The Free Press.

Thursday, January 10, 1878.

ONLY A CLOD.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON.

[Author of "Aurora Floyd," "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Outcast," Etc.

[CONTINUED.]

...st have loved Francis Tredethlyn ...," Miss Hillary thought, sorrow... ...he would never feel his conduct ... And yet I have often fancied ...ake of him coldly, almost con...ly."

...ade Hillary's bosom in the ... every-day life had only just ... had yet to learn that there are ...passionate than those which ...rne love, other pains and sor... ...those which have their root in ...ad that there are such things ... and giving in marriage for the ... thousand a year.

...a weary day in the pleasant ...gton, where the red glow of a ... ...ramined as much prettiness ... ...ve of china and Parian and bronze, ...ass, and enamel, as would have ... ...brocaded shop in Wardour ... spent a tiresome day, that ...terminably long, lying on a low ... the fire, thinking of her father's ...ded Julia's desertion. She thought ...ad never seen, in which she had ... ...day my contemptible, yet ... ...humiliation it was to look ... ...now that one impulse of ... ...ed, the desperate courage that ... ...ner snatch at any chance of help ... ...her, had altogether passed away; ... and pitiful the whole business ... ...to her manner since the ... ...ing, and trying to quiet the ... ...her burning head. What did ... ...ecome of her? ...

The poor ... ...open all at once in her sense ... ...She could bear the weariness ... ...longer; she wanted to give up all ... ...this world, and to go to bed ... ...there quietly hardly she died. ... ...common business of life seemed unat... ...swallowing tea and ... ...the stumpering small-talk, the fleety ... ...a great house no longer honestly main... ...that it could all be swept ... ...like the vision engendered out of some ... ...mber; giving place to a subur... ...added a file of decent folk!

"I have seen girls—well-bred, good-look... ...ding in the muddy London ... ...with mere portfolios in their arms, ...while I have been out shopping in my car... ...thought. "Oh, if I could only ... ...like one of these, and work for pago, and ... ...him happy, smiling at me across our ... ...tle tea by him dinner, and ... ...not brooding as he does now, hour after ... ...and after hour, in this grand draw... ...room, with the settled look of ... ...trouble on his face."

...ne only date that Maude had ... ...ther anxiously and sadly. ... ...ing the year just past, and ... ...in the perplexities that a girl ... ...had been alarmed by Lionel Hillary's ... ...ights and long gloomy reveries, out ... ...which it was easy to sense himself ... ...a mechanical kind of way when strangers ... ...present, and the merchant always ... ...some explanation of his somber ... ...Those headaches, those constitu... ...tional headaches, from which her ... ...constantly through the fatigue and worry ... ...of business—those terrible headaches ... ...made her everything so dear to her ... ...fascination her father related solely to his ... ...health. She should also understand the ... ...dismal diagnosis of commercial disaster. ... ...How should she imagine that there was ... ...any limit to Mr. Hillary's fortune, that ... ...any chance of a blight in Aladdin's orchard ... ...of jewelled fruits?

...The dinner-bell rang, and there ... ...was no sign of the merchant's return. It ... ...had been a common thing lately for Lionel ... ...Hillary to keep his cook in a fever of vexa... ...tion over the hot plates and ...rances, ...and then to dismiss the dinner banquet ... ...simmered and frizzled in their copper re... ...ceptacles. Maude felt no special alarm ... ...about his absence. Why should he ... ...home to lengthen the long evening of brood... ...ing thought and care? Why should she ... ...wish him home out of all the depth ... ...of her love and devotion, she could not con... ...jure one word of comfort wherewith to ... ...greet him?

...She was thinking this, when the door ... ...was opened softly by a eager hand and ... ...Mr. Hillary came into the room.

...His daughter rose from the sofa, startled ... ...by the quietness of his entrance. It is a ... ...small action, that of opening a door and ... ...entering a room; but there was as great a ... ...change in Mr. Hillary's performance of it as ... ...if twenty years had suddenly been lifted ... ...from his life.

..."My darling!" he cried, taking his ... ...daughter in his arms, "it is you whom I ... ...have to thank. It was your doing was it ... ...not?"

..."What, papa?"

..."The—the twenty thousand ... ...pounds."

..."Twenty thousand pounds!"

...She thought the burning pain in her ... ...head had engendered some sudden delu... ...sion. She could not believe that such a ... ...thing could have happened. The bank ... ...had refused her father's application, and ... ...he had been ...ed upon to ... ...during the last brief ... ...family, and he had been upon it ... ...during the last seven years.

..."What twenty thousand pounds, papa?" ...

..."The sum that has been placed to my ... ...credit to-day, anonymously. The bank ... ...people refused to tell me the name of my ... ...benefactor. I look to you, Maude, to solve ... ...the mystery. There is only one woman whom ... ...I know of, rich enough to advance such a ... ...sum of money—young enough to do it in ... ...so Utopian a manner. There is only one ... ...man, Maude, and his name is Francis Tre... ...dethlyn. Tell me, my dear, have I guessed ... ...rightly?"

..."You have, papa. Yes, I am sure you ... ...have. Poor fellow! and I was so angry ... ...with him last night. It was very good of ... ...him to do this, papa."

..."Good of him!" cried the merchant, ...good of him to lend twenty thousand ... ...pounds, without a halfpenny worth of ... ...security! Upon my word, Maude, it is ... ...good, and I can assure you it's a kind of ... ...goodness that is very uncommon in the ... ...City."

[CHAPTER XVIII.

POOR FRANCIS.

From the second day of the new year things went pleasantly enough in the Twickenham household. How could Maude do otherwise than rejoice in the salvation of her father's honour—to say nothing of his commercial prosperity...even though that salvation had been obtained by a great humiliation upon her own part? She would have borne that humiliation very willingly, and would have freely acknowledged her obligation to Francis Tredethlyn, could she have seen Julia Desmond reconciled to her lover. But the separation between them was, which had arisen out of the scene on New Year's night, was a perpetual reproach to Maude Hillary.

She was not able to be quite happy, therefore, even though such a terrible burden had been lifted from her,—even though she saw the dark cloud swept away from her father's face. Her girlish frivolity had departed from her forever on that terrible night in her father's study at Brighton; and there was a serpent's softness, a pensiveness in her manner now, that made her even more bewitching than of old. The affection for her father—always the ruling passion of her simple mind—had been intensified by that fiery ordeal through which she had so lately passed; and there was something very beautiful in the tone which now existed between the father and daughter. Mr. Hillary had been surprised into confidences that made a new tie between himself and his child. He could never again entirely withhold his secrets from that tender friend and counsellor. He could never again think of her as a beautiful, frivolous creature, only ill-tended to wear expensive dresses and float about in graceful attitudes amongst the costly bric-a-brac of a fashionable drawing-room. He had learned to trust his child, and poor Maude applied herself diligently to the study of the customs and dealings common in that mysterious region known to her as the City. She tried to understand her father's position—for she was tormented by a feverish anxiety as to the repayment of Francis Tredethlyn's twenty thousand pounds, but the complications of an Australian merchant's trade, as affected by wars and rumours of wars, by alterations in the rate of discount and the price of Consols, were a little beyond Miss Hillary's comprehension, and she was fain to give up the attempt in despair, and to accept any statement which her father cared to make to her respecting the altered aspect of his affairs.

There was less company at the Cedars than usual during the bleak early months of the year.

To be Continued.

Chamber of Commerce.

The Apprentice Question Discussed—Col. Moffat Thinks the Matter Should Not be Meddled With by the Major of the Chamber—The Decreased Revenue—A Rise in the Tariff Likely.

The monthly meeting of the Chamber of Commerce was held last night—R. Joseph Jeffery, President. The other members in attendance were—Colls. Walker and Moffat, Messrs. R. Sully, A. O'Mara, T. O'Callaghan, A. Rowland, J. J. Spettigue, D. Currie, J. Hargreaves. After routine.

The Secretary (Mr. H. E. Nellis) read a letter signed by Mr. Geo. Coglan and B. S. Oates, President and Secretary of the London Typographical Union, on behalf of the Trades' Unions of the city, requesting that the Chamber endeavor to make the subject of the present apprenticeship system a subject of discussion at the coming Dominion Board of Trade. A number of resolutions, one to by the London Typographical Union were annexed, in which it was set forth that the present apprenticeship system was a bad one, and calculated to make bad workmen, and that it was necessary to have an act of Parliament, similar to that now in force in Great Britain, passed in Canada—that is, that it be made compulsory for all male apprentices to serve a period of not more than five years, under legal indenture, provided that the rule will not apply to an employer and his son or sons.

COMMERCIAL INTERESTS OF CANADA.

The Secretary read an open letter from Hon. Wm. Pulteney, Secretary Dominion Board of Trade, to Hon. James Skead, Senator, stating the many urgent public questions that should specially occupy the attention of the Dominion Board. Pyled.

THE TARIFF.

Col. Walker, on behalf of the Committee on the Tariff, reported in favor of the delegates being instructed to vote for a revenue tariff simply. But if it was found necessary to raise the tariff, in order to protect their public improvements, and construct their public works, then their own manufacturers should be considered. He would not object to a 30 per cent. tariff; and if they had an extra revenue, then they might reduce the tariff on articles of the breakfast table.

Mr. Murray—Do you understand that a higher tariff is called for, for revenue purposes?

Col. Walker—In order to go on with the public works it may be necessary to raise the tariff.

Mr. Murray—I understood there was a resolution passed by the Committee that a higher tariff should be put on, to build public works.

Col. Walker—You must remember that we have passed through a season of great depression, and it may be necessary to raise the tariff to meet our engagements.

Mr. R. Sully did not agree with Colonel Walker, and thought the best way was to let trade alone, and let it take its legitimate course.

Mr. Hargreaves did not agree to the principle laid down by Col. Walker. If they gave 2½ per cent. protection to the manufacturer, they would have to put it on to the breakfast table, rather than be able to take anything off. He would not have their deliberations instructed to yield this point.

Col. Moffat thought the present tariffs would almost meet all the requirements, as the Government would be unwilling to touch the matter unless as a last resort.

Mr. Spettigue—Does that tie the delegates down to vote for a 30 per cent. tariff, if it is proposed?

Col. Walker—The matter will come up for discussion, and it will be sufficiently wide in debate.

THE APPRENTICE QUESTION.

Col. Walker referred to his visit to the meeting of mechanics on the previous night, and explained the present state of apprentice labor, as he did last night at the request of Mr. Kerns, city letter carrier, reported in the FREE PRESS.

Mr. R. S. Murray agreed with the remarks of the late Mr. John M. Robb, foreman of the Stratford *Herald*. Deceased was a highly estimable lady, and leaves a wide circle of friends to mourn her unexpected death.

REVOLT OF A GARRISON.

Terrible Excesses at Sandy Point, Straits of Magellan.

Washington, Jan. 9.—Commander Rodgers, commanding the United States steamer Adams, writes to the Secretary of the Navy from Sandy Point, Straits of Magellan, giving the particulars of the revolt of the garrison there. The force under committed seems to have been that of the captain of a company of soldiers, numbering about 100, who were regular artillery troops. They mutinied the captain in a most horrible manner and then opened fire with artillery upon the Governor's house. The Governor, upon making his appearance, was knocked in the head and left insensible. He, however, recovered after some time and made his escape. His family also escaped almost naked to the woods. The mutineers then released the convicts, and altogether they numbered nearly 200, armed with rifles. The following day the mutineers committed excesses in the way of wanton killing, burning and sacking. The next day the mutineers deserted the place, carrying off all public funds and much private property. The mutineers burned all public property and numbers of stores. In fact, the best part of the town is in ashes. The streets were strewn with the dead bodies of the killed. Most of the killed were soldiers who had been shooting each other indiscriminately. It is estimated that at least fifty people were killed. Many dead and wounded were burned in the buildings. The hospital was burned with the wounded men in it. Commander Rodgers says it was the intention of the mutineers to capture the steamer Memphis, soon expected, but as her commander had previous notice of the revolt he seized the soldiers, convicts and captain of the port who rowed out to him suggesting a fine anchorage under the guns of the fort. He then went to sea, and meeting with the United States steamer Adams reported the condition of affairs. Commander Rodgers took the mutineers on board his vessel, and hastened to Sandy Point, where his presence was much appreciated by the Chilian authorities.

As to the cause of the revolt there seems to be no reliable information. It is reported and believed that the padre, or priest, of this colony has had much to do in instigating it, he being an enemy of the Government, and he is now one of the prisoners confined on board the Chilian steamer Magellan. In the destruction of property not the slightest regard was paid to any nationality. A twelve-pounder shot was fired clear through the English consulate, and the Vice-Consul was pursued and fired at a number of times. He, however, escaped in his own boat.

Bee Sugar Surprise.—Messrs. J. & C. Coughlin, of London, Ont., shipped 400 fat sheep for the English market one day lately, by the Dominion steamer Quebec, from Portland. They were a very even lot of choice Leicester, averaging 150 lbs. per head. This firm will also ship next week 600 sheep of the same breed from Portland for the London market.

Free Press Correspondence.

THE FAR NORTHWEST.

Interesting Letter from Doctor Hagarty.

Scenes at Winnipeg—Across the Prairie —Pleasures and Discomforts of Travel.

To the Editor of the Free Press.

DEAR SIR,—Trusting a few incidents of travel in the Province of Manitoba and North-West Territories may not be out of place, I therefore beg this letter space in your very valuable paper, and as I have already treated my friends in London to a few jottings by the way from the latter place to Winnipeg, I will now commence with Winnipeg, the Queen City of the Far West. Awaking from my slumbers in the Canada Pacific Hotel, and on looking out over the endless prairie, I beheld thousands of tents scattered over the beautiful plains. So much was I startled that I thought Sitting Bull with his 4,000 warriors had besieged the little city, or that the right wing of the Russian army had made a detour of the Northern waters, and had descended on our fair and prosperous little Province. But on walking through the streets and seeing the owners of these tents rushing back and forth with lightning speed, now on foot, again on horse-back, this delusion was dispelled, and instead of a hostile foe, Winnipeg's famed friends bringing the wealth of the frozen regions from three cardinal points of the compass, to be traded or exchanged for the commodities of civilized life.

During my short stay in this little hive of activity, it was impossible not to be struck with its rapid progress, the enterprise of its inhabitants, their hospitality, and their kind and courteous treatment of strangers. In fact, so well was I treated by all with whom I came in contact, especially by my friends, formerly of London, that had not duty called me further to the land of the West, I could not have torn myself away.

July 5th.—Left Winnipeg at 9 a. m., and travelled along the north branch of the Assiniboine, arriving at 10 at the residence of the Hon. James McKay. At this point he calls his place "Deer Lodge," and from the number of horns ornamenting the many buildings, one would say it was well applied to that name.

The scene at this pretty place is a jolly fellow; was born in the Rocky Mountains; is now 50 years of age; talks Cree, Assiniboine, Ojibway, Swampy, Sioux, French and English perfectly; has never tasted malt or fermented liquors, tea or tobacco; is a very intelligent man, and weighs 400 lbs. His good lady, by stepping on the opposite scale, would almost balance the beam evenly.

Here I saw for the first time that individuals possible article of diet called pemican, and as some of your readers are ignorant as to what pemican is and its mode of preparation, with your permission I will give the process.

The muscular portion of the buffalo is cut into strips and dried by the heat of the sun; and when a large portion of it is thus treated, a hole or pit is dug in the ground, in which a fire is lighted, over-arched with a wooden grating, on which the dried strips are placed, and there roasted to a crisp. The portion so treated is then pounded on a kind of thrashing floor, made of dry buffalo skins, and there beaten to a fine powder with a flail.

The fat of the animal is then rendered or melted, and then the powdered meat and this muscular portion is poured gradually into the melted fat till the whole is thickened, care being taken that the mixture is well stirred. It is then poured into bags made of buffalo skin, dry bags are used up, and it is fit for use, and will keep for years. Each bag contains about 100 lbs.

Shortly after leaving "Deer Lodge" I had to return to my professional capacity to screw a servant woman's head on, as was received by one of Mr. McKay's sons. Mrs. Dr. White, of Mitchell, and myself hurried on to Simpson River, but way was to be ramped, and where we took our first dinner on the prairie.

Dinner over, hurried on, but did not go far till a break occurred in one of the vehicles. On the prairie every man is a master mechanic, so the injury was soon remedied, and we were off again. Reached Pigeon Lake at 3 p. m., stopped at Mr. House's Hotel. Mosquitoes were here in millions, and sleep and rest were out of the question.

July 6.—Started early in the morning and camped at 12 for dinner; started again at 2 p.m., but had scarcely got under way when the rain came pouring down in torrents. Thought of the party experience such rain, and the thunder was terrific, while the lightning was the most severe and intense I ever saw. Flashes of long duration—which continued for about two hours. At 4 the sun shone out again, and in a few minutes we were on our way, all feeling as happy as if we had been comfortably housed from the storm.

July 7th.—Started early in the morning and reached Portage la Prairie in the afternoon, having passed through a splendid agricultural country. Having some arrangements to make in the city, we took a halt was made for the night. I think I was placed in possession of the best bed room in the house; but on retiring, found that the room as well as the bed was previously occupied by a numerous and sharp fraternity band, called the Mosquito family. I am once recognized their powerful organization as worthy of claim and abandoned the field. Victory, so far, being in their favor, they doubled their energies to eject me from the room at the point of the bayonet. Then I did not like it, in my pipe, put on my overcoat, and undertook to smoke them out, which was only palliative treatment.

This country, so far as I have seen, is destined to be, ere long very valuable. but one thing it must have: is a system of railways same as Ontario. By that means this wood and coal producing portions will be brought in proximity to the immense fertile prairie, while the produce of the natural fields will be obtainable in the more barren districts of this and the other provinces.

July 9th.—Off early in the morning and encamped at 9.30 for breakfast, having passed through a grand country. At noon went to a farm house and borrowed a rail for cook breakfast with from a farmer, who was probably at church (it being Sunday) where all good Christians should be). One thing that strikes a stranger forcibly in this country is this, that a man can jump into a wheat field, and never change his clothes, and at night, when the camp is pitched, feels as happy as a big sunflower, awakes in the morning as sound as a trout, without pain, ache, or the slightest twinge of rheumatism. How different in Ontario, where, if a man only gets the soles of his feet wet, he wakes up next morning husky and sore, and probably has an attack of bronchitis, rheumatism, or some other latent disease.

But here, no matter how wet or fatigued, one half hour's sun fries, and smells up, stores the tonicity of the system. Soon after breakfast, entered the "Bad Woods," which is a low, swampy country, with copses thickly scattered through it. One of the party told me that on a previous trip it was difficult to find water here, but now it is literally swimming. Camped at 7 p.m. on a bed of roses and other wild flowers. It would have been a great pleasure to sit by the camp-fire after supper and smoke one's pipe; but millions of mosquitos destroyed the almost sublime prospect. A smudge was here built for the horses, and with your permit I will describe a smudge and its uses.

Poles are cut, somewhat like fence rails, and an enclosure is made, with walls about breast high; a fire is then built in it, and when once under good headway it is covered with grass and wood, so that a heavy smoke may be produced, to which the horses stand, that they may get relief from the flies. Without this precaution, the animal would be goaded to madness during the night, would run against the wind, and be miles away in the morning. Care is also required in making a smudge. If the walls are not high enough, the horses, in their anxiety to get away from pain, will stand in the fire and as a natural consequence lose their hoofs.

July 9th.—Started at 7 a. m., and halted at 10 for breakfast, and at 1.30 p. m. left the "Bad Woods," for a high, dry and rolling country. The water in passing through the "Bad Woods" is very bad, but each man carries a filter, such as was used in the Ashantee war. Halted at "Pine Creek Hills," where we camped for the night. The whole country here looks like an old orchard, with mounds or hillocks from 25 to 100 feet high with verdure clad, and beautifully tinged or adorned with flowers.

Our camp is pitched on one of these round, rising hillocks, on the side which looks towards the setting sun. The whole forms a grand panoramic view, with the sun casting them for the last time before setting in the west, adding a golden hue to their verdant summits, thereby making the whole one indescribable scene of beauty and loveliness, while 100 feet below us stretches a charming little lake, which quenches the thirst of man and beast.

July 10th.—Off at 7, and wound in and out among these hills, putting the traveller in mind of passing through the Thousand Islands in the St. Lawrence. At 9.30, after a long and gradual ascent, reached a plain or table-land, from which the outlook is grand. Here lies the beautiful prairie, stretching away to the west and terminating in the horizon. Camped at 12:30 for dinner, having made quite a distance since mounting the plain. The balmy atmosphere is now redolent with the fragrance of 100 species of flowers, and one might say that the plain was enamelled with flowers.

July 11th.—Off at 7 a. m. and camped at 2 p. m. on the south bank of the Little Saskatchewan, having passed through a fine agricultural country, since leaving "Pine Creek Hills." As the bridge is covered with water, owing to the swollen condition of the river, a halt will be necessary here. In the evening my traps were rafted across the river, and as some of the party were to remain on the south bank till next day, I pitched my tent for the night.

While my man was preparing the evening meal I climbed the hill to the table-land, from which a grand sight was to be seen. The edges of the outer banks are serrated by round grassy hills, and nowhere on these hillocks or on the interspaces will the surface of the ground be found broken or fissured. On looking down into the valley, on the opposite side of the river, a herd of cattle for the Indian treaty is seen leisurely grazing on the luxuriant grasses. The traveller, on casting his eye over the charming scene, beholds the rich grasses of the valley; the same luxuriant growth extending up the hillsides and on the table-land, and as he now looks east and west along the river-valley and its grassy banks, the soil vaunts its fitness for stock raising.

Your most obt.,

D. E. J. HAGARTY, M. D.,
Med. Dept. N. W. Territories.

Battleford, 11th Dec., 1877.

STRATFORD.

From an Occasional Correspondent.

Stratford, Jan. 9.

The municipal elections were comparatively uninteresting here, as there was only one contest which embraced the whole municipality, viz., that for the position of Reeve. The candidates were Mr. Johnston (Abraham) and Mr. William Rowan. Both gentlemen have been in the Council for a number of years, and Mr. Abraham occupied the Chairman's chair during the past year. The result of this election was somewhat unexpected, Mr. Roberts defeating Mr. Johnston by a majority of 43. Politics did not enter into the struggle at all, as both gentlemen are conservative Conservatives. Mr. Abraham received a very fair support from the commercial classes, but Mr. Roberts had to be "the workingman's friend," and had a massive embrasure from his own Ward, Romeo, the most populous in town. The new Council is composed of the following members—T. M. Daly, Mayor, elected by acclamation; Wm. Roberts, Reeve; A. W. Robb, First Deputy-Reeve; John Gibson, Second Deputy-Reeve; David Somerville, Third Deputy-Reeve. The three latter gentlemen were also elected by acclamation. The Councillors are—For Ward No. 1, John Brown, Moses Macfadden; Falstaff Ward, H. Holmes. W. Heyhoe; Hamlet Ward, James Sharman. Wm. McGuigan; Shakespeare Ward, Robert Daly, Isaac Biggs Romeo Ward, W. S. Bolgrand D. B. Burritt.

On the whole, the new Council is not inferior to the old in point of ability, and yet it is not unfair to say that the highest standard of excellence has not been altogether attained. Stratford is very much burdened with debt, and it is to be hoped that the new Council will make a strenuous effort to reduce our liabilities and provide for their extinction by a certain sum per annum. The citizens are anxious that the coming Chairman of Finance should have some more exalted idea of the duties of his position than to stamped, and where we took our first dinner on the prairie.

Dinner over, hurried on, but did not go far till a break occurred in one of the vehicles. On the prairie every man is a master mechanic, so the injury was soon remedied, and we were off again. Reached Pigeon Lake at 3 p. m., stopped at Mr. House's Hotel. Mosquitoes were here in millions, and sleep and rest were out of the question.

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Our camp is pitched on one of these round, rising hillocks, on the side which looks towards the setting sun. The whole forms a grand panoramic view, with the

London Lunatic Asylum.

Address of the Medical Superintendent to the Officers and Attendants.

The following address was spoken by Dr. Bucke, Medical Superintendent of the Lunatic Asylum, to the officers and attendants, on the occasion of the annual entertainment:—

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We have now worked together for a year, and whatever you may say of me, I will say of you freely and openly that I am more than satisfied with you—that I am very much pleased with you. You have all done not only your duty, but have done it well and cheerfully; and it gives me sincere pleasure to be able to tell you so. (Hear, hear.) I am glad to see you all enjoying yourselves to-night, because I know that you deserve all the innocent enjoyment that can be provided for you, for your duties are most onerous and trying; more so than those who have not lived in an asylum could easily believe. You are closely confined, your hours of duty are very long, and your patience and temper are often severely tested. (Hear, hear.) The public thinks that it is the patients who have to put up with hardships, blows and insults, but you and I, my friends, know better; we know that the peace of a patient is sacred; that suffer no circumstances whatever must one of them be struck or insulted; and that should any man or woman, in a moment of passion and forgetfulness, transgress this rule, that such attendant or employé would be at once discharged, if, indeed, he escaped a criminal prosecution, both to prevent a repetition of the offence on his part, and to set up a warning for the rest. But were they amenable to reason, no such consideration deters a patient from giving expression both in acts and words to any passion that may at the moment have ascendancy over him; and that insane persons are more liable than sane to be dominated by their passions is a fact known to everyone, and not likely to be doubted by you or me. Such being the nature of the case, the attendants in an asylum must have a high and noble sense of kind of hardship to put on with, while it is morally impossible that the patients can suffer much in the same way. But this, although it is perfectly true, does not make the rule unjust according to which an attendant is discharged for striking a patient; for if we suffer from their evil passions, they suffer ten times more from them, and it is chiefly because they are subject to them that these unfortunate people are in our despot pity and our best care, for whether we are sane or insane it is from our own evil passions that we really suffer, and not from those of some one else. And the happiness of one is made up, not by the love of others for us, but by our love for them. (Hear, hear.) Think, then, what must be the terrible misery of that life from which, by consequence of disease, the evil passions have been subdued, the better feelings are shut out, and in which the evil passions have assumed devolopment and free play; such lives you see almost every day, and if the contemplation of them does not excite sympathy, no words of mine or of any one else will excite it. It is not right, then, that each of us should say—these people have got what they deserve, whatever they may do or say to me, I at least will not increase the burden of their misery.

Since this time last year there have been a good many changes in the staff of the Asylum, and under the same circumstances, which, however, I do not expect to see, there will be a good many changes during the year, as long as I remain here. Such changes have caused, and will cause me more pain than any body else, though perhaps you do not believe that. You probably think it is a pleasure or a matter of indifference to me to report or discharge an officer or employé. If you have such an idea you do not know me yet; and if I did not should act from personal feeling in this matter, or in other similar matters, I should be entirely unfit for the position I occupy, and the sooner I was discharged myself the better it would be for every one. Changes in the Asylum staff are not made at my pleasure, but are certain rules—very simple and common-sense rules in my opinion too—according to which, among other rules, we all have to be guided, and infringement of these rules is followed by dismissal. The principal of these rules are:—

1. You must keep sober.
2. You must not be absent without leave.
3. You must not strike or insult a patient.
4. You must be honest and tell the truth.
5. You must be civil to every one, and respectful and obedient to those who are in the position of your superiors.
6. You must not be guilty of anything approaching immorality.
7. You must do your work that you are engaged for the purpose of doing.

Now, the first thing I want to say about these rules is, that they are easy rules to live for you, but that they are made for me as much as for any one else in the Asylum. If I violate any of these rules, I know perfectly well that you will not hesitate to report me to my superior officer, the Inspector, and I expect and hope that I shall be discharged. It is my imperative duty, on the other hand, to see that you observe them. If I did not do so I should violate the seventh rule myself. Another rule, which I have to say that it is no hardship for either you or me to have to observe these rules; it is far better for us to be obliged to live up to them. If we are well disposed and inclined to behave as according to these rules we should behave the same if we were to operate neither as a restraint nor among us. If, on the other hand, we were inclined to break these rules, and were allowed to do so, the Asylum would soon become an unfit place for any decent person to live at. These rules and others like them, I said, are not made by me for you; they are made for both you and me, and no matter here and you servants; I am as much a servant as any of you, and each of you is as much a master as I am, if you know your work and do it, and if you live up to the rules. These rules, as well as everything else about this establishment, including our own labor and care, are instituted, provided and maintained for you and one only—the good of the patients. Never forget, my friends, that as long as we live here the sole purpose of our lives is to do them good, and this is as good an object as anyone could wish to live for. Remember, every man and woman in this Asylum has been loved as we love our children; has been loved, or is loved, as we love our brothers and sisters, our wives and husbands, as I many of them are loved, or have been loved, as we love our fathers and mothers. They have been as worthy of that love as we are, and have been as dear to our senses fallen now from the image of God in which they were created they are undoubtedly, in the eyes of their Maker, as worthy of that love still as ever they were. To make up to them for the love they have lost, or from which they are refused, and as far as that be possible, by kindness and tenderness, is, then, our highest privilege. This is the ideal of our duty, which, though we may never be able to attain to, we should never for a moment lose sight of, not only to work with our hands and heads, but with our hearts also, for those who are placed here in our care—knowing well that herein lies our own best interests, both here and hereafter, and that the eternal Master, whose servants we all are, will accept with approval no less service than this at our hands, on behalf of His suffering children. (Applause.)

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