

The Labor Riots

200 Soldiers Killed.

SEVEN MILLIONS OF PROPERTY DESTROYED.

A dreadful riot of railroad employees occurred at Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 21st. The strikers, amounting to thousands, took possession of the outer depot of the Pittsburgh Railroad. Sheriff Effe of Allegheny County, with his posse visited the mob and ordered them to disperse, this they refused to do; they defied his authority, and informed him that no trains should pass out of the depot, and that they did not care for all the troops he could muster.

Sheriff Effe remained at the depot until 3 o'clock, A.M., when seeing no signs of the crowd dispersing, he left to summon military aid. Returning about 5 o'clock they found the railroad lined with strikers. The military were ordered to clear the railroad crossing, which they proceeded to do. With fixed bayonets they advanced on the mob and were met with a perfect hail-storm of stones and other missiles, the military answered by opening fire on the crowd, who retreated towards East Liberty leaving the crossing in possession of the troops. A 9, P.M. the city was again in the hands of the mob. Some of them visited Johnson's factory and armed themselves. Other gun stores were visited and gutted of their contents. The rioters then captured three pieces of Knapp's Battery. The soldiers quartered in the round house of the Pennsylvania Railroad were visited by a large number of citizens, who entreated them to leave the city, fearing a massacre. By this time the mob was swarming about the place, and the soldiers were unable to get out, three of them who attempted to slip out singly were killed. About midnight Sheriff Effe's dead body was brought in from the outer depot. Major Gen. Pearson was mortally wounded.

The mob being increased by the arrival of thousands of men from the Rolling Mills, coal mines, and various manufacturing establishments, congregated about the round house, and with guns captured from Hutchinson's battery fired several solid shots, succeeding in making a breach in the walls. The volley of musketry that followed from the military caused a panic and retreat of the mob for several squares, but they finally returned and proceeded to roast out the troops by firing the oil cars that were on the track, and pushing them towards the round house. The troops were compelled to leave the building and fight their way through the streets, leaving their dead and dying on the sidewalks as they went.

The strikers who were not engaged with the troops, commenced firing the trains, shops, and buildings of the railroad, burning hundreds of cars, extensive machine shops, the round houses, and depots, blacksmith shops, stores, and houses belonging to the corporation. 125 first-class locomotives were in consequence of the strike were totally destroyed. The buildings destroyed are as follows:—The Union Freight Depot of the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railroad, Adam's Express Company's Depot, two Round Houses, one Machine Shop, Superintendent's office, Blacksmith shop, and three or four Oil houses, Union Transfer depot and offices, Pullman Car Company's foundry and offices, despatch office, Powder house, Pan Handle Railroad engine house, and six dwellings, and a sash factory located near the round house.

After the fire caught the grain elevators on the corner of Grant and Washington streets the crowd dispersed, carrying away all the plunder they could.

Strikes are reported at Buffalo, Hornellsville, Baltimore, San Francisco, and on all the principal lines, they strike from sympathy.

The loss of property at Pittsburgh is estimated at some seven millions of dollars. Two hundred soldiers were killed.

At the time of writing the trains are running again, having been stopped for several days. The strikers still refuse to work at the old wages, and it is said that some of the companies are giving in.

AN INCIDENT OF THE RIOT AT PITTSBURGH.—A special despatch from Pittsburgh to the New York Times relates the following:

"An incident worth mentioning was the attempt of the Roman Catholic Bishop Tuigg to make a speech to the mob one afternoon. He was appointed on the committee by the meeting of citizens to counsel with the mob, and when mounted on a chair on the front platform of a passenger car began to advise the men to disperse

quietly to their homes. A kettle full of tar was set blazing under his nose, and the crowd treated him to a running fire of rude remarks, some of them not at all complimentary to his reverence. A man of great nerve, he was not to be intimidated, and kept on. A blazing freight car was run alongside, and still the Bishop spoke and he kept on until driven from his position by a shower of stones. This proceeding was remarkable, inasmuch as the mob was made up of nine-tenths Catholics and one tenth outsiders.

THE COLLISION AT SEA BETWEEN THE REVENUE CUTTER GRANT AND THE SCHOONER DOM PEDRO.—Concerning the collision at sea mentioned in the above caption, Captain David Speight of the *Dom Pedro*, makes the following statement:—Wednesday night it was my watch on deck from 8 till 12 o'clock. The night was fine until 9.30 o'clock, when it began to cloud and a fog set in. The wind was south to southwest. About 10.30 o'clock I went forward and helped take in the fore gaff topsail, and I noticed that all my lights were bright and in good order. A few moments afterwards I perceived a light about north from me; saw it was a steamer coming toward my quarter. I cried out and she blew her whistle. The steamer seemed to keep off and go around our bow. I was then steering northeast by east. The steamer appeared to follow us and strike us on the left of the port bow forward of the foremast. My vessel was so injured that she began to fill immediately and soon sank. We were saved by the steamer, which proved to be the *Grant*. It is a mistaken assertion that I did not have my port light out; it was there, and the steamer did not blow her whistle till I cried out. One of the men on the cutter asked me why I did not keep around their stern. I told him in the first place I did not dare to do it, either, although I did luff a little. The schooner belonged to M. & J. Prescott, of St. John, N. B., and left Boston for this port on Thursday morning, with a general cargo, valued at \$5,000.

The *Boston Herald* says: There would seem to be no excellent reasons for an official investigation into the conduct of the officers on board the United States steamer *Grant*. Theoretically there is hardly a possibility of allowable excuse for "mistakes" of naval officers in any service, and in case of this cutter there have been two grave mishaps within the month, the latter of which would do discredit to a naval officer, if even a small part of the statements current are true. If all naval craft were as dangerous as the *Grant* the service would soon become more of a terror than a protection to the high seas.

The St. Andrews Standard.

Saint Andrews, August 1, 1877.

Presbyterian S. S. Pic-Nic in Mowatt's Grove, to-day.

The W. U. Telegraph Co. are taking down the old poles along the lines and replacing them with new ones.

The Reform Club entertain the Ladies Aid Society at a Raspberry Festival in their hall to-morrow evening.

A single scull race, between two amateurs, Brown and Swift, was rowed in the harbor last week, the former winning.

Rev. T. Dawitt Talmage, the celebrated American Lecturer, will entertain the people of Fredericton on the 14th inst. Subject:—"The bright side of things."

Choice Flour in 1.8 and 1.4 bbls, also Rye and Graham Flour at Campbell's. Goods delivered free in all parts of the town.

COL. CONNELL'S HISTORY OF THE ST. JOHN FIRE.—Mr. J. H. Meridith is in town soliciting orders for the above interesting work. We bespeak a favorable reception for Mr. Meridith; and trust he will meet with many subscribers for the history which has an interest for all in the Province.

The "Red Granite Band" of St. George, propose holding a Grand Musical Jubilee and Pic-Nic, on the 21st instant. Particulars will be given in a few days; eight or ten bands are expected to participate.

FESTIVAL.—The Reform Club ever forward in promoting the moral and social welfare of the people, intends holding a Raspberry Festival, to-morrow, Thursday evening at half past seven o'clock, in their hall. Music is to be furnished by Messrs. Holden and Rooney, supplemented by members of the St. Andrews Band. As the affair promises to be a pleasant one, it will afford an opportunity of passing an agreeable evening.

The haymakers have had just such weather as they desired to "make hay while the sun shines" and place it in the barns. The farmers generally congratulate themselves on the prospect of good crops and excellent quality. The potatoe bug is only heard of in this district.

The Trouble in the States.

A brief visit to Boston and New York convinced us of the impracticability of strikes, and their consequent temporary injury to commerce and general business, and indeed their injury to the welfare of the country. The conflict between capital and labor, has been for years a very difficult problem to solve, even in the older governments, there are so many conflicting interests, and such a variety of arguments, between the employers and the employed. Strikes as a general thing are not based upon imaginary wrongs, but on the result of either a gross wrong, or arise from the fact of corporations amassing large gains at the expense of labor, and the imposition of hard tasks at unremunerative rates.

In the United States the leading journals state that "the late revolt is approaching an end." Perhaps so, but we believe it will result in a fair distribution of the profits arising from the income, be it little or great. The progress made towards a settlement of the difficulty, (of which we have in another column given some extracts,) is not the same in various States—some places the men have returned to work as if no *emete* had taken place, and in other places the trains are run under special military protection. Again in other States matters are at a stand, with no prospect of another outbreak. It is to be hoped that the channels of business will not be again clogged, and that an honest distribution of justice and proper feeling will be promoted between the employer and the employed. We cannot honestly indorse the late action of the employed, as the mass meeting which we attended with some friends last week, in Tompkins Square, New York, convinced us that the political demagogues, were furthering their own ends, rather than benefiting the working man.

THE TELEPHONE.—It will repay the trouble of anyone who wishes to hear the telephone to hear this electric machine in Boston or New York. The bare idea of hearing singing or music, upwards of fifty miles distant requires a practical demonstration before it can be fully realized.

THE ROSS-SMITH RACE.—Sheriff Harding gave the word at ten minutes past five. Ross got the lead and kept it until within a short distance of Appleby's wharf, three quarters of a mile from the start. In response to continued cheering, Smith put on a spurt and gained a length over his opponent. On the return, when very near Appleby's wharf, Ross led by a length and a half. Smith spurred to regain the lost distance, and the button of his left hand came in contact with his patent row-lock, causing the boat to upset. Ross pulled in easily in twenty-six minutes. Smith's friends claim that he was ahead at the time of the accident, and if it had not have happened their man would have gained the race. The Haligonians are trying to make arrangements for another match to come off soon. Ross is to spend his vacation in Fredericton.

THE ENGLISH SPARROW.—No one who has not visited New York or Boston, can conceive the vast amount of benefit which the importation of the English sparrow has accomplished since their introduction into those large cities since 1869. They have as admitted by the leading papers, preserved the excellent shade trees, lindens, elms and maples from the destruction which threatened them from the vast increase of caterpillars, moths and other descriptions of foliage destroying insects. And they are so tame that people and vehicles can pass within a few inches of them. It is said however that they have driven off all the other birds.

The Rev. (parson the affix) Mr. Tooth has placed himself in a very tight place, by ingloriously ignoring the laud opinion of the Archbishop of Canterbury. While refusing to obey the Court, because it is a civil court, he is willing to obey the living voice of the Church. But the Archbishop directs his attention to "a resolution of Convocation, passed in 1867," which condemns the very practices of which he has been guilty. Mr. Tooth's position places him in antagonism to the judgement of the Privy Council, disobedience to the civil law, to convocation, and to his bishop. He is evidently a tooth that requires extracting from the church of which he is an unworthy minister.

Many women of the Russian wealthy class have enrolled themselves as hospital nurses for the army. Their uniform is a gray dress, on the breast of which is a red cross; a white hood, and a short black cloak.

A Strange Gallows Scene.

LAKE CHARLES, La., July 25.—Jules Guidrey, condemned for the murder of John Beale, his wife's supposed paramour, on August 20, 1875, was executed to day at Lake Charles, on the square adjoining the jail. He was handcuffed and mounted the scaffold at 1.40 o'clock this afternoon, assisted by the sheriff and a friend, and accompanied by Father Charles Guidrey. He addressed the crowd, saying that he killed John Beale and would do so again to-day; that he ought not to die for it, but that he would die like a man. Father Charles said a few words of prayer, and Guidrey held his head as if assenting. He then turned to his friend on the scaffold and said:—"I am firm; I am not afraid to die." He said that what D. D. Dusen testified to in court is not so. He continued talking loud to the crowd declaring his indifference to death, and that he would commit the same crime again and again; that he was justified. Before he was pinioned he took up the rope in his hand. It was dangling from a beam above him to his feet. He handled the rope and examined the noose, saying "the fall is not enough." I want a neck break fall of ten feet." The sheriff lengthened the rope to a fall of about eight feet, but this did not satisfy him. He tried the slip-knot to see if it worked easily. When the black cap was put over his head he cried out, "Why, I can see everything." The rope was adjusted, and the slip-knot tightened. He said: "Not so tight, but put the knot more on the side of my neck. As the sheriff took up the axe to cut the rope he cried out jeeringly, "I can see you are going to cut the rope." In a few seconds more, while the condemned man was saying he did not care, the axe fell, the rope parted and Guidrey died almost instantaneously.

The easy method of preventing mobs and strikes which is prescribed by the Locomotive Brotherhood, and which consists in doing all they ask and letting them have their own way, instead of sending troops to subdue them, would be perhaps more feasible were it not that the mob spirit always grows with success, and more concession requires more, until all is violence and confusion. It also unfortunately happens that there are other persons in the country beside railway employees, whose rights the government is bound to protect.—*Portland Advertiser*.

A Manchester mechanic has invented a horse shoe composed of cow-hide compressed into a steel mould and then subjected to a chemical preparation. Its inventor asserts that it lasts longer than the common shoe, and weighs only one-fourth as much; never splits the hoof, and has no other injurious influence on it; requires no calks, even on asphalt; is so elastic that the horse's step is lighter and easier; and adheres that neither dust or water can penetrate between the shoe and the hoof.

An inexorable fate decrees that in all risings of the mob, when the military are obliged to interfere for the enforcement of the law, it is always the "innocent bystander" who is damaged. This being established, it should by this time occur to the popular mind that in times of riot, revolt, and violence, the best place for the I. B. is at home, and he would do well, when all other places are unsafe, to break over his usual custom and stay there.—*Portland Advertiser*.

There is a barn in New Berlin, Berks county, Pennsylvania, which has been chosen as a rendezvous by thieves and tramps, and on one night recently 117 members of the travelling fraternity were sheltered there. These men area terror to the neighborhood, and are so numerous and desperate that the local authorities are able to do but little to restrain their depredations.

Max Adeler says: "We are surprised to read in an exchange that the corn of Mr. Rolman, of Lyecoming county, is seven feet high." We pity Rolman. We cannot imagine how he gets his boots on over such a corn, nor can we conceive how he contrives to walk bare-footed. It is hardly likely, we should think, that Rolman himself is more than six feet high, and if that is the case that solitary corn of his must tower above his head. It might be a good thing to tie an umbrella to, or he might carry a flower pot on his foot and have a honey-suckle climbing up the corn and blossoming under his nose.

BUSINESS PRINCIPLES.—A colored white-washer com; lained to a fellow-workman in Detroit that a man for whom he did some work had gone into bankruptcy, leaving a balance of seventy-five cents unsettled and uncollectible.

"I don't feel for you a cent's worth," brusquely replied the old philosopher. "You don't neiber hear of nobody failing on me, does you?"

"In course you don't." Why, cause I has bin right down fine on business principles eber since the crash of '57. Now Misser White, look me in de eye while I tell you dat the proper way is to keep your eyes rollin' around the business horizon. If you owes a firm an' dat firm is shaky, down' pay de debt, but wait till day fail. If a firm is shaky and owes you, sit on the doughstep till you get de money. Now go 'long wid your white wash."

"Madam," said a certain nameless one to Mrs Brown the other day, "You are talkin' the same rubbish." "Yes, sir," replied the over-crushing lady, "because I wish you to comprehend me."

DEGREES OF STARVATION.—Early in the season, the White Mountain coach drivers, while waiting for the arrival of the train, for want of business, generally worry each other. Stanley of the Kearsarge and Hill of the Intervale met at the North Conway depot and in the presence of the waiting passengers commenced the following colloquy:

"Say, Stanley, do you know what that fellow said about the Kearsarge, that came up to the Intervale?"
"No, what did he say?"
"Well, he said that they lived so poorly down at the Kearsarge that he couldn't stand it—came near starving to death."
"Is that so? Do you know what that fellow said who came down to our house from the Intervale?"
"No, what did he say?"
"He didn't say anything—he was so weak he couldn't speak."
It is unnecessary to add that Hill lost his situation.—*Among the Clouds*.

He Thought It Was a Shame

A small man with a hatchet face, on one side of which was a large swelling, called at the police office in San Francisco one day lately and inquired:

"What can you do to a man that hits you and raises a lump like that?"

Have him up for battery, if he struck with his fist. If he pounded you with a club, you might make assault out of it, replied the official in charge.

"Pretty bad face, ain't it?" said the small man.

"Pretty good wheel," assented the official.

"How did you get it?"

"Well," said the small man, "I went in to take a swim at North beach a little while ago, and the water was cold and a little rough, and somehow I felt I was going down, and hollered. A big fellow on shore yelled to me to keep afloat, and then throw off my clothes and swim out to me. You can just bet, mister, I had a close squeak. When the fellow got hold of me I was seeing stars and drinking salt water, and I just grabbed the man around the neck to save myself, and we went down together. I was out of wind and had to let go, and paddled up somehow. Now, would you believe it, mister, the minute my head came above water, that big brute hit me a fearful blow right here on the cheek bone—my, a d'vin' man, as you might say. I never heerd of such a piece of cruelty. Did you?"

"Well," inquired the official, "what happened next?"

"Oh," said the small man, tenderly patting his swollen jaw with his handkerchief "I dunno. The brute knocked me out o' my senses. When I come to I was layin' on the sand, and as my head feels sore, I suppose I was pulled in by the hair. The crowd was shakin' the big brute by the hand and holding out flasks to him. Just as soon as I got my clothes on, lit out for here to have that scoundrel arrested. He might settle though?"

Two minutes afterwards the small man was rubbing himself on Kearney street with a stupefied expression, and complained to some citizens that it was an outrage that a man should be brutally beaten at North beach, and then kicked out of the city hall when he went to complain about it.

Ship News.

PORT OF ST. ANDREWS

ARRIVED.

July 18, Guptill, Calais, Flour, &c.
19, Esther, Maloney, Boston, ballast.
24, Matilda, Stinson, St. Stephen, gen. cargo.
Mary Eliza, Bullock, Boston, ballast.

CLEARED.

July 26, Mary Ellen, Ross, Dorchester, ball st.
28, Mary Eliza, Bullock, Boston, hay.



TENDERS.

TENDERS will be received by this Department at Ottawa up to the 14th AUGUST next, for the erection of a Lighthouse Tower and a Coal Shed on Machias Seal Island, Bay of Fundy, New Brunswick.
Plans and Specifications can be seen at the Agency of this Department at St. John, and at the Office of the Collector of Customs, at St. Andrews, N. B., where also forms of Tender can be procured by intending contractors.
Tenders to be addressed to the undersigned, and marked on the outside "Tenders for Machias Seal Island Lighthouse."

WM. SMITH,
Deputy Minister of Marine, &c.,
Department of Marine and Fisheries,
Ottawa, 16th July, 1877.

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