

MAN'S INGRATITUDE TO MAN.

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn."—BURNS.

Never did "Auld Scotia's" bard present a more truthful exemplification of one of the worst features of the human character—"Man's inhumanity to man." We doubt, however, that it surpasses, in point of downright meanness, man's ingratitude to man. We think nothing so inhuman—so low and degrading—so unbecoming a man of noble spirit—so unmanly, as man's ingratitude to man.

How often do we see kind-hearted and philanthropic men, whose great aim is to relieve the oppressed, to administer to the wants of those in distress—men who have spent the best and greater portion of their lives in a struggle for the amelioration of the toiling masses, go down into an untimely grave, unmourned by those even in whose services their lives were sacrificed. How often do we see men, who have sacrificed comfort, enjoyment, health, fortune and all their bright prospects for the future in the cause of labor, made the subject of ridicule as a reward for their efforts and their sacrifices to better the condition of the toiler.

There are few men harder to please than the oppressed and down-trodden. Men have tried in vain, again and again, to alleviate the sufferings of oppressed labor without being made the subject of abuse by the very men for whom they were laboring.

There is hardly a class of people more ungrateful than the working class. A man may strive ever so hard to serve them—he may accomplish more than a grateful people could reasonably expect—he may make ever so many sacrifices—he may put forth superhuman exertions in their behalf—he may dig and delve, spend an endless number of weary, restless nights maturing plans to better their condition—he may incur the ill-will of hundreds who might appreciate his labor if directed in another channel. Still, and all, after making all the sacrifices possible for man to make, he is often told in an inhuman and very ungrateful manner, in language which in substance conveys the meaning, that his labors have not been appreciated.

We have known cases where men have been persecuted, driven from their homes, reduced to penury, and made to endure hardships and privations almost unbearable by a human being, and all because they had enlisted in the cause of labor. Yet their efforts towards the amelioration of labor were unabated; death alone could make them relinquish the struggle for the emancipation of the toiling millions. They believed the principle for which they contended to be right. They felt convinced that they had embarked in a just and noble cause, and so long as God permitted them to tenant this earth, they would continue the struggle, let the consequences be what they might. We have seen such brave men sacrificed, times without number, men who labored without a hope of compensation or reward of any kind; men who fearlessly placed themselves foremost in the fight as a target for the enemy, and instead of receiving thanks, or even a kindly word, for those in whose behalf their labors were given, and in whose interests their sacrifices were made, we have often heard epithets applied to them [which would sometimes make our very blood run cold, to think that the Almighty ever permitted such mean, low, base and ungrateful wretches to inhabit this earth, men who could not even appreciate such sacrifices made in their behalf. We speak from experience when we say that working men are certainly less easily pleased than any other class. We sometimes have an inclination to cease all our efforts in their behalf. But when we call to mind hundreds of our acquaintances who are numbered among the working class, who we know to be as brave, noble and liberal-hearted as ever breathed the breath of life, we take new courage, and resolve to do our whole duty, whether praise or slander be the reward of our labors. How often do we hear working men denounce their fellow-workmen for deserting them, when, if they would stop for a moment to investigate the cause that drove many a good man out of the ranks of labor, they would invariably find, that foremost among all the causes stands man's ingratitude to man.—*Machinists and Blacksmith's Journal.*

A HOUSE OF OUR OWN.

Next to being married to the right person, there is nothing so important in one's life as to live under one's own roof. There is something more than a poetical charm in the expression of the wife:—

"We have our cosy house; it is thrice dear to us because it is our own. We have bought it with the saving of our earnings. Many were the soda fountains, the confectionery saloons, and the necessities of the market we had to pass; many a time my noble husband denied himself the comfort of tobacco, the refreshing draught of beer, wore his old clothes, and even patched-up boots; and I, O me! made my old bonnet do, wore the plainest clothes, did the plainest cooking; saving was the order of the hour, and to have 'a home of our own' had been our united aim. Now we have it; there is no landlord troubling us with raising the rent, and exacting this and that. There is no fear harbored in our bosom that in sickness or old age we will be thrown out of house and home, and the money we have saved to pay rent is sufficient to keep us in comfort in the winter days of life."

What a lesson do the above words teach, and how well it would be if hundreds of families would heed them, and instead of living in rented houses, which take a large share of their capital to furnish, and a quarter of their earnings to pay the rent, dress and eat accordingly, would bravely curtail expenses, and concentrate their efforts on having "a home of their own." Better a cottage of your own than a rented palace.

LORD LISGAR ON TRADES UNIONS.

I have heard apprehensions expressed in some quarters that the combinations amongst workmen and the high rates of wages insisted upon, may go far to check or delay the progress of public works or make the outlay a burthen too grievous to bear. These apprehensions need not be indulged in. Combinations to keep up wages are seldom successful, except in trades where the work people are few in number, and collected in a small number of local centres. In all other cases, wages soon find their natural level; that is to say, the level of the rate which distributes the whole circulating capital of the country among the entire working population. If workmen demand more, their demand can only be obtained by keeping a portion of their number permanently out of employment. The intelligence of the people will soon discover this point, and their entering into combinations and unions will facilitate their doing so. No attempt should therefore be made to prevent or put down the combinations by legislation or by force. The atrocities sometimes committed by workmen in the way of personal outrage or intimidation cannot be too rigidly repressed, and to that end the process of law should be simplified and made summary. In all other respects, and so long as they abstain from the molestation of parties who do not join them, the Trades' Unions should be left free to combine for their own purposes, and to further their own interests by all lawful and peaceable means. I served on a committee of the House of Commons many years ago, by which these principles were ascertained or confirmed, and upon its conclusions the law of England rests. I was glad to see that in the course of the session just closed, Sir John Macdonald introduced a bill to assimilate the law of Canada to that of Great Britain in these respects. I believe this course was wise in itself, and doubly so, inasmuch as it is desirable that the law in Canada should in all cases be as closely as possible assimilated to that of England. No surer or more lasting bond of union between the two countries can be devised than an identity of laws founded upon and fostering an identity of feeling. I well know that Sir John Macdonald has this object much at heart, and that he desires to strengthen the bond and perpetuate the connection, the good intelligence, the alliance between Canada and England. I wish him and all who work with him in this field God-speed and the amplest success. But, after all, the true remedy for the follies and violences of strikes and demands for too high wages, as of all social evils, is popular intelligence, quickened by sound education. You have established an excellent system in the Dominion, and education is in a flourishing condition. I fear it may be objected that the process is slow; that the truths of economic science and the convictions of philosophy can scarcely reach the popular mind; that the knowledge of the people is, and must ever remain superficial. This, to a certain extent, cannot be denied. Still the truths which regulate the moral and political relations of man are at no great distance from the surface. The great works in which discoveries are recorded cannot be read by the people, but their substances pass through a number of minute and circuitous channels, through the lecture, the pamphlet, the newspaper, to the shop, and the hamlet. To borrow a similee from an eminent writer—"the conversion of these works of unproductive splendor into select use and unobserved activity, resembles the processes of nature in the external world. The expanse of a noble lake, the course of a majestic river imposes on the imagination by every impression of dignity and sublimity; but it is the moisture that insensibly arises from them, which gradually mingles with the soil, nourishes all the luxuriance of vegetation, and adorns the surface of the earth."

SHOOTING AFFRAY IN A CIRCUS.

An exciting affray occurred during a recent performance of Dan Rice's circus at Baxter Springs, Kansas. A difficulty took place under the tent between one of the proprietors, named Spalding, and the City Marshal, to arrest a lemonade peddler for selling without a license, during which revolvers were drawn and freely used on both sides. The City Marshal was slightly wounded in three places, but Spalding received a ball in the stomach and another in the left side, inflicting injuries which it was feared would prove fatal. As the tent was full of spectators at the time, many of them ladies, the excitement during the firing was intense. After the shooting was over a row took place in the streets between showmen and citizens, in which one of the latter was severely beaten. It has been reported in some of the papers that Spalding has since died, and that the ring master of the circus, named Terrilliger, was also shot dead; but it is doubtful if there is any truth in these rumors. Young Spalding is the son of Dr.

Spalding, the well known circus manager, formerly of Albany, in this State, who is one of the lessees of the New Orleans Academy of Music, and several other places of amusement in the South.

Sawdust and Chips.

A servant at a party, to whom his master was calling impatiently to fetch this, fetch that, answered, "Sir, everything ye have in the wurruld is on the table."

A gentleman expressed to a lady his admiration of her toilet. She said she supposed he had been impressed by her angel sleeves. He answered with effusion, No, but he'd like to be!

Alphonse (who has had an attack of mother-in-law), "Parbleu, madame, it is not ze trouble zat your daughter is my wife. Non! It is because she is not an orphan when she is married to me!"

A greenhorn, who was on board a steamer for the first time, fell through the hatchway and down into the hold, when, being unhurt, he loudly expressed his surprise: "Well, if the darned thing ain't holler!"

"In London no man thinks of blacking his own boots," said a haughty Briton once to the late Mr. Lincoln, whom he found polishing his calfskin gaiters. "Whose boots does he black?" quietly responded Uncle Abe.

An irate Western editor lately wrote to a contributor: "If you don't stop sending me such abominable poetry, I'll print a piece of it some day with your name appended in full, and send a copy to your girl."

Josh Billings says there seems to be four styles of minds: First, them that knows it's so; second, them that knows it ain't so; third, them that split the difference and guess at it; fourth, them that don't care which way it is.

HOME RULE.—Mamma (to naughty boy), You should always behave the same, whether you are in company or not. Naughty Boy—Well, ma, why don't you behave the same as you do to company, and press us to have another tart?

"How are you to-day?" asked the benevolent Dr. P. of one of his Irish patients at Guy's Hospital: "Faith, doctor," groaned the poor fellow, "I'm that bad that if any one was to tell me that I war clane dead, I'd not be surprised at all."

"Spotted Tail" indignantly denies that he authorized the association of his name with that of Victoria C. Woodhull on the Presidential ticket. The following despatch has been received from him: "Woodhull? Squaw! Ugh! Me no run!"

Discerning child (who has heard some remarks made by papa)—Are you our new nurse? Nurse—Yes, dear. Child—Well, then, I'm one of those boys who can only be managed by kindness—so you had better get some sponge cake and oranges at once!

A traveller announces as a fact (and though he is a "traveller" we believe him) that he once in his life beheld people "minding their own business." This remarkable occurrence happened at sea, the passengers being "too sick" to attend to each other's concerns.

Mr. Lincoln used to tell a story of a boy who was ordered by his father to scare a stray urchin off the premises. He departed on his mission with a "turkey gobble" strut, and shortly returned with a discolored optic, bleeding nose and very demoralized, and told his father the "darn'd boy didn't scare worth a cent."

A philosophical Kentuckian who was the envied possessor of one shirt, while lying in bed awaiting its return from the line where it was flapping in solitary grandeur, was startled by an exclamation from the better half of his bosom, to the effect that "the calf has eaten it." To this he replied with an equanimity worthy of a better cause: "Them who has must lose!"

A London (Ont.) paper has the following among its "scientific discoveries": A new fashioned bustle was found in the cricket field yesterday, which consisted of several newspapers, three pairs of old hose, two "quilted" petticoats (nearly worn out), two old slouch hats, a pair of top boots, a bunch of hay, a piece of stair carpet, and a cord about three feet long.

A German carman was taking his lager-bier, with a party of friends, in a Third Avenue saloon, when an acquaintance came in, and said to him, "Your horse is running away." "Vy didn't you stop him?" quietly asked the Teuton. "I couldn't; he'd got several rods up the avenue." "Come, poy, hurry up mid dat odder mug," cried the German, "for if dat horse breaks anyding, my wife vill gi-me hail Columbus!"

Fanny Fern says that when she sees "a pretty man, with an apple head, and raspberry moustache with six hairs in it, paint on his cheeks, and a little dot of a goatee on his chin, with pretty little blinking studs in his shirt bosom, and a little necktie that looks as if it would faint if it were rumpled, she always feels a desire to nip him with a pair of sugar tongs, drop him gently into a pot of cream, and strew pink rose leaves over the little remains."

"It Won't Do FOR OLD VIRGINNY!"—Junius Brutus Booth appeared as "Iago" in Richmond, Virg., the other night, and in the audience was a somewhat unsophisticated individual, who inquired of a gentleman near

him: "Is this the play in which a nigger marries a white woman, and then chokes her to death?" An appropriate reply was given. The questioner then arose to leave, remarking: "Well, then, darned if I want to see it. It won't do for old Virginny!"

A man in Providence, addicted to "tangle foot," having imbibed considerably more than was for his good, took a seat by the fire, and soon "didn't feel as well as he used to do." Near the fire was a brood of young goslings in a basket, that had been brought in, the weather being stormy. The heat made the man sick, and the disposition was strong within him to relieve his overcharged stomach. No vessel being handy for the purpose except the basket of goslings, the load was quickly deposited there. Calling his wife, he exclaimed, "Pho-Phoebe, where did I (hic) did I eat those gos-gillings?"

A Virginia City man thus describes his method of conjugal discipline: "Whenever I see she's got her mad up, if it's a dozen times a day, I just quietly say nothin', but kinder humor her, and she comes round all right after a while. Then when she throws things at me, or gives a wild slash for me with the broom or rollin'-pin, I just dodges a little, and she never hits me the third time before I get my eyes on her, and let her know that I disapprove of such action on her part. Perhaps I have to leave the house to show her this, but she sees the point. Then, by being careful not to irritate her, and letting her have her own way, I manage to make her do as I please."

WATER COMMISSIONER!

TO THE ELECTORS

OF THE

Eastern Division of the City of Toronto.

GENTLEMEN,

Having been strongly urged by an influential and numerous body of my friends and former supporters to offer myself as a candidate for

WATER COMMISSIONER,

I now comply with their request, and place myself before you, hoping to receive, as I heretofore have done, such support as will place me at the head of the poll.

Yours, &c., &c.,

F. H. MEDCALF.

TO THE ELECTORS

OF THE

Western Division of the City of Toronto.

GENTLEMEN,

A large number of influential Ratepayers residing in your Division have urged me to become a candidate for the office of Water Commissioner, and have signified their intention to exert themselves to secure my election.

In taking my place with other candidates for such a responsible position, I assure you, without claiming superior abilities or qualifications for the office, if honoured with your support, I will be unremitting in my exertions to serve the citizens of Toronto energetically and faithfully.

The shortness of time intervening between the date and the day of polling, FRIDAY, the 28th INSTANT, will render it impossible for me to make a personal canvass.

I, therefore, will solely rely on your judgment and confidence.

I have the honor to be,

Yours truly,

WM. PATERSON.

Toronto, 21st June, 1872.

TO THE ELECTORS

OF THE

Western Division of the City of Toronto.

GENTLEMEN:

A numerous signed requisition has been sent to me, requesting me to offer for the office of Water Commissioner for the above Division.

Such requisition inspires me with the belief that my conduct as one of your representatives, extending over a period of twelve years in the City Council, has met with the approval of my fellow citizens.

In according to the wish of my friends, allow me to state that should you favor me with your confidence and support for the office of Water Commissioner, I will earnestly strive to discharge the important duties of the office to your satisfaction.

The Election takes place on Friday, the 28th June, 1872. Poll open at 9 A.M.

I am, gentlemen,

Your obedient servant,

ROBERT BELL.

TO THE ELECTORS

The Western Division of Toronto.

GENTLEMEN:

In a few days you will be called upon to elect two Commissioners to represent you for the construction of Water Works for the City.

No commission of trust that you have ever placed in the hands of five men, has been of the great importance to the future health, safety and comfort of all classes of the people of Toronto, as the Commission you are about to appoint. An abundant supply of pure water for all purposes is one of the first indispensable requisites for a city of the population of Toronto, not only for the present, but the great future that inevitably lies before her.

It is not only an honest and judicious expenditure of money placed at the disposal of the Commission that it will be entrusted with, but the selection of the source from which the water shall be obtained, the kind of works that shall be used, and the method of construction, dealing with existing interests, and a vast number of other questions of the most grave and vital importance will be entrusted to their judgment and decision.

In offering myself for your suffrages, I do so with a full sense of the great responsibility your representative will have to assume, and I have called your attention to some of the leading features of those responsibilities, in the earnest hope that you will select the best men from among those that present themselves.

It is not my intention to personally canvass the division; it would be almost impracticable in the time intervening before the election, but were it otherwise, I do not think it would be proper to do so.

Your Commissioners should not be under the influence of party ties and personal obligations, but should be the free representative of the whole people of the division.

I scarcely need tell many of you that I have been in active business here for well nigh thirty years, during which time I have constructed many important works both in Canada and the United States. I am, and have been for some time, retired from all business operations. My time and whatever abilities I may possess are, therefore, at your disposal. I have no personal interests to serve. My sole desire is to promote the best interests of my fellow citizens in this important matter.

If you approve of my views and believe I can serve you, my services are at your disposal. I shall be glad to receive your support on the day of election.

Your very obedient servant,

JOHN WORTHINGTON.

TO THE ELECTORS

OF

WEST TORONTO

GENTLEMEN,

At the request of a large number of the Electors of West Toronto, I offer myself as a Candidate for the office of Water Commissioner.

I am fully aware of the great importance of the duties connected with the office, and, if elected, will endeavor to discharge them honestly and efficiently.

Your obedient servant,

JOHN GREENLEES.

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