

MR. WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Wendell Phillips was born at Boston in 1811. He is the son of John Phillips, first mayor of Boston. He performed his studies where he greatly distinguished himself, graduating in 1831. He then entered Cambridge Law School, where he got his degree in 1833. He was admitted to the bar in 1834, but never practised. He chose the platform as the sphere of his activity, and acquired a world-wide reputation as an anti-slavery propagandist. Since the war Mr. Phillips has turned his attention to literary subjects. His private life has always been simple, elegant, and above reproach. His devotion to an invalid wife has been truly exemplary. His manners are graceful and dignified, and his conversation is always engaging and sometimes fascinating. His courage has been put to the test by excited mobs and desperate ruffians, but has never failed, and his gifts to poor coloured people and the destitute friends of the anti-slavery cause would amount to a fortune. He has been the friend of the friendless, and has carried his kind offices to the very bottom of society to save its drags. If he has excoriated judges and heads of colleges and doctors of divinity and Congressmen and Presidents, he has never failed to lift his voice for the poor and defend the defenceless and oppressed. His speeches read like decanted champagne; to know what they are they must be heard as the words flow, beaded and sparkling, from his lips. As an orator he has no living superior. He stands on the platform, with finely chiselled face and thoughtful brow—something almost Roman in the statuesque severity of his features and aspect—and sentence after sentence drops



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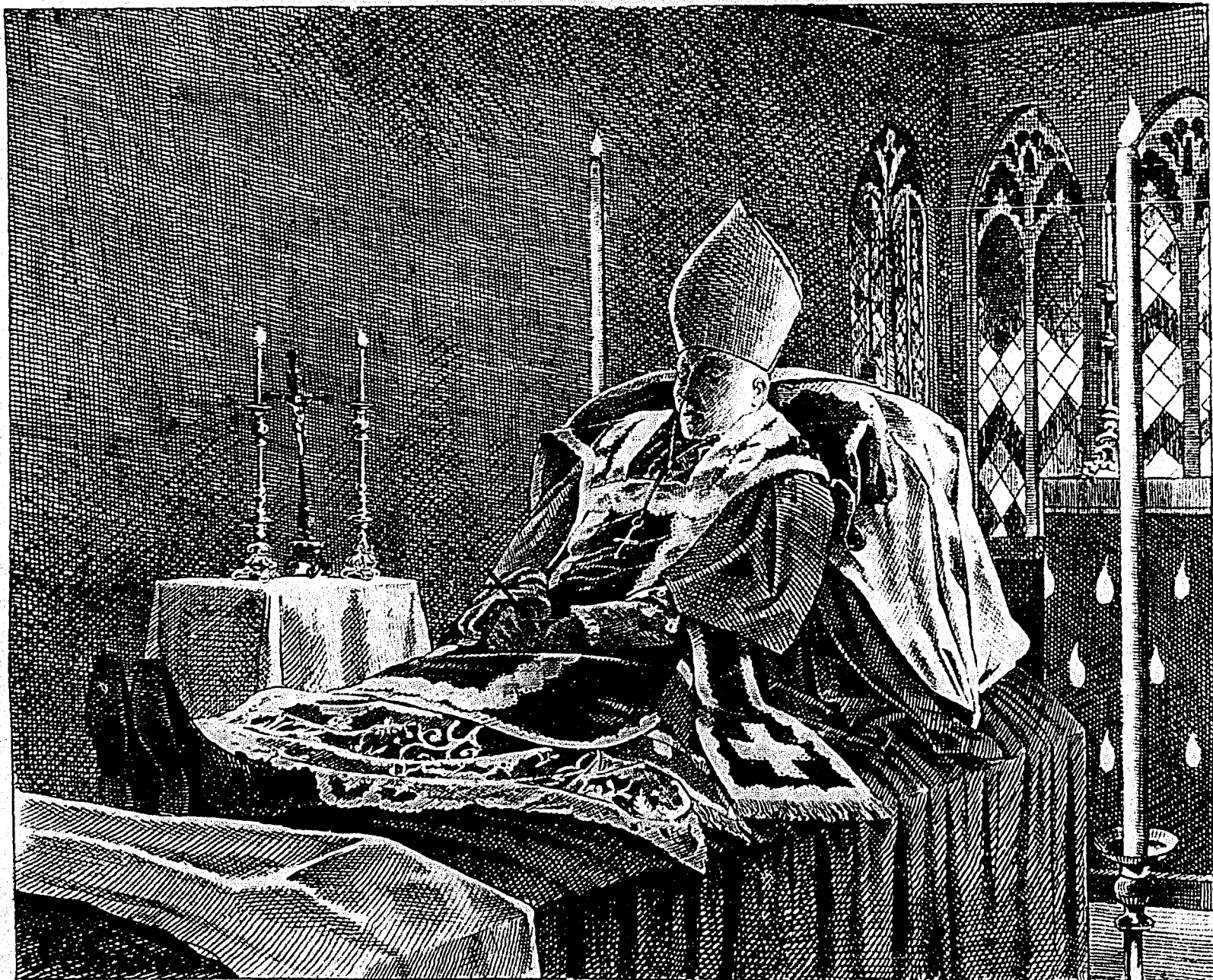
from his lips almost as if improvised and he were merely talking to his friends; and yet every sentence is as exquisitely cut as a cameo or as brilliant in its polish as a Damascus blade.

The University Literary Society of Montreal, who have done so much towards fostering a taste for science, literature and art, by the engagement of prominent American and English lecturers, may be said to have set the seal on their usefulness by inducing Mr. Phillips to deliver two of his celebrated addresses, under their auspices. There will certainly be crowded houses to hear Mr. Phillips on the 11th and 12th instant.

GRACEFUL CONDESCENSION.

Seband, the faithful body servant through many years of Marshal MacMahon, was married recently at Versailles to the waiting-woman of the Duchess of Magenta. The ceremony was attended by M. and Mme. de MacMahon, who presented the bride and bridegroom with many valuable and useful presents. The contract was signed by the President and his wife, who also appeared at the wedding-breakfast and dance. The presence of the Marshal and his wife, who are now the sovereigns of France, at the wedding of their servants, says the *Catholic Review*, reminds one of the good old times when Mary Stuart danced—for the last time alas—at the marriage of her valet, Sebastien.

The number of industrial establishments in France at present is 150,000, employing two million of hands and steam power equal to 850,000 horses. The business done amounts to twelve thousand millions of francs.



THE REMAINS OF THE LATE BISHOP GUIGUES LYING IN STATE.