

Ontario Workman.

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

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Correspondence.

CONSERVATIVE AND LIBERAL.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

DEAR SIR,—I must confess some astonishment at your definition of the political faith of the above parties. After stating the fact of a change of Government, you proceed to define the difference between the parties in Great Britain thus:

"Strangers to the politics of the Dominion are apt to be misled by the names assumed by its politicians. Liberal and Conservative have a very different meaning in England from what they have in Canada. In England, a Conservative is one who would perpetuate the government of an aristocracy, with all its monopoly of power and patronage in Church and State, its selfish appropriation of lands, its game laws, the serfdom of agricultural laborers, and all the other fruits of an old feudal system; while a liberal is one who wars with the conservatism of monopoly and unjust and costly privileges, and struggles for a wider liberty for the common people, a fuller share in the legislation, a larger control over the government of the country, and the extinction of aristocratic and church privileges."

Now, sir, is that correct? Are there no "liberals" who would perpetrate the government of an aristocracy? or are there no aristocrats among the Liberals? I think there are, and I don't think they would be a bit flattered at the faith you have pinned to them. As to "monopoly of power and patronage in Church and State"—did all the Liberals vote for the disestablishment of the Irish Church? I think not, and I make the statement, subject to correction, that one of the most important and pronounced Liberals in Gladstone's Cabinet resigned out of it on account of that measure. Now, if the Liberal party was not a unit on the Irish disestablishment question, is it probable they would be united on the English one? The logic of events leads to a totally different conclusion. The fact is undisputable that the Liberals have had a majority in the Commons in England since the last election, and an unprecedentedly large one, too, and why have they not tackled the question? simply because it can only be done through defections from the Conservative party (which is certainly not united on this matter) and, more than anything else, through the influence of Dissenters and Ritualists, (I mean no dissenters). As to its selfish appropriation of lands, its game laws, the serfdom of agricultural laborers, and all the other fruits of an old and feudal system," I certainly think it is ridiculous to assert that the conservatives are possessed of all these attributes, while the Liberals are at war with them. I don't think a landlord who calls himself a Liberal is likely to deal any more leniently with a poacher, or take more active steps to do away with the cause of poaching, than his Conservative neighbor. The chances are that they are about "sixes" on this question. Then, as to the extension of the franchise which took place a few years ago, was not that carried by a Conservative Administration, aided, no doubt by a large number of individual members of the Liberal party, and, as undoubtedly, opposed by a large number of individual members of the Conservative party. The fact is, many of these are not actually questions of party at all, but merely matters of individual opinion, and it would take an able navigator to draw a line just where Liberalism begins and Conservatism ends, and vice versa.

No, Sir. I think the difference between Conservative and Liberal is merely abstract. In theory they are doubtless very wide apart, in practice very much the same. There are dogmas peculiar to each party, but it is beyond the range of probability—(I might say possibility) that they will ever be embodied in the laws of the country.

So much for the purely political aspect of the question; and I have only dwelt so much upon it in order to endeavor to show the mistake you have made in attributing to one party certain (to the workingman) adverse propensities, while to the other is attributed everything that is favorable.

The real question for us to consider, is whether the individuals composing the Liberal party are more liberal in their views on the question of Capital and Labor, etc., than are those of the Conservative party, and this is an important question because it is by the united aggregate, so to speak, of individual views that the public, or, more strictly speaking, party, policy must necessarily be shaped, without there is a total abrogation of principle for the sake of office, which is not without precedent. The answer is not hard to find. Take the City of Manchester, in England: It is well known that what is called the "Manchester School" of politics has largely influenced the policy of England for years past. It is equally true that Manchester is the hot-bed of Trades Unionism. Upon your theory one would naturally think that where so-called Liberalism so largely preponderated, there would be no necessity for trades unions. But what is the fact? Why, the most bitter struggles between capital and labor,—between social tyranny and social liberty—have taken place in that very city. Of course this argument would be ridiculous and puerile if all the capitalists were Conservatives. But such is not the case. They are all "Conservative" on these questions, and the most ultra-liberal will probably become the most ultra-tory when time or wages is being discussed.

Then again, were they all Conservative farmers who opposed the movement inaugurated by Mr. Joseph Arch? It would be little short of a phenomenon if they were; and it is just possible that both parties were represented to an equal extent, and must take an equal share of the obloquy.

Now, Sir, in conclusion I have just a few words to say on the question of party as it exists in Canada. I would say to emigrants coming amongst us, don't be too hasty in attaching yourself to any party. Things are not always what they seem. You may be solicited for your vote, when you have one, by a party calling himself a Liberal and by a party calling himself a Conservative, perhaps by both together. If you ask them to write down the respective principles which govern each party, and show you wherein they differ, you will find it will puzzle the most astute one amongst them to do it. Each one will probably tell you he is the friend of the workingman, and will do all in his power to advance his interests, and both will probably be agreeable men to speak to, and liberal to a fault. But, for all that, don't you go and be too sanguine, and rush off and tell your friends that you have found a means of deliverance from all your woes; that the time and the man have come. No, not even if a hundred candidates should come to you soliciting votes. In the fulness of time you will learn what these promises amount to. There is nothing too outrageous for a candidate for civic or parliamentary honors to promise, but you will find out that they very much resemble Picksniff's horse,—full of promise, but, alas! altogether empty of performance.

But, outside of questions which peculiarly affect the social position of the workingman, there are many subjects concerning the general welfare of the country, and upon which the different political parties hold different views, that he can very properly pass judgment. I think there are very few who have not some political leaning, and this will be the case as long as our present popular and just system of government is pursued; and it is perfectly right and proper that it should be so. The more interest is taken in all public questions, the more intelligent will men become, and the less likely will they be to be taken by spurious "Liberalism" and kindred impositions.

Apologizing for the valuable space. I have occupied.

I remain, your's fraternally,
A CONSERVATIVE WORKMAN.
Toronto, Nov. 17th 1873.

A Federal Union of all Builders' Laborers' Societies has been suggested. The members are said to number 25,000.

REMINISCENCES.

(Written for the Ontario Workman by W. J.)

NO. IV.

THE HAUNTED SCHOONER.

"Did I ever tell you that yarn about the old *Penguin*?" asked Bill Slack, addressing himself to the rest of the crew as we lay at anchor one evening under Christian Island.

"Not that I know of," I replied, "but I should like to hear it."

"Just the thing!" exclaimed the mate, as he lounged forward to where we were grouped around the windlass ends. "The watch will not be set for an hour yet, and the yarn will help to pass away the time. Besides I have heard some curious talk about the old schooner and her skipper, and as you made the last trip of the old tub, yourself Bill; and was on her when she went down, you can tell what you really did see or hear, and we all know you stick to the truth!"

"Never mind about me telling the truth," said Bill, with a grin. "Just let me fill my pipe, and I'll give you the yarn."

The night was a dark one, with a smart breeze that sent the halyards "rap," "rap," against the spars, and made melancholy music through the rigging, while the regular dash of the waves could be heard as they broke on the rocky shore of the island not half-a-mile off. Time and circumstances were propitious for a ghost storm—as they would call it ashore.

We filled our pipes and settled down comfortably to hear Bill's yarn, which, when that worthy had kept us in suspense as long as he could, he proceeded to narrate something after this style:

"You see it was about ten years ago now since I shipped in the old 'Pen,' as she was called, and rightly, too, for she was so old that nobody knew her age 'cept her skipper and owner, Old Hardtack. You may guess I was hard up for a ship when I threw my dunnage aboard the old hulk, and so I was. You never saw Old Hardtack, did you? No! Well if you saw or heard him once I reckon it would satisfy you. He was a tall, round-shouldered rawboned, grey-headed, squint-eyed, bow-legged old fellow, and the most accomplished blasphemer I ever heard of, a man whom no one could meet and forget; but the most peculiar thing about him was his teeth, they were like the teeth of a saw, sharp-pointed, like I've heard tell of in some of those pirate yarns; and Old Hardtack would have classed as an A. 1. pirate if he had had the chance. He had the reputation of being at one time a smuggler, and that's bad enough, for as I look on it, a man man that'll break the law one way 'll do it another. Howsoever he was a good sailor, and could handle his old schooner to perfection; and do you know, I believed if he loved anything on earth it was the old 'Pen.'"

"And the schooner, well mate, you've seen her, and know what she was, a long, low, black hulk, heavily sparred, and could sail like a witch. I made three trips on her, and though a dirty slovenly piece in harbor, nothing could pass her outside. Well here is what will interest you, I shipped on her in Hamilton to go to Gananoque, on the St. Lawrence, for a load of tan-bark for Oakville. It was the last trip Old Hardtack ever made. We had a good run as far as False Ducks Island, when the wind went to the eastward, and the 'Pen' had to be hauled by the wind. Old Hardtack began to swear, curse old Weather-probabilities, and, as was a common fashion of his, jump on his hat. It began to blow great guns, and at eight bells, there was nothing for it but to run for Timber Island, where we could get shelter and anchorage.

During all the time Old Hardtack had not ceased to pour forth a stream of blasphemy the most terrifying. He had often made the boast that we would go down with the 'Penguin,' or if she survived him he would haunt her while she floated, but the old fellow had no idea he would have to part company with the schooner that night, or possibly he would have been more careful of his language.

In making the Island we had to keep the schooner directly afore the wind, and for the last five miles she was "winged out," on the port tack. As we neared the Island Old Hardtack got up on the weather rail forward of the fore rigging, so as to see how the land lay, and give the necessary word when to jibe. I was standing just forward of the foremast and I can imagine I can see the old skipper yet, as he stood there peering into the darkness and ever and anon turning his face inboard, allowing the bright signal lamp, to illuminate his face, his devil's teeth fairly sparkling, his eyes shining like two balls of fire, his long grey locks tossing in the gale, but what exercised the most terror over me was the horrible stream of blasphemy that issued from the old sinner's mouth, as the saying is, it makes my hair stand on end, and all because he could not make out the land as plain as he wished.

He had just sung out to the mate to have her kept away from jibing, when something caught his attention on the water, and he kept his position on the rail just long enough to be knocked off by the stay-sail boom, as the vessel jibed sooner than was calculated.

"I often hear it said by people ashore, who don't know what they're talking about, 'Why didn't you lower a boat, and pick 'em up,' or why wasn't this or that done, when an accident happens on the Lakes. Well, if such a party had been aboard the old *Penguin*, that night they could have satisfied themselves very easily why it was not done. Talk about picking up a man knocked overboard on such a night. Pooh! just after the vessel had jibed over before she was wanted to, with everything in confusion, rain, wind, sea, and to top it all, the night was so dark that you couldn't see the length of a marlin-spike. And then we hadn't missed the old man for fully five minutes after he was gone, and by that time he must have been half a mile off.

"Well, we fetched up under the lee of the Island all night, every one thinking they had seen the last of Old Hardtack. So they had, in the flesh; but he was determined to keep his word about haunting the schooner. You need not laugh, Jack," (I had ventured on a laugh of dissent), "I tell you I saw his ghost as plain as I see you light on the shore, and this is how it came about.

We made the trip all right enough. The creditors of the old man took the schooner when we got back, and gave her to the mate to sail for them. The next trip was made to Erie for coal, and nothing happened out of the way. We got back again to Hamilton, and took timber on board for Garden Island. In the meantime nothing had been heard of the body of the old skipper, although the fishermen along Timber Island had been asked to send word if the body was found.

We started out with a fair wind, and kept it right along down by Long Point. Every body was in a good humor, and seemed rather glad than otherwise to have a new skipper. It was about eight bells in the evening when we got off Long Point light-house. The wind hauled round to south-east shortly after passing the light, the sky to the eastward looking very nasty, and by ten o'clock, I'm blowed if the wind was not in the east again, and the schooner just about where she was the night we bore up and when the captain was lost.

I had just been relieved from the wheel and was making forward as I heard an exclamation from Steve, who was on the lookout, I quickened my steps, and followed the direction pointed out by Steve, who, one hand grasping the weather rigging, the other pointing to leeward, looked as if ready to jump overboard. The moment I got up to the foremast, I seen what chilled the very marrow in my bones. There, standing on the lee rail, was old Hardtack, just as he looked the night he was knocked off the very spot, only the look of his face was if anything more childish, as the light of the signal lamp fell on his face. He was looking toward the land, towards which the schooner was heading, and as I stood a moment speechless he turned his face toward me, and I fancied there was a look in his face that said, "I told you I'd fetch the 'Pen' down with me, and I'll do it!" I could not stand that sort a thing any longer, and ran aft as fast as my legs could carry me to the mate, who, when I could explain what was the matter, came forward with me. But old Hardtack was gone, and Steve lay insensible on the deck. The mate at first tried to laugh me out of what I had told him, but when Steve came to and told his story the same as mine he had to believe it. He begged us not to tell the rest of the crew, which we agreed to, having made up our minds to jump the schooner the first chance we get.

"Our watch was shortly after relieved, and we turned in, with anything but comfortable thoughts to sleep with. The wind was blowing quite fresh, the night dark and foggy. I had hardly got into a sound nap when I got woke up pretty sharp, now I tell you. The old schooner had struck the west end of Charity Shoals. She struck twice very heavily,

and then deepened her water all at once. All hands were on deck in short order, and the pumps were sounded to see if she was making much water. She was leaking badly, and the best thing to do was to fetch the land as soon as possible. All sail was crowded on the old schooner, but it was of no avail.

We had got about mid-channel when it became evident that the old "Pen's" days were numbered. The water gained on us so fast, that it became necessary to take to the boat, and as we shoved off the water was almost level with her decks, giving us hardly time to get clear as she keeled over on her side, her stern sank, then rose again, she gave a violent plunge forward, and went down head foremost.

Although out in an open boat, I felt a kind of relief to know that we had indeed seen the last of the haunted schooner. Old Hardtack was bound to keep his word, and the old "Pen" and her skipper could now rest together at the bottom of blue Ontario.

We were picked up next morning by a steamer and carried into port, and I do not think I have seen any of the crew since, but I'll tell you one thing, boys, although as the mate says, I do tell some pretty tough yarns, I'm willing to take my 'davy' that it is all truth I've told you about the haunted schooner."

Such was Bill's yarn, told with all the gravity possible, and I was just about to hint at it being the toughest of the kind, when the Captain called out to the mate to know if he "was going to set an anchor watch to-night?" This put a stop to telling yarns; and the watches were set, and I turned into my bunk but Bill's yarn haunted my sleep even as Old Hardtack haunted the 'Penguin.'

MANUFACTURE OF SILK.

Many efforts have been made in the United States to make a success of silk manufacture, but none of them have yet brought that industry to perfection.

It was, as a writer properly states, "an object of attention and hope before the Revolution. In Pennsylvania a society was formed to encourage the importation of silk worms and the establishment of filatures. The weaving, preparing and dyeing of silk occupied the attention of our ancestors, and they had hope of rendering it a successful branch of industry. Yet, from various reasons they failed, and the next generation took up the task, to fail again. When the protection of American manufactures became the principle of a great party, encouragement to the silk manufacture was given with no more success than on previous trials. The great moralistic excitement had its origin in the hopes built upon the establishment of the silk manufacture, and, when that bubble burst, the effect upon the silk production was serious. Yet we have before us a hopeful condition of affairs in reference to this industry.

In 1860 the value of the silk manufacture was returned by the census takers in the United States, at \$3,000,000. This capital has been increased ten times in the course of ten years, and valued in 1870 at \$30,000,000. It gave employment to six thousand persons, and their earnings were up to \$8,000,000 per annum. Silk is woven in this country for many articles of use and of apparel which do not compete with the dress goods from foreign countries. Neckties, scarfs and ribbons absorb a considerable portion of the manufacture, and dress silks are woven with such fineness as to command sales.

Sewing silk is by far the largest and most important branch of this production. New Jersey has at Newark and other places, some successful factories devoted to this branch of business alone. In Connecticut a large interest is manifested in manufacture, and those concerned in it are so well satisfied with their progress, and the demand for their goods increases so gradually and surely, that in ten years more we expect the advance in this branch of industry will be more remarkable than it has been during the last decade.

A branch of the Ironfounders' Society has been opened at Portsmouth, and another is to be opened at Burton-on-Trent.

The report that Cabello de Bloorer, the Mexican bandit, had crossed into Texas, and with a party of marauders was robbing and plundering the country has been confirmed.

A number of sailors marched in procession on Friday, and held a meeting in the City Hall Park, to demand a repeal of the Shipping Act of 1872. A full-rigged miniature vessel of war rolled along in the procession.