

# The Herald.

VOL. III.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1867.

NO. 20.

## THE HERALD

IS PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING

BY EDWARD REILLY,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR,  
at his Office, corner of Kent and Prince Streets.

### TERMS FOR THE "HERALD."

For 1 year, paid in advance, £0 9 0  
" " " half-yearly in advance, 0 10 0

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 FEBRUARY.

#### MOON'S PHASES.

New Moon, 4th day, 2h. 3m, evening, S.W.  
First Quarter, 11th day, 9h. 28m., evening, N.E.  
Full Moon, 18th day, 3h. 28m., evening, N.E.  
Last Quarter, 26th day, 7h. 20m., morning, N.E.

DAY	MONTH.	DAY WEEK.	SUN	High	Low	Day's length.
1	Friday	7	29 4	59	8 32	4 44 9
2	Saturday	28	5	1	9 32	5 31
3	Sunday	26	2	10	20	6 18
4	Monday	25	3	11	5	sets
5	Tuesday	24	4	11	46	6 34
6	Wednesday	22	6	morn.	7	35
7	Thursday	21	8	0	24	8 42
8	Friday	19	9	1	6	9 47
9	Saturday	18	11	1	48	10 53
10	Sunday	16	13	2	32	11 57
11	Monday	14	15	3	17	morn.
12	Tuesday	12	17	4	7	1 3
13	Wednesday	11	18	5	7	2 10
14	Thursday	10	19	6	12	3 14
15	Friday	9	20	7	23	4 13
16	Saturday	7	22	8	32	5 7
17	Sunday	6	23	9	35	5 4
18	Monday	4	24	10	31	risen
19	Tuesday	3	26	11	19	6 51
20	Wednesday	1	27	even.	7	56
21	Thursday	6	29	0	47	8 59
22	Friday	5	31	1	29	9 59
23	Saturday	56	32	2	11	10 58
24	Sunday	54	33	2	52	11 59
25	Monday	52	35	3	36	morn.
26	Tuesday	50	37	4	24	0 54
27	Wednesday	48	38	5	15	1 45
28	Thursday	46	39	6	9	2 36

### PRICES CURRENT.

CHARLOTTETOWN, Feb. 15, 1867.

Provisions.	3d to 7d
Beef, (small) per lb.	3d to 7d
Do by the quarter.	3d to 5
Pork, (carcass)	3d to 4d
Do (small)	5d to 7d
Mutton, per lb.	4d to 6d
Veal, per lb.	3d to 5d
Ham, per lb.	6d
Butter, (fresh)	1s 1d to 1s 3d
Do by the tub.	1s to 1s 1d
Cheese, per lb.	4d to 6d
Tallow, per lb.	8d to 10d
Lard, per lb.	9d to 11d
Flour, per lb.	3d to 3d
Oatmeal, per 100 lbs.	16 to 17s
Eggs, per dozen.	1s 1d to 1s 3d
Grain.	3s 3d to 3s 9d
Barley, per bushel.	3s 3d to 3s 9d
Oats, per do.	2s 4d to 2s 6d
Vegetables.	1s 8d to 2s
Peas, per quart.	1s 8d to 2s
Potatoes, per bushel.	1s 8d to 2s
Poultry.	2s 3d to 3s 6d
Geese,	4s to 5s
Turkeys, each.	4s to 5s
Fowls, each.	1s to 1s 6d
Ducks,	1s 3d to 1s 6d
Fish.	20s to 30s
Codfish, per qtl.	20s to 30s
Herrings, per barrel.	25s to 40s
Mackerel, per dozen.	2s 6d to 4d
Lumber.	3s 6d to 4s
Boards (Hemlock)	3s 6d to 4s
Do (Spruce)	4s to 5s
Do (Pine)	7s to 9s
Shingles, per M.	13s to 18s
Sundries.	6s to 7s
Hay, per ton.	6s to 7s
Straw, per cwt.	1s 9d to 2s
Timothy Seed,	none
Clover Seed, per lb.	none
Homespun, per yard.	4s to 6s
Calfskins, per lb.	6d to 9d
Hides, per lb.	4d
Wool,	1s to 1s 3d
Sheepskins,	3s 9d to 4s
Apples, per doz.	2d to 4d
Partridges,	10d to 1s 3d

GEORGE LEWIS, Market Clerk.

**NORTH AMERICAN HOTEL,**  
KENT-STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN  
THIS HOTEL, formerly known as the "GLOBE HOTEL," is the largest in the City, and centrally situated; it is now opened for the reception of permanent and transient Boarders. The subscriber trusts, by strict attention to the wants and comfort of his friends and the public generally, to merit a share of public patronage.

The Best of Liquors always on hand. Good stabling for any number of horses, with a careful hostler in attendance.

JOHN MURPHY, Proprietor.

Charlottetown, P. E. I.  
Nov. 26, 1865.

### THE LAST CAUTION!!

As the season for Shipping has now far advanced, and those indebted to the Estate of the late PATRICK STEPHENS not having come forward to pay up their respective Accounts, the Subscriber hereby intimates to them that on the closing of the Navigation

Defaulters will be Sued indiscriminately.

R. J. CLARKE,  
Agent for above Estate.  
Orwell Store, Nov. 12, 1866.

### Fresh Ground Rice,

For Sale by  
W. R. WATSON.  
Jan. 9, 1867.

## Discounting Again!

DEPOSIT YOUR MONEY

DELANY & BYRNE!

WE want MONEY to pay our Bills, and, in order to obtain it, we will, from this date, offer our entire STOCK of

**DRY GOODS,**

**HARDWARE!**

**HATS AND CAPS.**

**BOOTS AND SHOES,**

**Skeleton Skirts,**

Etc, etc., etc.,

At a Discount of Twenty per cent.

FOR CASH ONLY!

We will give 10s. worth of Goods for 8s  
We will give 20s. worth of Goods for 16s  
We will give 30s. worth of Goods for 24s

Larger Sums in Proportion. This is a good opportunity for those who have money to invest it to advantage.

DELANY & BYRNE.

Queen Street, next to Hon. D. Brennan's.

Ch'town, Aug 1, 1866.

**STELLA COLAS,**

Rimmel's Stella Colas Bouquet, dedicated by permission to this talented Artiste.

Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,  
As a rich jewel in Ethiop's ear.

Perfumes for the Handkerchief.

Alexandra, Guards, Fragonne,  
Princess of Wales, Rimmel's, Lilly of the Valley  
Jockey Club, Wood Violet, Millefleur,  
Essence Bouquet, Patchouly, Violet,  
West End, New Mown Hay, Loves Myrtle.

The Bard of Avon's Perfume, in a neat Box; Sydenham Eau de Cologne, Treble Lavender Water, Extract of Lavender Flowers, Verbena Water, Tercentenary Scented, Perfumed Tercentenary Souvenir, Shakespear Golden Scented Locken Extract of Lime Juice and Glycerine, for making the Hair soft and glossy; Rose Leaf Powder, an improvement Oil Violet Powder; Bloom of Nionin, for the Complexion, Depilatory Powder for removing superfluous hairs without injury to the skin; Napoleon Pomade, for fixing the Mustaches, and instantaneous Hair Dye, for giving the Hair and Whiskers a natural and permanent shade without trouble and danger.

Rimmel's Rose Water Crackers, a new and amusing device for evening parties.

W. R. WATSON.

Drug Store, Dec. 22, 1864.

**A Cough, Cold, or Sore Throat,**

Requires immediate attention, and should be checked. If allowed to continue, Irritation of the Lungs, a Permanent Throat Affection, or an Incurable Lung Disease, is often the result.

**Brown's Bronchial Troches.**

Having a Direct Influence to the Parts, give Immediate Relief.

For Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases.

Troches are used with always good success.

**Singers and Public Speakers**

will find Troches useful in clearing the voice when taken before singing or speaking, and relieving the throat after an unusual exertion of the vocal organs. The Troches are recommended and prescribed by Physicians, and have had testimonials from eminent men throughout the country. Being a test of many years, each year finds them in new localities in various parts of the world, and the Troches are universally pronounced better than other articles.

Obtain only "Brown's Bronchial Troches," and do not take any of the Worthless Imitations that may be offered.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

Oct. 6, 1866.

**JOHN BELL,**

MANUFACTURER OF CLOTHING

In all its branches, thankful to his Friends and the Patrons for past favors, begs leave to inform them and the public generally, that he is still to be found at his

**OLD STAND,**

Queen Street,

and is prepared to make up all kinds of garments entrusted to him in the latest style and improvement of fashion.

Terms Cash.

Entrance at Side Door.

Queen Street, July 11, 1866.

**DONALD M'RAE,**

Merchant Tailor,

And Dealer in

**Gents' Furnishing Goods,**

Queen Street,

Charlottetown, P. E. Island, Aug. 8, 1866.

**LIVERPOOL AND LONDON!**

PER "UNDINE" and "L. C. OWEN," from LIVERPOOL, and "LOTUS" from LONDON, the Subscriber has received

**An Unusually Large Supply of Drugs, Medicines, Patent Medicines,**

PERFUMERY, (English and French); SOAPS BRUSHES, PICKLES, SAUCES, MUSTARD (in Kegs and Bottles); CURRIE POWDER, Candied CITRON, LEMON and ORANGE PEELS, MARMALADE, Essences SPICES, Malt and White Wine VINEGAR, SARDINES, ANCHOVIES, MUSHROOMS, CAPERS, and United Service SAUCE, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, Drying JAPAN KNOTTING, DYE STUFFS, and Miscellaneous Articles, of the Best Quality, and at Moderate Prices

WM. R. WATSON.

Nov. 7, 1866.

## Miscellaneous and General News.

### A DREADFUL MURDER.

The retired and usually quiet village of Valparaiso, Ind., was, on Tuesday night of last week, thrown into a fearful state of excitement over the report that a family residing four miles west of Valparaiso, on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago Railroad, had been foully dealt with, and their bodies consumed by fire. The report circulated like wildfire, and soon the bar-room of the Gould House was thronged with excited citizens, who had arisen from their beds, anxious to ascertain whether the startling intelligence was true or false. A young man named Bushore, a resident of Valparaiso, had brought the news, and he at once became the centre of the excited multitude. In a few words, he stated all he knew of the terrible tragedy. He was returning with a party of young people from attending a dance at a town twelve miles west of Valparaiso, when he discovered the residence of Mr. Benjamin Long, a farmer living four miles from this village, to be on fire. Driving rapidly to the scene of conflagration, the first object that met his sight was the form of a female, enveloped only in a thin night dress, leaning against a fence, near the burning building, and a closer inspection discovered her to be a deformed girl, named Frederica Rudolph, whose parents reside on a farm adjoining Mr. Long's. He saw blood flowing from several wounds upon her person, and at once went to her assistance. She requested him to give her his overcoat, as she was freezing, and he at once complied. He then made a hasty survey of the burning premises, and to his horror discovered the bodies of two persons roasting in the flames. But, unaided, he could do nothing for the dead; therefore, he returned to Miss Rudolph, and, taking her in his arms, proceeded to take her to a farm house near by. On his way he was met by other people, who, attracted by the fire, were going to the scene. To those he communicated what he had seen, and, with the assistance of one of the young men, conveyed the half-dead girl to the farm-house before mentioned. Dr. Paramore, accompanied by several citizens, at once proceeded to the place where the wounded girl had been taken, and dressed her wounds. When she had sufficiently recovered to talk, she made the following statement:—

### THE MURDER.

She said that Mrs. Long, wife of Benjamin Long, had requested her to stay at their house on Thursday night, as all the men folk had gone away, leaving no one in the house but herself and daughter, Mrs. Emma Page, the wife of Chauncy Page, a former resident of Valparaiso. She had complied with the request of Mrs. Long, and had retired to bed with Mrs. Page, while old Mrs. Long slept in an adjoining room. About half-past ten o'clock at night, she was awakened by hearing some one pounding violently against the door. Mrs. Long arose from her bed, and turning up the wick of a small kerosene lamp that stood on a stand in the room, neared the door, and asked who was there. The person replied "Page," and requested to be admitted. The old lady answered that, as there was no person in the house but ladies, he could not come in. Upon receiving this reply, the man at once commenced kicking at the door, which, yielding to his efforts, flew open, and the next instant Chauncy Page stood in the room. He did not speak a word, but pointing a pistol that he held in his hand at Mrs. Long, fired, and she fell to the floor a corpse.

Mrs. Page, the wife of the murderer, hearing the explosion, and seeing her mother drop, sprang out of bed, and running forward, fell upon her knees before her husband, and with uplifted hands beseeched him not to kill her mother. The fiend, however, took no heed of her words, but, catching her lightly by the arm, partly raised her from her kneeling posture; then placing the muzzle of his revolver against her breast, pulled the trigger, and she, too, fell back on the carpet a corpse. Miss Rudolph, who had been an eye witness of all this horrible scene of butchery, with a presence of mind remarkable for one of her sex, pulled the bed-clothes over her head, hoping thereby to escape the observation of the infuriated and blood-thirsty Page. In her efforts to conceal herself, however, she unfortunately drew the clothes up too high, leaving one foot exposed. Page, who had come into the room where she was lying, dis-covering her foot, at once seized hold of it, and by main strength pulled her from the bed into the room where lay the bodies of his murdered wife and mother-in-law. Then, taking her violently by the arm, he drew her nearly to a standing position, and again pushed her back upon the floor. She arose, but before she could do or say anything, he caught her by the left wrist, and holding her away at arms' length, placed the barrel of his revolver against the other side of her head, just below and behind her right eye, and fired. He fired a second time, the ball this time taking effect in her right shoulder, a third shot was fired in her left wrist, and a fourth bullet entered her leg a few inches below the knee.

After receiving these wounds, the poor girl for a moment became insensible, but, recovering, saw Page take the lamp from the table and smash it upon the floor.—He then reached to the safe, and, taking out a match, scratched it against the wall, and ignited the fluid upon the carpet. When this was accomplished, the diabolical villain seized Miss Rudolph by the hair and dragged her into the flames; but before the fire had communicated with her loose clothing, she managed to raise herself upon her elbows, and appealed to Page to kill her and not let her perish in the flames. The fiend took her at her word, and raising a heavy chair, struck her a terrible blow with it on the head, and upon her groaning, he repeated the blows until she supposed life was extinct.—But to reassure himself of this fact, he placed his ear next her heart to ascertain if it still continued to beat, and she felt his hot breath upon her cheek. When Page became satisfied that his victim was dead, he left the house. The moment he was gone, Miss Rudolph raised herself upon her elbow, and finding her hair and right chest to be on fire, she, by means of a shawl that was lying near by, succeeded in quenching the flames, and then dragged herself from the building into the yard, and, as stated before, was found by Mr. Bushore standing against the fence.

Page, after having accomplished his design, started off in a westerly direction, on foot. He is a Jeweller by trade, and has been known to go sometimes about the country on peddling expeditions. He is about 32 years old.

As before stated, the victims of this most atrocious murder were Page's wife and mother-in-law. The former was about 23 years of age, and had been married about three years. It is stated that within two weeks after the couple were joined in wedlock, the husband commenced to abuse his wife, and for three months treated her in a most brutal manner. At the expiration of that time, Mrs. Page quitted her husband, and returned to her parents, and Page, after repeated attempts at a reconciliation, left the village, and only returned at long intervals. About a year ago, Mrs. Page made an application for a separation from her husband, but, for some reason, afterwards withdrew it. Six weeks ago she renewed the application, and had she lived, the case would have been tried next week.

On Monday last, Page returned to Valparaiso, having been apprised of his wife's intentions. He stated to several of his acquaintances that "she would be in hell" before she ever succeeded in accomplishing her purpose. On the day of the murder he paid a visit to his mother-in-law, and while there made himself quite agreeable, not once mentioning the suit.

An examination of the wounds on the person of Miss Rudolph, showed that the first shot fired at her by Page passed entirely through her head, coming out about an inch behind the left eye. The second ball was deeply imbedded in the shoulder and the third had passed entirely through her wrist. The fourth bullet still remains in the wound, and the girl refused to have it extracted, averring that she intended to "keep it as a memento." The physician who attended upon her stated that the wounds are not necessarily fatal, although the exposure that she was subjected to may cause her death.

### ARREST OF THE MURDERER.

After having accomplished this horrible work, Page struck out across the country towards the village of Wheeler, distant two miles from the scene of the massacre, and six from Valparaiso. Here he got on board a western-bound freight train, and, after a wearisome ride of several hours' duration, about 8 o'clock on Wednesday morning arrived at Chicago, and took a room at the City Hotel. Up to this time the fiend supposed every trace of his crime had been destroyed, otherwise he would not have gone boldly up to the desk and registered himself as he did, to wit: "Chauncy F. Page, Dyer Station, Ill. On the next day (Thursday) happening in at the reading room, Page took up a daily paper, containing an account of the murder, glanced leisurely over the sheet, then clenching the paper in his fingers, returned to the office. Going to the counter, Page requested the clerk to make out his bill, and when it was handed him, he, without examining it, stated that he guessed there was some mistake, as he had come on Tuesday instead of Wednesday. As if to prove his assertion, he turned back the leaves of the register to Tuesday's entries, and taking up a pen, registered himself among the names of those who had arrived that day. Then, paying for Tuesday's accommodations, Page left the hotel without his overcoat, although the weather was bitter cold. Passing by the Central Police Station, one of the detectives on his track saw him, and in a moment was at his side. Page at once remarked, "I have come to give myself up, because I am an innocent."

The murderer was taken back to Valparaiso on the night train and lodged in jail, before the inhabitants knew he had been apprehended. When it became known about that Page had been captured and was a prisoner in the jail, the people of Valparaiso gathered about the streets, and in the stores and groceries, to discuss the best method to be pursued in the disposal of the murderer. The majority seemed to think that he should be immediately taken out and hanged, and threats were freely made by the German residents of the village that rather than lose the opportunity of wreaking summary vengeance upon the fiend, the jail and its occupant should be burned. So clamorous became the mob, that the officers surreptitiously removed the prisoner to La Porte.

Page emphatically denies the charge against him, and declares he does not know Miss Rudolph. When told, however, that she still lived, he lung his head and would not speak.

### SEIGE OF ANTWERP, 1585.

Antwerp, then the commercial centre of the Netherlands and of Europe, stands upon the Scheldt. The river flowing straight, broad, and full along the verge of the city, subtends the area into which the place arranges itself as it falls back upon the shore. Two thousand ships of the largest compass then known might easily find room in its ample harbors. The stream, nearly half a mile in width and sixty feet in depth, with a tidal rise and fall of eleven feet, moves, for a few miles, in a broad and steady current between the provinces of Brabant and Flanders, then, dividing itself into many ample estuaries and gathering up the level isles of Zealand into its bosom, it seems to sweep out with them into the Northern Ocean. Here at the junction of the river and the sea, the perpetual hope of Antwerp, for in all these creeks and currents swarmed all the fleets of the Zealanders that hardy amphibious race, with which few soldiers or marines could successfully contend on land or water. The Prince of Parma, whom Philip of Spain had sent to the Netherlands to carry out his policy of subjugation, saw that Antwerp was the key stone of the arch of rebellion, and during the year of 1584 hovered poised over its head, though still delaying to strike. The succeeding year saw him begin to put his matured plans into execution. He accordingly set to work building a bridge, so as to obtain timber he had to dig a canal 12 miles long, all obstacles were one by one overcome, and the bridge began to appear, not the chimera, the citizens had hoped it would be but a solid reality. The military demonstrations of the besieged ones, the turbulent Scheldt lashed by the storms of winter, the ocean-tides rolling huge ice blocks up and down, and causing them to beat against the palisades, with the voice of thunder, all alike failed to destroy the structure. In the centre of the river Parma had found it impossible to construct a bridge other than with boats. Thirty-two barges had been built, each sixty-two feet long and twelve broad, the spaces between each couple being twenty-two feet wide, and all being bound together stem, stern and mid-ships, by quadruple hawsers and chains. Strong timbers with cross rafters were placed upon the boats, upon which heavy frame work the planked pathway was laid down. A thick parapet of closely fitting beams was erected along both the outer edges of the whole fabric. Thus a continuous and well fortified bridge two thousand four hundred feet in length was stretched from shore to shore. Each of the thirty-two boats on which the central portion of the structure reposed was a small fortress provided with two heavy pieces of artillery, pointing the one up, the other down the stream. By various other contrivances which the genius of Parma had invented and applied, the bridge was rendered to all appearances invulnerable.

Within the city the men, who had deemed Farnese mad to undertake in the depth of winter to construct over the boiling waters of the broad and deep river a permanent bridge began, as they saw the work approaching completion, to deem him a demon. They loudly protested that he had been aided by invisible demons in his preternatural work. While envy, and covetousness, and jealousy, and superstition were working in the minds of the besieged and nullifying all the plans of the accomplished man—Philip de Marnix—to whom the defence of the city had been entrusted, one man came forward and offered to destroy the bridge and relieve the 90,000 people from the famine that began to oppress them. He was a Mantuan, Gianbelli by name. His plan was to send fireships against the bridge and blow it to pieces. Like all city councils the Antwerp Aldermen did not like the expenses &c., so refused to give him the vessels he demanded, but offered two small vessels of seventy and eighty tons. In the hold of each vessel along the whole length, was laid down a solid flooring of brick and mortar,

one foot thick and five feet wide. Upon this was built a chamber of marble mason work, forty feet long, three and a half feet broad, as many high, and with side walls five feet in thickness. This was the crater. It was filled with seven thousand pounds of gunpowder, of a kind superior to anything known, and prepared by Gianbelli himself. It was covered with a roof six feet in thickness, formed of blue tombstones, placed edgewise. Over the crater rose a hollow cone or pyramid made of heavy marble slabs and filled with mill stones, cannon balls, blocks of marble, chain-shot, iron hooks, plough coulters and every dangerous missile that could be imagined. The spaces between the mines and the sides of each ship were likewise filled with paving stones, iron-bound stakes, harpoons and other projectiles. By means of an ingeniously constructed machinery the eruption of the floating volcano was to be regulated, so that it should take place at a nicely calculated moment.

It was a dark, mild evening of early spring. As the fleet of vessels dropped down the river, the watchful eyes of Parma saw that an attack was meditated. Instantly by beat of drum his soldiery were called to arms, and posted to protect the bridge. Suddenly the floating ships became luminous, each ship flaming out in the darkness, a phantom of living fire. The very waves of the Scheldt seemed glowing with the conflagration, while its banks were lighted up with a preternatural glare. It was a wild pompous theatrical spectacle. The army of soldiers on both sides of the river, along the dykes and upon the bridge, with banners waving and spear and cuirass glancing in the lurid light; the demon fleet, guided by no human hand, wrapped in flames and flitting through the darkness, with irregular movement but portentous aspect, at the caprice of wind and tide—all combined with the sense of imminent and mysterious danger to excite the imagination. On came the two infernal ships swaying unsteadily in the current. The slight fire upon the deck scarcely illuminated the dark phantom like hulls. The other vessels had grounded and had burned slowly out without producing any extensive conflagration. Hard against the bridge of boats came the first of the fire-ships. There was a moment's pause of expectation. At last the slow match burnt out and but a faint explosion ensued. The troops of Parma now began to greet the exhibition with derisive peals of laughter. In a moment however all eyes were anxiously fixed upon the remaining "hell-burner," which had drifted very near its destination. A thin wreath of smoke was seen curling over a slight and smouldering fire on the deck. The Commander, hopeful from the failing of the first ship, incited his men with a laugh to rush to the vessel and put out the fire. It was his last laugh on earth. A horrible explosion in the instant took place. The Scheldt yawned to its lowest depth and cast its waters across the dykes, deep into the forts, and far over the land. The earth shook as with the throbs of a volcano. A wild glare lighted up the scene for one moment and then was succeeded by a pitchy darkness. Houses were toppled down miles away, and not a living thing even in remote places could keep its feet. The air was filled with a rain of plough shares, grave-stones, and marble balls intermixed with heads, limbs and bodies of what had been human beings. A thousand soldiers were destroyed in a second of time. The deed was done, a breach two hundred feet in width was made in the bridge, and the winter's labor of the army destroyed in a moment.

M. VICTOR COUSIN.—The death is announced of this distinguished statesman, philosopher, and publicist, in his seventy-fifth year. Cousin has been a Councillor of France, Member of the Royal College of Public Institutions, Officer of the Legion of Honor, Professor of Sorbonne, Member of the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, Director of the Ecole Normal, and a Peer of France. He was a member of the Thiers Ministry in 1840, and although a Liberal Royalist in French politics has ever quietly submitted to the political changes of which France has been the scene within the past half century. His eloquence and profound erudition have gained for him the applause of his own countrymen and the esteem of the learned of every nation. His published works are numerous, including a "General History of Philosophy from the Most Remote Times down to the 18th century.

People must differ, they cannot help it. It is in human nature. One would think, however, that there need not be so much difference in opinion as there is. Only fancy, there are one hundred and forty different opinions about the year that Adam and Eve first came into the world.