

# Ontario Workman.

THE EQUALIZATION OF ALL ELEMENTS OF SOCIETY IN THE SOCIAL SCALE SHOULD BE THE TRUE AIM OF CIVILIZATION.

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## A MECHANICAL MARVEL.

A German, of Cincinnati, has on exhibition in the window of a jeweller of that city, a complicated piece of mechanism, which he calls "die Lebensuhr" (clock of life). It will be seen from the following description, that it is truly a mechanical marvel:

We see, in a glass case, a three-story, steeple-shaped clock, four feet wide at the first story, and nine feet high. The movement is placed in the centre of the first story, on four delicate columns, within which swings the untiring pendulum, which is in the significant form of a bee-hive. Behind the pendulum there is a picture representing mature manhood—a countryman behind his plough. The four corners are carved, and represent the four periods of life—infancy, youth, manhood, and age. The spaces to the right and left of the clock are ornamented with two oil-paintings, representing the spring time of life (children playing in a garden), and the autumn or end of life (grave-diggers in the cemetery).

The second story consists of two tower-like pieces, on the doors of which there are two pictures that represent boyhood and early manhood. In the one a boy is just pushing his little bark away from the shore. He stands upright in the boat, and points to the distance; he is about to begin life—"to paddle his own canoe." In the other a young man, who has already made some progress in the journey of life, enters a room in which there is an hour-glass, that reminds him of the fleetness of time. On this story there are three guardian angels.

A majestic tower crowns, as third story, the ingenious structure. A cock, as a symbol of watchfulness, stands on the top, directly over the portal, which opens the tower in front. On this portal there is a painting which represents the perishableness of earthly things. The entire structure is, in appearance, very like an old Gothic castle.

Now, let us see if we can describe the mechanical action of the clock. When it marks the first quarter, the door of the left piece of the second story opens, and we see a child issue from the background, come forward to a little bell, give it one blow, and then disappear. At the second quarter a youth appears, and strikes the bell twice, and then disappears; at the third there comes a man in his prime; at the fourth we have a tottering old man, leaning on a staff, who strikes the bell four times. Each time the door closes of itself. When the hours are full, the door of the right piece of the second story opens, and Death, as a skeleton, scythe in hand, appears and marks the hour by striking a bell. But it is at the twelfth hour that we have the grand spectacle in the representation of the Day of Judgment. Then, when Death has struck three blows on the little bell, the cock on the top of the tower suddenly flaps his wings and crows in a shrill tone; and, after Death has marked the twelfth hour with his hammer, he crows again twice. Immediately three angels, who stand as guardians in a central position, raise their trumpets with their right hands (in the left they hold swords) and blows a blast toward each of the four quarters of the earth. At the last blast the door of the tower opens, and the resurrected children of the earth appear, while the destroying angel sinks out of sight.

The multitude stand for a moment full of awe and wonder. When, suddenly, Christ, in all his majesty, descends, surrounded by angels. On his left there is an angel, who holds the scales; on his right another carries the book of life, which opens to show the Alpha and Omega—the beginning and the end. Christ waves his hand, and instantly the good among the resurrected are separated from the wicked—the former going to the right, the latter to the left. The archangel Michael salutes the good, while, on the other side, stands the devil, radiant with fiendish delight—he can hardly wait for the final sentence of those who fall to him, but, in obedience to the command of the central figure, he withdraws. The figure of Christ raises his hand again, with a threatening mien, and the accursed sink down to the realms of his satanic majesty. Then Christ blesses the chosen few, who draw near to him. Finally, we hear a cheerful chime of bells, during which Christ rises, surrounded by his angels, until he disappears and the portal closes.

We look with amazement on this exhibition of the mechanic's ingenuity; a complete drama is here represented, without the aid of a human hand. And what excites our admiration still more is the perfection of all the

movements; they are steady, calm, and noiseless, with the exception of the threatening gestures of the figure Christ and the movements of Lucifer, who darts across the scene with lightning rapidity. Of course, the peculiar action of these two figures is intentional on the part of the artist, and adds greatly to the effect.

## OCCUPATIONS AND HEALTH.

At a late meeting of the Institute of Actuaries, the distinguished statistician and actuary, F. G. P. Nelson, read a paper on the "Influence of Occupation upon Health." The scope of the paper was such as to shed much needed light upon the relative healthfulness of the various employments, and some of the statements made were rather startling than otherwise. Among the classes especially referred to by Mr. Nelson, in his statistics and deductions, were miners, masons, metal workers, gardeners, carpenters, shoemakers, butchers, domestic servants, liquor dealers, etc. The rates of mortality of persons thus employed, and ranging between twenty-five years of age, are given as follows, per one thousand persons:

Gardeners	10.4
Carpenters	12.7
Shoemakers	14.5
Masons	17.6
Butchers	17.4
Iron miners	18.0
Coal miners	18.2
Tin Miners	19.9
Beer sellers	21.5
Wine and spirit merchants	25.0
Publicans, vintners, etc.	25.6
Inn and hotel keepers	27.0

It will be obvious to all who examine these figures that, as compared with the other occupations named, those connected with the liquor business are least healthful, if, indeed, they are not absolutely dangerous to employer and employed alike. In point of fact, Mr. Nelson found that the mortality was almost three to one as between inn-keepers and gardeners between the ages of 25 and 65 years. Our readers can draw parallels of this sort for themselves from the figures given above, and will not fail to infer that after all it is not hard work that drags us down to the grave so much as it is the kind of work that we do, the surroundings amid which we work, and the artificial "steaming" to which the physical part of us is subjected. Thus the statistics show that the least onerous essentially of all the occupations mentioned above is really the one which furnishes the largest comparative harvest to death's sickle. And this is simply because of the temptations to stimulate beyond any rational degree of necessity.

But perhaps a more striking exhibit of the influence of occupation, and one more likely to bring the subject home to the American mind, is that given in a report, prepared some years ago by order of the Massachusetts Legislature, respecting the longevity of individuals engaged in various employments. Thus, agriculturists were found to average a life-time of 63.93 years; bankers, 43.45; bank officers, 68.76; blacksmiths, 61.44; butchers, 50; calico printers, 51.34; carpenters, 49.39; clerks, 34.32; clergymen, 56.72; coopers, 58.67; editors, 40; gentlemen (!) 58.19; hatters, 64.17; jewellers, 44.06; judges and justices, 66; lawyers, 55.33; machinists, 36.41; manufacturers, 43.23; masons, 47.78; mechanics, 43.45; merchants, 61.71; musicians, 39.86; operatives, 32.93; painters, 42.68; physicians, 54.94; printers, 38.01; public officers, 56.84; ropemakers, 54.50; shipwrights, 55.27; shoemakers, 43.12; tailors, 44.35; teachers, 34.46; traders, 46.35. Such figures as these, even admitting that they can be only approximate estimates as applied to thousands of persons in all the States and climates of our country, are certainly suggestive in many particulars. In two respects they cannot fail to be peculiarly forcible, viz.: in the suggesting of occupations in which to work, or in warning against certain of them, and in illustrating and urging the claims of life insurance.

The grouping together of the two sets of statistics, here given, suggests a variety of reflections and inferences which require more space than can now be afforded. Whether the figures are made useful either in regard to what they reveal or with regard to what they suggest, no one will deny that they have a practical value. And this value will assume a variety of forms, just in accordance with the cast of mind making the application. We leave the figures, therefore, to make their own way into a field of usefulness.

## THE TRADE IN HAIR.

The ladies will feel interested in the fact that Parisian journals announce a decline in the price of hair. They assure us that a depreciation of fifty per cent. has already occurred in the value of "chignons, nattes, cantogants, queues, agrements, meches, and toupets." One journal pathetically exclaims, in view of this circumstance: "You ladies who fondly believe that you have some 2,000f. worth of false curls in your drawers (the sum paid for such capillary ornaments), deceive yourself no longer; it is only worth half that sum now." We are not told why this terrible reduction in the value of hair has taken place. Certainly it is worn as much as ever, but as chignons are now frequently made of silk in Paris, and of other light materials, the hair market has doubtless suffered correspondingly. The current fashion of wearing hair in the French capital is to cluster ringlets thickly, weave bands broadly, and mass the chignon voluminously. Besides this, French women have special masses of long, handsome, dishevelled hair to put on, as if nature had favored them with a luxuriant supply of the hirsute establishment. Some American ladies, we are told, have adopted the fashion, and are very successful in imposing upon the unsophisticated.

The extent to which false hair is now worn by women of all ranks in life, here as well as abroad, is almost beyond belief. If glance at any show-case, will show us in what an infinite varieties of ways it is employed to ornament the fashionable. "Observe," says a French journalist, "the mob of queer things, and especially the clustering, flowing wavelets, sometimes interwoven with flowers, waiting only to be placed on the head in order, perhaps, to awaken in a young male heart the most tender of emotions."

"False hair must occasionally help a man to love, if pretty boots have, as we know, led to matrimony. What a tremendous trade must be done in dead hair." This journalist adds that "if all the false hair worn by the Parisian ladies were collected in the Place Vendôme and piled up, it would reach to the top of the old Napoleon column."

"Does not a young mother's heart leap 4th joy when she beholds her darling babe's 1st 2th?"

The Canadian Good Templars number 26,000 members. During the past year 178 new lodges have been established.

The railroad army of the United States, according to the "tables of occupations" recently completed at the census office from the returns of 1870, consisted at the time of taking the census of 1,967 officers of railroad companies, 7,374 railroad clerks, and 154,427 employees—a total rank and file, of 163,903 souls. This, we must say, would form by itself a large army. Besides these, however, there are seventy officers, 707 clerks, and 8,554 employees of express companies—in all, 9,396 men. As these are nearly all engaged in steam railroad transportation, we have a total of 172,699 men engaged directly in railroad service.

Happiness between husband and wife can only be secured by that constant tenderness and care of the parties for each other which are based upon warm and demonstrative love. The heart demands that the man shall not sit reticent, self-absorbed and silent in the midst of his family. The woman who forgets to note and provide for the peculiarities of her husband's tastes and wishes, renders her home undesirable for him. In a word, ever-present and ever-demonstrative gentleness must reign, or else the heart starves.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOR.—We never hear that subject alluded to and the epithet of "servile" or "degrading" applied to the highest duty of life, without feeling pity and sorrow to those who desecrate it. There can be nothing servile or degrading in useful toil of any kind. The epithet should more properly be applied to those who would stain this paramount duty of life; and we hope to live long enough on this planet to see the fact universally acknowledged that only labor of head, brain or muscle is to be deemed honorable or will be tolerated by human society. It is not labor that degrades, but living in idleness on the sweat and toil of one's fellow beings.

On Wednesday afternoon last, a boy named Menco, employed in Mr. Wm. Cassidy's saw mill, Douglas, had his hand taken off by the aw.

## KEEP UP THE FAMILY ATTACHMENT.

One of the saddest things about a large family who have lived happily together under the old roof-tree, is the scattering to distant homes, which takes place as they grow up, one by one, to years of maturity. It is often the case, that in the cares and bustle of business, letters grow more and more infrequent, and finally brothers and sisters will entirely lose sight of each other. These kindred ties are much too sacred to be thus lightly severed. It takes such a little while to write a letter, and the expense is so trifling, there can hardly be an excuse for the neglect.

A loving family circle thus widely severed, adopted a curious but beautiful plan for keeping informed of each others welfare. The two most remote on the first of each month write part of a page on a large sheet containing the principal news of the month, and this is sealed and sent to the family next in order. Some member of the household adds a little contribution and sends it to the next, and so on till the whole circle is complete. Thus the family circle goes round twelve times a year, and each one is kept well informed of the joys, sorrows, plans and pursuits of the others. Family gatherings are frequent in such households, and the old home attachments never grow cold. Some in particular, away from home, are apt to grow very neglectful of letter-writing. Oh, if they knew how many heart aches such neglect often causes to the loving breast that pillowed their tired heads in childhood, they would not be so thoughtless. If they knew the joy that a letter brought, and could see how its lightest words were dwelt over and talked by the fireside, they would not be so sparing of the messages. Are not some of us sadly in arrears in this particular?

## MEN OF LABOR.

In the following grim, grand way does Thomas Carlisle take off his hat to the man that plows, that hoes, and reaps, and mows, and threshes wheat for bread: "The toil-worn craftsman that with earth-made instrument laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand, crooked, coarse, notwithstanding wherein lies a cunning virtue indefeasibly royal as the sceptre of this planet. Venerable, too, is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, bespotted, with its rude intelligence, for it is the face of a manly man-like—the more venerable for the rudeness, even because we must pity as we love thee, hardly entreated brother. For us thy back was bent, for us thy straight limbs and fingers were so deformed. Thou wert the conscript on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles were so marred. For in thee, too, lay a God-created form, but it was not to be unfolded; incrustated must it stand with the thick adhesions and defacements of labor, and thy body, like thy soul, was not to know freedom. Yet, toil on, toil on, man, in thy duty, be out of it who may; thou toiler for the altogether indispensable, for daily bread."

## ARITHMETIC FOR MILLIONAIRES.

The Chinese have a most ingenious method of reckoning by the aid of the fingers, performing all the operations of addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division, with numbers from one up to 100,000. Every finger of the left hand represents nine figures, as follows:—The little finger represents units, the ring finger tens, the middle finger hundreds, the fore-finger thousands, the thumb tens of thousands. When the three joints of each finger are touched from the palm towards the top they count one, two, and three of each of the denominations as above named. Four, five, and six are counted on the back of the finger joints in the same way; seven, eight and nine are counted on the right side of the joints from the palm to the tip. The fore-finger of the right hand is used as a pointer. Thus, 1, 2, 3, 4, would be indicated by first touching the joint of the fore-finger; next the hand on the inside; next the end joint of the ring finger on the inside; and finally, the joint of the little finger next the hand on the outside. The reader will be able to make further examples for himself.

Evans, who recently murdered his niece, Miss Lowering, of Northwood, Vt., under very shocking circumstances, is endeavouring to gain notoriety, or perhaps induce the belief that he is insane, by claiming to be the murderer of the Joyce children, at Roxbury, Mass., nine years ago. There are some cir-

cumstances which slightly corroborate his confession, but his general conduct leads to the belief that he is working up the insanity dodge. He does not show the slightest remorse for his recent foul deeds, and even pretends to be aggrieved that he was not allowed to attend the funeral of his victim.

## JOSH BILLINGS AT SARATOGA.

I don't think the water at Saratoga is so mineral as at Long Branch. I staid at Saratoga four weeks, and worked away at the water all the time. The more i drinkt, the less i wanted to. The water ain't so numerous at Saratoga, az it iz at Long Branch, and that iz the reason whi they bottle it. I stopt at the Grand Union-Hotel while at Saratoga, and noticed several people thare.

This hotel iz kept by the *Lelands*, and iz kept just az i should keep hotel, if i waz a going to keep one.

I always thought it waz dredful easy to keep a good hotel, and after staying 4 weeks at the Grand Union i know it iz.

The clerks at this hotel are a hansum set ov phellows, and they all told me they know how to drink the water.

I shall cum here next summer and stop at this same hotel, if they will let me, and i shall keep coming year after year, until i learn how to finally drink the water.

From Saratoga i went to Lake George. I went by the Adirondax ralerode, and found it a most delitesum route, besides being much the cheapest.

One reason ov this waz bekauze the superintendent of the rode presented me with a pass to go and cum.

I reached Lake George in time to drink before dinner, and couldn't taste enny psalt in the water.

I waz surprized at this, and concluded i had injured mi taste.

I tried the water the next morning, and found them still unsalty, and paid mi bill, and left.

The landlord asked me, with tears in his eyes, wat was the matter, and i whispered in hiz ear that the water lakt psalt.

He bogged mi pardon, and offered tew fix sum for me.

I left Lake George with the firm convikshun that the water iz too fresh tew be profitable.

Sumthing waz sed tew me about the scenery around Lake George being so fine; but i didn't go for scenery, i went for water.

After spending eleven weeks ov pure, unspekeled happiness, i find miself at hum agin, feeling like a birde, but a leetle water-soaked.

I shall start in a phew days for Utaw, and shall spend the winter thare, and praktiss on the waters.

I am told that the waters at psalt lake are more substanshalltew drink than enny others.

I forgot to state that i saw one man at Saratoga drink 9 glasses ov mineral water sekuttif. They sed he waz a sailor—a regular old, psalt.

I also saw one man at Long Branch drink more water than he could swaller. He cum very near drowning to deth.

One of the richest things we have heard for some time is the newly imported English emigrant's description of a rough-and-tumble fight in which he participated. "They don't know 'ow to fight in this b—d country," said he, "Hi fought with a Canadian the other day, as he called me a Hinglish green 'orn. Hi knocked 'm down twice—hand of cawrse Hi lot him up again. Then 'e knocked me down—but 'e didn't let me up. No, 'e kicked me, and taw my clothes and punched me in the 'ed. 'E called it *gaoing law me*." Our reporter was seized with a sudden fit of coughing and left.

The WHITE HART, corner of Yonge and Elm Street, is conducted by Bell Belmont, on the good old English principle, which gives the greatest satisfaction to its numerous patrons. The bar is most tastefully decorated, and pronounced by the press to be the Prince of Bars. Under the entire management of Mrs. E. Belmont, who is always proud to attend to the customer's wants. A spacious billiard room, and attentive waiters, render the WHITE HART a popular place of resort. Ad.