

THE ECHO.

A JOURNAL FOR THE PROGRESSIVE WORKMAN, AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Vol. 1.—No. 34.

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1891.

SINGLE COPIES—THREE CENTS
ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR

MEETINGS.

CENTRAL TRADES AND LABOR COUNCIL OF MONTREAL.

LOUIS Z. BOUDREAU, - - - PRESIDENT
J. B. DUBOIS, - - - VICE-PRESIDENT
P. J. RYAN, - - - ENGLISH REC. SECRETARY
D. ROCHON, - - - FRENCH REC. SECRETARY
E. PELLETIER, - - - FINANCIAL SECRETARY
JOS. RENAUD, - - - COR. SECRETARY
JOS. CORBEIL, - - - TREASURER
JOS. PAQUETTE, - - - SERGEANT-AT-ARMS

Meets in the Ville-Marie Hall, 1623 Notre Dame street, the first and third Thursdays of the month. Communications to be addressed to JOS. RENAUD, Corresponding Secretary, P. O. Box 414

RIVER FRONT ASSEMBLY,

No. 7628.
Rooms K. of L. Hall, Chaboillez square. Next meeting Sunday, May 24, at 7.30. Address all correspondence to
J. WARREN, Rec. Sec.,
P. O. Box 1458.

DOMINION ASSEMBLY,

No. 2436 K. of L.
Meets every FRIDAY evening at Eight o'clock in the K. of L. Hall, Chaboillez square. Address all communications to
JOHN WILKINS, R.S.,
No. 222 St. Antoine street.

PROGRESS ASSEMBLY,

No. 2852, K. of L.
Meets every First and Third Tuesday at Lomas' Hall, Point St. Charles.

BUILDERS' LABORERS' UNION.

Meets in Ville Marie Hall, 1623 Notre Dame street, every TUESDAY at 8 P. M.
Address all communications to
WM. JARVIS, Secretary,
111 St. Dominique street.

BLACK DIAMOND ASSEMBLY

1711, K. of L.
Meets next Sunday, in the K. of L. Hall, Chaboillez square, at 2 o'clock.
Address all communications to
J. CARROLL, Rec. Sec.,
135 Iberville street.

LEGAL CARDS.

Hon. J. A. Chapleau, John S. Hall, Jr.,
Q.C., M.P. Q.C., M.P.P.
Armine D. Nicolls, Albert J. Brown.

Chapleau, Hall, Nicolls & Brown,
ADVOCATES,
Barristers, Commissioners, &c.,
TEMPLE BUILDING,
No. 185 St. James Street, Montreal.
Bell Telephone No. 42. P. O. Box 296.

Hon. H. MERCIER, M.P.P. C. BEAUSOLEIL, M.P.
F. X. CHOQUET, B.C.L. P. G. MARTINEAU, B.C.L.

MERCIER, BEAUSOLEIL, CHOQUET
& MARTINEAU,
ADVOCATES,
No. 76 ST. JAMES STREET,
MONTREAL.

DOHERTY & DOHERTY,

ADVOCATES,
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, &c.,
Savings Bank Chambers,
180 ST. JAMES ST., MONTREAL.
T. J. DOHERTY. | CHAS. J. DOHERTY, Q.C.

CARTER & GOLDSTEIN,

ADVOCATES,
Barristers, Commissioners, &c.,
115 St. Francois Xavier St.,
MONTREAL.
CHRISTOPHER B. CARTER, MAX WELLS GOLDSTEIN,
Q.C., B.C.L. Q.C., B.C.L.

BUSINESS CARDS.

B. E. MCGALE,
Pharmaceutical and Dispensing
Chemist,
2123 NOTRE DAME STREET,
MONTREAL.
Sunday Attendance—From 1 to 2 p.m.
to 6 p.m.; 8.30 to 9.30 p.m.

LAVIOLETTE & NELSON,

DISPENSING CHEMISTS,
Corner of Notre Dame and St.
Gabriel Streets,
MONTREAL.

WIVES IN ENGLAND.

Some Notable Cases of Abductions by Husbands.

E. H. Jackson, whose exploit at Clitheroe aroused such a sensation in England, is not the first Englishman, even in modern times, to take advantage of the peculiar English law relating to conjugal rights. Substantially that law permits a husband to compel a wife to live with him. That is, she is denied the right of choice. She must have something besides her preference to sustain a claim for legal interference in her behalf. Of course nowadays the tendency of courts is toward the largest individual liberty compatible with law, and a very slight cause or pretext might be accepted as justifying a wife's release from compulsory association with her husband. On this tendency the court acted in Mrs. Jackson's case, deciding that she should have the right to choose her own residence.

Mrs. Jackson has had a different experience from Emily, the wife of Sir Hercules Robert Packenham and daughter of the old English family of Le Despencer. This lady, shortly after marriage, concluded to leave her husband. She had no known ground of complaint, and it is surmised that she did not like Irish surroundings and became homesick for England. Sir Hercules belonged to an Anglo-Irish family more noted for courage than prudence, as instanced in the case of his famous brother, Sir Edward, who fell in the battle of New Orleans. When he came home one day and found that Lady Packenham, to whom he had been married about two months, was missing, he did not sit down quietly, but made up his mind to get her back. Mereworth Castle, Kent, was then, as now, no contemptible place of refuge and everybody in the vicinity was almost a feudal vassal of the Despenchers.

Emily had every reason to consider herself safe in her ancestral halls, and indeed nobody could have dreamed that she was in any danger of abduction. Sir Hercules laid his plans well, and he had for assistants two sturdy veterans who had followed him in the Peninsular war. He brought a carriage comfortably furnished and a pair of swift horses when he drove up to Mereworth Castle one pleasant day in 1817.

Sir Hercules did not condescend to lie in wait. He called at the castle, asked for his wife and was ushered into her presence. She told him she would not return to live with him. Sir Hercules, who well deserved his name, picked her up gently and firmly and carried her, too dazed to summon help, to his carriage. The menials who saw the act did not dare to interfere, but hastened to tell Lord Despencer. It took that gentleman some time to organize pursuit, and meanwhile Sir Hercules and his captive were speeding swiftly towards Sandgate. There a vessel awaited Sir Hercules, prepared to convey him to Ireland. He was overtaken during the delay attendant upon embarkation, but he promptly threatened to kill anyone interfering with him.

Lord Le Despencer concluded, after a parley, not to attempt a rescue. Sir Hercules promised that if Emily would remain with him four months longer she would then be at liberty to make her own choice as to the future, and on this basis a truce was arranged. At the end of the four months Lady Packenham was willing to remain with her husband, and they lived together happily for thirty two years, when he died, she surviving him as a widow for a quarter of a century longer.

At Highworth, in Wiltshire, as late as 1885, the house of a farmer named Samuel Angell was besieged for a week by sympathizers with his wife, whom he had compelled to rejoin him. The woman deserted Angell while he was serving a short sentence for some petty offence, and on his return he carried her to the house from an adjoining farm, where she was making a living as a dairymaid. The rustics assembled in large numbers and surrounded the dwelling, which was protected, however, by the police.

The farmer was literally starved into allowing his wife to go. No one would supply him with provisions for fear of popular indignation, and what he had in the house was exhausted in the course of a few days. He opened the door at last, and told his wife to depart if she desired. She went and did not return.

The late Sir Arthur Jervoise had a most romantic experience with his wife, Georgiana, whom he abducted by force after a separation that had lasted over two years.

In that instance Idsworth park presented the appearance of an old fashioned siege, the gentry of the neighborhood taking different sides in the dispute and turning out with their tenants as friends or foes of Sir Arthur. However, there was no actual fighting, one side keeping on watch to help the lady if she should succeed in leaving the mansion, and the other to prevent her from being carried away. The picturesque costume of the gentry, most of whom turned out in their hunting attire, added to the interest of the occasion, and scores of people went down from London to see the episode.

The siege, if it may be called such, lasted altogether four days, during two of which Lady Georgiana was locked in her apartments. At length Sir Arthur himself threw open the great doors and invited the besiegers to enter. Lady Georgiana was there and allowed her husband to state in her behalf and his own that they were entirely reconciled. Then followed a banquet and several days of rejoicing.

It is said, however, that these affairs had sometimes a tragic ending in the olden days. As late as the middle of the eighteenth century a tragedy of this kind occurred at Mount Boone, Devon. The wife of a gentleman named Carthew, held an unwilling prisoner, attempted to escape by a window and fell, receiving fatal injuries. She died in the arms of her husband, who narrowly escaped violence at the hands of the people.

There is another sad instance in the Redesdale family of the wife of Captain Mitford, who starved to death in her husband's custody, refusing to take either food or drink while he detained her a captive. The magistrate at length interfered, but the order for her release arrived after her death. The husband, who had not supposed her condition so serious and had hoped to subdue her stubbornness, went mad when he learned the sad result of his tyranny.—Chicago Herald.

BLACK VS. WHITE.

Attempt to Substitute White Labor with Black.

SEATTLE, Wash., May 17.—This morning 400 negro miners with their families arrived at Stone Siding on the Northern Pacific. The negroes will be marched immediately to the coal mines of the Oregon Improvement Co., at Franklin. They were recruited in Hannibal, it is said, by the Oregon Improvement Co., and brought here to take the place of white miners, with whom the company had been having trouble. About six weeks ago Superintendent Corey attempted to force the miners to sign a contract displeasing to them and a strike was the result. The company then withdrew their contract, and Corey resigned ostensibly to take a position with the railway company elsewhere. Another superintendent was appointed and the men returned to work at their terms. When it became known among the miners that the negroes were on the way to the mines every camp was notified and all the miners went out on strike. At Franklin there is intense excitement and it is thought serious trouble may result. Manager C. J. Smith, of the Oregon Improvement Company, said: The company has determined to get rid of the necessity of bowing to every caprice of the labor unions. The negroes will be put into the mines and will be protected if it takes more guards than the miners. A force of Pinkertons will accompany the negroes from the railroad station to the mines.

A Jest That Became Earnest.

The old saying that "a king's jester is like a dog in a lion's cage" was amply verified in the case of Peter the Great's famous court buffoon, Balakireff, who more than once took such liberties with his formidable master as would have cost any other man dear. On one occasion a cousin of the jester had incurred the czar's displeasure and had been sentenced to a severe punishment, no one daring to show any interest in him save Balakireff himself, who at once made his appearance before the offended czar to beg mercy for the culprit.

The moment Peter saw the well known figure coming up the hall he guessed his errand, and called out fiercely, "It's no use, Balakireff; you need not waste your breath, for I vow, on my word of honor, that I will not grant what you are going to ask."

Quick as thought the ready witted jester threw himself at the emperor's feet and said in an imploring tone, "I beseech you, Piotr

Alexievitch (Peter, son of Alexis), do not pardon that rascal of a cousin of mine!"

Angry as he was the czar laughed in spite of himself at this unlooked for turning of the tables, and remitted the culprit's sentence accordingly. But not long after this it came to Balakireff's own turn to fall into disgrace, and Peter, in one of his characteristic bursts of rage, fiercely bade the poor old jester "never to show his face on Russian soil again."

But Balakireff's exile was not a long one, for barely a week later the czar, who was then in his newly built capital of St. Petersburg, saw from his palace window the banished man jogging coolly past in a cart filled with turf.

"Hello, you rascal," cried Peter, "did I not tell you never to show your face on Russian soil again?"

"Nor have I," replied the wag, with an impish grin; "this turf in my cart is Swedish soil, every bit of it, dug up on the other side of the Finland border."

Peter smiled grimly at the trick, but in another moment the black frown which few men could face unmoved darkened his massive features.

"It may be Swedish soil now," said he, sternly, "but it shall be Russian ere long!" And only a few months later a fresh stride in Peter's career of conquest made good the pledge.

That Record of Age Likely to Stand.

A sensation was nipped in the bud the other day, and an enterprising critic was silenced.

It happened this way: A worthy bachelor picked up a country weekly one afternoon, and, his eye lighting on an article on "Length of Days," he read until he came to something that made him throw down his paper, go to the table and take therefrom the Bible, explaining this unusual action by the audible reflection, "Was Methuselah the oldest man, after all? I'm going to look and see."

After turning over the leaves for some minutes he came upon the passage he wanted, and read, "And all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred sixty and nine years, and he died." Then he began turning over the leaves again, humming a tune to himself. Suddenly he stopped, put down the open book on the table, and read aloud: "And Nahor lived nine hundred and twenty years, and begat Terah; and Nahor lived after he begat Terah a hundred and nineteen years."

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "nine hundred and twenty, and a hundred, is ten hundred and twenty, and nineteen, is ten hundred and thirty-nine! Jumping Jehosaphat, I never knew that before!"

He shut the book, ran to the writing desk, grabbed a pen and sheet of paper, and in ten minutes had written, folded and enclosed a letter to the editor, requiring the correspondent of his paper to consult Genesis xi, 24. The letter was directed, sealed and mailed, and then the writer forgot all about his wonderful discovery and fell to studying a discussion on the tariff in his favorite daily.

Nothing more happened until the letter appeared in the next issue of the County Guardian. Having carefully read it without discovering any typographical errors, he smiled, picked up his Bible again, brushed the dust off it, and turned once more to Genesis xi, 24. He stared a moment at the verse, opened his eyes wider, gave a prolonged whistle, and arose from his chair. This is what he saw: "And Nahor lived nine and twenty years"

The week after several letters appeared in The Guardian in answer to the unlucky epistle. Methuselah's record still remains unbroken.—New York Tribune.

ARE THEY?

An exchange tells its readers that "the interests of capital and labor are identical." Certainly. Why, of course, and if this be not true, then the pens or pencils of many journalists, pamphleteers, essayists and authors labor to no purpose. Both capital and labor have a common interest in having labor profitably employed. There is some little difference of opinion as to where the profit should go, but this is of secondary and of comparatively trifling importance. The wolves and the lambs have also a like interest—the production of plumb, well-fed mutton; and also—strange coincident—there exists between them some little difference of opinion as to the proper disposition of that mutton; but then as compared with the common interest in the production of mutton, this difference is of secondary and comparatively trifling importance. See the cat.—New Era.

THE DEMAND OF KING LABOR.

"You preach to me constantly the gospel of 'saving' and 'abstinence.' Good! I will, like a sensible saving owner, husband my sole wealth, labor power, and abstain from all foolish waste of it. I will each day spend, set in motion, put into action, only as much of it as is compatible with its normal duration and healthy development."—Karl Marx's Worker to his Employer.

The genius of the workers has never been more finely displayed than in the tenacity with which they have stuck to the eight hours' day as the sign and symbol of their social salvation. To-day as we hasten to the coronation of the King Laborer, we are able to realize the truth to the full. The eight hours' day is not the be-all and the end-all of the new era; far from it. But its place in the fore-front of the workers' demands aptly condenses the moral of his claims on the possessing classes. All through the growth of modern industry he has been content to be the driving wheel of civilization, and to ask for little more than rest and food enough to keep him going. Now he steps forward with a larger demand "Give me," he says, "my fair share of the wonderful life that is opening up around me. Give me time to think, time to enjoy, time to be a MAN rather than a machine." The call for eight hours is essentially moral and intellectual. It is in no sense—as some of the careless students of the movement have imagined—part of the agitation for a juster share of the wealth which labor creates. The timid economist, the treacherous politician, the half hearted philanthropist, who are asking the working man whether he will venture to risk a fall in his earnings for the sake of a shorter labor day, need not concern themselves as to the answer. There is no reason in history or economics to suppose that any such result will accrue. But the worker happens to stand on ground which makes him magnificently independent of such considerations. "Guarantee me my share of the world's leisure," he says, "I will chance the rest."

As to the methods which he intends to employ, let there be no mistake either. The working man doubtless wants eight hours more than an eight hours bill. But it is just as well to point out to day that the Legalists have simply eaten up the voluntary movement. The Moses' rod of State action has swallowed all the rest, and on May Day the workers march to Hyde Park, organized for the peaceful coercion of Parliament to their will. Why should they not? The ruler of this nation is public opinion, and what is Parliament but a committee assembled and met together to enforce the public will? While the philosophers are debating as to the limits of State interference, the worker looking back on industrial battle after battle, sees a phantasmagoria of waste, starvation and misery, redeemed by brilliant triumphs, marred by irredeemable failures, and naturally asks whether that is society's last word for his woes.

Only two parties answer that it is—the Anarchist and the laissez faire Tory or Liberal. To both of these the workers' cause stands with unyielding opposition. He, who knows all that this Union can do for him, who presents his demand, not singly, but through the great trade organizations to which he belongs, is for industrial order; they are for a continuance of the running fight between labor and capital, with the State "keeping a ring" for the capitalist. Here then is joined the real battle. Is the worker to use the forces of the State—which are nothing more than the organized expression of his own will—for his social benefit? A multitudinous din of voices will on May Day say "Yes." Let us see whether either political party will dare to answer "No."—Labor World.

"PI" FOR PRINTERS!

"King Con" has taken his departure for new fields.

Hustle boys! Get your man ready! A new Pres. is to be elected next meeting.

Tom Flawn (our Tom) is working a Mergenthaler in the Bureau at Ottawa. Is it a success, Tom?

Why, of course, we are going to have a picnic, and the best on record at that.

What's the matter with a big typesetting match this year. Offer a good stake, and bring the Toronto flyers down. Some of our boys can show them how quick 2,000 can be set. Can't we?

A law prohibiting the acquiring by Jews of lease-hold property, factories and other industrial establishments will shortly be applied to the whole of Russia.