

Ontario Workman.

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

VOL. I.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1872.

NO. 31

Labor Notes.

The white and black longshoremen on the New Orleans levee, have united in a strike for \$4 a day.

The strike of journeymen tailors in Philadelphia ended on Thursday last, the employers having acceded to their demands.

In Massachusetts the workmen of the cities propose making a united demand for the eight hour system at an early day.

In Templeton, Mass., a party of chairmakers have saved \$10,000, formed a co-operative company, and bought a mill of their own.

The Labor Reformers have proven that they hold the balance of power in Schuylkill. Their strength, if not yet sufficient to carry everything, is quite enough to elect or defeat either of the other parties.

E. Q. McDonough, Labor Reform candidate for Assembly had 75 majority in Carbon, Pa., but was unfortunately defeated by the vote polled for his opponent in Monroe.

A co-operative company recently started in Portsmouth, N. H., for the manufacture of boots and shoes, finds itself compelled, by the increase of its business, to enlarge its business.

In Cornell University the students labor at printing, carpentering, stone-cutting, mason work, painting, etc. In four years they have earned \$80,000. Ezra Cornell thinks the practice a good one.

Newark, N. J., has a co-operative company of blind men, formed for the purpose of introducing blind persons into the tea trade and offering them congenial employment. They peddle tea about the streets, guided by small boys.

The Elmira, N. Y., co-operative company was started two years ago, and manufactures boots and shoes, heavy pegged work, mostly by hand. The superintendents of the different departments are stockholders. They employ 50 hands, and turn out 50 cases per week.

The city government of Boston recently refused to grant a hearing to the workmen of that city, on their petition for the adoption of the eight hour system on the city work. It's about time these fellows had a christian labor union to attend to their cases.

The Order of Bricklayers in New York have forwarded to the Order in Chicago a draft on sight for \$10,000, to aid and assist their brothers in that city. Similar assistance is offered from other States.

The Knights of St. Crispin, or journeymen shoemakers, of Chicago, have presented a new bill of wages to the custom bosses. The advance asked for is but a trifling increase of their previous rates. Several employers have agreed to pay the advance.

The resolutions purporting to have been passed by the Labor Reform Union, No. 10, complimenting Gov. Geary and condemning the Lumbermen's Exchange, of this city, were not passed by that Union. The names signed to them as President and Secretary are not the names of its officers, and no meeting of the Union has been held.—*New Haven Union.*

The boss plasterers of Chicago held a meeting on Saturday evening, at which time the question of eight hours for a day's work was unanimously agreed upon. The journeymen plasterers met on Tuesday evening, when the same question was discussed, and as far as we can understand, the action of the bosses was endorsed, so that eight hours is now the standard of a day's work with the stone-masons, bricklayers and plasterers of Chicago.

A portion of the coopers of Chicago have been on a strike for the past five or six weeks, for an advance of ten cents on the barrel. The difficulty, so far as we can understand, was confined to Lodge No. 2, or whisky barrel workers. Mr. Foran, President of the Coopers International Union, was in the city during the past week, and through his influence the strike was brought to a close. The men received the advance of ten cents asked for.

The French-speaking Union in Montreal is doing finely. The element in that city always claimed that they could do nothing because the French element would not organize. But, nevertheless, the scales tilt up at the other end. The French element are going ahead bravely—are making a noise, while the other chaps seem to be asleep, or dozing at all events. Come, now, this will not do—you must wako up, or we will be forced to believe the trouble lay with yourselves and not with the French element.

The masons and laborers employed on the

new Herald building, at Fulton and Nassau streets, quit work yesterday. A few days ago Mr. Bennett learned that Mr. Edward Hall, the contractor, had not paid for the material for the building, and that those who furnished it had liens upon the structure for the amount of their bills. Mr. Bennett thereupon gave the contract to others. The men previously employed gathered around the building yesterday, but failed to see Mr. Hall. They say that they have not been paid for the past two weeks, and they complain that other masons and laborers have taken their places.

A SECOND CHICAGO.

A fire commenced amongst the wholesale dry goods and commission houses on Summer and Kingston streets, Boston, on Friday evening last, which quickly spread, and notwithstanding the exertions made to arrest the flames, they continued their career of destruction, rapidly taking in their line Broad street, Purchase street, Washington street until the whole of the business portion of the city was entirely destroyed.

The following are the general boundaries of the conflagration: The whole and both sides of Summer street, across Federal street and nearly down to Drake's wharf, and thence in a nearly direct line to Fort Hill; along Hamilton and Battery March to Kilby street, as far as Lindell and Central streets, and from Milk to Summer streets on Washington street. Within these boundaries, an area of nearly seventy acres, nearly every building is consumed. All the principal cities have proffered by telegraph, sympathy and aid. Loss now estimated between eighty and ninety million dollars, and insurance at ten to twelve millions. A good many persons were injured and several killed.

Since morning, the enquiries at police headquarters after missing persons have increased greatly, and it is feared that the number of victims who have perished in the flames has been greatly under-estimated.

James Tulley was arrested by a soldier this morning, while setting fire to a building on Milk street.

The *Advertiser* estimates the total loss at \$80,000,000. The *Post*, on the authority of the leading insurance offices, estimates it at \$100,000,000. The *Journal* gives the full list of individual losses, and estimates the loss at considerably over \$100,000,000.

New York, Nov. 11.—The great calamity at Boston was the topic of discussion to-day through financial and trade circles. Many conservative underwriters place the loss at \$75,000,000, and the insurance at \$50,000,000, of which fifteen or twenty million dollars are borne by British Companies, in which, since the Chicago fire, many American companies have reinsured. The knowledge of the fact that the Government is ready to throw all its power against the panic caused by this enormous loss, has less effect than many anticipated. The values of merchandise have been advanced from 7 to 20 per cent. Boston men are already here making selections and accommodations for tents to be erected on Boston Common, for the sale of goods.

The Boston insurance companies will be able to pay an average of about 50 per cent. on their risks, and capitalists are coming forward so liberally with offers of funds that there is some prospect of their going on without suspension. Their average losses are in the neighborhood of \$500,000 each, two or three reaching \$900,000. The savings banks are all secure.

Chicago, Nov. 11.—Movements are on foot in various quarters here to furnish aid to the Boston sufferers. Mayor Gaston, of Boston, has telegraphed to Mayor Medill that the Relief Committee will gratefully accept pecuniary assistance. The Chicago Council, this evening, requested the Relief and Aid Society to remit immediately to Boston \$100,000 of the fund remaining from the charity of the world.

Boston, Nov. 12.—A terrible scene took place at the furnishing store of Hickman, on Washington street, where the walls had been wrapt in a deadly embrace by the flames, and had become weak and tottering through the intense heat. At length they fell, and three men were buried up to the shoulders among the heavy fragments of brick and stone. The terrible physical agony of their cries of anguish which they suffered filled the frightened crowd with horror; but at first no one advanced to their succor. After a few moments two or three men crossed the street to where a portion of the wall was still overhanging the spot where the victims were begging and shrieking for

some one to help them, and tried by the utmost exertion of main strength to pull and wrench them out of the terrible vice, but these efforts only made greater their sufferings, and the bricks and debris were still falling at every moment. The men relinquished their perilous and fruitless risk, and retreated from the dangerous spot, and shortly afterwards, in frightful paroxysms of pain, and with cries that will ring in the ears of the spectators to their dying day, the crushed masses of humanity gave up the breath of life, and were a moment afterwards buried by another crushing fall of the wall.

A HORRIBLE STORY FROM THE SEA.

The schooner Lancaster, whilst bound to Sydney, Cape Breton, from Charlestown, Prince Edward's Island, on the 18th of August, fell in with a dismasted vessel, which was apparently deserted. The master of the Lancaster, Capt. Martin, with several of his crew and a Mr. Dugan, a passenger, boarded the wreck. Mr. Dugan gives the following account of what he and his companions saw on boarding the wreck, which we extract from the *New York Times*—Splintered spars, entangled in canvas and rigging gear, and the planks of a boat torn asunder by the wind and sea, were scattered around in sad confusion. More dismal still were the scenes which further investigation brought to light. Below a heap of motley rigging, and broken by the weight of a spar which lay across it, were the bones of a human being—a skeleton. The skull and ribs had been crushed almost on a level with the deck. Shreds of canvas trousers and a guernsey frock were found among and near the bones. Further search revealed five other skeletons. A slight covering of crisped flesh remained on four of the skeletons, showing that they had died more recently than the other two. Many of the utensils of the galley were found, and Capt. Martin made a strict search among them to assure himself whether there had been any food on board at the time of the death of these men. Not a single remaining pot or vessel of any nature in the cooking department of the ill-fated craft contained the least particle of food. This discovery seemed to satisfy the captain that all on board had perished from hunger, having failed, after months of eager expectation and short allowance, to meet with any helping hand. The hull bore no name on its sternpost. On the bowsprit the word "Glenalvon" was barely legible. In the fore-castle, which was almost filled with water, a most unearthly stench was discovered, and only two men could be found to enter and remain long enough inside to report on what they had seen there. There were two corpses on the floor, and one stretched across a "bunk." These sad relics were removed on deck, and the nine bodies were arranged in line and covered in canvas by the captain's order. The wheelhouse had been carried away, and the fastenings of the rudder broken. This, as the captain remarked, was the work of some tremendous sea. The fore-mast had been cut away to save the vessel from foundering—one of the extremest emergencies in a hurricane at sea. Entering the cabin a foul odor was discovered, but towards the end of the steps leading down to the cabin a foetid pool of water was seen, and the men had to wade through it in order to reach every portion of the cabin. Between a stationary table and a couch the head of a corpse protruded from a berth in the wall, and when brought on deck it was found to be in a state of decay. A buttoned jacket of good material, blue pantaloons, a flannel shirt marked "T. F.," and a boot covered the corpse. On the stationary table was an open Bible turned downward, a revolver with two chambers loaded, and a bottle containing a piece of paper upon which was written—"Jesus, guide this to some helper. Merciful God, don't let us perish." The words were detached, and a hiatus occurred between every two or three of them, which showed that the writer must have been either in the lowest stage of debility or driven to madness by hunger. In the captain's stateroom his corpse was found lying bent on the floor, as though he had fallen from weakness, while struggling, with faint hope, to save himself and men. On his bed were scattered books, papers, &c., but one sheet attracted particular attention. It was dated

"Martinique, May 30, 1872.—Dear Kate,—I will post this letter here, to assure you of my well being; but do not attempt to hazzard an answer to this post, as you will not find me

here a week hence. I have kept all my strong promises to you, in spite of a thousand bad advices from my comrades. I drink a little beer, but that is all. Your precious photograph is a little silent angel—at least I think so, and I read your letters over a hundred and a hundred times again. You say, in yours, dated from 16 Hope Street, Liverpool, that the old man was altogether turned in my favor when he heard of my having passed the Board. Now, mind you keep him so until I get home again, when everything will be comfortable and jolly. Write to Hal's address in St. John, New Brunswick; for should it not reach me there, Hal at least will know where I am. Wishing you good health and cheerfulness and good fortune, my own darling Kate, I am forever your own Robert. "ROBERT C. HART."

The ship's regular papers were not found open; but Capt. Martin took in charge a neat writing desk found in the Captain's trunk, and locked. There was a slate on the table in the cabin, which table was covered by guards, such as are used at meals in stormy weather. The slate, intended for taking down the log in rough weather, contained only blurred figures and illegible writing. The captain's trunk contained numerous letters, which Capt. Martin intends to give up to the authorities at Sydney. Capt. Martin went to the ill-fated vessel again, to perform the sorrowful services of a burial at sea. For coffins a quantity of old canvas was brought, and rude bags were quickly formed out of that material. At half-past eight o'clock, the pale moon shining solemnly over that lonely sepulchre of the sea, a long board was laid upon a sound portion of the bulwarks, and two bags, to which weights were tied, were laid down, and rattled as they fell. A lamp was held by a sailor on each side of the temporary hearse, and after Capt. Martin had read the usual service the plank was lifted upward, whereupon the coffin, bags, and skeletons slid into the sea.

GRAVITATION, LIGHT AND HEAT.

The law of gravitation enunciated by Newton is that every particle of matter in the universe attracts every other particle with a force which diminishes as the square of the distance increases. Thus the sun and the earth mutually pull each other: thus the earth and the moon are kept in company; the force which holds every respective pair of masses together being the integrol force of their component parts. Under the operation of this force, a stone falls to the ground and is warmed by the shock; under its operation, meteors plunge into our atmosphere and rise to incandescence. Showers of such doubtless fall incessantly upon the sun. Acted on by this force, were it stopped in its orbit to-morrow, the earth would rush toward and finally combine with the sun. Heat would also be developed by this collision, and Mayer, Hemholtz, and Thomson have calculated its amount. It would equal that produced by the combustion of more than 5,000 worlds of solid coal, all this heat being generated at the instant of collision. In the attraction of gravity, therefore, acting upon non-luminous matter, we have a source of heat more powerful than could be derived from any terrestrial combustion. And were the matter of the universe cast in cold detached fragments into space, and there abandoned to the mutual gravitation of its own parts, the collision of the fragments would in the end produce the fires of the stars.

The action of gravity upon matter originally cold may in fact be the origin of all light and heat, and the proximate source of such other powers as are generated by light and heat. But we have now to inquire what is the light and what is the heat thus produced? This question has already been answered in a general way. Both light and heat are modes of motion. Two planets clash and come to rest; their motion, considered as masses, is destroyed, but it is really continued as a motion of their ultimate particles.—It is this motion, taken up by the other, and propagated through it with a velocity of 185,000 miles a second that comes to us as the light and heat of suns and stars. The atoms of a hot body swing with inconceivable rapidity, but this power of vibration necessarily implies the operation of forces between the atoms themselves. It reveals to us that while they are held together by one force, they are kept asunder by another, their position at any moment depending on the equilibrium of attraction and repulsion. The atoms are virtually connected by elastic springs which oppose at the same their approach and their retreat, but which tolerate the vibration

called heat. When two bodies drawn together by the force of gravity strike each other, the intensity of the ultimate vibration, or, in other words, the amount of heat generated, is proportionable to the *vis viva* destroyed by the collision. The molecular motion once set up is instantly shared with the other, and diffused by it throughout space.

We on the earth's surface live night and day in the midst of ethereal commotion. The medium is never still; the cloud canopy above us may be thick enough to shut out the light of the stars, but this canopy is itself a warm body, which radiates motion through ether. The earth also is warm, and sends its heat pulses incessantly forth. It is the waste of its molecular motion in space that chills the earth upon a clear night; it is return of its motion from the clouds which prevents the earth's temperature on a cloudy night from falling so low. To the conception of space being filled, we must, therefore, add the conception of its being in a state of incessant tremor. The sources of vibration are the ponderable masses of the universe. Let us take a sample of these and examine it in detail.—When we look to our planet we find it to be an aggregate of solids, liquids and gases. When we look at any one of these, we generally find it composed of still more elementary parts.—We learn, for example, that the waters of our rivers is formed by the union, in definite proportions of two gases, oxygen and hydrogen. We know how to bring these constituents together, and to cause them to form water; we also know how to analyze the water, and to recover from it its two constituents. So, likewise, as regards the solid portions of the earth. Our chalk hills, for example, are formed by a combination of carbon, oxygen and calcium. These are elements, the union of which, in definite proportions, has resulted in the formation of chalk. The flints within the chalk we know to be a compound of oxygen and silicium, called silica; and our ordinary clay is, for the most part, formed by the union of silicium, oxygen, and the well-known light metal, aluminium. By far the greater portion of the earth's crust is compounded of the elementary substances mentioned in these few lines.—*Tyndall.*

REMARKABLY COOL AND SELF-POSSESSED, IF TRUE.

A correspondent, sends to us a singular story of a burglary committed two or three years ago at an old-fashioned house in a southern county. The lady who occupied the house retired to her room shortly before midnight, and found a man under her bed. She feared to go to the door and unlock it, lest the burglar should suspect that she was about to summon help, and should intercept her. To gain time she sat down and took her Bible from her dressing-table. The chapter lighted on was, that containing the Parable of the Prodigal Son. Kneeling down when the chapter was ended, she prayed aloud earnestly and fervently. She besought safety for herself during the perils of the night, and herself in supreme confidence on the Divine protection. Then she prayed for others who might be tempted into ill-doing—that they might be led from evil and brought into the fold of Christ; that to such might be vouchsafed the tender mercy and loving kindness promised to all who truly repent themselves. Lastly, she prayed that, if He willed it, even to-night, some such sinner might be saved from the wrath to come; might, like the Prodigal, be made to see that he had sinned, and might so be welcomed back with the joy that awaits one penitent. The lady rose from her knees and went to bed. The man got up as noiselessly as he could, and said—"I mean no harm ma'am; I am going to leave the house, and thank you for foroyur prayers." With difficulty he opened the bedroom door, and presently she heard him open a window in another part of the house, and drop down into the garden. The lady was recently visiting at a friend's house in the north of England, and while there was asked to go to hear, in a Dissenting place of worship, who was "a reformed character." In the course of the sermon the preacher told all the incidents of that terrible night exactly as they occurred. After the sermon she went into the vestry, and asked him who had told him this story. After some hesitation he said he was the burglar, but that her earnest supplication and intercession sank deep into his heart, and he listened hither and then resolved not only to give up his guilty design, but to live a reformed life, altogether.