the extreme destitution prevailing in Connemara and the contiguous Islands, as well as along a very wide range of the western portion of Mayo. But whilst that report attests the melancholy fact of intense and melancholy distress, it affords, I regret to say, little or no hope on the part of the Government officials, to come to the aid of a suffering, nay, if the relief be not seasonable, of a perishing population. To the clear and cogent statement of the member for Kilkenny of those privations, and of the localities in which they were endured with extraordinary patience, there has been no satisfactory reply. The Secretary for Ireland, after admitting, with the usual official reserve, more than the ordinary amount of poverty in the western districts, concludes by expressing his belief that the Government would be outstepping the bounds of their duty it they were to hold out to the inhabitants any expectation that they would directly interfere for the purpose of supporting the whole population. The interference of the Government to support the whole population of a district was never demanded nor expected by the most zealous advocates of the destitute. By this superfluous refusal to engage to support a whole population, it is not meant, I hope, that the Government discards the serious responsibility of providing for the prompt relief of a large class, who, without its interference, are doomed to starve.

Were this to be the meaning of the noble Secretary, let me respectfully observe that he would be propounding a doctrine that would be most disastrous to the public weal, and of which the deplorable effects have long been and still continue to be felt in Ireland. But he mentions that three or four works connected with the fisheries are to be undertaken. These three or four public works, connected, for I ought to know, with the interests of some Englishmen of the Law Life Insurance Company, will not surely have the effect, like the mines of California, to attract the whole population of Mayo and Galway to the remote districts of Connemara; and as the projected railway, or tramway, or the bridge over the Corrib strait, by which those will be accessible, are not yet constructed, let me again assure his lordship that it would be as unprofitable for the people to fish in muddy waters as to expect much relief from those few waterworks which the Government has, it seems, consented to set on foot, but which do not appear to be in actual operation.

Whilst those works are proposed, however, the small struggling farmers and cottiers are invited to the workhouses, and the provision for their comfortable accommodation is paraded with much official complacency. Yet still they are unwilling to enter those hated dwellings. The Irish Secretary candidly admits the fact, and no wonder, since it is a matter of notoriety. Both his lordship and the people of Ireland are well aware of the cause, with this difference, that they experience all the evils of which his is, fortunately for himself, but a mere speculative knowledge. For the more favored members of society, with secure possession of their homes and a legal title to its continuance, the workhouses have no terrors. Not so for the humbler classes, without lease or title, but the capricious will of their masters, as they call them, sometimes benevolently, but oftener cruelly exercised. To them your invitation to the workhouse gives pain rather than comfort. With them is associated the dispersion of their families—the destruction of their cottages—the disappearance of leases—and the substitution of compulsory or penal votes at elections, instead of the free exercise of the franchise with which, before the introduction of those unfortunate establishments, the tenants were generally invested. Numbers prefer to endure the slow agonies of hunger rather than venture on the shelter of the workhouse, haunted by the terrors of the Gregory clause, and convinced that as soon as they enter the portals of the hated edifice they may bid adieu to the hope of ever again re-entering their humble cottages, which the cruelty of the law encourages landlords, in aid of their own cupidity, to seize and destroy.

Of this pitiable class the clergy are daily surrounded with increasing and clamorous numbers. It is of it the largest portion of the destitute of the Western districts consists. With some, generally with sufficient tillage, but no food—no money—no credit—no employment—and no stock to procure subsistence, save, perhaps, a lean and unmarketable beast, which, like the ill-favored kine of Pharaoh's dream, afford evidence of starvation rather than means to avert it, they are exposed to die of famine if they stay outside the workhouse, but certain never to reap the fruit of their spring labor if they venture to go in. This is a dreadful dilemma in any Christian country, and yet it is a dilemma by which thousands of the poor people are at present alternately torn. With a clear conviction of the forfeit which the inmates must pay for entrance into these abodes of sighs and sorrows, it appears like a cruel mockery of their misery to refer to the comparatively small number in the workhouse, or to affect wonder—for it is only affected—that those apparently free lodgings, but prospectively dearer to their inmates than expensive hotels, are not better filled. "Why not," well-paid officials flippantly exclaim, "go into the workhouse?" There are in the Clifden workhouse only 194 persons, whilst the Irish Secretary assures the suffering people that there is room for one thousand. The comfort of this boasted accommodation may be inferred from the fact, which his lordship was after hearing stated by the member for Kilkenny, and vouched for by the parish priest and the person called by a rhetorical figure a "relieving officer," that there were but 99 beds in the same workhouse for the 194 inmates. Such is the material and moral accommodation provided by the relieving functionaries of the workhouses for the poor, who are literally compelled to enter or to starve. Well, have these workhouses carried out the cruel policy of their founder, the late Premier, and his indefatigable agent, Mr. Nicol, who traversed Ireland with unheard-of speed, to project those houses, which, he said, were meant as tests of destitution. Experience has proved that he could not have given them a more appropriate name.

They are the test of destitution with a vengeance.—Nay, more, they are the test, as well as the cause of a strange hardheartedness, which, far from being indigenous, has sprung from their exotic root, and has spread, weakening those generous and virtuous qualities, which the worst institutions cannot entirely eradicate out of the hearts of our people. Too truly have the prophetic, but unheeded warnings of O'Connell, regarding their vitiating effects been fulfilled. But neither he, nor the most far-reaching political seer, could anticipate the full sweep of the evils of which they have been productive; transforming with rare exceptions through the foreign influences by which they are controlled, men honest, humane and charitable in their private capacities, into so many little corporations of corrupt, unfeeling and mercenary jobbers.

It is yet no wonder that, with all their avowed mischief, they should have their admirers and eulogists among those industrious men, who, like the little creatures that gather honey from the most poisonous plants, draw ample support from those noxious institutions. In their disinterested estimation there is nothing comparable to the workhouses. They are the creations of a public benevolence which no views to selfish patronage ever tainted. In short, they are, in the social, what Holloway's pills are in the medical system, the one a remedy for every disease, and the other a relief under every misfortune. But whatever faith may be due to the wonderful relations of the sanitary effects of the pills, it appears from the general admission of those who use them, that they never do any harm.

Can even this negative testimony be borne to the workhouses by any but officials, and journals lavishly subsidised by taxes wrung generally from a class not far removed in poverty from those whom the taxes are supposed to relieve? No, I have already alluded to the associations connected with the workhouses in the minds of the people. Allow me to invite now to the contemplation of the same associations the Government and landed proprietors, and to inquire whether to them they appear encouraging. The emigration of the people which, instead of abating, is yearly swelling into a fuller tide, is at length become a subject, not of congratulation, but of just alarm. By whom was it pushed on, season after season, until the exiles have become a formidable power in a foreign land? By those who drove them from their lands and tore down their homesteads, and founded and filled the workhouses to repletion.—There is then a close affinity between the workhouses and emigration systems, both springing from the common parentage of landlord oppression. If void created by the emigration had no other effect but to make more room for cattle, with such a result, the landed proprietors would, no doubt, be easily satisfied. But, if those exiles are found to become hostile to the British Government, assuming a menacing attitude, and receiving fresh reinforcements from the continuous stream of emigrants carrying with them their discontents and resentments, the government, thus annoyed, has a right to inquire by whom its former subjects have been thus turned into such bitter foes, and who are they that are still sending from Ireland fresh recruits to their ranks? If they are satisfied that the landed proprietors have by arbitrary evictions, and by a systematic refusal to grant leases to their tenants, paralysed industry and enterprise to the serious injury of private families and that of the public weal, what wonder that the young and adventurous should entirely abandon this country, and that those who remain would leave the land but imperfectly cultivated? It is not to be supposed that the Irish people, however long and cruelly oppressed, have become insensible to the freedom which has been the boast of their oppressors; and after the emancipation of the negroes of South America, it surely cannot be expected that the humblest landholder will consent to be the abject serf of men who, the inheritors of freedom themselves, should, if they possessed any generosity, desire its extension to others, rather than ambition the name and tyrannical rule of the white "Massys" of our hemisphere?

The present deplorable condition of the people being not only felt by themselves but by the Government, it is high time for the latter to inquire and ascertain whether it is the extraordinary conduct of the landed proprietors, in refusing leases to tenants, that has created, and is continuing to strengthen this formidable array of hostile Irishmen in America, and, if so, to take care that the rights of property, which are subordinate to the common weal, should not be so abused by any class as to become instrumental in endangering the peace and prosperity of the country.

We are arrived at a crisis which demands without delay the most serious consideration of statesmen. Seeing the miserable and dangerous condition to which the nation has fallen, they should not hesitate in meeting with prompt measures of relief the present emergency. It is not enough to debate the question in the House of Commons, and then lose sight of the distress of the people, or to give only a vague promise that some public works will be undertaken. Hunger waits not the result of such tardy counsels. It was not thus your lordship, with several other humane gentlemen, applied yourselves some years ago to the severe destitution in Manchester. But Manchester was considered to be in reality a portion of the united empire, and, therefore, entitled to share in its prosperity. Whereas the exclusion of Ireland from the benefits of the constitution, now become almost normal from its frequency and long continuance, proves what the eloquent assertors of our national legislative independence so truly predicted, that the Union, against the foul blighting and fatal enactment of which they nobly contended would prove to be a union only in name. I have the honor to be, your lordship's obedient servant.

†JOHN, *Archbishop of Tuam.*

A SHIP OF DEATH FLOATS INTO A PORT OF THE SHETLAND ISLANDS.—Since the time when the Ancient Mariner told the terrible tale of the curse-laden ship with her crew of ghastly corpses, no more thrilling story of the sea has been related than that of the whale ship Diana, that recently drifted into one of the Shetland Islands.

A year ago she left the Shetlands on a whaling voyage to the Artic regions, having on board fifty men. From that time nothing more was heard of her. The friends of those on board became alarmed. Money was raised and premiums offered to the first vessel that would bring tidings of the missing ship, but all to no avail. Hope was almost abandoned. On the second of April the people near Rona's Noe, in one of the Shetland Isles, were startled at seeing a ghastly wreck of a ship sailing into harbor. Battered and ice crushed, sails and cordage cut away, boats and spars cut up for fuel in the terrible Artic winter, her decks covered with dead and dying, the long lost Diana sailed in like a ship from Dead man's Land. Fifty men sailed out of Lorwick in her on a bright May morning last year. All of the fifty came back on her on the 2nd of April, this year, the same, yet how different.

The men, of whom the captain was one, lay stiffened corpses on the deck; thirty-five lay helplessly sick and dying; two retained sufficient strength to creep aloft, and the other three crawled about the deck. The ship was boarded by the Islanders, and as they climbed over the bulwarks, the man at the wheel fainted from excitement; one of the sick men died as he lay, his death being announced by the fellow occupant of his berth feebly moaning, "take away this dead man." On the bridge of the vessel lay the body of the Captain, as it had lain for four months, with nine of his dead shipmates by his side all decently laid out by those who expected to share their fate.

The survivors could not bear to sink the bodies of their comrades into the sea, but kept them so that when the last man died the fated ship that had been their common house would be their common tomb. The surgeon of the ship worked faithfully to the last, but cold, hunger, scurvy and dysentry were too much for him. The brave old captain was the first victim, and died blessing his men. The others fell, one by one, until the ship was tenanted only by dead and dying. One night more at sea would have left the Diana a floating coffin. Not one of the fifty men would have lived to tell the ghastly tale.

CONDITION OF TURKEY.—Turkey would seem to be in a bad way. A correspondent writing from Constantinople to the New York Tribune, says:—"A careful statement of the debt of Turkey has just been made from trustworthy data, which is of interest. It appears that the foreign funded debt is £69,142,270, the charge upon which, including interest and sinking funds are about £5,000,000. The funded home debt, money borrowed in Galatea, and annuities cost, £500,000 a year. This charge of £5,500,000 does not include the interest guaranteed to two or three railroads, nor the interest, generally 25 per cent, paid on short loans from time to time; £60,000,000 would perhaps cover all the charges for debt. The largest revenue ever secured fell short of £14,000,000, and of this sum £5,000,000 was expended in the Provinces, and never reached Constantinople at all. This leaves £3,000,000 only for the current expenses of the Government, and of this sum the Sultan receives for private expenses £1,085,400. Probably he receives more than this, but this amount is acknowledged. This leaves less than £2,000,000 to supply the civil service, in which there are 40,000 employees, the army and the navy, to pay any such extra bills, as that for putting down the insurrection in Crete. The average annual deficit for twelve years past, has been about £5,000,000. Now, what can Turkey do? No more foreign loans can be raised. No money can be borrowed in the country except for a few months at ruinous rates; the taxes cannot be increased; they are already so heavy as to crush the people. There are two possible remedies, one a reform of the expenditure, the other, and most important, a new and honest method of collecting the taxes. The amount actually paid by the people, is not less, probably it is more, than £30,000,000; but more than half of this never reaches the Imperial treasury. Are these reforms possible? I doubt it."

Some statistics have been published in one of the French newspapers, from which it appeare that the number of troops at the battle of Koniggratz was larger than at any other engagement of modern times. The total was, however, only 420,700; a figure which will dispel some very common delusions as to certain leading battles which were credited with something like half a million of men. The battle which approaches nearest to Koniggratz was that of Wagram, where the muster was 340,000; at Waterloo there was not much more than half that number. In destructiveness Koniggratz and Solferino approach very near to each other, the total at the first-named being 30,000.

The young King of Greece has made a good impression upon his future wife. The Princess Olga of Russia, like many another young lady whose hand has been disposed of without her consent to a man whom she had never seen, expressed great repugnance to the marriage which had been arranged for her. Portraits were then exchanged, which somewhat mollified the reluctant damsel. King George then went in person to see his bride, and did his wooing so well that all difficulties were removed, and the young people are now said to be the most devoted of lovers. The marriage is to take place early in August.

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—We met a gentleman to-day seeking his wife, who, it seems, was in this place when last heard from, having come from an Eastern city. There is a strange story connected therewith, which the gentleman has no objection to our giving here. Eight years ago this gentleman, whom we shall call Mr. George——, left his young wife with his mother, then residing in the city of D——, and started overland to California. While upon his journey the party of which he was a member was attacked by the Indians and he was carried into captivity. He escaped from them about a year afterwards, and reached San Francisco in safety. During his stay among the Indians he made considerable money, trading and otherwise and upon reaching San Francisco, determined to go home, taking passage in a steamer for that purpose. Three days out she was burned, and he, among a few others, was saved by the efforts of a boat's crew belonging to a sailing vessel bound for San Francisco. Having lost his money in this disaster, he sailed for Australia, which point he reached in a destitute condition. He was taken sick and remained in the hands of the physician for many long months. When able to travel he started for home, and when within five days of New York the vessel was overtaken and captured by a rebel privateer and taken into a Southern port. He was conscripted into the rebel army and forced to the front. He was made hospital steward, which gave him a good opportunity to aid the 'boys in blue,' and saved him from taking a seeming part with the rebels. When the war was over, he came North and at once sought his home. The old house was deserted. Sadly he turned to an old neighbour for explanation. This friend, who could hardly believe the story, told him that about three months after he had started for California, a letter reached them from a member of the out-going party, informing the young wife that George had been killed by the Indians. She had mourned for him a long time, and then a friend of her husband had married her, and together with her aged mother had gone west, and he is now seeking them:—[Cleveland Herald.]

A Mrs. Smith having lost her husband, thinks that the best plan is to advertise, which she does after this fashion—'Lost, strayed or stolen, an individual, whom I, in an urgent moment of loneliness, was thoughtless enough to adopt as my husband. He is a good looking and feeble individual, knowing enough, however, to go in when it rains, unless some good-looking girl offers him her umbrella. Answers to the name of Jim. Was last seen in company with Julia Harris walking up the plank road, looking more a fool, if possible, than ever. Anybody who will catch the poor fellow, and bring him carefully back so that I can chastise him for running away, will be asked to tea.

The Pope will not come to Paris. His name is not even mentioned as likely to visit the great Exposition. M. Veuillot, however, in the *Univers*, seems to have no doubt of the way the Holy Father would be received. He says:

'There is one Sovereign who will not come. He is poor, he has no armaments, and he does not even know how many days he may be left in possession of his throne. But his Crown nothing can strip him of, and that Crown he will transmit to his successor. He is humble; but human power cannot force him to bend. He says to 200 millions of men' 'This is what you are to believe,' and 200 millions of men believe; for, whatever may happen, there never will be wanting on the earth men to testify to his truth, and to seal that testimony with their blood were it to be drawn from them drop by drop. If that King came, and travelled by slow stages, he would see, from one end of France to the other, multitudes on their knees as he passed along, the people strewing the ground with garments as a carpet for him, and the Empress of the French throwing before him her Imperial mantle. What would happen in the world had this King been called to the Councils of the Sovereigns, and had he deigned to appear there; and if things took such a turn that he could go back to his city, where he has no need of barracks or boulevards, nor any of the engines with which European civilization dishonors its splendor? We are not prophets, nor the sons of prophets; but we do not hesitate to affirm that were the counsels of that King listened to, something more clear and more certain than the Articles of the London Conference would issue from them to reassure mankind. There would then be no such urgency to reduce the *minimum* of the soldier's height, nor to urge on armourers to their work. The house of Rothschild would not venture to lend money even to the King of Italy, and Poland would cover in joyous purple her mutilated form before which the impudence of the modern world is constrained to cast down its eyes."

'Johnnie,' said a man, winking slyly to a dry goods clerk of his acquaintance, 'you must give me extra measure; your master is not in.' Johnnie looked in the man's face and replied—"*My master is always in!*' Johnnie's master was the all-seing God.

One who had espoused an old and ill-tempered wife, but extremely rich, used to say—'Whenever I find my temper giving way I retire to my study, and console myself by reading her marriage settlement.

EIGHTEEN HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

Martyrdom of St. Peter.

ALLOCUTION OF THE HOLY FATHER.

THE AMERICAN PRELATES IN ROME.

AUDIENCE WITH THE PONTIFF.

(By Atlantic Telegraph to N. Y. Herald.)

ROME, June 28, 1867.

His Holiness, Pope Pius the Ninth, held a public Consistory this day, Thursday, at which there were over 400 Catholic Bishops, coming from every part of the world.

The Pope delivered an Allocution to the assembled prelates, in the course of which he praised their great zeal in coming to Rome from such distances, and thus evincing their attachment and devotional obedience to the Holy See. He said that the example shown to the world by the union of the Church at large, in its celebration of the canonization of the martyrs of Japan and the eighteenth centenary anniversary of St. Peter's martyrdom, would show forth to the enemies of the Chair of Peter the immense power which the Church wields on earth.

His Holiness confirmed the Papal condemnation of the errors of the Act of October 27, 1865. He also expressed his desire to convoke, at an early day, a general Council of the bishops, with a view to deliberate on the best means of repairing the evils which oppress the Church just now.

The Holy Father closed the Allocution by imparting the Pontifical Benediction to the bishops.

THE PONTIFICAL AUDIENCES.

ROME, June 28—Evening.

There are a great many more arrivals of Catholic prelates and clergymen and laymen, who come to take part in and witness the ceremonies of Saturday and Sundy next, and the canonization rites which are to follow.

At this moment there are four hundred and fifty archbishops and bishops, with about thirty thousand clergymen and members of the different religious orders of the Eternal City.

From the United States of America are noticed the Archbishops Spalding, of Baltimore, Kenrick, of St. Louis; Odin, of New Orleans; Purcell, of Cincinnatti, and Bishop Wood, of Philadelphia, with twenty-two Bishops from other American dioceses in British territory and the Union.

When the Pope received the American prelates and clergy at audience, they presented him with two hundred thousand dollars in gold coin.

They also presented a model of the American yacht Henrietta in silver, the yacht being laden below with gold pieces to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, contributed by the people of the Archiepiscopal province of Cincinnatti.

The presentation of the model of the yacht was made to His Holiness by the Right Rev. James F. Wood, D.D., Bishop of Philadelphia.

The Pope, who was in excellent humor, lifting the exquisite model of the yacht Henrietta from the case, said, with a gracious smile, "*Non e un vapore!*" "It is not a steamer," or, as the words have been