

Ontario Workman.

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

VOL. I.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1872.

NO. 19

LABOR CONFERENCE AT NEW YORK.

July 30th, a conference of members of the Labor Party was held at New York. Mr. E. M. Chamberlin, in calling the meeting to order, said that they had assembled to consider what might be done towards preserving a national political organization of workmen. The industrial labor movement was generating a government within a government. It was a movement that might finally culminate in organized and widely spread resistance to the officers of the law. The peaceful settlement of the labor question depended upon our ability to reform, through the regular legal channels, the relations of laborer and the capitalist, before the laborers should lose all faith and hope in the Republic, and set up by force a Democracy of their own. A necessary prerequisite to peaceful reform was the maintenance of a distinct political party, having for its object the emancipation of the laborers of society; for all the power of the other parties, through their police, militia, army, and other servants of their government, is and will be used to crush out those ideas that we avow.

Mr. Chamberlin, of Massachusetts, and Mr. McDowell, of Pennsylvania, were chosen chairman and secretary of the meeting.

Mr. Troup called for a report of the committee appointed at Columbus to notify Messrs. Davis and Parker of their nominations.

Mr. Puett, of Indiana, member of that committee, and chairman of the National Executive Committee, endeavored to explain. His conduct, and that of other members of the committee, was violently attacked. During the discussion, it became apparent that a few were endeavoring to create confusion by raising points of order and motions to adjourn till afternoon.

Mr. Dalton, of New York, said that there was a premeditated intention to carry this conference for Grant or Greeley, and that the motion to adjourn was to give time to get supporters of those men here. For himself, he "wouldn't have Grant, and he couldn't go Greeley."

It was voted that a committee of five on credentials be appointed, who should report at 2 p.m. who were entitled to seats.

In the afternoon, the committee of credentials reported 53 delegates present from eight States.—Pennsylvania, 13; Massachusetts, 5; Connecticut, 5; New York, 24; Maine, 3; West Virginia, 1; Indiana, 1; Kansas, 1. The report was adopted, and a sergeant-at-arms appointed, who, assisted by two policemen, prevented the ingress of outsiders.

Mr. Steward, of Massachusetts offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That the working-classes of this country have nothing whatever to choose between President Grant and Horace Greeley; and that upon the questions and measures dearest to labor, the wealth of both parties, Republican and Democratic, is known to be thoroughly united in opposition thereto.

After a long discussion, the resolution was carried almost unanimously.

Mr. Douey, of Pennsylvania, moved that the conference resolve itself into a nominating convention, and proceed to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President of the United States.

This elicited a long discussion, which was continued into the evening session, during which a letter from Gov. Geary was read, advising no national nominations, but a concentration of the labor vote upon independent nominations for state officers and congressmen.

Messrs. Van Truok of Pennsylvania, Day of New York, McAdams of Pennsylvania, Troup, Graves and Harrison of Connecticut, spoke in favor of the motion. The delegates from Massachusetts, McCauley, Blissert and Groom of New York, Thompson of West Virginia, Puett of Indiana, Sider of Pennsylvania, and others, against. Nearly all who spoke on either side were emphatically against both Grant and Greeley,

but divided as to the expediency of making nominations, or of making them then. Finally, the vote was taken by yeas and nays, and 20 voted to proceed to nominate, and 19 against.

Mr. Douey said so small a majority in favor of the resolution did not satisfy many who were in favor of independent nominations, and he moved a reconsideration of the question, which reconsideration was carried, 25 to 14.

After further discussion, it was finally voted that the chairman of the conference call a delegate convention, to meet at Philadelphia, Thursday, August 22, to nominate candidates for President and Vice-President.

The following resolution was then moved and carried unanimously:—

"We, workingmen, in conference at New York, assembled this July 30, 1872, declare our sympathy with suffering workmen everywhere, and especially with those who have, in obedience to the dictates of humanity, placed their lives and liberty in danger. To those how confined in prison, by the remorseless rigor of unchristian laws and the inhuman executors of them, we tender our confidence in the rectitude of their intentions and our willingness to share their misfortunes.

We pledge ourselves neither to vote nor aid in the election of any of the candidates of those political parties, which are responsible for the continued vassalage of labor and willingly lend their aid in the repression of every endeavor for emancipation."

A vote of unqualified censure of President Grant's administration for failing to properly enforce the eight hour law, was unanimously passed, and the conference adjourned.

A few New York rowdies met in the beer saloon down stairs and furnished the reporters with an account of a bogus meeting which they said had endorsed Grant.

There was no split in the convention, which as a body was thoroughly hostile to both Grant and Greeley. Delegates from Pennsylvania were especially opposed to these men, but were not sufficiently prepared to suggest candidates, and if nominations had been pressed, though doubtless they would have been independent ones, there is no telling who might have been selected for standard bearers.

If Pennsylvania goes to the convention, August 22, thoroughly united on names that would be satisfactory to her, it would probably be safe to follow her independent lead.—*American Workman.*

THE LIFE OF THE ENGLISH COLLIERS.

Have the readers of the *London Society* any idea of what a coal-pit, viewed from the earth's surface, is like? It has not a round black hole, about twice the size of an ordinary table, and straddling over it is a sort of gallows, a wire rope as thick as one's wrist, hanging down over a wheel and lost in the depths below. By and by the action is reversed, a clinking and a wheezing is heard in the adjoining engine-shed, and up comes the "tub" (a square box holding 2,200 weight) filled with coal. It came up so while our little party of six (I being the only novice present) was waiting to go down. I viewed the coarse, strong tub with approbation, making sure that as soon as it was emptied we should all get into it; but in this I was disappointed. It was not in the tub, but standing on the grating on which the tub had stood, that we had to descend; on the naked grating with nothing to "hold on" to but a cross-chain over head. But the pit was only 600 feet deep, and the coal smoke that arose from the enormous mine furnace below was not unbearable by the time it had benumbed one's senses a bit.

Six hundred feet down, and half a mile this way or that, under low-arched roofs, from which depended frequent fleeces of fungus, snowy white, and looking like lamb's wool, and making the black floor and the black walls, lit by feeble tallow

dips stuck there in daps of clay, blacker than ever. We all carried tallow dips stuck in balls of clay, and in Indian file followed the "Butty" and his foreman through the turnings and windings that led to the "chambers," from which coal was being hewn. Chambers are as wide as an ordinary street, and as high as the three-storied houses; and on every side, whenever the dingy light of the red-nosed dip was shifted was revealed a human creature naked to the waist, and blacker than any sweep, with savage gleaming eyes and savage glittering teeth, and with a weapon in his hand that in the uncertain light looked like a tomahawk, grinning at you, or making a dash with his weapon apparently in the direction of your visage, but which alights harmlessly on the face of the coal wall.

Heavers, packers, tubbers, fillers—these are all men, and hard as the work is they earn good wages, and if they dislike the labor they are at liberty to leave it. But they don't dislike the labor, and they are jolly enough—all except the boys. It was these boys that so perpetually haunted my coal scuttle, when I returned from Staffordshire. It is villainously cruel to serve the poor little chaps so.—The matter stands this way. The hewer is the man whose business it is to "break in" at the foot of a coal wall. He lies on his side or on his stomach, and he breaks it with his peck right along for a length, say of twenty feet, a gap that is two feet or less in height. He pecks his way into the rock till he has burrowed sixteen or eighteen feet. Naturally in the process of pecking he makes a deal of "slack," or small, and the boy in question is called the "slack boy." Regarded as a boy, as a human creature, he is slack indeed. He is not much like a boy. All-fours is his perpetual posture, and he wears a leather girdle about his waist, from which an iron chain depends, the other end of it being attached to an iron cart. The slack boy has an iron shovel as well, and the business of his wretched life is to crawl in at the hole the hewer makes, to fill his cart with chips and dust, and then to crawl out again with the load, always on his hands and knees, and with his poor limbs hung about with a few rags of which nakedness might be ashamed.—*London Society.*

A MECHANICAL CURIOSITY.

The Sacramento (Cal.) *Record* furnishes the following:

W. M. Bernard, blacksmith and waggon-maker, of Dixon, Solano county, has invented, discovered or constructed a road cylinder, which is designed to carry freight or passengers. It consists of a large drum open at both ends, supposed to be from four to sixteen feet in diameter (according to the size of machine desired), and from five to seven feet in length. Inside of this wooden cylinder three grooved tracks of steel, one one inch by three-eighths, are laid. This completes the description of the shell, which in perspective looks like a wine vat lying on its side. Within this is placed another cylinder closed at the ends, and upon the outside of which are three tracks of iron cylinder. To the centres of this inner cylinder the shafts are attached. The freight is placed in the inner cylinder and the machine is ready to go. The force required to move it is just equal to the force that would be required to slide the inner cylinder on three rails well oiled. It is in one sense a sled which lays a track for itself as it goes. The inventor believes it will revolutionise the whole waggon business. Experiments have been made with one roughly constructed, only four feet in diameter, which was freighted with 2,300 pounds of iron, and seven men on the outside, which was carried easily over level roads by one horse. The tracks were rough and the entire model imperfect, but the experiment greatly encouraged the inventor, who has applied for a patent and will have a working model on exhibition at the State Fair. The trouble so far has been to give the thing a name which will be dis-

criptive of its construction and use. Many have been suggested. Among them, "revolving sled," "barrel roller," "cylindrical waggon," "drum coach," "roller portage," and the one used by us, "road cylinder." Like all inventors, "Billy" is laughed at for the quaint novelty of his invention, and the neighbors talk of placing the machine under bonds not to kill sheep or teapass upon the dairy; but "he laughs best who laughs last," and Billy is reserving his laugh for a final chuckle.

THE FAMINE IN PERSIA.

The Rev. Henry Jones, secretary to the Turkish Missions Aid Society, whose office is at 18 Adam street, Strand, sends to the *Times* a letter which he has just received from one of the society's missionaries in Persia. Mr. Jones stated that his society, of which the Earl of Shaftsbury is the president, takes charge of any contributions remitted to himself, the Rev. Henry Jones, 18 Adam street, Strand, and forwards them immediately to the American missionaries in Persia, by whom, as will be seen from the following letter, they are judiciously distributed:

Orvirnab, June, 1872.

My dear brother,—This is to acknowledge the receipt of £400 sterling, sent through you to the Rev. J. F. Pettibene, our treasurer at Constantinople, for the relief of sufferers by famine. As soon as Mr. Pettibene received this he telegraphed (the telegram would authorize the missionaries to draw for the amount, and expend it immediately) to us that he was sending funds for the famine, but not till recently did his letter reach us, informing us of the fact that this was through you. This and the £300 from Germany are about used up. An amazing amount of suffering has been relieved, and yet the mass suffer still. We have endeavored to act systematically. The country has been divided between the missionaries here for special care, each in his district. The large body of pastors and teachers under our care has helped us materially in our work, and saved much imposture. We have endeavored to be specially careful to aid only those who have become the sufferers by this sore visitation. We have done what our limited means would allow to prevent complete demoralization, and to help those who were disposed to help themselves, and thus be saved to the commonwealth by giving seed to sow, cotton to spin, and spade with which to work, and thus earn their own bread. We have hired rooms for the refugees who have come from more destitute regions, and furnished clothing for the naked. When we have given means into the hands of reliable men, we have required a strict account of every farthing. Several scores are daily fed at our doors. Our missionary physician spent several months in Hamadan, some fifteen miles south-east of us, where the suffering has been, and continues to be, fearful. When we left there in March the death-rate was from 70 to 100 daily. The dead were gathered up in carts and tumbled into large pits, and a little earth was thrown over them. We have since heard from our helper there, who writes that cannibalism was on the increase, and had become frightful.

Little children of parents not in distress were decoyed on one side, killed, and eaten. The poor people sold everything for bread, and as a last resort would tear down the houses to sell the timber with which to buy their last crust, and then die. A correspondent writes us from Teheran that it has been computed that 106,000 have died in that city from famine and disease, though many of these were refugees from more destitute regions. It is supposed that not far from 3,000,000 souls have perished in this wretched land from the famine. God knows what will be the end of all this. The charities of Christian lands have made a profound impression on the Mussulmans of this country. May God grant that this famine for the bread that perisheth may awaken a hunger for the bread of life. Mr. Bassett, one of our number, left yesterday, en route for Hamadan, taking with

him the little we had left. Sir Moses Montefiore has done nobly for his co-religionists here. Pray for us, and for poor Persia. The rains have been unusually abundant this spring, and the harvest promises well.—Very truly yours, G. W. COAN.—Rev. H. Jones, Secretary to Turkish Missions Aid Society."

Labor Notes.

A Labor Union has been organized in Omaha, Nebraska.

A strong organization in the interests of Labor has been effected at Helena, Kansas.

The Labor movement in Pennsylvania is gradually but surely becoming powerful.

The Southern States are rapidly organizing under the banner of the National Labor Union.

A strike by the mechanics in the employ of the Central and Hudson River railroads is imminent.

An organization intending to embrace all classes of wood-working mechanics has been started in Syracuse, N. Y.

There were seven machinists and blacksmiths' Unions organized in the United States during the month of January.

Fourteen thousand members belong to the State Miners' Association of Illinois. It is in a prosperous condition.

In Virginia the Labor movement is spreading finely. The Richmond *Union* proposes having speakers give the State a thorough canvass.

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

A Labor Union is being organized in Baltimore, Md. Ed Johnson is President, and Charles Luke Secretary. They have applied for a charter.

Considerable trouble has been recently caused by striking workmen in some of the Departments in the vicinity of Paris. Troops have been ordered to the disturbed districts.

Schools for printers are established throughout Germany, designed to instruct apprentices in the theory and practice of printing not only, but to impart a general knowledge of foreign languages, and an accurate acquaintance with the type of all languages.

The Executive of the State Committee of the Labor Reform Party of Massachusetts have decided to call a nominating convention for the 21st of August, to meet at Boston or South Framingham, probably at the latter place. They mean to be first in the field. The Republicans meet on the 26th, and the calls of the Liberals and Democrats are not yet out.

The managers of the Cincinnati Industrial Exposition for 1872 have appointed Alexander Gordon, of the firm of Gaff, Grey & Gordon, of the Niles Tool Works, Hamilton, as special representative, who will shortly make a trip East for the purpose of inducing manufacturers of novel and attractive articles to put their wares on exhibition, and for furthering generally the interests of this well established enterprise.

Coolie labor is largely employed in the British West India Islands, as well as in the Spanish, as a substitute for colored servitude. In the thirty-seven years from 1835 to 1871, inclusive, there were 137,981 coolie emigrants introduced into the island of Mauritius. During 1871 British Guiana and the British West Indies received 6,163 coolies. The coolies are found to be much more useful and willing to work on the plantations than the liberated colored men. Many of the latter have acquired an ambition to work for themselves, and those who have not won't work for anybody.

During the last two years Fall River has outstripped Lowell, Lawrence and Manchester in its productions, and became the chief seat of the cotton manufacture in America. Commencing work less than half a century since in iron works, upon a small stream, with a capital of \$24,000, it has, by its untiring industry, gradually expanded its business, until it has become a seat of vast manufactures of both iron and cotton, giving employment to several railways and steamers, and many thousand operatives. Its spindles have increased, during the last year, from 500,000 to 100,000 with the prospect of gaining another 250,000 the present year.

Poetry.

MY LITTLE LABORER.

A tiny man, with fingers soft and tender
As any lady's fair:
Sweet eyes of blue, a form both frail and slender.

To-day he's building castles, towers, and towers:
With wondrous art and skill.
Or labors with his hammer by the hour.

Now, laden like some little beast of burden.
He drags himself along.
And now his tortoise little voice is heard in

But sleep at last o'ertakes my little rover,
And on his mother's breast,
Joys thrown aside, the day's hard labor over.

Must he, with toil his daily bread be earning.
In the world's busy mart,
Life's busy lessons every day be learning.

Perhaps some humble, lowly occupation
But shared with sweet content:
Perhaps a life in loiter, prouder station,

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Your name is Arbyght, I think?"
"You surmise correctly."
"Then, I have no work for you."

Richard passed on his way, wondering, as
he went, why the man placed so much stress
upon the word "you." He wondered still
more, when, at the next shop, he was greeted
with the same question and answer. At the
third shop, the scene varied slightly—result
the same, no work for him. At the third
shop, the kaleidoscope of that day's experience
presented a semi-civilized scene; he was ordered
off the premises. What did it all
mean? Was he being made the victim of
some horrible plot? He half realized that it
must be so, but why? what had he done?
Aimed and strove to be a better man, and
counseled others to do likewise—endeavored
to find a path by which he, and myriads of
multitudes, could escape from the hideous,
clammy embrace of Satan's best earthly agent
—poverty. Was this a crime? It seemed so.
But, no, he would not believe it. Man was
not so base. The old poet, who talked about
ingratitude causing countless millions to
mourn, went too far, said too much. Richard
went to the next shop; yes, he could have
work. No inquisitorial reference to his name
or history; no insulting refusal. He thanked
the man, and, promising to be back soon, he
left the shop, reproving himself for having,
even in thought, accused his neighbor of conspiring
to prevent him from making an honest
living. As he reached the street, he saw Relvason
entering the shop by a side-door; his
horse was hitched to a post near the curb-
stone. The son of toil passed on—no uncharitable,
unchristian thought in his mind. He
had not proceeded far before he became conscious
of being followed.

"Hi! hi! Mister! I say!"
"Why, what's the matter?" said Richard,
in surprise, as, turning around, he beheld the
man of whom he had just secured work, running
towards him, as if he were being pursued
by Tam O'Shanter's ghost—

"You need not come," gasped the man,
well nigh out of breath; "I—I don't think I
want any more hands."

"All right, my man," responded Richard,
gaily; "I see how it is; there's a hound upon
my track; the hound has bitten you—he is
mad, mad of tyranny; you are infected."
Old Scotia's Bard was right, after all; perhaps,
being himself a workman, he wrote from
experience, rather than inspiration, or might
not the former be an incentive to the latter.

The search for employment was continued
until late in the afternoon, and in every
instance proved abortive. Every employer
appeared to know him, appeared to anticipate
his coming, appeared to take pleasure, in not
only refusing, but insulting him.

He turned his steps toward home—home!
he had none, and in his misery, that thought
came with the rest—added to his sorrow,

helped to fill his heart with an unutterable
sadness.

"Shall I leave the city?" he asked himself,
as pensively he wandered on. A great gust of
wind swept down from the tall chimneys of
the tall houses, soured with a sullen roar
through the tall trees and passed down the
street, sending back a hollow wave-like echo,
that seemed to answer the questioner, "No!
no! no!" Richard started, then laughed at
the idea of the spirit of a departed sound conveying
any intelligible thought.

At Madam Yndall's he found, waiting for
him, a man who introduced himself as Alexander
Fargood. He was a rather large man,
though very elastic of movement, with a profusion
of good nature, jollity and humor, bubbling
all over his face, and finding vent at the
corners of his eyes and mouth.

"Being a stranger, no doubt you are surprised
at my visit."

"Were the stars to collide and the earth
lose her satellite or deviate from her orbit, it
would not be a matter of surprise to me after
this day's experience," said Richard, a little
spitefully, as the bitter recollections of the
morning and afternoon flitted through his
mind.

"I don't doubt it; I am well aware of the
conspiracy to drive you out of the city—was
asked to participate."

"And you?"

"Refused, most decidedly."

"Thank God, that there is at least one man
in the city, too much man to turn hound."

"Are you familiar with domestic work?"

"Perfectly."

"I need such a hand; could I command
you?"

"You can; not only my services, but my
thanks."

"When would it be agreeable to you to
begin?"

"At any time; at your pleasure."

"To-morrow, then," said Mr. Fargood, as
he took his leave. Richard soliloquized, aloud
to himself, as he watched the retreating figure
lose itself in the interminable crowd. "The
sun will soon be down; I have not regretted
it. Relvason has not driven or frayed me
from the city; I will remain maugre the
hounds."

For the next ten days, the levathan was
comatose, made no visible movement; but he
plotted, plotted, plotted, and the pool grew
still muddier, fouler, slimer.

Half an hour after Fargood's departure,
Richard, agreeably to promise, stood at the
door of Soolfire cottage. Grace received him
kindly, joyfully. He also felt a secret joy at
again meeting the brave little martyr.

"Oh! I am so glad you came; I am so
happy; I am going to work, and earn my own
living; I never knew what real genuine happiness
was until now, except—that is." Her
whole face became suddenly suffused with a
delicate red; the divinest of blushes passed
rapidly over every visible portion of her person,
and was as rapidly succeeded by the
sickly hue of wan despair.

"It would be a blank, sad life, indeed, that
experienced not some moments of real happiness,"
suggested Richard, in an earnest effort
to relieve her embarrassment.

She recovered quickly, and continued as if
nothing had occurred.

"Except a few fleeting moments that are
past, never more to be recalled (voice low, and
and plaintive). I am to begin work to-morrow
(brightening up). I am going to be independent;
I am going to give music lessons, and Mrs. Soolfire
says she can secure all the sewing I wish to attend to. Oh! I am so
delighted, and I know I'll be happier than the
grandest heiress to whom honors and compliments
were ever paid."

Richard extended his congratulations, but
said he was fearful lest her enthusiasm pictured
to her imagination attainments beyond
the scope of her strength.

Mrs. Soolfire dropped in—accidentally of
course—and in the course of her remarks,
intimated that poor Grace had been cooped up
in the house for two long, long days. Richard,
acting upon this palpable hint, asked Grace if
she would honor him with her company for a
walk. She, at first, was disposed to look unfavorably
upon the proposition, but, on second
thought, left the room, returning in a few
minutes, equipped for the street.

The evening was calm and beautiful, the air
was laden with a dry, but deliciously soft
mistiness, a glimmering azure halo circled
the horizon like a corona, the god of day was
sinking behind his Occidental veil, throwing
back upon the heavens, o'er the crest of a
castellated cloud, myriad millions of spear-like
rays. Indian summer was nigh. Richard,
whom rural training made a close observer of
astronomical and meteorological phenomena,
said he smelt its approach in the air. They
involuntarily passed into Madison Avenue,
and were enjoying a very agreeable promenade,
at least Richard was. Grace was quite
reserved, notwithstanding the quaint humor
and loquacity of her companion. But his
humor and loquaciousness were not of an order
calculated to relieve or soothe an oppressed
sorrow laden mind. From earliest boyhood,
he was overshadowed by a great, gloomy,
never absent, sorrow; his whole nature became
so thoroughly imbued with it, that his language,
though copious and at times eloquent,
was generally tinged with a sombre
sadness, and his humor, also, copious, was
marred by sarcasm and bitterness.

Grace, who, for some time, had been silent

and busy with her own thoughts, was suddenly
startled by a sweet, silvery voice,

"Good evening, Grace."
"Good evening, Miss Geldamo."

She returned, nervously, but she turned not
toward the speaker; she hurried forward
rather suddenly; the person addressed as
Miss Geldamo, stood still and gazed after her
with a look of inexpressible astonishment.

Grace expressed a desire to return home
immediately.

"Miss Soolfire, with me your slightest wish
is law." His tone and manner gave no evidence
of surprise on his part, nor did he appear
to notice in the least what had just
occurred. They crossed the street, entered
another, and turned towards Soolfire cottage.

"Mr. Arbyght," (breaking a long silence),
"on the avenue we have just left, reside
many with whom, a few days ago, I was on
terms of intimacy. Since then, however,
things have changed. Our paths hereafter
must be widely divergent. I am now a stray
splinter, clipped by fate from the great rock
of caste, and hurled far into the valley of toil.
I don't regret the change, but though poor, I
am too proud to have it appear that I wished
or cared to continue any relation or association
formed in the past, no matter how sacrificial
the surrender may be. There may be some
among them who regard position as I do, and
my opinion in that direction has not been
formed since my voluntary change of fortune
or condition in life. I never had much respect
for assumed social prominence, or any soci-
etary elevation whatever, not built upon the
superstructure of genuine moral, social and
industrial worth and merit. Still, I would
not continue these associations, even at their
urgent solicitation, for fear my action should
be misconstrued, and a motive other than
friendship ascribed to it."

Her companion, while differing from her in
some of the points advanced, was nevertheless
of the opinion, that by acting as she proposed,
she displayed an admirable, heroic, Spartan
spirit.

"But who is this Miss Geldamo?" he
casually asked.

"Vida Geldamo is a banker's daughter, and
the dearest, sweetest girl that ever lived."

Richard had seen her, and although he said
nothing further on the subject, yet he thought
even then, that Grace was about right.

Soolfire cottage was at last reached.

A few minutes later Richard reached Madam
Yndall's. The sun had been down some time,
but the hounded workman had not regretted
having refused to sell himself to a fellow-
worm.

When the news of his discharge became
noised among the men, it created an intense
excitement, which was fearfully aggravated
when it was known that he was discharged
for having exercised the rights of a freeman.
A special meeting was called, and amidst the
wildest enthusiasm a resolution was introduced
to call out all of Relvason's men until justice
was done an injured and aggrieved member.

It was with the greatest difficulty that Richard
prevailed upon them to let the matter rest.
He argued that he had secured work from a
better, infinitely better, and more honorable
man; that he would not again work for Relvason,
even if he was reinstated; that he was
opposed to precipitating men of families into
difficulty when there was no occasion for it;
that it was better that one man should suffer
and hundreds be spared; that he did not
regard it good unionism for one man to throw
a hundred men out of employment, and stop
their children's supply of bread, simply to
gratify a feeling against a man for whom he
would not work were he permitted to do so;
that it would be time enough to resort to such
desperate measures when it became evident
that Relvason intended to victimize others as
he had him. "But," he continued, "in conclusion,
I am grieved to say this trouble was
caused by a traitor, (profound sensation.) I
know him—saw him go to Relvason's shop—
by the merest accident I saw him—immediately
after our last meeting. He is in the
room now. Yet I will not name him. He
has a wife and four children. For their sakes
I will spare him. They are innocent of his
guilt and should not suffer for his crime.
After he leaves this hall to-night let him remain
away and he is spared; but should he
again abuse or trespass upon our patience he
will be exposed."

CHAPTER XV.

The relations between Fargood and Arbyght
were consummated by the prompt appearance
of the latter at the agreed upon time, and
more and more harmonious, closer and closer,
they grew during all the successive days of
their continuance. The workman was active,
vigilant and provident of the employer's interest.
He labored, if not with the same zest,
at least with the same assiduity and care as if
he were both employer and workman. His
conduct towards Mr. Fargood was on all
occasions straightforward, manly, independent;
while the latter, in just appreciation of his
services honestly given, and sterling worth as
a workman, paid him willingly and voluntarily
even more than that upon which they
had mutually agreed. The bearing of the
employer was never that of a master. Trusting
to Arbyght's honesty and honor, he left him
entirely to himself after having once signified
what he wished to have done. There was no
impudent, supercilious surveillance, no impudent
domineering bossism manifested by
Mr. Fargood in his dealings with those whom
he employed. In a word, the relations exist-

ing between these two men were pre-eminently
those that should ever exist between all employers
and employees: MUTUAL OR RECIPROCAL
INDEPENDENCE AND DEPENDENCE.

One day there stopped before Fargood's
place of business a magnificent, magnificently
mounted carriage, drawn by a magnificent pair
of magnificently caparisoned horses. On the
outside front of the carriage, high perched,
erect and stately, appeared a living breathing
automaton, enveloped in a dark brown tight-
fitting cassock looking coat, covered with an
unusual number of unusually large and un-
usually bright brass buttons crested with an
unusually large G. The lower limbs of the
automaton were encased in sheaths of the
same material reaching a little below the knee,
where instead of ending abruptly, the sheaths
doubled back on each other, then downward
again, forming a telescopic looking protuberance,
that much resembled a monstrously
developed ring bone, or the flange where a
shaft is spliced or joined. On this develop-
ment, and extending about six inches above it,
were rows of unusually large ivory buttons,
also crested with the large G. Add to this a
pair of highly polished boots, a pair of buck-
skin gauntlets and a very high silk hat, hooded
with a very high or wide band, clasped by
a very large G shaped steel buckle, from
which seemed to issue with abrupt spontaneity
a variegated feather, and you have, gentle
reader, an imperfect, but not exaggerated
picture of the liveried nonentity so frequently
seen of late in the free streets of the free cities
of free America. The whole equipage before
us, though considered magnificent by the so-
called elite or recherche portion of our incipient
aristocracy, was nevertheless extravagantly
outré and meretriciously gaudy—a rolling
"column of cash."

The liveried encased man, descended from his
high pedestal, with painful stateliness, and
with a pompous swagger walked into the shop
and asked for the proprietor.

"I am the man you seek; what can I do
for you?" said Mr. Fargood, coming from the
far end of the building.

"Mr. Geldamo wishes to see you at once,"
replied the liveried-shackled servant with a de-
monstrative air.

"Who the devil is Mr. Geldamo?" retorted
Fargood, piqued at the fellow's impudence.

"My master, sir," he replied quickly, with
a triumphant look and self-congratulating
tone; the look and tone seeming to indicate,
that because of his connection with so great a
man as Geldamo, even though the connection
was that of menial, he was still a man to be
respected and envied.

"Well, where is your master?"

"In his carriage, sir," replied the servant
opening the door, and disclosing the pageant.
Fargood moved toward the door; the servant
preceded him to the carriage, the door of
which he opened, when Mr. Geldamo leaving
forward filled with his head and the upper
part of his body, the opening—fitted into it—
giving the side of the carriage the appearance
of a large ebony framed picture.

In appearance and movement Mr. Geldamo
was the very apotheosis of dignity. He was
a tall spare man, always dressed in immaculate
black, his head was long and very full
above the ears, his face deeply furrowed but
senatorial and majestic. The sockets of his
eyes were large, arching and projecting, the
eye had a peculiar greedy lustre, and the
whole man whether moving, standing or sit-
ting, seemed "a walking column of cash;"
everything about him breathed an odor of
money, and every person and thing with
which he came in contact, he measured by a
golden standard, by the rule of three—money,
rent, interest.

His business with Mr. Fargood was speedily
dispatched. In addition to being a prominent
banker, he was also a wholesale importer of
choice wines and other spirits, and as some of
the packages in his storeroom were in a leaky
condition, he wished Mr. Fargood would send
a competent man to restore them to their
original capabilities. To this request Fargood
promised compliance. After which the pic-
ture gracefully dropped out of its ebony
frame, back into its padded cushioned seat;
the door was carefully closed by the stage
clad knight of the stable, who then mounted
to his pedestal on high, assumed his automa-
ton dignity, grasped the reins, and the carriage
rolled away.

Next morning Arbyght appeared at the Gel-
damo warehouse, and began operations upon
the recalcitrant casks. On the following day,
in the afternoon, Mr. Geldamo sought the
workman, and asked him if he would go up to
his residence for a few hours and see after the
condition of some superior wine that was
stored in his cellar. Richard said it was im-
material whether he worked at the store or at
his residence. A few hours afterwards he was
driven to the residence of the great banker,
which he found in many respects to closely
resemble its owner, especially in the summing
up; for, as a whole, it appeared a "column
of cash" in repose.

Parallel with the street or avenue ran a
massive spear-pointed iron fence, rising from
a foundation of solid cut stone. Behind this
fence the land sloped upward, like the glacis
of a fort, forming a level plateau or terrace,
about four feet above the banquetto, from the
centre of which the building shot skyward
with stately, gorgeous beauty. In shape, the
principal body of the building was rectangular,
but its form when finished could hardly
be classified, owing to the numerous wings and
projections that issued from its sides. The

wall were built of Ohio stone, beautifully fin-
ished, the heavy bracketed cornices and the
upper story of the campanile were of wood,
the roof slate. The general architectural style
was the modern Italian. The campanile was
artistically embellished and decorated, and rose
high above the roofs from the angle formed
by the main building and the wing or projec-
tion in which the dining room was located.
The first story of the campanile was used as a
sleeping apartment, the next as a sort of bel-
videre. In passing through the street gate,
Richard saw a man on the top of the tower or
campanile adjusting a flag staff, but being lost
in wonder at the chaste, classical architectu-
ral beauty of the great man's residence, he paid
but little attention to the man on the roof of
the campanile. However, duty soon put an
end to his ecstasies over pediments, cornices,
grand archways, vestibules and porticoes, and
from the contemplation of these things he passed
it to the cellars of the mansion and began con-
templations of an entirely different nature.
And while he was busily employed in the low-
est story of the grand mansion, a scene was
being enacted almost directly over his head
that we shall take the liberty of unveiling to
our readers.

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,
The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XVI.—The Subterranean Passage.

The next morning, at about eight o'clock,
ton Breton adventurers, unarmed, and in a
pitiful plight, traversed on foot a road leading
from the camp of Don Enrique in Seville, when
they perceived, behind the slender foliage of
some olive trees, an inn, which they entered
for the purpose of taking some refreshment.
A wrinkled old woman, who combined the
offices of waiter and scullion, seeing the new
comers in so deplorable a state, hesitated to
bring them the wine they called for, as she
doubted their ability to pay for it.

Happily the host, who was a native of
France, recognised these poor men as his coun-
trymen, and he immediately brought a large
stone jug of wine, which he placed on the
table around which the Bretons were sitting.

"I hope," said he, placing himself with a
well-filled goblet beside the others, "that you
will not refuse me the pleasure of emptying a
bumper with my good and brave neighbours
of the Duchy of Brittany. I was born in the
good city of Angers, my father was James
Bouchard, master rope-maker."

"Welcome, heartily," replied Richard, the
eldest of the adventurers, who regarded their
host with looks of curiosity, and they sat
closer to each other in order to make room for
the master of the house.

The latter, who was one of the best, was
also one of the most talkative men in the
world, and, moreover, one of the most inquisi-
tive; he took a seat in the midst of his guests.

"Do you know," he resumed, "how impru-
dent you are to wander so far from the camp?
For besiegers as you are, you might easily be
surprised by the citizens, who are always on
the watch from the top of the ramparts." And
with his finger he pointed out to them the
walls of Seville.

"Be easy on our account, most vigilant
host," answered Richard, with a smile, "for
we do not intend to give the Spaniards the
trouble of running after us. What say you,
George?"

"Undoubtedly," said George, without dis-
continuing his duties as butler, which he filled
to the general satisfaction; "for we are going
to enter Seville this very day."

"Going to enter Seville?" repeated the host,
stupefied. "Oh! then you reckon on taking
the royal city, you ten; and yet without arms.
But unhappy men, you will be taken your-
selves, and—"

"Hung," interrupted Richard. "Mort Dieu!
we know it; since we go there with that in-
tention."

And he raised his goblet to his lips, whilst
his host, on the contrary, set his on the table,
with a comical look of puzzled anxiety.
"What! you are going to get yourselves hung?"
said he, more and more surprised.

"Truly, sir," said Richard, gravely. "Only
eight days since we were all ten made prison-
ers, in consequence of a sharp sortie made by
the Saracens who defended the gate of Jaen."

"Prisoners!" repeated the host, regarding
the prisoners with an air of the utmost com-
miseration.

"But the famine, which has begun to re-
duce even the bulk of the priests of Seville,
does not allow them to keep useless mouths
any longer. Yesterday they released the
major part of their prisoners on parole, that
they might seek the means of redeeming them-
selves; only they warned them that they
would hang, without mercy, those who should
return without the amount of their ransom."

"Then it is probable, that many among
them will not hurry themselves to carry it
back," said the host. "But as to you, my
brave fellows, have you not been able to raise
the sum required for your ransom?"

"I believe we are far from the amount,"
replied Richard, loosening from his belt a small
leather bag, the contents of which he emptied
on the table. "Here are the proceeds of our
joint receipts during the day that has been

allowed us. "I more than doubt if there are the four thousand lives."

"My poor friends, there are scarcely four hundred!" exclaimed Master Bouchard.

The adventurers contemplated the money contemptuously; then they regarded each other with some concern, but immolately afterwards, with an air of carelessness, resumed their goblets.

"And to-day we were obliged to empty the purses of more than one brother-in-arms; a bad look-out," said Richard.

"Four hundred livres," resumed George, "but even that is not to be despised. It is exactly the price of the ransom of one of us, so that there will be only nine hung—there's some consolation in that."

"Yes, for the tenth," observed Master Richard.

"Follow my advice," said the host, "eat and drink till you fall asleep; then forget to go to Seville to be hung."

"Do you know, Master Host, what our Captain Duguesclin would do to us, if we forfeited our honour?" asked Richard.

"Duguesclin!" exclaimed Angevin, lastly, "what! do you belong to the company of the generous, the intrepid Duguesclin? Not only am I indebted to him for not being as poor as Job, but he once saved my life. About two years ago, I set out on a pilgrimage; near Auray I was taken, after no very brave resistance, I allow, by a band of gypsies, who employed themselves in the healing of cattle by day, and stealing them by night. After having seized my mule, in whose collar I had secreted the little inheritance my father, the rope-maker, had left me, they were disposed to strangle me by way of pastime. They had dragged me into a coppice, and I hallooed most vociferously, when a traveller on the road heard me. He was a short, stout man, not very good looking, and without arms. I thought, on first seeing him run towards us, that he came to join my murderers, but I was soon undeceived. He broke a strong branch from an oak, and with it fell upon the scoundrels with such hearty good-will that, notwithstanding their large knives, their cries of rage, and their ferocious eyes, they disappeared in a few seconds. My valiant champion replaced me in my saddle, permitted me to accompany him as far as Auray, where I learnt his name, and since then I have never missed a day praying for Bertrand Duguesclin. It was with the money he prevented me losing that I bought this inn after the death of our saintly Queen Blanche, to whom I had come to deliver a message in Spain on the part of Mounseigneur, of Bourbon. So I was very glad when I heard that Duguesclin had entered Castile at the head of a great company, for I said to myself, probably fortune may one day put it in my power to be useful to him in my turn."

"You will soon see him," said Richard, "for he reckons on entering Seville in less than three days."

"May you speak truly, for I am so anxious to see him that yesterday I was about going to the camp, but I feared being taken for one of Don Pedro's spies, and so getting hoisted to the top of a tree to scare away the birds. Instead of which, it strikes me I cannot better acknowledge the service he rendered me than by assisting those he loves; and since you serve under his banners, I will redeem you for his sake."

"Ah, my master," said Richard, "gratitude blinds you; do you forget that it is yet three thousand six hundred lives that are deficient?"

"I never speak hastily," said the host, gravely. "Know that before the siege I had ten mules in my stables, five hundred sheep, eighty pigs, and sixty measures of sixty gallons each in my cellar—all thanks to Providence and Duguesclin. Well, I have sold the whole at a very good price to the Commissioners for provisioning the city, and how can I employ that money better than for the welfare of Duguesclin's brave Bretons?"

"Come I begin to believe you a real Angevin, Master Bouchard," said George, affectionately squeezing the hand of his host. "Inter-course with Jews and Moors has not corrupted your heart. I accept your offer."

"But only as a loan," observed Richard.

"Yes, yes," repeated all the others, astonished at the generosity of their host. "I will fetch the money," said the latter, entering a room adjoining that in which the Bretons were. He quickly returned, bringing in his hand a small box bound with iron, which contained the three thousand six hundred livres that were in the purse. "While you go and settle your accounts at Seville," said he, "I will arrange everything to justify my boast of being a good cook."

The adventurers thanked their host and took leave. They followed a road that led towards the Carmona Gate, until they saw, coming from afar, a knight, whom by his gigantic stature they recognized as the formidable Tom Burdett, Captain of the Freebooters. The Englishman, as he travelled along, was reflecting on his late ill-luck. Having sold the gold table to save his life, he dared not return to the camp of Don Enrique deprived of all resources; and not having even a horse at his disposal, it was impossible for him to get either to France or England. He was considering then by what means he could improve the state of his affairs, when he met the ten Bretons, with Master Richard at their head, who carried the box under his arm. When they came near the Late Comer, they respect-

fully saluted him. Burdett was passing them, after carelessly returning their salutation, when a certain metallic sound struck his ears. "Here is money that Heaven sends me, apropos," said he to himself. Then, approaching Richard, while he cast sharp looks of covetousness on the box, he said, "Where are you going, vagabonds?"

"We are honest Breton soldiers, and not vagabonds, sir," replied Richard, "and being prisoners, we are going to Seville to pay our ransom, having met with a fellow-countryman, who, finding that we belonged to Duguesclin's troop, voluntarily furnished us with the money."

"A pretty story, truly—doubtless he has palmed bad money off on you; come, come, let me see," said Burdett, and taking the box he examined it, and then added, "No, no; this is all right; but I still suspect your statement, and shall take care of this box; you will find it safe in my tent," and so saying, he hurried off, leaving the poor men in the utmost astonishment.

The Bretons, however, were not long undecided, but determined to reach the camp as soon as possible, and immediately started off in its direction. In their hurry, they did not notice two horsemen who were leisurely riding along the road, until they were startled by hearing a rough voice exclaim, "By St. Ives! is the cavalry of King Mahomed galloping at your heels?"

At the well-known voice the Bretons stopped and saluted with loud acclamations the person who addressed them. It was Bertrand Duguesclin, followed by a squire.

Richard familiarly accosting the captain, told him all that had happened to them since the previous day, dwelling principally on their adventure with the host, and their unfortunate encounter with the Late Comer, Burdett, pointing out the road the latter had taken with their cash.

"Do not trouble yourselves to run any farther, my lads," said the good knight; "yesterday Tom Burdett had all he possessed at the camp conveyed away; he has left only his squire, Garwin, whose wages are in arrears, and whom he did not order to accompany his baggage, so that your four thousand livres will enable Master Burdett to lead a jovial life, until he raises a new company. Nevertheless, it is very disgraceful to lay hands on ransom money, which should be held sacred; and, by St. Ives! he who does not respect it is a dastardly rogue."

"Long live Messire Bertrand!" exclaimed the adventurers, well pleased at hearing the valiant Duguesclin designate in such forcible terms the odious conduct of Burdett.

"Pardon," said the Breton, dismounting, and throwing the bridle of his horse into the hands of his squire, "I have no further need of you. I will let them know that all Captains of White Companions are not robbers; therefore you will go to my treasurer, and ask him for four thousand livres for these brave men, and four thousand more for mine host, Bouchard. It was in my name that this honest man advanced the money, and it is I who must reimburse him. As to you," continued he, addressing the other adventurers, "wait here for your comrade."

The men heard these words with astonishment, but when they were about to testify to him their gratitude, the worthy knight began to laugh good-naturedly, saying, "My friends, I only ask in return that you will permit me to continue my route, for I do not like losing time, particularly to listen to thanks for so natural an action. My money belongs to my soldiers; it is by them, and with them, I win it, and for them I keep it." So saying, he set off down a narrow by-road, and disappeared from sight.

After riding a long while, he stopped, and pushing the thickets aside, seemed to seek eagerly for the traces of an ancient Roman aqueduct, at that time hidden beneath the sandy soil, of the existence of which he had been informed, but all his endeavours to find the entrance were in vain. The sun was so scorching that the valiant Breton was obliged to lie down under the shade of a gigantic prickly-pear tree to rest himself. After a few minutes he began to doze, but hearing a noise, he opened his eyes, and perceived the branches of a fig-tree opposite gently agitated. Presently he saw a man, dressed like a miller, bending under the weight of an enormous sack, and casting uneasy glances around him. This man descended into a hollow way, at the end of which four Spanish soldiers awaited him.

Thanks to the underwood which grew thickly around, the knight could advance without being observed, and he distinctly recognized the four foster brothers of the king. These young men soon removed a heavy stone, covered with moss, from the entrance of the aqueduct, and placed on the back of one of the mules that were in the subterranean passage, the sack of flour that the miller had just brought.

"Oh, 'he deuce!'" said Bertrand to himself, "it seems that while we are blockading the city on one side, these cunning foxes are re-victualling it on the other."

Creeping on his hands and knees, he managed, notwithstanding the weight of his armour, to approach near enough to hear the words these men interchanged. In order to avoid being surprised, and to be able to defend himself in case of need, he seated himself on a bank, with his feet in a ditch, and his back resting against a lofty palm-tree, keeping his hand on the hilt of his sword; but, unfortunately, just at that moment the rays of the sun fell upon

his helmet, betraying him by its glittering to the foster-brothers, who, by their significant gestures, sufficiently indicated their knowledge of his presence. The knight, seeing them approach, feigned to be sleeping. No sooner had the brothers recognised Duguesclin than they debated upon the best means of securing him alive, and at length resolved upon covering a deep pit which lay near, so as to entrap him into it, if possible. They instantly set to work to collect sufficient branches for the purpose, and with the aid of the miller, speedily arranged them so as to cover the pit, and not to be distinguished from the surrounding ground; then they proceeded to awaken Duguesclin, who, however, having overheard all their plans, arose and advanced towards them, ordering them to surrender and give him an account of what they were doing with the sack of flour.

"Surrender thyself, thou bulldog of Brittany," shouted the brothers.

The four young men left no time for further parley, but instantly attacked him, and in the contest the knight's sword was broken; another blow struck the crest from his helmet, and in a moment he found himself being dragged towards the very verge of the pit; it was now that the invincible courage and *sang-froid* of Bertrand shone most conspicuously; exerting all his efforts, he shook off two of his assailants, who, falling on to the branches they had collected, rolled to the bottom of the pit.

"Surrender, villains!" cried Duguesclin to the other two, who, however, only attacked him the more vigorously; and had pressed, the knight retreated behind the mule, in order to defend himself more easily. Suddenly, springing forward, he seized one of his assailants, and with Herculean force hurled him into the pit, which was some paces distant; then closing with the other, who was but a child in his grasp, he lifted him from the earth, and was about to dash him into the hole with his companions, when he fortunately perceived a bunch of keys hanging at his girdle. Suspecting that these might belong to the gates of the secret passage, he secured them, and then spurning his enraged enemy from him, suffered him to fall into the prison of his own contrivance.

In the meantime, the miller had taken advantage of the fray to escape, but running, half-blinded with fear, he unhappily rushed into the midst of Bertrand's ten soldiers, who were returning to Seville with their ransom.

"Ha, fellow!" cried one of them, "where the deuce are you running to?"

"Away from Duguesclin, who is attacked by some soldiers!"

"Duguesclin attacked," shouted the men. "Quick, quick, turn back with us, and show us where," and they forced the miller to retrace his steps to the aqueduct, where they arrived just as Bertrand had overcome his last adversary. The arrival of the ten adventurers greatly pleased him.

"Here we are, captain!" exclaimed Richard, as soon as he had got into the aqueduct.

"Ah, is it you, my brave fellows?" said Bertrand.

"We bring you a prisoner," said George, when only a few paces from the knight.

"Ah, the intrepid miller," said he, laughing; "well, we must procure some companions for him. In that pit there are four determined fellows, who had nearly rendered my beloved and blessed Tiphane a widow. Take them out of that hole, where they are growling like wild cats. They are prisoners whom I will give you, and for whom you may get a large ransom, for they are the foster-brothers of the King, Don Pedro. And now undress this honest miller, and help me off with my armour. I wish to make an exchange with him, and by way of punishing him for having furnished provisions to the besieged city, he shall march to the camp in this hot sun in my armour."

In the twinkling of an eye the miller was deprived of his dress, which Duguesclin put on, and notwithstanding his groans, he was, in the midst of the general hilarity, imprisoned in the heavy armour of the robust Breton, and then the Spaniards were taken out of the pit.

"Now," resumed the knight, "take these five men with you to Seville."

The adventurers immediately marched off with the prisoners that their captain had so generously given up to them.

CHAPTER XVII.—The Morisca Proposes and the Breton Disposes.

Duguesclin had formed the bold project of using the discovery of that secret entry to the aqueduct for introducing himself into the city, in order to learn by personal observation, if the besieged could hold out much longer, or probably to determine Don Pedro to surrender, rather than prolong an heroic but useless resistance. He remembered that that unfortunate prince had not hesitated to save his life by preventing him from drinking the poisoned water of the cistern, and at any risk he wished to render him a service by enlightening him on the imminent danger he ran, and by inducing him to treat with Don Enrique.

Bertrand had great ingenuity, a remarkable knowledge of mankind, under the rough, warlike frankness of his exterior. However rash in battle, all his actions were guided by good sense and an extraordinary power of observation.

The victory he had lately gained filled him with joy, which, although silent, was not the less lively. In fact he believed himself cer-

tain of being now able to penetrate without much difficulty into Seville, and, above all, he hoped that he should prevent the conquered king leaving it. He did not know that the aqueduct had two outlets; one that opened on the lazaretto, and which was confined to the outside of the walls, like all leper houses in the medieval ages, which were built at the gates of the cities, and another, which opened on the shores of the Guadalquivir, by a half-ruined arch masked by cactuses, aloes, and prickly pears, and which was called the water-gate. Some galleys and vessels of Don Pedro were stationed there under the command of his admiral, the Genoese Bocca Negra, who had remained faithful to him.

However, Duguesclin resolved to disguise himself in the miller's costume, and putting on his broad-brimmed hat, and taking his long stick and torch to light him in the subterranean passage, he began to drive the mules before him as soon as his men departed.

He stopped from time to time, as he thought he could discern indistinct forms flitting lightly before him, and then vanishing in the distance; they seemed to him like Moors covered with their long albomous and tufted turbans; but again he thought it must be an hallucination, an illusion of his eyes, dazzled by the sudden transition from the light of the sun to total darkness.

All at once, when he had ceased to perceive any of those strange forms, and had succeeded in persuading himself of his mistake, he arrived at a sort of cross road, where the vaulted gallery of the aqueduct divided itself into three paths. Here he paused; but after reflecting for a few minutes, he resolved to trust to the instinct of the mules, which had quietly continued their route by the centre gallery, and he was about to join them when he heard a noise behind him like approaching footsteps sounding on the brick pavement, and at the moment he turned a hand rested on his shoulder.

It was a woman dressed in a long white Moorish mantle, who sprang from the gallery abutting on the Guadalquivir.

The Breton Captain looked upon her with surprise, while the young woman exclaimed, "This flour could not escape us, for I also was watching for it, valiant purveyor of Seville."

"Alas, take pity on me, good lady!" replied Bertrand, much surprised at the sudden apparition, and persisting in playing the part he had imposed on himself; "you would not harm a poor miller, who only seeks to earn an honest livelihood."

"You a miller," said the young woman, laughing; "the white coat does not always make the miller. You are Bertrand Duguesclin, and you shall not pass without hearing me."

"Ah, lady of darkness!" exclaimed the Breton, "you must be either a witch or one of the best paid spies of the tyrant, Don Pedro."

"I am not the spy, but the disgraced favorite of the King of Castile," replied the Morisca.

"Are you the daughter of the King of Granada, so celebrated for her surpassing beauty?" said Duguesclin adroitly, and bowing courteously before her.

Aixa could not forbear smiling, as she continued, "Driven from the Alcazar, banished from Seville, I have vowed implacable hatred to Don Pedro, and I will faithfully keep my word; so you see we may speak frankly."

"Well, madam," said Bertrand, "my purpose is simply to enter the besieged city by the help of this disguise; but is it really so inappropriate that I cannot take a step without being recognized?"

"Re-assure yourself, sir," replied she, "my witchcraft is easily explained. I was an eye-witness to the combat with the sons of Palos ma. You have surrounded the city for the purpose of stopping supplies, but you had forgotten this aqueduct. Now you have discovered it you will not be content with doing so; you can easily enter Seville by this subterranean passage—this is what you will do. Now, you will ask me why, being the enemy of Don Pedro, I have not revealed this outlet? It is, Sir Bertrand, that my vengeance is not so easily satisfied as that of Don Enrique. He has only ambition—I have hatred. I desire that Don Pedro, who has despised me—that the Jewess, who has humiliated me—that the inhabitants of Seville, who have insulted me—should be tortured by me. I have sworn to starve this city, which is hateful to me; and I have succeeded. My emissaries are scattered all over the country, and all the grain that has escaped the search of the purveyors of your army, and which the foster-brothers of Don Pedro meant to buy with their gold, I have succeeded in monopolising. All these provisions are buried in the recesses of the ruined arches of the aqueduct, at the edge of the Guadalquivir, and these recesses I can inundate, in case of need."

"By St. Ives!" exclaimed Duguesclin, "I should not like to insult you, madam; I should fear more for my life than if I had to do with the whole army of Sir John Chandos. But how comes it that the miller, whose clothes I wear, should have been proof against the liberal offers of your agents?"

"Because he was afraid of the five foster-brothers, who woke him at night, and swore they would set fire to his mill and transport his sacks into the aqueduct if he refused to follow them. But I watched in the passage," added she, with a malicious smile.

"Don Enrique will owe you a royal recompense, madam," said the Breton, astonished at so much resolution in a young and handsome

woman. "So no one has yet entered the city by this passage?"

"Nor by the lazaretto, either, Sir Captain," answered Aixa.

"The lazaretto!" repeated Duguesclin, with a gesture of disgust.

"It abuts on the aqueduct, and communicates with it by a subterranean staircase," resumed the Morisca; "and in that impure enclosure I have a devoted friend, who would inform me of every attempt the purveyors of the Alcazar should dare to make to cross with their convoy of provisions that ground which the feet of lepers only have a right to tread."

"You have singular friends, madam," observed the captain.

"Oh, it is a renegade Jew, named Esau Ma-nassos, who is indebted to the clemency of Don Pedro for having been cast into the lazaretto," replied Aixa; "that is why I call him my friend."

"Esau, the renegade! I know the man," said Bertrand, endeavouring to refresh his memory.

"Esau, the leper, will not seek to annoy the most formidable enemy of Don Pedro," replied the Morisca. "As to the flour these mules are laden with, is it your pleasure, good and loyal knight, that I have them also put into the recesses?"

"No, madam," said Bertrand, hastily; "for it is by favor of this convoy that I hope to enter the city, and even the Alcazar, as I have already told you. I want to convince myself whether the inhabitants are at all discouraged."

"The inhabitants!" exclaimed Aixa, with a loud shout of laughter, "why, they are dying of hunger; the famine that grinds them and dries them like skeletons, reigns even in the Alcazar, the gates of which they besiege, demanding bread. These last few days the people have eaten horses and mules; they feed to-day on rats and unclean animals, tomorrow they will be reduced to eat the leather of their belts and shoes."

"Are the poor creatures really reduced to such distress?" demanded Duguesclin, who began to pity the fate of the besieged.

"Two days more of this frightful torture, and Seville is yours. You will therefore perceive how important it is not to let these provisions enter."

"Undoubtedly," said Bertrand, "yet I must absolutely have that pretext for reconnoitering the city."

"If you want a pretext," said Aixa, hesitating, notwithstanding her boldness, "to introduce the flour into the Alcazar, have it distributed among the defenders of the king, but poison it first."

"Infamous!" exclaimed Duguesclin, advancing to the Morisca indignantly and menacingly, then stopping all at once, he slowly lowered the stick which he had raised against Aixa. "God grant you a good and long life, madam," he said, "since He is the God of peace and mercy; but if this proposition had been made to me by a man, I would have strangled him immediately without hesitation."

The vindictive daughter of Mohamad shrugged her shoulders. She then said, "In short, Sir Knight, you persist in wishing to enter with this convoy."

"Yes, madam, I do most decidedly."

"You have then this time mistaken your power, Sir Knight, for you shall not pass," replied the Morisca, imperiously.

"You are surely joking," said Duguesclin, gently removing Aixa aside with his large hand, she having placed herself so as to prevent his advance.

"Guards!" she exclaimed, at seeing the obstinacy of the Breton. At the same instant Duguesclin, whose eyes had begun to get accustomed to the obscurity, thought he perceived the walls of the aqueduct contracting on both sides, and drawing closer to him as if to stifle him. Thinking he was the dupe of some spell, he instinctively put his hand forward; he then perceived that he was not deceived, for he was enclosed by a human wall. Fifty Moorish guards formed a triple circle around the pretended miller; their white cloaks, large turbans, and tawny countenances, badly illuminated by the light of the torches, gave them a fantastic though formidable appearance.

Twenty arms seized Duguesclin immediately and carried him off without his designing to oppose the least resistance. They took his stick from him, and having tied his wrists with ropes, made him follow Aixa, who went a long way into the gallery which terminated at the water-gate. They soon reached the iron gate that enclosed the recesses in which the wheat was amassed that Aixa had just spoken of.

"Well, Sir Knight," said the Morisca, with a jesting air, "fortune has treated you rather harshly this time."

"True, madam, at this moment I am your prisoner."

"Come, I am glad to see that you take your ill-luck so coolly," said the Morisca, with an air of raillery. "But hold, I am going to prove to you the confidence I have in you, and to show you all my riches."

She then conducted the Breton warrior into the subterranean passage, and showed him the deep excavations in which were buried mountains of sacks filled with flour and grain.

(To be continued.)

"Mamma," said a little boy who had been sent to dry a towel before the fire, "is it done when its brown?"

NOTICE.

We shall be pleased to receive items of interest pertaining to Trade Societies from all parts of the Dominion or publication. Officers of Trades Unions, Secretaries, Leagues, etc., are invited to send us news relating to their organizations, condition of trade, etc.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Per Annum \$2 00
2 Months 1 00
Single copies 5c

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Contract Advertisements at the following rates:—
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All communications should be addressed to the Office, 112 Bay Street, or to Post Office Box 1025. J. S. WILLIAMS, SUPERINTENDENT.

TO THE ELECTORS OF THE CENTRAL DIVISION OF THE CITY OF TORONTO.

A large and influential deputation of citizens having informed me of my nomination as a candidate to represent you in the House of Commons, I have the honor to accept that nomination, and therefore ask for your support, having confidence that the electors of Centre Toronto will endorse the request of the deputation by placing me at the head of the poll.

Trades' Assembly Hall.

- Meetings are held in the following order:—
Machinists and Blacksmiths, every Monday.
Coachmakers, 2nd and 4th Monday.
Crispins, (159), 1st and 3rd Tuesday.
K.O.S.C. Lodge 316, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.
Tinsmiths, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.
Cigar Makers, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.
Varnishers and Polishers, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.
Iron Moulders, every Thursday.
Plasterers, 1st and 3rd Thursday.
Trades' Assembly, 1st and 3rd Friday.
Bricklayers, 1st and 3rd Friday.
Coopers, 2nd and 4th Friday.
Printers, 1st Saturday.
Bakers, every 2nd Saturday.

The Ontario Workman.

The WORKMAN makes its appearance somewhat earlier this week than usual, and we wish to say a few words to our readers in Centre Toronto, in reference to the necessity of unity of action today (Wednesday). Upon this division all eyes are now directed, and upon the working classes very much depends as to the result. Victory has perched upon their banners in the East and West, but the consummation of the grand success remains to be achieved in the Centre. But the work before them must not be despised. We certainly believe that the chances of success are all in favor of Mr. Shanly, but the victories already gained must inspire a feeling of solidarity and security among workingmen. Work is before them, and hard work, but in the same enthusiasm and determination to win, be carried into the Centre. As has been manifested in the East and West, but little doubt can be entertained of the result. We feel the issue is fairly before the operators.

classes, and that no urging is needed upon our part to arouse them to their duty. Were anything needed the most effectual means would be by referring to the article in the "Globe" of Monday last, and pointing to the terms in which they are there spoken of.

Let it be seen that, as in Hamilton, and in East and West Toronto, so in Centre Toronto, the workingmen are fully alive to the importance of the occasion, and are determined to "go in and win."

BROWN AS AN ARTIST.

George Brown, finding that his efforts to play the role of champion to the workmen have not been appreciated, has taken another cue—ono, perhaps, more suited to his genius—and the "paint pots" have been resorted to. But whether as an artist he will prove more successful than in his previous character, we shall leave our readers to decide. It having been announced that on Friday night last, Mr. Witton, the "Representative Workingman," would be present from Hamilton, to speak to his fellow-workers of Toronto, it was deemed right and proper that a fitting expression should be given of the feeling with which that gentleman is regarded, and the result was, that the working classes turned out in their thousands, an appropriate transparency was provided, and Mr. Witton and the gentlemen who accompanied him, were escorted to the Market Square with all the eclat of a well arranged torch-light procession. And this is the scene which the embryo artist has undertaken to sketch; and those who were present on that occasion must certainly be impressed with the accuracy and faithfulness with which the scene has been reproduced in the columns of the "Globe" of Monday! If, however, objection should be made that the coloring is somewhat more sombre than occasion required, it must not be forgotten that "black" is a very favorite color with the artist in question, and after a long apprenticeship in the art of "blackening the characters" of those opposed to him, politically or otherwise, he must now certainly be prepared to graduate as a "journeyman of the first water" in that particular line of business. As a specimen of his proficiency, we shall content ourselves with reproducing two or three sentences which fairly represent the tone of the entire article that occupies a full column in that journal, and we expect the intelligent workmen of this city will recognize and acknowledge the figure they cut on their homeward "march to Finchly"—as the "Globe" has it—on Friday night last.

"Sir John Falstaff's celebrated" regiment of "tattered prodigals" had not so many hard-featured cases among them; and surely the Prime Minister acted a part not to be admired by his sober supporters, as he shouted and cheered and "tigered" among that very motley and most undisciplined crew. We shall not say that they had only "a shirt and a half among them," or that they had plundered the scare-crows of half a county. It was not their clothes, but their bearing, their looks, their unredeemed hard-faceness, and their fantastic efforts at getting up a show by poking some smoky lamps in the face of the glorious full moon as she shone in a clear Canadian sky, that gave the whole such an air of ludicrous absurdity and broken-down blackguardism which the central figure in the not very magnificent cut fitly crowned and completed.

G. T. R. EMPLOYEE'S PIC-NIC.

The employees of the Grand Trunk Railway intend holding their annual picnic on Saturday next, 24th instant, at Bowmanville. A most elaborate programme of games and dances has been arranged, and everything promises the utmost success. There will, undoubtedly, be a very large gathering, and we wish them every possible pleasure. The cars will leave the Union Station at 6.30 a.m., and return in the evening.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.

The adjustment of labor and capital is one of the pressing questions of the age, now arresting public attention more than ever. No question in political economy touches the masses so broadly through the civilized world. The difficulty involved cannot be adjusted by force, as has been vainly attempted in some European countries, nor by money or numbers. It will nowhere stay settled till it is settled rightly on a basis which, in the long run and on a broad scale, will secure the highest interests of both parties. Everything possible should be done to ameliorate the condition of the operative, hard at best.

Labor is both superior and prior to capital, and alone originally produces capital. But the condition and opportunities of the laborer improve with the increase of industrial capital, which always befriends labor when it multiplies the opportunities for education and profitable employment. Parisian Internationals denounced capital as the enemy of labor, but in the same breath they boasted that it was the unaided product of labor, and therefore rightly belonging to its producers, whoever may be the legal owners. It is a striking fact that in Paris itself, not long after this International proclamation, nothing but the capital thus attacked kept its assailants from starvation during the siege when production ceased. If capital were to be annihilated to-morrow, labor would suffer first and most. Capital and labor, therefore, are not enemies. There is only an apparent opposition of interests, which vanishes on a careful examination. Instead of open strikes or smothered jealousies, dissolving all social ties, there should be kindness and sympathy between the employer and the employed. There should be no impassable gulf between the rich and the poor; no tyranny of capital. The capitalist should fully know the wants and trials of the laborer's lot, and the workman should understand the risks, anxieties and conditions of success on the part of the manufacturer. There should be liberal pay on the one side, and fair profits on the other. The interests of both classes are bound together. If either one is harmed, the other must ultimately suffer. Certainly the laborer cannot long suffer in health, education or pay, without harm to the employers, and large losses to the operatives. They are copartners, and cannot afford to be antagonists. Capital is as dependent on labor as labor is on capital, and only as both work in harmony can the highest good of each be secured. There is need of mutual consideration after mutual concession. Wages no doubt have been too low, and have been deservedly raised.

Mr. G. B. Northrop, a gentleman of large experience as supervisor of the schooling of minors employed in factories, and whose sympathies are with the working classes, illustrates this principle by citing the following facts, which have come under his own observation in Connecticut. He says:—

"In many of our manufacturing villages, employers have allayed prejudice and disarmed hostility by a liberal policy. As enlightened, liberal, philanthropic men, they have generally aided both the school and the church, provided reading-rooms and lectures for the special benefit of their operatives, and erected boarding and tenement houses in a style favorable for their health and comfort. They have encouraged the purchase of homesteads or erection of homes, by selling the land and loaning a large percentage of the cost of the building on favorable terms. There are many thriving manufacturing villages in Connecticut where a strike, or anything like antagonism of labor to capital, has never been known. Instead of isolating themselves from their operatives, these capitalists have treated themselves as partners, and in effect, with them, guarded their health, provided for their material comfort, and intellectual and moral welfare. They have foregone of Connecticut, Jewell, English, and Buckingham, and extensive manufacturing establishments, and have secured the highest interests of both parties."

manufacturers, have each illustrated the wisdom of a liberal policy toward their employees. The harmony and good-will thus secured have proved an important part of their effective capital. I have had occasion to know that their workmen feel a pride in their service, and a genuine interest in their success. When all manufacturers feel it to be their duty and interest to show like sympathy and interest towards their employees, the problem of harmonizing labor and capital will be solved."

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

No alliance with others can ever diminish the necessity for personal endeavor. Friends may counsel, but the ultimate decision in every case is individual. As each tree, though growing in the same soil, watered by the same rains, and warmed by the same sun as many others, obeys its own law of growth, preserves its own physical structure, and produces its own peculiar fruit, so each person, though in the closest communication and intercourse with each other, and surrounded by similar influences, must be himself, must do his own duties, contest his own struggles, resist his own temptations, and suffer his own penalties. There is too much dependence placed upon co-operation for security from evil, and too little reliance upon personal watchfulness and exertion. There are some who seem to feel in a great measure released from obligation if they do not receive such aid, and some will plead the shortcomings of others as excuse for their own.

We would by no means disparage the effect of influence, or discourage in the slightest the generous assistance which we all owe to one another, or undervalue the important effect of a worthy example. These are vital elements of growth, and their results can never be fully estimated. But they should not usurp the place of a proper self reliance, and diminish the exercise of individual powers. Moral force must be a personal possession. It can never be transferred, and while we gladly welcome whatever is good from all sources, it can only be as food which must be digested before it can truly nourish us. Material benefits may be conferred by simple gift, but mental and moral activities can only be sustained by their own exercise. Thoughts may be exchanged, but not thought power; moral help and encouragement may be given; but virtue cannot be transferred; responsibility cannot be shifted.

The most permanent good we can do to others is to nourish this individual strength. To aid the physically destitute most effectively food, fuel and clothing, are not nearly so valuable as steady remunerative employment. To educate a child, it is not half so important to install large amounts of information, as to set his mind to work, to bring out his mental powers, to stimulate his thoughts and quicken his faculties. And in moral life, especially in cities, where masses are crowded together, and men incline to leap upon each other, the best lesson to enforce is, that virtue to exist at all, must be strictly individual.

That which cannot stand alone, but depends on props and supports, which needs the constant spur of fear, and the bribe of reward to ensure its activity, is but the semblance of virtue, and will crumble before temptation. A well-developed body ever excites admiration. But a well-developed and self-reliant spirit is a nobler thing. It is calm, modest and unassuming, yet firm in conscious integrity of purpose and steadfastness of aim. Inflated by no vanity, it is at once humble, yet courageous; helpful to the tempted, yet resolute in assailing evil.

THE SEAT OF THE NEW WAR.

The cable informs us that the Khedive of Egypt has sent a column of 3,000 men to invade Abyssinia. The war, it is said, is now being fought in the interior of the country. The number of traders is reported to be in exact proportion to the amount of trade. The Khedive is reported to have promised bankruptcies, abscondings and fraud. When one enters a line of trade, it is not easy to leave it. He must make out his living in some way. If he has undertaken to sell goods

anarchy for ages. The unfortunate Theodore was the first ruler who tried to impress any sense of the power of the central authority over the local rulers, and then it was only with infinite wars and struggles. The Government is hereditary—a descendent of King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba always sitting on the throne. The Emperor receives only the modest salary of \$300 a year, and the late Emperor employed his leisure in making parasols. We believe Kissai follows the same calling when he has no war on hand. The chief divisions of the Empire are Shoa, Ambara and Tigre. Between the two latter a continual war has been kept up for a century without the Emperor being able to put a stop to it.

Abyssinia is a country full of traditions and full of superstitions. The Abyssinian Church is nominally Christian. Its doctrine is the monophysite heresy—that is, that Jesus Christ had but one nature, the divine, which served Him as a human soul. The people are generally thought to be cruel, treacherous and depraved. The mutilation of the dead in war and the burying of fever patients while still alive is a strong confirmation of the first charge. All barbarous people are treacherous with foreigners, however plain dealing with natives, and in this the Abyssinians are no exception. The best observers agree in describing the bulk of the people, males as well as females, as reckless of the ordinary rules of sexual morality, and in many parts abandoned to the grossest sensuality. The population of the country, estimated at 160,000 square miles, is between 3,000,000 and 4,000,000. The temperature of Abyssinia is very temperate, the average temperature at Gondar, from October to April, as observed by Ruppel, varied in different years from 67 to 73 degrees Fahrenheit. June, July, August and September are the rainy seasons in most parts of this country, and in some parts of it during these months the rivers rise fifteen to twenty feet above their mean level.

History and tradition is full of accounts of the incursions of the Abyssinians into Egypt, and the conquests of the Egyptians in Abyssinia. The two countries have never been good neighbors. Many historians have thought that at least the rough model of the pyramid was obtained from ancient Abyssinia, or Ethiopia, as the Greeks called it; but it was so improved in the taking, if so, as to be almost unrecognizable. Why the Khedive wishes to fight now, and what his object further than annexation without a cause, is not apparent. He doubtless hopes to find the Emperor unprepared, to fall upon the portions of his dominions bordering upon his own, and add it to them without much trouble. Certainly his army is better officered and better disciplined than that of his enemy, and he probably will succeed in his undertaking.

TOO MANY MIDDLEMEN.

An evil and burden which has fastened itself upon trade the world over, but more especially, perhaps, on this continent, is the presence of too many middlemen. We are not about to deny the general utility of this class of traders, for they are a necessary link between the producer and the consumer. But in Canada a remarkable fascination seems to have surrounded the position of a middleman in the eyes of very many persons in the country, which tends neither to their advantage nor the general good. To be a producer is too commonly contemned as a humble and lowly employment, and unattractive in respect to profit. Very often we are shown how delusive is this notion. The undue crowding of the ranks of buyers and sellers seems to be the root from which have sprung the greatest abuses that now cling to the business of the country. Could the number of traders be kept in exact proportion to the amount of trade, the home, we should hear little of both bankruptcies, abscondings and fraud. When one enters a line of trade, it is not easy to leave it. He must make out his living in some way. If he has undertaken to sell goods

then goods must and will be sold, whether sound and solvent buyers be found or not. If they cannot be sold for cash, then credit will be given, and if short credit will not induce sales, then long credit must be resorted to.

The fact is, that in whatever direction we may go we will find a great surplusage of traders. So numerous are they that only the few—the small minority—make a living profit; the rest go out voluntarily or are driven out in disgrace.

There is no doubt or difference of opinion as to the proper answer to these questions among all who give the subject any thought. And it is not that there is any novelty about the matter that we discuss it here. We recur to it in this place to remind our young men not to go on repeating the fatal mistake which so many have made.

A NEW HONOUR.

At a social gathering of his friends at Skinner's Corners, Co. Perth, yesterday, Sir JOHN MACDONALD announced that, in recognition of the services he had been able to perform for the Empire, the QUEEN had been pleased to appoint him a Privy Counsellor of Great Britain, and that he would proceed to England to be sworn in as soon as the elections were concluded.

TOLERATION.

We have just heard from a reliable source that a man in the employ of Dickey, Neil & Co., of this city, for exercising his franchise in favor of Mr. Crawford on Monday, was discharged on the spot. We can hardly believe that such can possibly be the case, and as we cannot make further enquiries before we go to press, we shall have to defer any remarks till our next, should the statement prove correct.

When is a rushlight like a tombstone? When it is set up for a late husband.

THE LOCAL TOPIC.

In all the phases in which life presents itself, from the cradle to the grave, we are dependent creatures. However much in our boasted strength we may be inclined to fight the Almighty, or in our castle of competency deny the relationship we bear to our fellowman, sooner or later all learn this lesson of mutual dependence.

But alas! how late in life is this lesson learned by some; too late oftentimes to render life tolerable either to themselves or their neighbors. We were provoked into this train of thought by the recent action of some of the shoe manufacturers of this city, who, enriched by more accident of birth, affect to despise the authors of their wealth, (the laborers) and look upon labor combinations as a herding of conceited puppies, with neither brains to conceive, or nerve to execute any plan for ameliorating the condition of the laboring classes.

A Crispin is aggrieved; a committee from his Lodge meet a similar committee of manufacturers, each party is heard, the committees come to a mutual understanding, the Crispin quietly submits and returns to labor. This is the result under the Crispin arbitration plan.

Will not human nature revolt? And will not the Crispins of Lynn assert their manhood, and meet this injustice by counter resolve, and refuse never to enter the employ of anyone signing this compact? Would it not be just thus to combine and drive those creatures to the wall, or does all the business capacity of our community rest on these few insolent and domineering employers?

SECRET ASSOCIATION

The question of making the Association secret so as to preserve inviolate the minutes of our meetings, both local and International, was fully and fairly discussed at the convention, and showed that there was considerable diversity of opinion in reference to the necessity and propriety of such a change in our system.

every Union containing full instructions in reference to voting on the question.

The resolution referring it to the Unions provides that it shall require a three-fourth vote in its favor before it can be announced as a principle of our organization.

WISHING FOR MONEY.

"I wish I had his money," said a young, hearty-looking man, as a millionaire passed him in the street. And so has wished many a youth before him who devotes so much time to wishing, that too little is left for working.

Let none wish for unearned gold. The sweat by which it is gathered is the only sweat by which it is preserved for enjoyment, for in too literal a sense it is true, "That 'tis easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven."

Wish for no man's money. The health, strength, freshness, and sweet sleep of youth are yours. Young love by night and day encircles. Hearts unsealed by the deep sin of covetousness beat fondly with your own.

Be wise in being content with competency. Then have you all the rich man hath. What though he fares more sumptuously? He shortens life, increases his pains and aches, and impairs his health thereby.

Nature is yours in all her glory; her ever-varying and forever beautiful face smiles peace upon you. Her hills and valleys, fields and flowers, rocks and streams, and holy places, know no desecration in the step of poverty, but welcome ever to their wealth of beauty rich and poor alike.

WONDERS.

Lewinbeck tells us of an insect seen with microscope, of which twenty-seven millions would only equal a mite.

Insects of various kinds may be seen in the cavities of a grain of sand.

Mold is a forest of beautiful trees, with branches, leaves and fruit.

Butterflies are fully feathered. Hairs are hollow tubes.

The surface of our bodies is covered with scales, like a fish; a single grain of sand would cover one hundred and fifty of these scales, and yet a scale covers five hundred pores.

The mites take five hundred steps a second. Each drop of stagnant water contains a world of animated beings, swimming with as much liberty as whales in the sea.

Each leaf has a colony of insects grazing on it, like cows in a meadow.

MORAL.—Have some care as to the air you breathe, the food you eat, and the water you drink.

We wish to draw the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. A. W. Smith, Agent for the Agricultural Fire Insurance Company. We hold it to be a duty for all workmen to have their household property insured, and the principle upon which policies are effected in the Agricultural commends itself particularly to the working classes.

DROWNED IN A TANK.

Yesterday the bodies of three young men were found in a water tank on the premises occupied and owned by the Stockton Blast Furnace Company at Portrack, near Stockton-on-Tees. The works in question comprise two blast furnaces, with the usual complement of calcining kilns, heating stoves, tramways, water tanks, blowing or blast engines, &c.

AMERICAN.

Connecticut has a heavier tobacco crop this year than ever before.

Miss Louisa M. Alcott is understood to be at work on a new novel.

The favourite fan at Kansas City is made of a tumbler and two straws.

Orson Hyde, the Mormon apostle, has been stricken with paralysis.

Bret Harte is writing a melodrama for the Fifth Avenue theatre, New York.

The new Chicago directory contains 130,000 names; 20,000 more than last year.

Mrs. Lincoln has arrived in Paris and intends to make it her permanent residence.

A young lady in Louisville has been rendered cross-eyed from the effects of neuralgia.

Utah papers speak of the scarcity of Chinese labour in that territory with rejoicing.

George Wilkes, editor of Wilkes' Spirit, announces that he has almost entirely recovered from his late attack of typhoid fever.

The New York Herald heads its election news from North Carolina a "Glorious Uncertainty of the Vote of the Old North State."

A mild-mannered Dubuque woman entered a saloon, kicked over a table, drew a revolver on the bar-tender, and led her husband out by the ear.

A St. Joseph (Mo.) gentleman has growing in his garden a stalk of corn measuring thirty-three feet, and which still has an upward tendency.

The New York aldermen propose a Mansard roof for their city hall, and the opposers of the project threaten to put a Mansard roof on the aldermen.

A Buffalo clergyman recently sent around the contribution-boxes for the dear health, and collected sixty cents, ten cents of which was in soda-water checks.

A Cincinnati butcher lately tied up his daughter by the hands, so that her toes just touched the ground, and then smeared her feet with molasses to attract flies.

Mr. B. H. Isabelle, of New Orleans, coloured, has recovered \$1,000 from the board of directors of a white school, because they refused to admit his children as pupils.

In New York city during the month of July, 176,700 persons availed themselves of the free public baths. Of the number, 127,641 were males, and 39,059 were females.

An inquiring citizen of Madison, Ind., thrust his fingers into a horse's mouth to see how many teeth he had. The horse closed his teeth to see how many fingers the man had.

There is more truth than poetry in the following line from an American advertisement:—"Babies after having taken one bottle of my soothing syrup will never cry any more."

Nashville croquet-players must be very awkward. A young lady had a finger terribly mashed the other day by a ball, and a young gentleman his ankle badly injured by a mallet.

The Kansas City Times learns, by private letter, that a daughter of Ex-Gov. W. G.

Brownlow, of Tennessee, attempted to elope with a Knoxville stone-cutter, and has been immured in a convent.

A subscription is on foot to erect a monument to Col. Ellsworth, who sleeps in an unmarked grave at Mechanicsville, in New York. Col. J. R. Fellows, of New York, who served in the rebel army, has started the subscription with \$100.

The Greenville (Tenn.) scandal and tragedy, which unpleasantly connected the names of Andrew Johnson and Mrs. Harold, causing the suicide of the latter, has got into the courts on a suit for libel, in which \$10,000 damages are claimed.

A lady correspondent of a Los Angeles paper, describing the delights of a Southern sea-side visit, paints the following pleasant picture:—"There are flies in the honey, beetles in the sugar, rattlesnakes under the pillow, and skunks running over your feet."

A clergyman, in Alexandria (Va.), has just been fined \$20 for kicking one of his congregation in church. The woman in question refused, it seems, to pay her pew rent; whereupon the gospel messenger came around, pulled her out of the pew by her curls, and kicked her into the vestibule.

The latest cry of danger has been sounded by one Dr. Birdsall, of New York. This gentleman has discovered that the paste that is used for fastening playbills to the walls is particularly favourable to the development of disease germs. He finds that there is spread in New York one hundred and twenty thousand square yards of paste every day, and that "the same is a perfect hot-bed of cholera and cerebro-spinal meningitis."

A young lady in San Francisco, who was engaged to marry her cousin, had bought her linen and plate and marked it with a mutual monogram, when the youth proved faithless and broke off the match. The devoted mamma, horrified at the thought that so much money should be wasted, immediately sallied forth in search of somebody possessing the same initials as the cousin. She found him, mademoiselle married him, and all is joy, peace, silver and fine linen.

The following comes from Saratoga:—A grave judge of one of the courts was addressed by a congressman some time ago as follows:—"Judge, do you think it right to disobey a law?" "No, sir!" promptly. "I saw you and your family, judge, at a masquerade last night. Now, do you know that the law of the State of New York forbids masquerades?" The judge (after a pause followed by a smile)—"My dear congressman, in Saratoga there is but one law—the law of fashion."

Rumour says that a remarkable reporter has appeared in New York who, in addition to the usual qualifications of the profession, possesses the gift of clairvoyance, and will undertake to report without being personally present, the proceedings of any meeting which may take place. This, says the Buffalo Courier, may be true, and it must have been his twin brother who has been attached to divers metropolitan papers, reporting, telegraphing and corresponding from all quarters of the globe without leaving his desk.

A letter from Long Branch has the following:—"Last evening at a hop, John D. Banghart, of Jersey City, son of Senator Banghart, was introduced to a dashing widow of 36 summers, named Mrs. Caroline Marsh, of New York. The widow is said to be possessed of \$200,000. She is, perhaps, the most extravagantly fashionable dresser seen here for years. The counsellor is a fine looking fellow of about 33, two years her junior. To cut the story short, the two were married this evening about 7 o'clock, by Rev. Jas. B. Wilson, D.D., after spending the day together promenading and carriage riding."

The New York World says:—"Lucca, like Nilsson, came of plebeian stock; but unlike Nilsson she has matured into lyric greatness by a slower and surer process. I know not what slaves of St. Cecilia hunt the peasant fields of Europe for these diamonds, but most of us know by what laborious process they are polished and set, and how inevitably they come at last to decorate a title with the radiance of their genius. The Baroness von Rhaden sprang from obscurity in Vienna. It was in the Hof Theatre that she was first discovered, a little imp only eight years old, whose duties were to stand on her toes three hours every morning and let the ballet-master scold her. Her parents were miserably poor, and they were Jews. It seems strange now to tell of her pitiable sufferings in that theatre; of the meanness of her attire, and the scolds of her companions. But why should it seem strange, when there are some of us who can remember when Adelina Patti ran barefoot over our free soil, and carried beer for her master?"

The Athenaeum regrets to hear that the visit of Signor Mario to London is prevented by the extreme proceedings of his creditors in Florence. It is proposed to raise a subscription for him.

The Pall Mall Gazette advises householders in London, with a knowledge of music, whose slender resources are drained by the excessive cost of coal, to organize themselves into brass bands and proceed to the mining districts, where they may earn a few shillings by assisting at the "ovations" of the miners, who are engaging musicians to cheer them in their leisure hours and help to drive away ennui.

A despatch from Suez reports that two thousand Egyptians are advancing on Abyssinia, with a view to its conquest. The Emperor Kassa is marching to meet them, but it is thought his defeat is certain, and that Magdala will eventually fall into the hands of the invaders.

Constantinople advices state that the Turkish authorities ordered two agents of the British Bible Society to leave Broussa. Their books were seized, and the sale of all Protestant works was prohibited. The British Embassy at Constantinople is investigating the affair.

The Collector of Mexican customs at Matamoras has issued an official notice of the extension of the old tariff on the frontier in times of peace, and imposing high duties. The insurgents are laying down their arms and submitting to the Government, which is extending all leniency in order to secure perfect peace. Despatches received report the interior as quiet.

MY NEIGHBOUR OVER THE WAY.

(From 'The Aldine for June.')
 I know where an old philosopher dwells—
 A bearded cynic of wit and sense,
 In a broad white tent with curious cells,
 On the sunny side of the garden fence.
 He passes his days in virtuous ease,
 Watching the world with his many eyes;
 And perhaps he is sorry when he sees
 How his tent entangles the moths and flies.
 I have a neighbor, a legal man,
 We meet on the sidewalk every day;
 He is shrewd to argue, and shrewd, and plan,
 As my legal neighbor over the way;
 He talks, perhaps, a trifle too much—
 But he knows such a vast deal more than I;
 We have in our village a dozen such,
 Who do no labor—the Lord knows why.
 But they eat and drink of the very best,
 And the cloth they wear is soft and fine,
 And they have more money than all the rest,
 With handsome houses, and plate, and wine.
 And I ponder at times, when tired and lame,
 How strangely the gifts of fortune fall;
 And wonder if we are not to blame
 Who have so little, yet pay for all.
 Alas, for the workers throughout the land,
 Who labor and watch, but wait too long,
 Who wear the vigor of brain or hand
 In trifling pleasures, and drink, and song!
 But my neighbor is one who understands
 All social riddles; and he explains
 That some must labor with callous hands,
 While others may work with tongue and brains.
 Though he doesn't make it so very clear,
 Why he should fare much better than one
 Who does more work in a single year
 Than he in all his life has done!
 But he argues me out of all demur,
 With logic that fogs my common sense;
 And I think of the old philosopher
 Whose "shingle" hangs by the garden fence.

HISTORY OF A PENNY.

In the mint, where all our pounds, shillings
 and pence are made, there was once a gold
 ducat and a penny just coined. There they
 lay, clean and shining, close together on a table,
 and the bright rays of the sun danced and
 sparkled on them.
 Then said the sovereign to the penny,—
 "You lump, get away from me! You are
 only made of common copper, and are not
 worthy of the sunlight that shines on you. You
 will soon be lying all black and dirty on the
 ground, and no one will take the trouble of
 picking you up. I am made of costly gold. I
 shall travel about in the world with great lords
 and princes. I shall do great things, and per-
 haps some day shine in the emperor's crown."
 In the same room there lay by the fire an old
 grey cat. When he heard this, he licked his
 paws thoughtfully, turned himself round on
 the other side, and said,—
 "Some things go by the rule of contrary."
 And so it proved with the pieces of money.
 It turned out the very contrary of what the
 gold ducat expected.
 It fell into the possession of an old miser,
 who locked it up in a great chest where it lay
 idle and useless with hundreds of others like
 itself. But when the old miser found that he
 should not live much longer he buried all his
 money in the ground, that no one might get it,
 and there lies the proud ducat to this day,
 dirty and black, and no one will ever find it.
 But the penny travelled far about in the
 world, and it came to high honor. And this
 is how it happened:—
 First, one of the poor boys in the mint re-
 ceived it in his wages. He carried it home,
 and as his little sister was so delighted at the
 clean, shining penny, he gave it to her.
 The child ran out into the garden to show
 it to her mother, and saw a poor, lame beggar
 passing by, who begged for a piece of bread.
 "I haven't got any," said the child.
 "Then give me a penny to buy some," said
 the beggar, and the child gave him her penny.
 The beggar limped off to the baker's. Just
 as he came to the shop an old friend of his
 passed by, dressed as a pilgrim, with mantle,
 staff, and scrip. He gave to some children
 who were standing round the baker's door,
 pictures of good and holy men, and the chil-
 dren in return put some money in the little
 box he had in his hand. "The beggar asked,—
 "Where are you travelling to?"
 The pilgrim answered,—
 "Many hundreds of miles away to the city
 of Jerusalem, where the Holy Christ lived and
 died. I wish to offer up prayers at his grave,
 and redeem my brother, who is a prisoner in
 the hands of the Turks; it is for this purpose
 that I beg for money."
 "Then take a mite toward it from me,"
 said the beggar.
 And he gave the penny to the pilgrim, and
 would have gone away as hungry as he came,
 had not the baker, who saw all that passed,
 given him the loaf which he had wished to buy.
 And now the pilgrim wandered through many
 lands, and went in a ship far over the sea to
 the holy city of Jerusalem. When he arrived
 here, he first offered up his prayers at the
 sepulchre of Christ, and then went to the
 Turkish sultan who kept his brother a prison-
 er. He offered the Turk a large sum of
 money if he would set his brother free. But
 the sultan wanted more.
 The pilgrim said,—
 "I have nothing more to offer you but this
 copper penny, which was given me by a poor,
 hungry beggar, out of compassion. May you
 also have pity, as he had, and this copper pen-
 ny will secure you a reward."
 Then the sultan took compassion on him,
 and set his brother free, and he received the
 penny from the pilgrim.
 The sultan put the copper penny in his

pocket, and after a little while forgot all about
 it. Now it happened that after a time the
 Emperor of Germany came to Jerusalem to
 fight against the sultan. So the sultan fought
 bravely at the head of his army, and was never
 wounded; but one day an arrow was aimed
 right at his breast; it struck him, indeed, but
 glanced off from his clothes without wounding
 him. The sultan was very much surprised,
 and when his clothes were examined, after the
 battle, the penny was found in his pocket, and
 this had caused the arrow to glance off. So
 the sultan prized the penny very much, and
 had it fastened with a golden chain to the hilt
 of his curved sword. Some time afterward
 the sultan was made prisoner by the emperor,
 and had to yield up his sword to his conquer-
 or. So the penny came into the possession of
 the emperor.

One day when the emperor was sitting at the
 table, and was just in the habit of raising his
 goblet to his lips, the empress said she was
 anxious to see the curved Turkish sword. So
 it was brought in, and as the emperor was
 showing it the empress, the penny became un-
 fastened, and fell into the goblet of wine. The
 emperor saw it, and before drinking the wine
 he took out the penny. But when he looked
 at it he perceived that the penny had turned
 quite green. This showed everybody that
 there was poison in the goblet. A wicked
 servant had mixed the poison, hoping to kill
 the emperor. The servant was ordered to execution,
 but the penny was set in the emperor's
 crown.

So this penny made a child happy, gave
 bread to a beggar, delivered a prisoner, saved
 a sultan from being wounded, and preserved
 the life of an emperor. It deserved to be set
 in an emperor's crown. Perhaps it is there to
 this day if we could only see the crown.

THE FAMILY CIRCLE.

Home, where father and mother, brothers
 and sisters have a unity of interests, sympathy,
 and affection, becomes in mature life the most
 sacred picture
 "That hangs on memory's walls."
 In after years, when the destroying angel
 has crossed the threshold of the dearest spot
 on earth, and silenced its familiar voices in
 their death; when the hand of changing time
 has torn down the woodbine that climb all
 above its portals and its windows, and when
 its paths echo only to the tread of the stran-
 ger's feet; how often does remembrance lead
 us back to its sacred precincts, and make us
 realize that the home of childhood is the
 brightest scene—the fairest oasis on the desert
 of life. It is during these moments of retro-
 spection that the religious instruction of
 youth flows back upon the soul. It is then
 that we kneel by the side of her
 "Whose breast with gentle billows
 Stocked to rest our infant woe,"
 and lip over the prayers she taught us.

Poetry has encircled the name of "mother"
 with halos of beauty, but its language will
 never be adequate to measure her influence.
 To her the first years of our lives belong, and
 it is then in her power to plant seeds of virtue
 that will bud and blossom in the soul when
 age has plowed deep furrows in our pale
 cheeks. The prayers of a pious mother are
 a priceless legacy. They are like the dews
 of heaven, which first ascend from the earth
 to the skies, and then descend again to bless
 and revive the unfolding plant. Infidelity
 may array itself against the Bible, and its
 clamors may be loud among the assemblies
 of men, but it has not the courage to go to
 the sanctuary of a religious home, and listen
 to the earnest prayers of a holy mother, as she
 points her children to the throne of God.

THE POISONED TONGUE.

It is the custom in Africa for hunters, when
 they have killed a poisonous snake, to cut off
 its head, and carefully bury it deep in the
 ground. A naked foot stepping on one of these
 fangs would be fatally wounded. The poison
 would spread in a very short time through the
 whole system. This venom lasts a long time,
 and is as deadly after the snake is dead as be-
 fore. The Red Indians used to dip the points
 of their arrows in this poison, so, if they made
 the least wound, their victims would be sure to die.
 The snake's poison is in its teeth; but there
 is something quite as dangerous, and much
 more common in communities, which has its
 poison on its tongue. Indeed, your chances of
 escape from a serpent are greater. The worst
 snakes usually glide away in fear at the ap-
 proach of man, unless they are disturbed or at-
 tacked. But this creature, whose poison lurks
 in its tongue, attacks without provocation, and
 follows up his victim with untiring perseve-
 rance. We will tell you his name, so you will
 always shun him. He is called Slanderer.
 He poisons worse than a serpent. Often his
 venom strikes to the life of a whole family or
 neighbourhood, destroying all peace and confi-
 dence.

BY FITS AND STARTS.—Spasmodic efforts
 amount to little or nothing. It is steady ap-
 plication that accomplishes. One may be
 easily "fired up" to do something and as sud-
 denly cooled off. The team—of men or horses
 —that will pull together and pull steadily,
 will do the work. But those who are always
 beginning and never finishing, have more of
 the spasmodic than the persevering. Moral:
 teach your children to do one thing at a time,
 and to finish what they begin.

Sawdust and Chips.

A good man and a wise man may at times
 be angry with the world, at times grieved for
 it; but he sure that no man was ever discon-
 tented with the world who did his duty in it.
 A storekeeper lately chalked on a big hogs-
 head, in front of his store, "For sail." A
 passing wag added, "For freight or passage
 apply at the bung-hole."
 Mosquitoes are bred upon the waters. Gog-
 gles says they tormented him fearfully the
 other night, and he wishes they would not re-
 turn until after many days.

A bright little fellow was eating some bread
 and milk when he turned to his mother and
 said, "Oh, mamma, I'm full of glory! The
 sun fell into my spoon and I swallowed it!"
 Some men look upon women as mere no-
 things. Well, granting this to be true, no-
 thing (0) united to one (1) increases the value
 tenfold (10).
 Dead; oh, if the good deeds of human crea-
 tures could be traced to their source, how
 beautiful would even death appear; for how
 much charity, mercy, purified affection, would
 be seen to have their growth in dusty graves.

At a collection lately made at a charity fair,
 a young lady offered the plate to a rich man
 who was noted for his stinginess. "I have no-
 thing," was his curt answer. "Then take
 something, sir," she replied, "you know we
 are collecting for the poor."
 A witty gentleman, speaking of a friend who
 was prostrated by illness, remarked that he
 could hardly recover, since his constitution was
 all gone. "If his constitution is all gone,"
 said a bystander, "I do not see how he lives
 at all." "Oh," replied the wag, "he lives on
 the by-laws."

COVETOUSNESS.—Rich people who are covet-
 ous are like the cypress tree: they may appear
 well, but are fruitless; so rich persons have
 the means to be generous, yet some are not so;
 but they should consider that they are only
 trustees for what they possess, and should
 show their wealth to be more in doing good
 than merely in having it. They should not
 reserve their benevolence for purposes after
 they are dead; for those who give not till
 they die, show that they would not then if
 they could keep them longer.

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Dickens wrote
 There is nothing beautiful and good that dies
 and is forgotten. An infant, a prattling child-
 dying in its cradle will live again in the better
 thoughts of those who loved it, play its part,
 though its body be burned to ashes or drowned
 in the deepest sea. There is not an angel
 added to the hosts of heaven but does its
 blessed work on earth in those that loved it
 here.

MENTAL FOOD.—Facts are to the mind the
 same thing as food to the body. On the due
 digestion of facts depends the strength and
 wisdom of the one just as health and vigor
 depend on the other. The wisest in council,
 the ablest in debate, and the most agreeable
 companion in the commerce of human life, is
 that man who has assimilated to his under-
 standing the greatest number of facts.

A wag down west says he would as soon try
 to go to sea upon a shingle, make a ladder of
 fog, chase a streak of lightning through a crab-
 apple orchard, swim up the rapids of Niagara,
 raise the dead, stop the tongue of an old maid,
 or set Lake Ontario on fire with a wet match,
 as to stop lovers from committing matrimony
 when they take it into their heads to do so.

SECRECY.—When the Duke of Wellington
 was Prime Minister of England, some crafty
 individual attempted by sly and insinuating
 questions to get a certain state secret out of
 him. "Sir," said the Duke, "if I thought
 the hair of my head knew what was inside of
 it, I would have my head shaved, and wear a
 wig." The gentleman bade him good day.

PROFANENESS.—If there are hypocrites in
 religion there are also, strange as it may ap-
 pear, hypocrites in impiety—men who make
 an ostentation of more irreligion than they
 possess. An ostentation of this nature, the
 most irrational in the records of human folly,
 seems to be at the root of profane swearing.
 It may not be improper to remind such as in-
 dulge this practice, that they need not insult
 their Maker to show that they do not fear Him
 —that they may relinquish this vice without
 danger of being supposed to be devout, and
 that they may safely leave it to the other parts
 of their conduct to efface the smallest suspicion
 of their piety. To view this practice in the
 most favorable light it indicates, as has been
 observed by a great writer, "a mind over
 which religious considerations have little in-
 fluence." It also sufficiently accounts for that
 propensity to ridicule piety which is one of
 our national peculiarities.

A HAPPY HOME.

"Six things," says Hamilton, "are requisite
 to create a 'home.' Integrity must be the
 architect, tidiness the upholsterer, it must be
 warmed by affection, and lighted up with
 cheerfulness, and industry must be the ventila-
 tion, renewing the atmosphere and bringing
 in fresh salubrity day by day; while over all,
 as a protecting glory and canopy, nothing will
 suffice except the blessing of God."
 The guardian angel of life sometimes flies so
 high that it cannot be seen; but is always
 looking down upon us, and will soon hover
 nearer to us.

VON MOLTKE.
HIS CAMPAIGN IN FRANCE.

The Berlin correspondent of the Times
 says that valuable testimony has been given
 to the precautionary measures of Count
 Moltke in anticipation of the struggle with
 France. He says:—"On Monday was issued
 at Berlin the first volume of the 'Official
 History of the War,' compiled from the ma-
 terials of the central staff of the army. In
 it is contained a memorandum, drawn up by
 General Moltke, in the winter of 1868, dis-
 cussing the relative positions of Prussia and
 France at the outbreak of a war, then re-
 garded as a near probability, if not, indeed,
 as a mere question of time. As betide a
 general who has to guard against all contingencies,
 the memorandum starts from the most
 unfavourable positions. It is based on the
 surmise that there may be war, and that
 at the beginning of the war Prussia and
 Northern Germany may, perhaps, be
 deserted by their allies and left
 to bear the brunt of the battle alone. Reasoning
 upon these possibilities, the General arrives at
 the conclusion that Northern Germany at the
 beginning of the campaign would have at her
 disposal 330,000 men; whereas France, after
 filling up her *cadres*, might take the field with
 343,000. This arrangement, as Northern Ger-
 many alone had 13 corps and three reserve
 corps, would leave six corps to be employ-
 ed against other enemies or doubtful
 friends; but, as the Southern States stood
 by Prussia from the outset, the national
 army was, in fact, not only swelled by the
 Southern troops, but also by a portion of the
 six corps which, in the opposite alterna-
 tive, would have had to be reserved for
 service in another direction. We will let
 General Moltke speak for himself:—

"Much will depend on our availing
 ourselves of our strength at the very outset.
 Even should we only have the forces of
 Northern Germany at our command, we may
 count upon the possession of superior num-
 bers soon after the beginning of the cam-
 paign. This advantage will be greatly in-
 creased should the French divide their troops
 and employ a portion of them on expeditions
 against Southern Germany or the North
 German shores. In consequence of the
 neutrality of Belgium, Holland and Switzer-
 land, the theatre of war will be confined to
 the area between Luxemburg and Basle.
 Such being the case, we must look forward
 to the French concentrating their troops be-
 tween Strasburg and Metz, preparatory to
 an invasion along the line of the Main. This
 invasion, if it succeeded in separating
 Northern from Southern Germany, might
 force the latter to give up the game and re-
 main an idle spectator of any future
 operations directed against the Elb
 and our eastern provinces. The best way
 of parrying such an attack would be to assem-
 ble all our disposable forces south of the Moselle,
 and more especially in the Bavarian Palati-
 nate. By thus stationing ourselves in the
 left flank of the enemy, we shall always be
 able to force him to stay his progress in an
 eastern direction; and if the Baden-Wurtem-
 burg corps joins our left wing we may be in
 a position to bring on a decision not very
 far from Rastadt, in which case defeat must
 result in the destruction of the enemy.
 Should a mere raid into the country, ad-
 joining the Black Forest be undertaken by
 a portion of the hostile troops, there will be
 nothing to prevent our detaching a corps or
 two to intercept the invading army. Our
 main force will thereby be no more weak-
 ened than the enemy weakens himself by em-
 ploying a portion of his strength on a task
 of secondary importance. If the French
 fully avail themselves of the advantage
 offered by their railway system, they
 will have to send their troops to two
 points, Strasburg and Metz. Supposing the
 troops concentrated at Strasburg are not
 detached to the Black Forest, they will
 probably join the army of the Moselle, per-
 forming the distance chiefly on foot. The
 palatinate therefore affords us a position
 between the two wings of the enemy. From
 thence we may turn against his right or his
 left, or against both should we be strong
 enough. The assumption of the offensive
 from so favourable a position, if resolved
 upon in time, will probably prevent the
 enemy from setting foot on German soil. But
 it may be questioned whether it would be
 safe to effect the first concentration of our
 troops in the palatinate—that is, in the im-
 mediate vicinity of the enemy. In my
 opinion there will be no danger in such a
 step, it being not at all likely that the first
 arrivals will be attacked by superior num-
 bers while yet too weak to offer
 adequate resistance. We are prepared
 for mobilisation at a moment's notice.
 With such railways at our disposal to
 transport the troops to the country between
 the Rhine and the Moselle we cannot easily
 be taken by surprise, and to make sure that
 everything shall be in order when the mo-
 ment arrives, we have drawn up a list show-
 ing the train by which every battalion is to
 be conveyed, with the time of starting and
 arrival accurately fixed. On the tenth day
 after the order of mobilisation the first de-
 tachments will arrive in the neighbourhood
 of the French frontier. By the thirteenth
 day they will have been increased to two
 corps d'armee. On the eighteenth day they
 will number 300,000 men, and on the
 twentieth they will be provided with nearly
 all the baggage and ammunition trains and
 the commissariat service. There is no reason
 to suppose that the calling in of the French
 reserves and the mobilisation of the filled-up
cadres can be more rapidly effected than
 that of our own. Since Napoleon I. the
 French army has never been mobilised as a
 whole, and the partial mobilisations which
 have repeatedly occurred can be hardly re-
 garded as on a par in point of magnitude
 with the much more comprehensive measure
 that would have to be adopted on the eve of
 a German campaign. It is true if the French
 determine to take the field without reserves,
 a much shorter period would suffice to as-
 semble 150,000 men in their north-eastern
 provinces. Those provinces have plenty of
 garrisons, camps and railways, and the daring
 nature of the enterprise would suit the
 national character, and has, indeed, been
 discussed in military circles. Supposing
 such an army, amply provided with
 cavalry and artillery, to be stationed
 at Metz on the fifth day after
 receiving orders to march, it might cross
 the frontier at Sarrelois on the eighth day.
 In such case we need not send our troops
 across the Rhine. We might stop our mili-
 tary trains on the right bank of the river,
 which could not be reached by the invading
 army before the fourteenth day, when we

should be stronger than the enemy. With
 the bridges in our hands we should a few
 days later assume the offensive with twice
 the number of the French. The disadvan-
 tages of a hasty invasion are, therefore, so
 evident, that I do not think it will be ven-
 tured upon.
 "So far General Moltke. Upon France
 declaring war in 1870, all the King of Prussia
 had to do to ensure the protection of his
 country was to sanction the memorandum
 of his Chief of the Staff, and to command
 that the written orders to march, which
 were lying ready and required only the ad-
 dition of the date, be sent out to the indi-
 vidual battalions. Soon after the correct-
 ness of Moltke's calculations was proved by
 the event."

THOMAS CARLYLE.

"O FOR ANOTHER CROMWELL."
 (Rev. Dr. Cuyler in the New York Evangelist.)
 LONDON, July 22.—Twenty-nine years
 ago—during a college-boy visit to England—I
 had a most interesting interview with
 Thomas Carlyle. His conversation proved
 very fertilizing. Having a great desire to
 see once more the veteran who has placed
 thirty volumes of his productions in English
 libraries, I sent him a friendly message.
 He invited me to his little plain house in
 Cheyne row, Chelsea. Taking an intimate
 friend into the "hansom" with me, we
 sallied off on a hunt for the lion. We drove
 through the fashionable West End, on to the
 banks of the Thames. There we found an
 antique house, on whose corner we read the
 inscription, "This is Great Cheyne Row." In
 one of the oldest of the brick houses in
 this row dwells—and for forty years has
 dwelt—the most extraordinary of living
 English men of letters. Not an article
 seemed to have been changed in the house
 since my previous visit in 1842. The good
 faithful wife who dwelt there then has since
 passed away to the "silent land"; all
 else looked unaltered. I sent up our
 names, and we were shown into a plainly
 furnished room, on whose walls hung a rag-
 ged portrait of brave Oliver Cromwell.
 Presently an old man apparently over three
 score and ten, walked very slowly into the
 room. He was attired in a long blue woollen
 gown reaching down to his feet. His gray
 hair was in an uncombed "mop" on his
 head. His clear blue eye was sharp and
 piercing. A bright tinge of red was on his
 thin cheek; and his hand trembled as he
 took our own. This most singular personage—who reminded me of an old alchemist—
 was the author of "Hero Worship," and
 the "French Revolution." He commenced
 at once—after a few inquiries about Long-
 fellow, Bryant and other American friends—a
 most characteristic discourse on the fearful
 degeneracy of this wretched age of delusions
 and impostures. With great vehemence
 of manner he said that "England has gone clean
 down into an abominable and damnable cess-
 pool of lies, and shoddies and shams!" The
 first of these which he specified were the
 swindling joint stock companies, and new
 schemes for turning everything into gold.
 "Abominable contrivances for turning com-
 merce and trade into a villainous rouge et
 noir." He described the present turmoil on
 the labour question as simply a "lazy trick
 of both master and man to get as much pay
 and to do as little work as they possibly
 can." He then broke out into a terrible
 denunciation of dram shops and "whiskey,"
 which it did my soul good to hear. Gough
 never surpassed the red-hot vehemence of
 the old man's philippic against "the hor-
 rible and detestable damnation of whiskey
 and every kind o' strong drink." He is
 heartily in favour of the prohibitory move-
 ment, but has no faith in Parliaments, and
 none at all in any living man now controlling
 civil affairs. He gave us an intensely lu-
 cid picture of a night he once spent in
 Parliament listening to an "infinite babble-
 ment of windy talk, and endless grinding of
 hurdy-gurdies, grinding out lies and in-
 anities." But at last the old Duke of Wel-
 lington arose, and then, said Carlyle, "he
 stammered away for fifteen minutes; but he
 was the only man in the House who gave
 me any credible portraiture of the facts." I
 asked him his opinion of the man whom we
 in America honour as the most
 eloquent and brave of living British
 statesmen. Carlyle's contemptuous reply
 was, "Only a shop-keeper—a mere bungler
 —a man who treats England as only a big
 shop; he ought never to go into the House
 of Commons without a white apron tied
 under his arms!" "O for another Oliver
 Cromwell!" exclaimed the old man. "I
 have gone down to the very bottom of
 Oliver's speeches; and let me tell you that
 nothing in Demosthenes or any other man
 can compare with him in the piercing into
 the veritable and credible core of the fact.
 But in these days 'Parliamentary eloquence'
 is only a detestable and damnable babble-
 ment of imposture and lies!" And this red-hot
 lava of denunciation was poured out in one
 unceasing stream for nearly half an hour,
 until he wound up by consigning pretty
 much everything and everybody to a "bot-
 tomless pool of everlasting damnation—in
 whatever meaning you may give to that
 word." This wonderful harangue was
 delivered in broad Scotch brogue, and
 with the most ludicrous twistings of
 countenance. At times the old man stop-
 ped and laughed heartily at his own cari-
 catures. In fact I was constantly puzzled to
 detect whether he was in downright earnest,
 or was only an intellectual Samsou pulling
 down everything right and left to "make
 sport" for his wondering guests. But there
 was something indescribably sad in the spec-
 tacle of this powerful old Scotchman hurling
 contempt at almost everything under the
 sun, and venting an utter despair of any-
 thing hopeful in the providence of God or
 the future of humanity. Carlyle, in days
 past, has uttered some of the grandest
 truths which our times have heard. But his
 cynicism has grown morbid. And as the old
 man shambled away in his blue gown I
 looked after him in mingled amazement and
 tenderest pity. He is the psychological
 marvel of the age. Such astonishing acuteness,
 and yet such astonishing absurdity—
 such faith in the "everlasting facts," and yet
 such scoffing scepticism—such hatreds of
 wrongs, and yet such defences of certain
 wrongs—were never before combined in any
 man of genius in our generation. It is strange
 that Bible-loving Scotland should be repre-
 sented in the same era by Thomas Chalmers
 and Thomas Carlyle.
 California hasn't enough corks to put in
 her wine bottles, and calls loudly for more.

GREELEY PLEASANTRIES.

The New York Times contributes the following editorial to the humours of the Presidential Campaign.

"After all, we have reason to be thankful for Gen. John Cochrane's existence. Hitherto he has scarcely presented himself to the public mind as a positive boon, but he is just now understood to be the chief restraint upon Mr. Greeley's mania for public speaking.

"These six speeches are filled with statements of the most momentous interest. Being strictly forbidden to refer to political topics, the speaker devoted himself to astronomical, philosophical, and moral subjects.

"In this city, on the 14th inst., the wife of Mr. John Walker, of a daughter.

He who has a good son-in-law has found a child; but he who has a bad one has lost a daughter.

THE VALUE OF TIME.—When the Roman Emperor said, "I have lost a day," he uttered a sadder truth than if he had exclaimed: "I have lost a kingdom."

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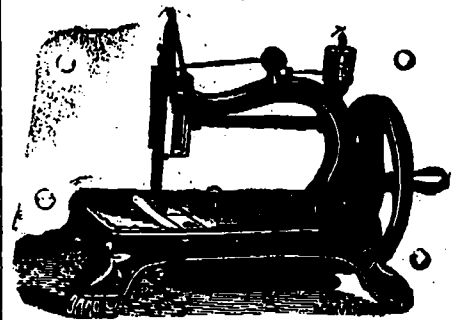
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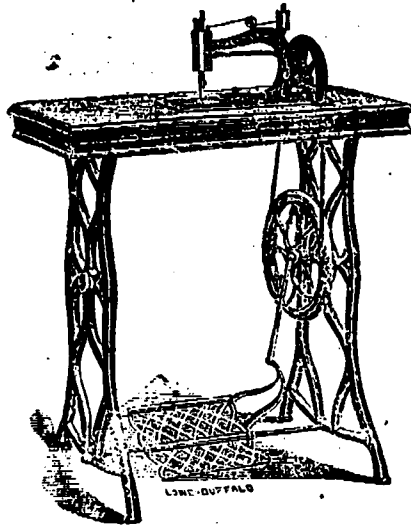
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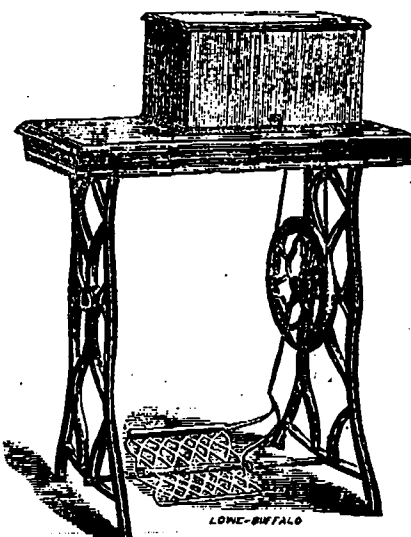
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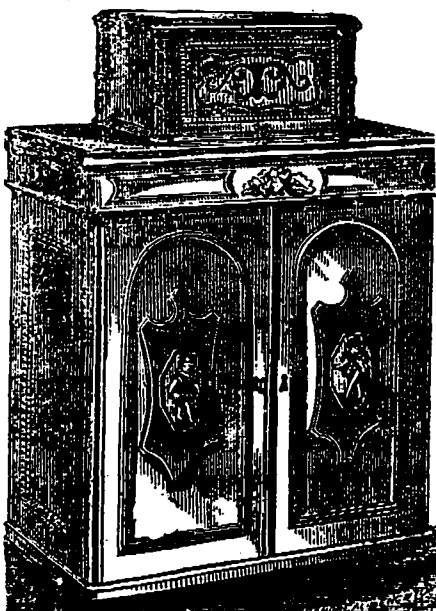
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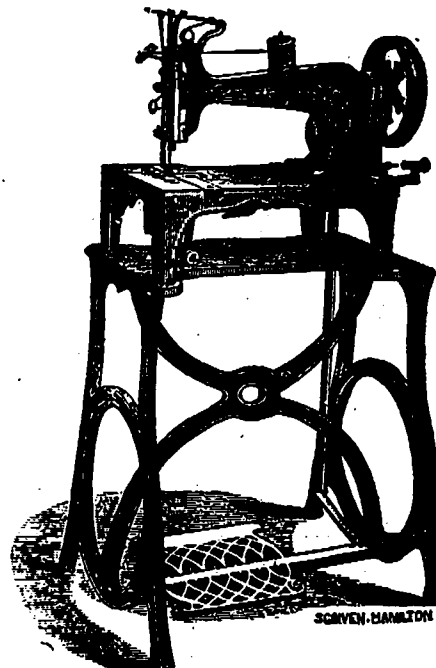
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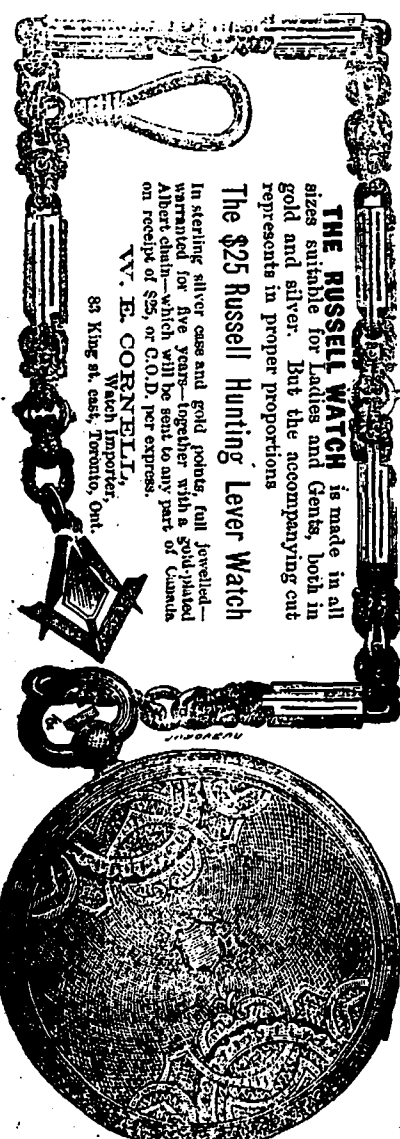
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