

Ontario Workman.

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

VOL. I.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1872.

NO. 23

CANADIAN.

There is said to be a youth in St. Stephens who, though only 17 years of age, stands seven feet high in his boots.

During the week ending Thursday last, 8,648 barrels of crude oil and 1,400 barrels of distilled oil were shipped from Petrolia Station.

A joint stock Company is now being formed in Montreal for the purpose of establishing a cotton factory on the splendid water privilege of the North River at St. Andrews, Argenteuil.

During a thunder-storm at Prescott, Thursday, the electric fluid struck the premises of Mr. Hiram Bass, in the 7th concession of the township of Edwardsburg, and instantly killed a young woman while she was in the act of shutting a chamber window to keep out the rain.

A certain manufacturing firm in Hamilton shipped on Monday 800 caddies of Myrtle Navy tobacco, weighing 15 tons, to the province of Manitoba. The Manitobans must be great smokers, or the otherwise importations of this article will not be required for a long time to come.

One of the most terrific hail storms ever experienced in the Ottawa Valley, visited Buckingham village about four o'clock on Saturday afternoon. Persons who were present at the time aver that hail the size of hen eggs fell in a regular shower for several minutes. Windows were broken, trees were knocked down, lumber piles were upset, and a considerable amount of damage was done during the time the storm lasted.

The Mitchell Advocate says:—"The latest dastardly act which has reached us is the poisoning of about 500 sheep belonging to Messrs. Jones & Murphy,—two gentlemen who took very prominent parts in the return of Mr. Daly to the Commons. On the morning after the election, over thirty of the animals were found dead in the field, and fifteen or twenty others have since died. The rest of the flock may recover, but some of them are in a bad state as we write. Men who would lend themselves to so inhuman and diabolical an act would be guilty of any crime."

Last Thursday night a raid was made, by a gang of thieves on a whole block of stores, eight in number, in London. At present only one arrest has been made, and that is of a young man named Thomas Jennings, who was found with a large sum of money which he was carelessly showing around among his companions. The police were in blissful ignorance of what was going on within a stone-throw of their own headquarters. The gang took from a dry goods store \$100 in cash; a retail drug store was next entered from the back, drawers and closets were opened and a sum of \$23 taken.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.—On Tuesday morning about two o'clock, during the terrific thunder storm, a fearful scene was enacted in the house of Mr. Stanley, 5th concession, London township. It appears that one of Mr. Stanley's daughters, a girl about thirteen years of age, was awakened by the thunder, and felt very much frightened. In consequence, she got up and left the bed, in which she was sleeping alone, and went to that occupied by her two sisters. Shortly after doing so, she was struck by lightning and killed instantly. Her sisters were stunned, and remained insensible for some time after the shock. The calamity caused quite an excitement in the neighborhood.

Godfrey White, lately a journeyman shoemaker in the employment of Mr. William White, is a fortunate man, if his own story is to be believed. He claims to have fallen heir to a fortune of £185,000 sterling, left him by "Lord Godfrey," of Banbury, Oxfordshire, England. A Mr. Weese, who has been in search of White, arrived yesterday and found his man, who has gone on a bit of a spree today in consequence of the receipt of the news of his good fortune. White, who was met by our reporter this morning, also states that he is a brother of the Bishop of Bristol, at whose instance the search for him was initiated. He is quite full of charitable impulses, and promises to leave some of his newly-acquired wealth in Belleville, for the benefit of certain charitable institutions.—*Belleville Intelligencer.*

Neeham, an Indian doctor from Muncy-tows, was murdered in St. Thomas on Saturday night, by two men residing near the town. Their names are Henry Fitzsimmons and Robert Lipsey. The Mayor issued a warrant for their arrest within an hour after the murder-

ous assault was committed, and three constables were sent immediately in pursuit, but they escaped and are still at large. Fitzsimmons is a slim, raw-boned man, six feet in height, light complexioned, with large sandy side whiskers and moustache; the ring finger of the right hand is crippled, and is turned at right angles towards the palm which is also deeply scarred. Lipsey is square built and stout, five feet ten in height, dark complexioned, has no whiskers, but wears a thin, dark-colored moustache. Both were dressed in dark clothes when last seen.

On the evening of the 12th inst., some workmen engaged in deepening a well on the farm of Mr. Richard Davis, front of Sidney, accidentally made a discovery of natural gas. After setting off a blast in the rock, they threw a wisp of straw, to dispel the foul air, and were surprised to find that the flame did not abate. Inspection disclosed the fact that a flame about two feet in height was rising from a crevice in the rock, and they at once correctly surmised that they had discovered a reservoir of natural gas, the rock confining which the blast had displaced. The men left it burning when they left the place, and it is not known whether it has yet been extinguished.—*Belleville Intelligencer.*

FOREIGN.

The Japanese Embassy to China to effect a change in treaties will return again to China on the arrival of the Embassy now in Europe.

The Birmingham, Eng., *Gazette* says that the china and earthenware manufacturers in the Staffordshire potteries have added ten per cent to their prices.

It is rumored that the Isle of Man is to be made a convict station, and that the Port Erin breakwater and the Ramsey and other harbour works will be completed by the convicts.

At Macao there was duel between the Spanish Consul and the Consul of Peru, growing out of a dispute about a gambling debt. Senior Zarrubono was severely wounded in the arm. The principals and seconds were arrested.

The Japanese line of telegraph between Gagasaki and Yokohama, some six hundred miles in length, has been finished, and the new instruments are received communications with San Francisco will be opened.

So extensively is the adulteration of tea carried on in China, that Mr. Medhurst, the British Consul at Shanghai, recently wrote that 53,000 pounds of willow leaves were in manipulation at one port alone, to be mixed with tea for shipment, at the ratio of from 10 to 20 per cent.

A Breton peasant, on his way to Paris, stopped in a barber shop in Bambobiblet. While the barber was stropping his razor, the peasant noticed a dog sitting near his chair, and staring at him fiercely. "What is the matter with that dog?" The barber answered with unconcerned air, "That dog is always there. You see when I cut off an ear—" "Well?" "Well, he eats it."

Walter Morrison, M. P., for Plymouth, a staunch advocate for co-operative enterprises among the working classes, has bought a farm in Hertfordshire, which he proposes to work on co-operative principles, with a view to test them as applied to agriculture, and to do good to all concerned.

A physician of Montpellier, in France, has lately been making experiments with fowls to see what effects wine, brandy and absinthe would have on them. They took to the liquors as naturally as could be, and soon grew very fond of them. Two months devoted to absinthe killed the strongest cock or hen; those who more wisely used brandy died at the end of four months and a half; but those who loved the ruby wine lengthened out their days so as to die only at the comparative mellow age of ten months. It was found that under the developing power of strong drink the cock's crests increased to three or four times their original size, and became fiery red, as the noses of old toppers come in time to bloom and blossom like the rose.

Mr. James Sanderson, whose facilities for forming a correct judgment of the harvest yield in England are specially great, has sent the *London Times* his usual yearly estimate of the yield of the current harvest. He puts wheat at six bushels per acre below the average; barley 10 per cent. below, while beans and peas are estimated at about 15 per cent. above the ordinary yield. He has still hopes of potatoes. Indeed, in spite of disease, he holds that should the weather continue genial

the crop will be a very large one. Roots, he says, are abundant, pastures luxuriant, and the hay crop the largest on record.

The Thames Regatta was brought to a conclusion on the 19th ult., the Champion Fours being won by the Hammersmith crew after a magnificent race with the Newcastle men. In the final heat for the Champion Pair, however, matters were reversed, the Tyne-siders (Laylor and Winship) beating the Hammersmith representatives (Thomas and Biffin.) Fouls occurred in both races, without, however, interfering with the result.

Johnston, a celebrated swimmer, undertook to swim across the English Channel, from Dover to Calais, 26 miles, on Saturday last. He had accomplished about seven miles when he became totally numbed by the coldness of the water, and he was threatened with cramps. He was taken up by a boat which had kept alongside from the start.

Many harrowing facts have been given of the dreadful famine in Persia, but one incident is now related so intensely horrible as almost to surpass belief, although seriously mentioned in the *Levant Times*. In the Persian city of Flamatan, two famishing women, aided by seven others, stole three children and ate them. They were arrested and the bones of the dead children found partially concealed in their clothes. The Grand Vizier condemned the two women to the gibbet, and their companions in guilt to death in prison.—At the end of a week five of these seven wretches were found dead in the prison, after having devoured the two others.

At a recent claimant's meeting a sensation was produced by the appearance of Professor Anderson, the "Wizard of the North," stating that he had evidence to prove the claimant was not Arthur Orton. He told the audience he knew both Arthur Orton and Tom de Castro at Castlemaine, in Australia, in the year 1859. Mr. Anderson said he was on a tour with his entertainment of magic through Australia, when in July, 1859, he halted at Castlemaine. Not knowing how to spend his time he appealed to the lessee of the theatre, who informed him that two Englishmen, one of whom was understood to be the son of a baronet, were being tried for horse-stealing at the Court-house. He accordingly went to the Court-house, but the trial was just over, and the two prisoners, Tom de Castro and Arthur Orton, were being congratulated on their acquittal by a number of friends outside the Court-house. He joined them. That the claimant was Tom de Castro was beyond a doubt, and that he was not Arthur Orton was also beyond a doubt.

AMERICAN.

Edwards and Chambers have arranged for another fight, to come off within six months. Two men were killed at the west end of the Hoosac tunnel, on Thursday morning, by the premature discharge of a blast.

Coarse gold, which returns nine cents to the pan, has been found while digging a well in the town of Redding, on the line of the California and Oregon Railroad.

The *New York Independent* is sharply after the *New York* manufacturing company engaged for producing idols for the Hindoo market, to be worshipped by the heathen in his blindness.

Mr. A. T. Stewart at last enjoys the pleasure of his new hotel for working-women is completed. It received the final touch of the painter's brush on Monday, and is ready for occupancy.

A *New York* letter writer says that in one Broadway business house there are not less than nine divorced husbands, two of whom are members of the firm.

The jury system is unpopular in California. An ex-convict is in pursuit of the twelve men who convicted him, has "talked" one, and proposes to shoot the remaining eleven on sight.

The Woman's club-house in New York, which its projectors promise will not be surpassed by any club-house in the country, will be opened in the winter.

It is estimated that 20,000 innocents are now on their way from California to the diamond diggings in Arizona. It won't be long until these 20,000—ragged, hungry, foot-sore and savage—will be found wearily trudging the back trail, in fit humour for hanging the man who first set afloat the diamond stories.

CABLE NEWS.

SAN FRANCISCO, September 16th.—Mazatlan advices to the 7th state that political affairs at Sinaloa are uncertain. Canedo was at Lanori with eight hundred troops, while the garrison of Mazatlan was only 3,000. The rumors that Lozada and Vego were hostile in their intentions to the Government, are false.

BERLIN, Sept. 11.—Emperor Francis Joseph left Berlin at 8 o'clock to-night. He was accompanied to the railway station by the Emperor William, Prince Frederick William, and many officers of the army and court. He repeatedly embraced the German Emperor and the Crown Prince before stepping from the platform to the car.

LONDON, Sep. 14.—A banquet was given last evening by Mr. Cardwell, Secretary of State for War, in honor of the foreign officers who came to England to witness the Autumn manoeuvres of the British troops. Eighty persons were present, including the Prince of Wales, Duke of Cambridge, and Prince Teck.

HAVRE, Sept. 14.—M. Thiers arrived here this morning from Trouville. He was waited upon by the city officers and presented with an address. M. Thiers, in reply, expressed his pleasure at the favorable relations existing between France and other nations. He said he would endeavor to remove all causes of contention among the French people, and would continue to govern the country in the same spirit as he had heretofore.

LONDON, Sept. 11.—It is reported that the International Congress in its closing session adopted the resolution converting the society into a political organization. The resolution was introduced by August, one of the members from Paris.

Delegates from Holland, Belgium, Switzerland, Spain and the United States protested against it, and threatened to withdraw unless the vote was reconsidered. As the sitting was secret it was difficult to obtain a trustworthy account of the proceedings, and it is not known what action has been finally taken on the question.

LONDON, Sept. 17.—At a meeting of the members of the International Society in this city yesterday, 30 persons attended. The subject of the enfranchisement of the working classes was discussed. The majority of the members present are in favor of the complete secession from Karl Marx section of the Society. The English Tory journals, express great dissatisfaction with the results of the labors of the Geneva Arbitration.

THE CLINK OF THE HAMMER.

There is something attractive to the ear in the sounding clink of the blacksmith's hammer, as in its regularity it comes he striking, producing the ring which speaks of toil and industry, evincing effort on the part of the industrious to act out the part in life assigned to them. We know that every note proceeding from the anvil is significant of impression made in the iron, and when we hear oft-repeated blows skilfully applied, we look for results in the production of articles of usefulness. Drawn by the inviting sound of industrial labor, we approach the source and see manifested there a workman's knowledge of the nature of the material being worked upon, as well as an acquaintance with the means and method to be applied necessary to the production of desired results.

The effect of force is comparatively slight upon cold iron, and only under the expanding influence of heat is it wrought to a condition to be shaped and molded by the workman. When the soft metal is struck, the subdued sound proves conclusively that it is yielding to the hammer's influence. There is an old adage with which all are familiar from its frequent application, "strike while the iron is hot," teaching promptness as necessary, and implying that delays may result in failure.

In the economy of life, all circumstances and situations require the employment of agencies to bring about results, reducing the problem of life experience, and bringing it within the laws of cause and effect. These causes are constantly manifesting themselves, and we hear the clink of the producing power as it comes in contact with objects of resistance, and by the tone we

are in a measure enabled to form an estimate of the result to be looked for.

To attain to the enjoyment of any desired acquisition, the forces bearing toward it must be strong in proportion to the difficulties to be overcome; and surrounding circumstances must be brought into a position or condition that will reduce the resistance presenting itself that will impede progress. The analogies which we are enabled to draw somewhat perfectly, and the illustrations to be found in the comparison of the laws of physics with those that control the results of individual action, are no less distinctly observed and betrayed in those prominent causes of advancement which influence the present and final welfare of mankind.

The beneficial influence of art, in its refining tendency, cannot be over-estimated when brought to affect the beautifying and enlivening of the surroundings of life; by its power the beauties of the natural world are reproduced in miniature, and spots, where sterility had been the marked feature, are made to possess the verdure of primeval beauty. Brought into contact with art's influence, the heart is warmed to appreciate the beautiful, and the sound of the workings of this controlling power is heard in the voice of its softening tendency, leading us to look for rich results wrought by this power of adaptation which brightens the pathway of life, counteracts tendencies to error, and scatters influences for good.

The constant research of scientific men, in their endeavors to pierce the secrets of existing but undeveloped truth, progresses with vigor. The powerful and constant efforts of those who are interested in advancement warmed in their interest and expanded in significance by education and the desire to more fully investigate and make practical existing laws, is a marked feature of the age. The expansion of philosophical views, caused by new discoveries made from time to time, renders dear many obscure points, and the ringing tones of appreciation rise from thankful humanity, encouraging continuation of effort. The great storehouse of knowledge, replete with accumulative literary productions, is constantly being extended by the inflow of new ideas preserved in writing, which form valuable additions to the literary thoughts of writers of the past, in consequence of the more enlarged views of an enlightened age. Embraced within this vast body of literature, we have useful information to meet all the requirements of life, presented in gems of thought, the preservation of which will provide a source of instruction in ages to come. One whose discipline has been marked with a knowledge of the various literary topics of the day, is readily distinguished by the lucidness of his views, and by the regular and methodical manner in which these teachings are found to exert a molding influence on the aspirations of life.

The powerful force of educational effort yields its influence to advance literature, and the enlarged opportunity thus given the student expands thought, and we hear the evidence of success manifested in the ringing tones of writings full of information for the people.—*Waverley Magazine.*

Labor Notes.

The *New York Union* hoists the name of O'Connor and Adams.

The National Labor Union meets at Cleveland, Ohio, Sept. 17.

A Bricklayers' Union has been organized in Portland, Oregon.

The eighth annual session of the Cigar Makers' International, has been in session at St. Louis.

At last the bricklayers had made terms with the employers, and the strike in the London building trade was at an end.

Nothing seemed to have been yet done to obviate the strike of the bakers. The men insisted, it would appear, on their demand of twelve hours, from four till four o'clock; while the masters declined to fix absolutely the beginning and end of the men's work. The masters were understood to be willing to give way as to the duration of work, if the men gave way in regard to the individual requirements of the masters.

Poetry.

THE HEART'S GUESTS.

When ago has cast its shadow
O'er life's declining way,
And the evening twilight gathers
Round our departing day,
Then we shall sit and ponder
In the dim and shadowy past;
Within the heart's still chambers
The guests will gather fast.

The friends in youth we cherished
Shall come to us once more,
Again to hold communion
As in the days of yore.
They may be stern and scabrous;
They may be bright and fair;
But the heart will have its chambers,
The guests will gather there.

How shall it be, my sister?
Who, then shall be our guests?
How shall it be my brothers,
When life's shadow on us rests?
Shall we not, 'midst the silence,
In accents soft and low,
Then hear familiar voices,
And words of long ago?

Shall we not see dear faces,
Sweet smiling as of old,
Till the mists of that still chamber
Are sunset clouds of gold,
When age has cast its shadow
O'er life's declining way,
And the evening twilight gathers
Round our departing day?

THE HAND THAT ROCKS THE WORLD.

Blessings on the Hand of Woman!
Angels guard its strength and grace,
In the palace, cottage, hovel—
Oh, no matter where the place!
Would that never storms assailed it,
Rainbows ever gently curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Infancy's the tender fountain;
Power thence with Beauty flows;
Woman's first the streamlet's guidance,
From its soul with body grows—
Grows on for the good or evil,
Sunlight st-amed or tempest hurried;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Woman, how divine your mission
Here upon this natal sod;
Yours to keep the young heart open
To the holy breath of God!
All true triumphs of the ages
Are from another love imparted;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Blessings on the hand of woman!
Father, sons, and daughters cry,
And the sacred song is mingled
With the worship in the sky—
Mingles where no tempest darkles,
Rainbows evermore are curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rocks the world.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES' UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FOKAN.
Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XX.

"You are from Chicago, I believe?" Arbyght's new employer remarked indifferently, one day, as they met in the yard.

"I am," said Richard, quietly.

"Why did you leave there?" with audacious impertinence.

"Why?"

"Yes!"

"To avoid unjust persecution."

"Humph!" grunted the employer; then fumbling in a side pocket he drew out a package of letters from one of which he took and handed to Arbyght an oblong piece of stiff card-board, on which was photographed a picture.

"Do you recognize it?" he asked with a malicious grin, as he observed Arbyght's perplexity and astonishment.

"Yes, I recognize it, but how or by what right it was taken is a puzzling question I cannot comprehend, can you?"

"How it was taken, or by what right, are questions that do not concern me."

"Well, perhaps you would not be adverse to disclosing from whom you received it?"

"It came from Chicago."

"Ah!" It was clear to Richard now.

"Yes, continued the sanctimonious Sander-son Cairns, "and I think you had better go back and make a more commendable record before you again attempt to impose upon us. We want no agitators here; we want no unions here. If my men dare to organize I will discharge every man of them, and fill their places with Chinese."

Arbyght's blood was boiling, but he restrained himself, being determined to betray no visible sign of the sea of indignation that foamed and seethed within him. Cairns was what might be termed a refined mass of brutal ignorance. He was a thickset man, with a projecting chin, dull, obtuse eyes, square mouth, flat nose, large ears—altogether presenting a very swinish appearance. It has been often noticed by physiognomists that men are frequently found, between whom and certain animals there is a striking facial resemblance, and it is further remarked that the resemblance extends to the disposition and character of the men in whom it is observed. This was the case with Sander-son Cairns.

"Why do you not procure these Chinese now?" said Richard, with confounding sarcasm.

Cairns was cornered, and tried to extricate himself in this manner:

"You see most of the men who work for me are of my own nationality, hence I feel for them and do not wish to see them suffer from loss of employment, although I am sure I could get my work done much cheaper by the Celestials."

"O! I see," answered the workman, not the force of your reason, but the force of your motive; your men are allied to you by national ties. Oh! yes; and for that reason you imagine you have an unquestionable right to fleece them. Now, if you have any regard for these men, why do you not pay them what they are worth; or do these national ties of which you boast exist only during the subserviency of the men; and are they to disappear as soon as the men question your right to dictate to them what their own muscles is worth? Your sympathy resembles the slime with which the wily snake smears its victim to render it easy of deglutition; the sympathy of the farmer for his sheep before he shears them, or the housewife for her geese before she plucks them. Now sir, you can give me my time; and labor is a commodity that should never beg for a market," and he tore the photograph in a dozen pieces and threw them upon the ground.

Richard Arbyght left Milwaukee and went to Peoria, in Illinois, but could obtain no work.

Whenever he entered a shop he was at once recognized and very frequently insulted. It would be useless to record the state of his mind. At times there was a cavernous hell in his soul; then Vida Geldamo entered and left no room for hate. One employer sympathized with him, and would employ him but he feared the rest—feared they would prejudice the minds of the consumers and leave him without a market. From this man he learned that Relvason had sent nearly every employer of note in the west, a printed letter in which he was represented as a man to be feared; that he was the paid agent of some secret Revolutionary League, the object of which was to overturn the government, and rob and murder the monied men of the country. Accompanying each letter was a copy of his photograph.

"'Twere better to conciliate an enemy or, therein failing, fight him in his own territory." These words occurred to the hounded son of toil with greater force every day, until he finally resolved to return to Chicago and "beard the lion in his den—the Douglass in his hall."

Forty-two miles northwest of Chicago, in a gently rolling prairie country, on Fox River, is situated the beautiful, flourishing and thriving town of Elgin. It is one of the pleasantest places in all the surrounding country, and is especially noted for watch manufactures. When the up express stopped here, a poor woman, worn out with travel and care of two small children, asked Richard if he would be kind enough to bring her a cup of warm coffee. He answered that he was only too glad to be of service to her. The coffee was procured, but while Arbyght was paying for it at the restaurant counter the train sped out of the depot and left him behind. The next train was not due for some hours. If there is anything calculated more than another to make a man restless and uneasy, it is waiting for a train at a depot. Richard found it so, and to banish the ennui that oppressed him he took a stroll through the town, and lapsing into the transcendental he wandered beyond the suburbs before he was well aware of it. The sun was about an half-an-hour high; the sky was clear; the atmosphere hazy, a gentle breeze, supposed by the intuitive aborigines to come directly from the court of the southwestern god, waftingly fanned the face of declining day. Richard stood in the open country, with groves and snow-white farm cottages, environed with clustering trees in the distance on every side, except towards the town. While he stood and gazed, entranced, on nature's loveliness, and contemplated the approaching death of old autumn, soon to be clad in the melancholy cerements of decaying, withered vegetation, brown, rustling leaves, and buried 'neath the frosts and snows of the coming winter, he became conscious of the approach of an awful something; a dull rumbling sound, as of muffled thunder, seemed to dance in the air; looking toward the north he saw approaching the down train from Chicago. On it came, with thundering force and lightning speed; on it came, like some fabled monster, some celestial messenger from the Olympian gods; now it shot round a sharp corner like a bolt from heaven, and came fully into view; now there issued from the iron lungs of the monster a blue, vapory breath, followed by a screech—a demoniacally appalling, truly unearthly screech. A violent plunging and prancing of horses, mingled with scared female voices, now claimed Richard's attention, and glancing down the road leading to the town, he saw two beautiful ladies, mounted on blooded horses that were pawing on the ground, champing, prancing and rearing fearfully. The train swept by with the rush and roar of a whirlwind. In passing, the same appalling, unearthly screech, but ten times more appalling and unearthly, rent the air. The spirited animals took fright and dashed up the road; Richard grasped the nearest one as they shot past, by the bit, and with much difficulty reined him up. The lady, a tall, graceful woman, fair complexion, large gray eyes, and dark brown hair, alighted hurriedly and begged him, for God's sake, to save her cousin. Quick as thought he drew his knife, cut the girths and jerked off the saddle, then springing upon the horse he gave chase to the flying

steed, and soon gained upon him; but the fair rider, although she evidently had no control over the fiery, galloping snorting animal, did not appear at all alarmed. A glossy chestnut curl fluttered back like the topmost streamer of a vessel in the rushing wind; she stood erect and rose with easy grace and dignity. Suddenly the maddened horse, to evade a crowd of excited men and boys that had gathered on the road, leaped a low fence and sped across an open field toward a thickly wooded grove; seeing which, Arbyght leaped the same fence, a few rods back, and taking an oblique line sought to head of the runaway horse, the rider of which became thoroughly alarmed as she neared the grove; she knew that if the infuriated animal rushed in among the trees, that to her it was inevitable death. She saw the near approach of help, but she was now very close to the grove; she leaned forward on her saddle, set her teeth and prepared for the worst. Richard drove the sharp heels of his boots into the flanks of the horse he rode, and a vigorous spurt brought him to the side of the now almost inanimate girl; telling her to disengage her feet from the stirrups, he threw his arm around her, and lifted her from the saddle just as the horse dashed in among the tall trees; a sudden jerk with the left hand at the same instant reined the now doubly laden animal completely round. The girl had fainted. He dismounted and laid her gently down, tied the horse to a young sapling, and proceeded to reanimate his unconscious charge. To give her air, he threw back her veil—great heavens! it was Vida Geldamo that lay pale and motionless before him. He uttered a little cry of mingled love and terror, half joy, half sorrow; he took her cold, bloodless, tiny hands between his warm palms, pressed them tenderly, kissed them with soft violence, his heart fluttering in his breast like a wounded bird while. He dropped the hands and darted off in search of water; found none, darted back again, took her hands again, wet them with his tears, rained upon them soul-ravishing kisses, and by the magnetism of his love electrified her into sensibility. She opened her eyes slightly—saw who was bending over her—opened them very wide, closed them again, perhaps to think, or perhaps his love and devotion was so genuine, so real, so full of reality, so unlike anything she had ever dreamed of, that she was rather pleased than otherwise, and did not wish to break the spell too rudely. Her face became rosy red, she opened her eyes again—"Oh! Mr. Arbyght." He was at her side in a twinkling, assisted her to sit up, and spoke so kindly that she soon grew out of the novelty and strangeness of the occurrence, and laughed gaily; but glancing at him furtively, she noticed his tear-stained cheeks, and then her own eyes filled; she turned away her head and silence fell upon them.

Some boys who had been nutting in the grove saw the riderless horse, and with some difficulty succeeded in capturing him, and now appeared leading him out of the grove. Richard hailed them, and secured the animal; he was now tame and submissive enough. Richard assisted Vida to mount, and in silence they started for the town—Richard walking and leading the horse with which he overtook her. After a little while Vida said, in a tone of surprise rather than inquiry, "What strange fatality brought you here?"

"Your advice," he answered, rather brusquely.

"My advice?"

"Yes, I am going back to fight my enemy in his own territory."

Vida hung her head and another silence ensued.

"You have relations here, I presume?" It was Arbyght that spoke.

"An aunt-in-law and cousin," she replied.

Another silence; Vida was castle-building. Richard was grave-digging. They met the cousin near the point where Arbyght had crossed the fence. An introduction followed; Miss Saunders seemed puzzled; Vida noticed her inquiring looks, and said, by way of answer "Mr. Arbyght and I have met before; he is an esteemed friend."

This remark did not in itself indicate much; but Vida managed to throw into it so much profound thankfulness, and not a little respect, that Richard was in Dante's seventh heaven at once. It was quite dark when the house of Mrs. Saunders was reached. A servant came out and took charge of the horses. Miss Saunders respectfully asked Richard to remain over night, as he had again missed the up-train. He declined. Vida insisted. He said that sooner than trespass upon her aunt's hospitality, he would prefer to remain at a hotel; but in that, if the truth must be told, his lips gave the lie to his heart. Vida would not be refused; she read the man. It is woman's speciality to read men, and it is astonishing what marvelous proficiency some of them attain in observing the inflections, the moods, the stops and pauses of the book. He accepted the offer thankfully. He was shown into a room brilliantly lighted. A woman, of about forty years, stood up at his entrance, and looked straight at him; the light shone fully in his face, and before either of the girls had time to introduce him, the woman advanced and said,

"Your name is Arbyght?"

Richard gazed at the olive features, the dark flashing eye, the defiant mouth of the woman, and replied promptly,

"If you are not my aunt Kate, my perceptions and judgment are sadly at fault."

Richard had found his father's sister. The recognition was mutual. The resemblance

between them was marked and striking. They would pass for mother and son anywhere. Richard remained there two days, and was treated like a prince. A gloom fell upon the whole household when he was gone. Time glided unheeding by while he was around; it now dragged tediously. This may have been because Vida had lost her vivacity. She would not sing or play the balance of the day—he left in the morning. Next day she went to the piano, but her touch awakened but the most plaintive and pathetic airs, and her voice was lower and softer than before; she avoided as much as possible any reference to Arbyght. Was she in love? She dared not ask herself the question.

When Arbyght reached Chicago, the men were completely demoralized, and were returning to work every day, but the leader's presence caused a reaction. A large meeting was held, the situation was discussed, new plans were laid, and the men became more determined and enthusiastic than ever.

Next day all those who had returned to work again left the shops.

The employers were now confused, and offered to compromise by giving half cash, and substituting the pass-book system for the order system. To this cunning proposition, the committee answered, "that under the present system they were very poorly paid, and lost over fifteen per cent. of their earnings by not being paid in cash, and that they considered the pass-book system even worse than the order system, since there would be no limit to their credit but the amount of their weekly wages, and with many wants staring them in the face, it was extremely doubtful if the employers would ever have any cash to pay if the stores were thrown open to the perhaps rash and thoughtless access of their wives and children, hence they felt bound to decline the compromise."

The employers "yielded" to the demand two days afterwards—more correctly speaking they simply restored rights or privileges which they had unjustly assumed or forcibly taken.

About a week subsequently, McFlynn, Trustwood and Wood were discharged upon trivial, trumped-up pretenses.

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XIX.—A Royal Feast and a Perilous Leap.

"Here, then, you promise me that I am in no danger, boy?" demanded Mendes of Pierce Neige.

"Oh, White Star is as gentle as a lamb," answered Gil.

"What, is it called White Star?" said Bertrand.

"Yes," answered the boy, "on account of the spot that is on its forehead. Don't fear anything, his impatience and restiveness arises from his not having been out of the stable for some days."

Don Pedro himself could not help smiling at the grotesque contortions of poor Mendes, who could not resolve on getting into the saddle. After having for a long while walked round his fierce horse, after having had the stirrup held again and again, the miller at length took courage, and amidst the laughter of the crowd, which the merriment of the king seemed to encourage, he bestrode the animal, which plunged and reared in such a manner as to nearly unhorse him.

"I like a mule, an ass, an ox, or a camel, never mind which, better than so vicious a beast!" exclaimed Mendes, in a lamentable voice, and holding fast by the mane of his horse.

"Take care," said Don Pedro, holding the steed by the bridle with his own hand. "The worst is over since thy horse has not thrown thee at the first rear."

"But I am swinging like a thief hanging to the rope of the gallows," resumed the miller; "assist me at least with your advice; you, who are a good squire, what would you do in my place?"

"I would hold the bridle with a firm hand, good Mendes," said Don Pedro; "in lieu of clinging to the horse's mane, I would grip vigorously his sides between my two knees, instead of letting my legs hang like two empty bags, and I would render the animal as supple as the pope's mule."

"I will do as you tell me, sire," said the miller, "for when I ask advice it is with the intention of following it."

Bertrand faithfully executed all that had been prescribed to him, and the steed, feeling that he wasted himself in fruitless efforts, and that he had found his master, stopped rearing, to the great astonishment of the archers as well as that of the king.

In the struggle the knight had let the bag of money, and the pass which was to serve him as a safe-conduct through the gates of the city, fall to the ground.

Pierce Neige picked them both up and returned them to the miller, but he only took the parchment, saying, "Keep the purse, my boy, and distribute the marabolins to the archers as a reward for the good care they took of my mule; these brave soldiers have more need of money than I have."

"What means this?" said the king, surprised at this sudden fit of generosity.

"Every one acknowledges, as well as he can, the services rendered him," answered the miller; "and your archers, without intending it, have made me change my mule for this fine horse. I now perceive that I have gained by the exchange. I have now only to take leave of you, to thank you for your kind reception, the reward you have bestowed on me, and your last piece of advice."

"I think thou didst not much require it," said Don Pedro, "for thou art a better horseman than thou didst wish to appear; a person does not so quickly profit by lessons in horsemanship when he has been used to ride only on mules."

In fact, a vague suspicion crossed the mind of the king, who turned to consult the old nurse. But she had gone up again to the saloon.

"By St. Ives!" replied Mendes, "docile scholars profit by all lessons. I have followed your advice, and find my account in it. If you follow the advice that I gave you just now, you won't find yourself wrong."

"I begin to believe that, like a cunning miller, thou hast more than one kind of meal in the same sack, Mendes; who knows if thou are not charged with some secret mission."

"I do not know what you mean," answered the pretended miller, smiling. "I had no other mission than the one I have fulfilled, which was intrusted to me by your foster brothers."

"That is what I shall know from them," replied the king; "but when will they re-enter Seville?"

At that instant Paloma appeared at one of the windows which looked into the court-yard, and exclaimed in a loud voice, "Here are my sons, the watchman has just perceived them; in a few minutes they will be at the gate of the Alcazar. Retain the miller, don't let him go till he has met them face to face."

But Mendes, not judging it proper to run the chances of an interview, and perceiving too late that the hour of vespers had passed long since, "I have delayed long enough," said he, "I can wait no longer." Then profiting by the confusion occasioned by the nurse's words among the people that surrounded him, he resolutely set his fierce steed at a gallop, threatening with his stick whoever should oppose his flight. The little Pierce Neige alone had not suffered himself to be disturbed, and while the archers hastily ran to their horses, and the king, uneasy at this sudden departure, gave orders that, amid the confusion, were scarcely heard, the malicious little fellow had jumped on the crupper of White Star with the agility of a monkey, and galloped in the company of the miller without the latter being aware of it.

Bertrand had scarcely left the gate, when the four brothers perceived him from afar.

"Stop him, stop him!" they cried, "there goes the bulldog of Brittany!"

"Duguesclin!" exclaimed the archers and almogavares, terrified and astonished.

"The bulldog, whose teeth you have not drawn," answered Bertrand, turning towards them with incredible coolness.

"To your bows! to your cross-bows!" cried the king.

"White Star flies faster than arrows and bolts; ay, as swift as the wind of the desert," said Bertrand, laughing, while the arrows came whistling over his head.

In the meanwhile the four brothers, who had entered the city with the Bretons, to whom Duguesclin had given them, had stopped, and although unarmed, they hazarded exposing themselves to the impetuous shock of the charger, rather than leave a free passage to the terrible Breton, and by their shouts called to their assistance all the inhabitants of the neighboring streets. But at the moment that Bertrand came upon them with the velocity of a thunderbolt, the ten Bretons, having consulted each other by looks, sprang on the four brave young men, and threw them on the ground, exclaiming, "Let God and prisoners be neutral."

The brothers, surprised by this unforeseen attack, rose almost immediately, roaring with rage, and repulsed the adventurers, but it was too late. They then sprang on the track of Duguesclin, and arrived in sight of the Jaen Gate, just at the moment that the guard, commanded by Juan Diente, after examining the safe-conduct, was lowering the draw-bridge.

As to Pierce Neige, he had jumped from the horse to go to the assistance of his brothers; that error saved Bertrand, for had he retained his place, he might have denounced the Breton to the sergeant-at-arms. In the meanwhile he had seen his mistake, and, in order to repair it, ran with extraordinary swiftness towards the Jaen Gate. On reaching it, panting and almost breathless, he cried, with all the voice he had left, to the porters who held the chains, to draw them up quickly. This order was so promptly executed, that the Breton captain, who had already passed three parts over the bridge, felt the planks tremble beneath his horse's feet, and immediately saw a frightful gulf half open before him.

This extreme danger would have paralyzed almost any other man, but Duguesclin, recommending his soul to God, struck the flanks of his steed with his stick, and urged him forward without finching or closing his eyes. The horse hesitated an instant, then, far from retreating, at a single bound he leaped over the chasm.

Notwithstanding this perilous leap, Sir Bertrand did not lose his stirrups, and the horse came down on his feet, but not without

being for some moments stunned by the fall. Pierce Neige, exasperated at seeing the knight unconcernedly continue his route, seized a sling, and cast a stone at him, which knocked off his broad-brimmed hat. Duguesclin quietly dismounted, picked up the hat, and remounted his horse; then, turning to little Pierce Neige, who was seeking another stone to fling at him from the top of the battlements, and shaking his hat with a bawling air, he departed at full gallop.

CHAPTER XX.—The Lazaretto.

The night of the day in which the events just recorded happened, the Morisca boldly entered the lazaretto, taking the minutest precautions not to be seen, and went towards the hut of the renegade, which was the nearest to the aqueduct. Esau, prostrated with fever, was extended on his couch, and when he saw her enter his miserable dwelling a strange smile curled his lips, which were wet with foam.

"Ah," muttered he, "her hatred is more vigorous and daring than her most violent love would be." Then, addressing Aixa, "You come fearlessly, noble dame," said he, "to breathe the poisoned air of the lazaretto."

"I can imagine thy surprise, Esau," replied Aixa; "but as Duguesclin must have quitted the city, and as he knows the secret of the aqueduct, Don Pedro is lost. If he seeks to flee, he will be forced to pass the water-gate, in order to gain his galleys, or by the lazaretto to reach the mountains. Esau, this night I will deliver Rachel's lover to thee, but on one condition."

"Deliver Don Pedro to me!—to me, whom he has made a leper!" exclaimed the renegade, raising himself on his couch, and earnestly regarding her.

"Listen," said Aixa, "the assault cannot be long delayed, and the king, by this time, knows that resistance is useless. I, with my soldiers, guard the water-gate, for the excavations of the aqueduct are yet inundated, but the galleries are free. Thou wilt guard the threshold of the lazaretto. Let us make an agreement. He will not save himself alone. You understand me. If he essays to flee by the water-gate, he falls into my power; he and his—then I deliver Don Pedro to you, and keep Rachel."

A feeling of horror thrilled through Esau at this proposition.

"If he tries to flee by the lazaretto, thou wilt keep the king and deliver Rachel to me," added the Morisca, smiling.

"Why this strange agreement, lady?" asked Esau. "What horrid project do you contemplate against Rachel?"

"Oh, re-assure thyself, Esau; I will not inflict torments and tortures on her; but my guards have served me well, and I will give her as a slave to one of my faithful servants, who may think her handsome enough for acceptance."

"Do you speak seriously?" demanded the leper, whose inflamed eyelids, half unclosed, emitted a sparkling glance, like lightning, that rested on the countenance of the Morisca. "Do you think I will allow you to execute such vengeance against the sister of my childhood? Oh, no, I will never deliver Rachel to her enemy."

"Poor dupe," said Aixa, contemptuously; "when Rachel allowed thee to be condemned to the most ignominious suffering, when she saw thee writhing with pain, did she weep, or try to soften the king? Did she remember the scenes of your infancy then? No, in favor of Don Pedro caused her to forget or despise Esau Manasses. Why then remember her when she has forgotten thee?"

"You will never succeed in making me hate the daughter of Samuel. I do not accept your terms, noble lady."

"Be it so, Esau," said Aixa, preparing to depart. "Don Pedro will meet his punishment. As to Rachel, I shall still know how to reach her, notwithstanding the protection of a leper."

"Threats still, noble dame," murmured the renegade. "Beware, the serpent does wrong to hiss before it bites."

"I have come here under thy safeguard, Esau," answered the Morisca, proudly.

She moved away slowly, hiding under a calm exterior the venation she felt at the obstacle presented to her designs by the opposition of the renegade.

Aixa had guessed rightly as to the position of affairs in the city. At that very hour the army of Don Enrique prepared to commence the assault.

From the top of the mirador Don Pedro could hear the joyful clamours of the enemy, and remarked with grief the sinister silence that reigned in the streets of Seville. "It does not matter," said he, "I will fight to the last, for a conquered king there is but one glorious end—to die, covered with wounds, on the breach of his dismantled ramparts!"

The Jewess remained silent, regarding him with her eyes full of tears.

"Is not that thy view of the case, Rachel?" demanded he, anxiously.

"No, Pedro," answered she, "that is the vulgar courage of a man-at-arms, not that of a king. To run that desperate chance is to heighten the triumph of thy enemies. Dost thou think, if thou wert to fall wounded on a heap of corpses, they would let thee die? Thy own archers would probably deliver thee up to secure mercy and reward for themselves. No, sire, it is not here that thou canst defend thy crown; thou art confined in Seville as in a den; thou must quit Seville, gain the moun-

tains, seek refuge in some faithful castle, and summon the Castilians to arms against the stranger, and drive from your kingdom those hordes of robbers and vagabonds that now infest it."

"True," murmured the king, "my death would be a subject of ridicule, my courage would be doubted, and my revenge lost."

"It is better to wander proscribed in the mountains," resumed the Jewess, "than to be dragged from prison to prison, Pedro. While thou art free, thou needest not despair of thy cause."

"Oh! thou truly lovest me, Rachel," cried the king. "Thou art right. They shall not have me living or dead to make a trophy of me. But if I would flee—oh! that word is bitter to my lips—there is no time to lose. But can I? The outlet by which Duguesclin entered the aqueduct is guarded. What can we do?"

"Is there no other outlet?" demanded Rachel, quickly.

"Only one," answered Don Pedro, after a moment's hesitation; "but I dare not speak of it to thee."

"Why, what danger can frighten me?" asked Rachel.

"Well, it is the outlet that leads to the lazaretto. I can face even the contagion of lepers to avoid becoming the captive of the pretender, but I have not the courage, poor child, to expose thee to that ignominious peril."

"But I will follow thee everywhere, Pedro. To me thy absence alone is peril, grief, and shame. To separate myself from thee, by cowardice, through dread of this hideous contagion, to see thee face danger and not participate in it, is impossible, perfectly impossible. Wert thou to repulse me, wert thou to order me to remain, still I would follow thee."

"Come with me, then, Rachel, for it seems to me also that I should have less courage if I no longer saw thee, if I were uneasy respecting thy fate. But we must have an escort, and all my valiant servants will draw back when it is a question of crossing the lazaretto, for they are men, and it requires more than human courage to trespass on that enclosure. All will draw back except the sons of Paloma. Happily, it is nightfall, Rachel, and thou wilt not see the hideous figures of the lepers; thou wilt not hear their desperate plaints. At that hour they repose, if there is any repose for the condemned of heaven."

"Weaken not our courage by these painful reflections, Pedro," said the Jewess, "let us prepare for our immediate flight."

"I will go and tell the old nurse to inform Diego Lopez and his brothers of our determination; they will all accompany us." Saying this, Don Pedro left the mirador, and went to visit the posts of the men-at-arms and the archers that kept watch on the embattled walls of the Alcazar.

In another hour he quitted that fortified palace with the young Jewess, wrapped in a grey woollen cloak, followed by Paloma, Pierce Neige, and the four other foster-brothers, silent and resolute.

The night was stormy. The moon shone only occasionally behind tempestuous clouds. Don Pedro and his companions reached the aqueduct without difficulty. While traversing the vaults beneath the arches, Rachel shivered, for a penetrating icy dampness pervaded the place—the water oozed through the walls, and her feet slipped along the miry ground. The silence was profound; the fugitives heard nothing but their own breathing and the sound of their own footsteps. They stopped at intervals to listen, but the noise of the city had died away in those subterranean galleries. If any sound startled them, it was occasioned by paces of stone becoming detached from the wall, and which fell at some paces from them, attesting the antiquity of the mouldering ruin.

"Oh!" cried the king, "if the pretender knew I was here, how rejoiced he would be to surprise me in this gallery, from which there is no escape but by a single outlet."

"Darest thou those gloomy ideas, Pedro," said the Jewess. "Hold! I already perceive a feeble light at the end of the gallery."

"Yes, it is the free air of heaven," answered Don Pedro. "Oh, I breathe again! I was almost stifled under the vaults of this old aqueduct. There is the gate of the lazaretto; yet some steps—yet that asylum of lepers to cross—and we are saved. Let us hasten, Rachel—let us hasten."

"The lazaretto," murmured she, while she mounted the steps of the staircase; "it is here, then, that that unfortunate being who loved me is confined?"

"The door is open. God be praised!" exclaimed the king, and he sprang on the threshold of the dreaded enclosure.

Suddenly a tall man, who seemed to be the door-keeper, advanced, and sounded his bone rattle to warn the fugitives to retire.

Don Pedro and the Jewess mechanically retreated.

"Who dares intrude here to disturb our repose," said the guardian. "Who dares to enter the lazaretto? Is a companion in misfortune; let him not hesitate to give me his hand as a brother; but if he is one of the fortunate ones of the earth, let him hasten away, or the contagion will soon reach him, and then nothing can cure or save him."

Don Pedro boldly advanced, and thus answered, "Poor leper, we also are worthy of compassion and pity, for the fame of the besieged city forces us to quit it, border to

border assistance and succour in the mountains. But why do you roam at this hour on this stormy night like a phantom, instead of seeking in sleep a momentary forgetfulness of your misery?"

"Yes, sleep is sweet," said the leper, in a sad voice; "but how can I sleep while I feel my veins burn, my feet freeze, and my breast on fire? This storm pleases me; besides, the cold air refreshes my forehead. Then night is the happiest time for us, for in the darkness we can neither see ourselves nor each other."

The plaintive and bitter tone in which he uttered these words, made the fugitives shudder with pity and terror.

At this moment the trumpets and cymbals of Don Enrique's army sounded. It was the signal for the assault. Don Pedro advanced a step, and said to the leper, "Thus in your inclosure you have no fear of the adventures of Don Enrique."

"Fear! why, it is of us the adverse forces are afraid," exclaimed the guardian, with savage pride. "We are equally the enemies of both parties. But retire, approach not, attempt not to cross the threshold of the lazaretto. You would be lost."

Don Pedro did not, however, lose all hope of moving the inexorable guardian, but determined, in case of need, even to force a passage. "I pity thee," he replied, "to be reduced thus to hate all mankind."

"Oh, there is one whom I hate above all others!" exclaimed the leper, in a fierce tone. "Who is that?" demanded Don Pedro imperiously, though with vague uneasiness.

"The King of Castile," returned the leper; "the king of to-day, but who will no longer be a king to-morrow."

"It is Esau!" said the king, terrified.

"Esau!" repeated the Jewess, with a stilled voice.

"If ever his foot touches this domain of the cursed, I swear that he shall tremble and retreat before me as you draw back at this moment, runaway from Seville."

Don Pedro then stopped, and answered him in a tremendous voice, "Wretch, cease thus to brave me. Dost thou think I would have recourse to a lie, to shelter myself from thy hatred? I am thy king, Esau Manasses, and I have entered thy domain."

"The king!" repeated the renegade, with a burst of laughter. "Dost thou then think that I did not recognise thee at the first sound of thy voice? But I sported with thee."

"Thou didst recognise and insult me!" said Don Pedro, carrying his hand to the hilt of his sword.

"Fool!" cried Esau, "why, amidst the choir of the demous of pandemonium I should recognise the voice of him who condemned me to the most frightful torments that the cruelty of man could invent. But why have you avowed your name so readily? Why, in pronouncing it, did you not flee from me? You forgot that here we meet on an equality. You forgot that the leper, Esau, dreads nothing. You can do me no further harm; you have gone to the extreme of punishment with me, and can inflict no more. Here, than's to you: barbarity, I am more powerful and stronger than Don Pedro of Castile. Whatever may be your fierceness and pride, you are about to become the companion of my misery, and, like me, to lose all hope of a better life."

"Esau," replied the king, shrugging his shoulders, "thou hast a short memory; if I punished thee, it was because thou camest treacherously, like an assassin, to surprise me."

The leper approached him, uttering a cry of rage. "An assassin! no, for you had a sword to defend yourself with, as I also had one to attack you."

"Approach me not, leper," shouted the king, "or my sword shall quickly remove thee from my path."

"You threaten still," said Esau, "but I fear not death. I tell you death will be a blessing to me; and when the hour comes to glut my revenge, which is my only thought, the sole purpose of my existence, how can you think that these vain menaces can frighten me? I have fallen so low, that one would have said Heaven had chosen to place you above any attempt I could make against you, and yet he has to-day delivered you into my hands." And Esau extended his arms towards the king, as if to seize and drag him into the lazaretto.

"Pity—mercy!" exclaimed Rachel, with a trembling voice. "Thou who sufferest, Esau, be not so obdurate and cruel." Quitting the group of Paloma and her sons, she advanced towards the renegade.

"Whose voice is that?" asked the latter, deeply affected.

"A woman whose hand shall never quit the hand of Don Pedro," was the reply. "A woman whose heart is attached to him. A woman who is condemned to the same fate as he."

"Oh! peace, peace," said the leper, in a tremendous voice. "I recognise those tones which make my heart leap with delight as if Heaven had just opened before me."

"Yes, it is Rachel, the daughter of Ben Levi, who outreats thee."

"Oh, it is a dream," continued Esau; "Providence has been pleased to afford me this joy in my misery."

"Poor Esau," murmured Rachel.

"Cursed be this obstinate and insolent madman," said Don Pedro.

light on all these assembled. He had taken the precaution to draw the cowl of his cloak over his forehead, nevertheless a shriek of horror escaped the lips of all, at the sight of him. Rachel could not, without a shudder of pain and pity, see the companion of her childhood so hideously disfigured.

"Oh, look not on me, Rachel," said he, imploringly; "but let me see thee."

"Come," cried Don Pedro, "we have already lost too much time. We are not children to be afraid of a leper; come, Esau, rise and let us pass willingly or we must use force."

The leper did not move, but fixing a look of savage hate on the king, "Madman," replied he, "and more so than I am. Heaven has pronounced your doom, and sent me my revenge. I will squeeze the proud king in my arms; he shall become leprous like me; he shall suffer the same torments that I suffer."

He then advanced towards Don Pedro with a demoniacal laugh.

The king could not suppress a tremor of dread, and drew his sword. Rachel, courageously suppressing the sentiment of aversion that Esau inspired, threw herself between him and the king.

"My brother," said she, earnestly, "commit not that crime. Respect thy master."

The leper quickly withdrew his hand, which was about to grasp that of the Jewess, but he stopped with a sudden air.

"By seeing others show themselves without pity for my pain, I too have become cruel, Rachel."

"I forbid you to address this wretch farther," continued Don Pedro, speaking to the Jewess; "we have been weak and foolish to listen so long. Advance companions, and, by St. James, we will steep our swords in the blood of this reprobate."

(To be Continued.)

WHAT A BELL SAID.

It was a soft, hazy day in early June, a veritable season to tempt one from the house into bowers and leafy retreats. I could not resist the appeal, even if I wished; so forth I went, now wading through green meadow grass, anon stopping to wait to note a perfect fairy bower, covered with the redly-blushing faces of June roses. At last, passing into a smooth, well-beaten foot-path, I loitered on aimlessly, caring for no other companion than Nature, whose gentle hand led me until I came to an old lark, whose rugged gray stone walls were softened and almost hidden by climbing ivy.

Something about the appearance of the edifice, its air of quiet peace, and its picturesque surroundings, attracted me, and I entered.

After examining the interior, I sat down, overcome with fatigue, in one of the large, old fashioned pews, and a delicious languor crept over me.

How long I had been seated there I cannot tell. Suddenly I heard the strong, deep tones of the bell, in what at first seemed to me a confused clangor; but after listening intently a few moments, the sounds finally resolved themselves into words, and the great bell spoke:—"Many a year has passed away with silent footsteps, young eyes have dimmed and brown locks silvered. But still I, from my ancient look, have seen countless springs born amid smiles, rejoicings, and gay flowers, and marked the wane of countless autumns, and heard the last faint sighs of both as they were wafted into silence. Here every holy Sabbath for years and years have I rung out in my clearest and sweetest tones a call to God's worshippers, and have bidden them gather with love and reverence.

"How solemnly have I tolled my dirge for the dead, and still, for the deep, bitter sorrow of the living there was a note of peace and comfort as I whispered of the weary soul at rest.

"Joyously I rang when I welcomed the marriage guests to these portals, every note a blessing on the fair young head of the bride, and then, when they emerged thence, how gladly sounded my Godspeed.

"The fresh breezy days of spring, the passionate languor of summer, the gorgeous fire-woods of autumn, and the sharp frosts of winter, I have seen, and loved them all. The dainty birds brush their shining wings in fearless play against me. The whispering zephyrs and glancing rain drops across my old face, rough and harsh though it is. Many a time and oft have I basked in the effulgent stream of sunlight, or caught the first pencilings of the morning. Undaunted I hear the hoarse, deep voice of the thunder, or face the lightning's jagged flash. The storm howls fiercely about me. I stand unmoved.

"Like a headstone of the past, Time acknowledges me as a friend, and gnaws but gently my weather-beaten visage. Ah! through storm and sunshine, through joy and sorrow, have I kept my post, a faithful, untiring sentinel."

The old bell ceased, and silence filled the building. It was broken at last by the deep tones of the bell sounding the evening hour, and I awoke with a start. Night had fallen, and shadows were stealing softly through the weird old windows, that were like the eyes of an aged person, filmy and dim; and I arose and walked musingly homeward, pondering in my dream.

It is sweet to have friends you can trust, and convenient sometimes to have friends who are not afraid to trust you.

AN INDIAN'S MISTAKE.

Some months ago a lot of Sioux Indians robbed a stage-coach on the plains, and found among the packages of freights clothes-wringer. One of the chiefs had been in St. Louis several times, and had observed certain beings grinding terrible music out of a machine with the same kind of a crank as that upon the wringer, so a conviction seized his soul that this was a barrel organ. He had the wringer carefully carried back to camp, and he made up his mind that from that day forward the silence of that solitary wilderness was going to be broken by a ceaseless round of tunes and vibrations. First he grasped the crank and began to turn it, in order to show his braves how the thing was done. He revolved it for sixteen hours, but no music came. Then the other Indians took a hand, one after the other, for a week. Then the squaws were turned on, but with no effect. Then the chief went out and stole a mule and a threshing-machine, and rigged up a lot of blocks and pulleys and ran a belt over the crank; then exploded powder under the hind legs of that mule, so that he kept charging up the inclined plane of that threshing-machine, and the wringer made sixty revolutions a minute. But it wouldn't work. So the chief came to the conclusion that the concern was under some kind of a curse, and he ran out the medicine-man, and had a wardance, and drove yellow pine stakes through a couple of white captives, and jumped around and howled, while the medicine-man played some wild, mysterious music on a drum. Then the medicine-man hitched up the mule again, and, after starting the machine, he leaned up against it while he muttered an exorcism. In a couple of minutes the rubber rollers clenched his breech-clout and began to haul him in with his knees doubled up against his face. When he got half way through he stuck, and the machine stopped. He couldn't move, and the chief was afraid to touch the wringer; so the braves fell on the doctor, and jabbed him with a knife, and scalped him; and then they buried him and the machine as they were. This was the last attempt of the Sioux Indians to cultivate the fine arts.

"A THING OF BEAUTY, A JOY FOREVER."

The humblest, and even the most barbarous, of the human race are not insensible to the charm which attaches to a beautiful object. The beautiful attracts alike the civilized and the savage, for it is an emotion common to the human heart and mind, intuitive, instinctive, natural. The beauty of a glowing sunset sky; the roseate hue of the coming sunrise; the bloom of summer flowers; the tints of autumn leaves; the immaculate purity of "the beautiful snow"; the concord of sweet sounds; the laughter of childhood; the voice of birds; the sound of rippling streams; the harmonious blending of colors, and the expression of a pleasant thought in some unique and tasteful representation, have the power to please and charm, and thus add to human happiness.

Nature and art place within our reach very many objects of beauty with which we may decorate our home, and give them a cheerful look which otherwise they could not possess. Their influence is elevating and refining, and begets higher and better aspirations.

THE USE OF UMBRELLAS.

Among the uses to which an umbrella may be put, is poking an utter stranger afflicted with lumbago in the back, under the impression that he is Smith. It also serves to keep off the rain; first, when it rains; second, when it does not rain. Its uses in the first event are palpable to the most naked eye. The second case may be palpably illustrated by taking an umbrella down town on a cloudy morning. The inevitable result is that the skies clear up toward nine o'clock, and you return home in a sweltering glare of sunlight, and suffocated with dust, bearing with you an umbrella, which convinces all who meet you that you are a little erratic, or very shiftless. If the table talker were an honest farmer suffering from a corner in rain, he would put on a pair of patent leather boots and a light spring suit, and go on a long walk without an umbrella. It would be sure to rain combined mowers and reapers—let alone pitchforks—before night. Umbrellas are not considered private property, any more than the air of heaven, and the rain, which falleth alike upon the Democrat and the Republican. You may take one with impunity, any time, if you are not observed. The last characteristic of the umbrella is its Protean power of changing shapes. You may have a bran new mulberry silk, with an ivory and rosewood handle, at any public gathering, taking therefor a check, and within three hours it will transform itself into light blue or faded brown cotton, somewhat less in size than a circus tent, and handle like a telegraph pole, and five franc ribs.

NOTICE.

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

Our columns are open for the discussion of all questions affecting the working classes. All communications must be accompanied by the names of the writers, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

(INVARIABLE IN ADVANCE.)

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

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Single insertions, ten cents per line. Each subsequent insertion, five cents per line.

Contract Advertisements at the following rates:—

One column, for one year	\$150 00
Half "	85 00
Quarter "	50 00
1/4 "	35 00
1/8 "	25 00
One column, for 6 months	80 00
Half "	45 00
Quarter "	25 00
1/4 "	15 00
One column, for 3 months	50 00
Half "	30 00
Quarter "	17 00
1/4 "	10 00

All communications should be addressed to the Office, 124 Bay Street, or to Post Office Box 1025.

WILLIAMS, SLEETH & MACMILLAN.

Trades' Assembly Hall.

- Meetings are held in the following order:—
- Machinists and Blacksmiths, every Monday.
 - Painters, 1st and 3rd Monday.
 - Coachmakers, 2nd and 4th Monday.
 - Crispins, (159), 1st and 3rd Tuesday.
 - K.O.S.C. Lodge 356, 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.

Application for renting the halls for special meetings and other purposes to be made to Mr. Andrew Scott, 211 King Street East.

BOY WANTED. Apply at this office.

The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, SEPT. 19, 1872

THE AGRICULTURAL MOVEMENT.

The question of all others that is at the present time engaging public attention in the old country, and one in which is involved the gravest and most momentous issues, is the great labor revolution in connection with the agricultural classes of England. During the past summer "strikes" have not been "few nor far between," and trade disputes have been nearly of every day occurrence, till it would almost seem as if labor was getting completely disorganized the world over; but, perhaps, the wide-spread agitation amongst the English peasantry, from its very novelty and unlooked for occurrence, has been regarded more as a matter for surprise than condemnation. The normal condition of the English agricultural laborer is but too well known. Toiling from early morn till dewy eve for the veriest pittance that was barely sufficient to keep soul and body together, ground down under a system of serfdom that was but one remove from absolute slavery, it was deemed a thing incredible that by a popular outburst the stolid and blunted natures of this class could be moved—their pent-up passion for a better lot aroused—and that they could be inspired with a manly resolution to dare the peril of self-assertion. But the events of the past few months have demonstrated the fact that this could be—and has been—done,—and accomplished to such extent that the statesmen and press of England have now to deal with a state of affairs that is causing, in the minds of many, the gravest apprehensions. The London Spectator, in an article discussing the situation, confesses that the prospects for the coming winter are almost alarming, and states that everything seems to tend towards a social struggle in the agricultural districts which must be disastrous, and may not be altogether peaceful. The position of affairs may appear to be dangerous indeed; but we

confess we fail to see the efficacy of the remedies that some appear anxious to apply. First of all, the farmers, irritated by the advanced prices demanded for getting in the harvest, and driven beyond all self-control in view of the fact that in future they will have to deal with strong combinations instead of isolated, and, therefore, powerless seekers of bread, seem to have come to the conclusion that they would take advantage of the first opportunity to break up the newly-formed combinations. This opportunity they expect to find during the coming winter, when the demand for laborers will be small, and meat, bread, and, in fact, all the necessaries of life, will be dear—then, rendered elated and enriched by such dearth, they intend to "try conclusions" with their laborers, and see if they cannot "read them a lesson" on the advantages of suffering quietly, whatever it may suit employers to inflict. To back the farmers up in their praiseworthy and humane course of action, comes the counsel offered by Mr. Sothran Eastcourt, who is represented as "a man of mark and Parliamentary capacity," and who gives evidence of that capacity by advising farmers to treat all who join the Union as "strangers," to withdraw all perquisites, to take away the potato grounds, and to raise the rents of the cottages. In the frame of mind in which the farmers are represented as being at present, it is not hard to conceive that they will be only too willing to act upon this well-timed counsel. But we have other counsellors. A Bishop stands forward and offers advice, and surely the voice of "Christ's ambassador" will be raised on behalf of the poor, down-trodden, long-suffering laborer, and his words will be as oil poured upon the wild and surging passions of men, and there will be a great calm. We pause to listen to the words of wisdom that fall from the lips of this representative of "apostolic succession." What are they? That every effort should be made to bring about a re-adjustment of the difficulties; that the question should be referred to a board of arbitration; that the statesmen of the country should take the matter into their serious consideration? No such measures as these were hinted at, but simply that "the leaders of the movement should be ducked in a horse-pond." That the farmers will attempt to carry out this eminently Christian advice we have our doubts, because the laborers being twenty to one, and perhaps inferring from the Bishop of Gloucester's counsel that physical violence is a proper weapon to employ, might "duck" the farmers; but that, unless better counsels prevail, they will endeavor to carry their intentions into practice, and attempt to starve the men into submission, we fully believe.

When such remedies as these are the only ones that can be suggested—or rather, so far as we have read, have been suggested—it is no wonder that the coming winter is regarded as being charged with destructive elements, the prospect looked upon with "grave apprehensions," and the struggle looked forward to with "a sickening dread of the misery it must produce." But it is not yet too late to obviate these difficulties, and if the excellent advice tendered by the London Standard be acted upon with anything like earnestness, the storm that now threatens such destruction in the agricultural districts of England, may be happily averted, and the social atmosphere rendered all the clearer for the "rumbling thunder" that now agitates and disturbs it.

STABBING AFFRAY.

On Saturday night a horrible stabbing affray took place on Mutual street, in which a young man named Thomas Barley received five stabs at the hands of a young man named Mills. Some of the stabs are very severe, and are likely to prove fatal. A young lady was in the case. Mills has been arrested.

A complimentary supper was tendered to Bro. Hugh Gillis, District Master of the Orange Young Britons, by a number of his friends, on Tuesday night last, at the Fox and Hounds Hotel. It was a very pleasant and social gathering.

THE GENEVA ARBITRATION.

The final results of the arbitrators' award have been made known, and the settlement of the question that has for so long threatened to cause a rupture between the two great English-speaking nations cannot fail to be a source of satisfaction to all.

The arbitrators find that England is responsible, primarily, for the escape and subsequent deceptions committed by the Alabama, Florida, Shenandoah (after she reached Melbourne), and, secondarily, for the acts of their tenders, the Tuscaloosa, Clarence, Taconey, and Archer. They also find that she is not responsible for any acts committed by the Retribution, Georgia, Sumpter, Nashville, Tallahassee, and Chicamauga; and that so far as the Sallie, Jeff. Davis, Music, Boston, and Joy are concerned, they are excluded for want of evidence. They also declare that the indemnity for the cost of pursuing the cruisers, as well as for prospective injuries, are not good grounds for award, and, therefore, rule them out. Exercising the authority conferred upon them by Article VII. of the Treaty of Washington, they refrain from submitting the question of the amount of damages for which Great Britain is responsible to another Commission, and give a bulk sum to the United States of \$15,500,000. This award is payable within twelve months from the time of adjudication, and the London Times says it will be cheerfully paid, "as tending to obviate difficulties in the future."

There are, however, counter claims of British subjects for losses sustained during the war from the action of the United States Government, and these will, we suppose, be considered at Washington, and will likely prove to some extent a set-off against the award made at Geneva.

The fact that great questions of moment, affecting the relations between Great Britain and the United States, have forever been set at rest by such peaceable means, cannot but be a source of gratification to all; and while a precedent, as a means of settling international disputes in the future has thus been established, we fail to see why a similar plan could not be adopted whereby to arrange and settle the questions that are now so widely agitating the social world. The subject is certainly worthy of the most serious consideration, and it is to be hoped that a solution of the pending troubles may be attempted in some such manner. Where "peaceful arbitration" has been employed with so much success in the settlement of so intricate and delicate a subject as the Alabama question, surely the same principles can hardly fail of accomplishing good in the settlement of the "labor question."

PREPARING FOR THE CONTEST.

From every city and every manufacturing district in the country comes the note of preparation upon the part of employes and manufacturers, and it is very evident that a conflict between the classes—employer and employe—is imminent, and may at any time break out. The power of the trades' unions is becoming too strong, and it must be broken; and to this end is directed private enterprise, capital, and legislation. What are our workmen doing? Are they, too, preparing for the contest? or will they suffer themselves to be caught napping? Are they reorganizing their unions—local, state and national? Let us have a thorough reorganizing and unification of all our unions. Let the workmen in every section of the Union—North, South, East and West—unite, and where there is no union, organize one, and march into line in the grand army of labor.

At the next meeting of the National Labor Union we hope to see a large gathering of the representative men of labor unions throughout the country, whether they come from the field, forge or bench.

Every union ought to send its delegate, for by the number of delegates will the strength of the Union movement throughout the country be judged.

And it is here the work of reorganization and unification should take place.

We see no reason why the farmers and persons engaged in agricultural pursuits should not unite themselves with the mechanics in their efforts to lift the toiler a step higher in the scale of civilization. The wants and necessities of the farmer and mechanic are alike. They are the INTEREST PAYING portion of the populace, and compose fully two-thirds of the people. They have all the toiling to do, while the other third—or idle class—live off what we produce; as an exchange truly says:—

"Now, the toilers toil on from youth to age, with no prospect of ever having anything gathered for old age, for sickness, or what is called a 'rainy day.' Their wages, when at work, merely keep them fed from hand to mouth, and when their strength is worked out their latter end is fringed with a poorhouse vista. So here is labor, the highest, the most valuable element in 'society,' condemned from youth to age as a recognized sort of slavery, which the laws dare not meddle with, for are not lawmakers composed chiefly of the idle faction? Labor, then, has no hope of elevation from the lawmakers. Labor must still pay all the taxes. Labor still live in dark, unwholesome dens and garrets, in back slums, and narrow, dirty lanes. Labor must still sleep three or four in one bed, five or six in one room. Labor must still rise with the lark, breakfast hastily upon a slice of butterless bread and a cup of milkless, sugarless coffee. Labor must delve away or hammer away all the day, and every day, and at the end of the week find himself about as rich as he was on Monday morning. Labor has a wife and family. Why not? His children increase in number, in size and in appetite. They want more food, more clothes, more everything, as they grow on and increase. The 'rent,' the 'doctor's bill,' the 'shop-keeper's bill,' the 'baker's' and the 'butcher's bill!' How is labor to meet those demands?"

By uniting and demanding a revision of our financial and commercial laws. The farmer, and all who surround him, feel the crushing weight of interest. He is bowed down with taxation, and sighs for relief. This relief can come only through united action. Let all join and push forward the unification of Labor.—Workingman's Advocate.

HIGH PRICES.

Prices have risen, are rising, and will continue to rise. Every one is conscious of this, and the enquiry on all hands is, What is the cause of a state of things so startling as to amount to a social revolution? People are finding out that money is not a thing of value in itself, but simply a representative of value, and that coins, whatever may be stamped on them, have only a relative worth. Years ago Sir Robert Peel asked, "What is a pound?" Well, it may at least be affirmed that a pound of our day is only worth about half as much as it was in his. With rents, coals, clothes, food, and necessaries and luxuries of all kinds at an advanced price, two hundred a year is worth little more than a hundred formerly was, and so on in proportion; and this fact having dawned on those most interested in making the discovery, they are beginning to act upon it with an earnestness which will turn society upside down.

Still the question remains, Why is everything so dear? Politicians are busy explaining it according to their party theories, the statisticians have entered the field with figures, and every one is ready to account for that not easily to be accounted for, even when all is said and done. Take coals, in England, for example. They have gone up to an extent wholly without precedent. Why? Several reasons are assigned. One is that the colliers, the hundred thousand in number, are masters of the situation, and will only work at their own prices, and for as many days in the week as they think consistent with the dignity of labor. This, of course, has its effect; but the rise of 6d. or 1s. on the part of colliers, even in conjunction with a decrease of produce, does not seem to warrant a rise in prices of from 5s. to 6s. a ton. Two other causes

are next dragged into the argument, first, the enormous extent of coal exportation; and secondly, the increase of activity in the iron trade. Well, doubtless both these points tell, but there is yet another cause for the effect, and that is the panic-consumption on the part of retail buyers. Every one is seized with the belief that coal will be at a prohibitory price during the coming winter, and so every one orders in as much as, by any possibility, he can afford to purchase. The demand being thus artificially in excess of supply, a rise in price is inevitable.

Another item in England is the high price of butchers' meat. Here again it is difficult to trace the causes of the evil, and here again they are complex. The Privy Council, with its "stamp it out" theory in reference to forms of cattle disease, and the consequent stoppage of supplies from abroad, has much to answer for. The disease itself is also to blame. The ever-increasing demand is one among other reasons which have induced the butchers to run up their prices; but here again the public have the matter entirely in their own hands. Many families have come to the conclusion to consume less butchers' meat, and the probability is that if this course were adopted to any great extent for a time, the natural result would be a decline in price.

It is only necessary to touch on these two points in relation to high prices. The whole tendency of things is toward dearth, to be compensated for to an extent by an increase of wages, and it is useless to talk of legislation or combination to bring things back to what they were ten years ago. But if people will only look this fact steadily in the face—if they will only convince themselves that money is not worth what it once was, and will never be so again, and see the necessity of adapting themselves to the altered state of circumstances, practising a little self-denial and exercising a little ingenuity, a beneficial result would soon be attained, and the welfare of the community considerably enhanced. Without legislation, combination or any other formal dealing with the matter, it is quite possible that individual effort may greatly mitigate the serious consequences of high prices.

LORD DERBY ON THE LABOR QUESTION.

English statesmen have had their best attention directed chiefly to social as distinct from diplomatic questions during the last ten years, and the two great political parties of the mother country now join issue on home rather than on foreign policy. The Alabama question, its latest development, has shown us that, in the main, all parties are agreed as to the course which Great Britain should pursue, and the Opposition only blame the Government for the bungling manner in which the Washington negotiations were arranged, as it left open a question sufficient to jeopardize the whole affair. We augur well from this disposition to direct political intelligence to the solution of social problems, in which are bound up the chief well-being of the British people. Among the many social questions which are engaging the attention of leading Englishmen, that of the condition of the agricultural population claims no small prominence.

At a dinner of the Agricultural Association at Bury, near Manchester, Lord Derby has been expressing himself upon this topic. Some of the propositions he laid down commend themselves to our readers, especially in their application to the labor crisis through which Canada has lately passed. He says: "Masters have a right to get their labor as cheaply as they can; the employed have a right to sell their labor as dear as they can; and both have a perfect legal and moral right to combine for their several purposes, provided always that, in doing so, they do not molest or annoy those who refused to join." Those economies are sound, and are just such as we have all along argued for. The "moral right" has been on the side of the Trades' Unionists whom the managing-director of the "Globe" has arraigned, and for the future, the legal right will be on

their side also, thanks to the prompt legislation of the Premier of Canada. During the late strike it was often argued that the diminution in the hours of labor would ruin certain industries. Well, that is an open question, and the best that can be said for it is, that it is extremely problematic. On this point, Lord Derby says: "When any set of men see their way to earn 3s. or 4s. a week more, or to diminish their hours of work, it is not reasonable to expect they will give up their chance of those advantages for a speculative and doubtful consideration of what may be the effect, in the long run, upon manufactures or agriculture." This distinguished son of a distinguished father then goes on to examine the probabilities of a re-action, when labor may possibly assume, once more, the position of abject dependence upon capital. As he argues by precedent, pointing to the crisis of 1866, we, arguing by precedent also, may predict that, should such a re-action take place, labor may expect no advantages at the hands of capital, for "masters buy their labor in the cheapest market, just as employes," etc. Lord Derby is afraid that the present prosperity may not last. If, by that, he means that the present elevation of the working classes will not be permanent, we must say we have a different faith in the progress of humanity.—*Leader.*

A TOWN FOR ENGLISH WORKMEN.

The London (England) papers give an account of the laying of the first stone of a workman's town, on the 3rd inst., by the Earl of Shaftesbury. The land consists of forty acres at Wandsworth, a few miles out of London, between the Southwestern and the Chatham and Port Dover Railways. The estate has been purchased by an Association organized under the general corporation law, and is said to be laid out and built upon according to a completely formed plan. The houses are to be built and leased to any person who applies, at a rent which will cover the interest and a portion of the purchase money, so that in a very short term of years the workmen will have paid for the houses, and will have received a deed of a house and land. Every house is to be well built, thoroughly drained and supplied with water. There are to be 1,200 of these houses, each with a little plot of land. The company is to build a hall for lectures, a library, a school house, a railroad station, and we presume, a church. A large lot of ground is reserved in the centre for a public recreation ground. A co-operative store is to be built, but public houses and drinking shops will be absolutely prohibited.

SKILLED VS. UNSKILLED LABOR.

A new view of the vexed labor question is suggested by the following paragraph from the London *Spectator*:

One of the deepest, though least noticed, divisions among workmen, the chasm between the skilled and the unskilled laborers, came out oddly at an open-air meeting of the bricklayers and others held on Saturday in Hyde Park. Mr. Phillips, a painter, had declared that the men must have the 9d. an hour, because whatever political economy might say, less than that "did not suffice for their natural wants." Whereupon Mr. Halloran, hodman, presumably an Irishman, certainly a humorist, wanted to know what the laborers were to do with their 6d. an hour. They had the same stomachs as the mechanics, the same wives, the same necessity for clothes, the only difference between them being the cost of tools. Clearly, if a man is to be paid according to his wants instead of according to his work, Halloran is entitled to as much as Phillips.

And why not? Is it because one man cannot produce as good a piece of work as another, that he and his wife and little ones are to live on a scanty meal and be deprived of the common comforts of life. We hold that all men are entitled to a living, and their wages or compensation should be such as would enable them to live. Skilled labor is entitled to more pay than unskilled, but as Halloran says, the unskilled laborer has the same wants and the same necessities as his more fortunate brother. Why should he not have the means of supplying them?

"THE HOURS OF LABOR."

History of the Contest for Short Hours in England—Murder of the Innocents in Factories—History of the Contest in America and in Europe—Social and Political Aspects of the Question—Significant Statistics—The Sanitary Aspect.

(FROM THE HAMILTON STANDARD.)

At the dawn of modern civilization, when the rising sun of freedom was struggling to overcome and dispel the gloom of the dark ages, bursting the chains and fetters of feudal servitude in all directions, and promising a happier future to the toiling multitude, a complaint arose that the laborers and artificers were shirking their duties. Jack Cade and his followers had been put down by brute force, but this did not avail against the laborers and artificers, who had already escaped the bonds of serfdom, and manifested their spirit of disobedience by coming to work late in the morning and leaving off early at night. Parliament took up the question, and passed an act in the reign of Henry VI. to compel laborers and artificers to come to their work before five o'clock in the morning, and not to leave off till between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, from the middle of March to the middle of September. During the rest of the year they worked from sunrise to sunset, and anyone asking or taking more pay for working on holidays than the wages of ordinary working days should be liable to three months' imprisonment with hard labor.

During the subsequent contentions between the houses of York and Lancashire, Parliament had more important matters to settle than the hours of labor, but when at last the old pugnacious feudal aristocracy had been exhausted, defeated and superseded by the first generation of purse-proud aristocrats of the modern type, and peace and order had been finally restored by the accession of Henry VII., Parliament recurred to the subject; and the law was re-enacted, and the intervals for meals and rest were defined. By the 11th of Henry VII., chapter 22, it was provided that there should be half an hour for breakfast, half an hour in the afternoon, and an hour and a half for dinner, during such time as sleep was allowed, which was from the middle of May to the middle of August, and during the rest of the year there was but an hour for dinner. Nineteen years later, in 1515, by the 6th of Henry VIII., chapter 3, the law was revised, and fines were imposed for skulking; but the mines were exempted from the operation of the act—not that miners were permitted to skulk, but, working always in the dark, sunrise and sunset could not concern them.

During the subsequent period Parliament had plenty of work with the reformation, and the vagabonds and sturdy beggars who were, to a great extent, the offspring of that reformation. The work-people, however, took to skulking in the middle of the day. This was to be put a stop to by the 5th of Elizabeth, cap. 4, commonly called the "Statute of Apprentices." There was to be half an hour for every drink, an hour for dinner, and half an hour for sleep in summer, but on no account were the intervals to amount to more than two hours and a half a day. The fines for skulking were fixed at one penny for every hour's neglect, and the masters were empowered to deduct the fines from the wages, which did not exceed sixpence a day.

Striking the average between the long days of summer and the short days of winter, gives an average working day of about ten hours all the year round. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries industry was in so crude a state that the division of labor had not gone far enough to separate the handicrafts so as to make them distinct branches in trade. In Henry VI.'s reign the cordwainers were forbidden to tan their own leather, and in Henry VIII.'s reign the butchers were forbidden to tan their own hides; they were to sell them to the tanners. The laws against cutting up and selling leather not fit for use on account of bad workmanship form a large chapter of the legislation of that time. In the reign of Elizabeth men were forbidden to carry on more than one trade at a time, and they were to keep to the one to which they had served their time. The plea for this legislation was that the public was defrauded by bad workmanship. Notwithstanding the deficiency of the skill, combined, as a matter of course, with indifferent tools, the average working day of ten hours produced enough for people to get rich. Harrison in his description of England, tells us that graziers rode about in velvet coats and chains of gold about them, and merchants and traders considered butcher's meat too coarse for their food. They had four or six dishes at dinner, with all sorts of finery, and ransacked the world for luxuries; but artificers had principally butchers' meat, except on feast days.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, when the skill of the workmen greatly improved, and the productiveness of labor increased, the working time became still more valuable to the employers, and means were resorted to for the prolongation of the working day. The natural limit of the working day—the rising and setting of the sun—was overcome by improved artificial light, the noon-day's nap was dispensed with, and the intervals of rest otherwise curtailed. In 1671 the master tailors of London and Westminster petitioned Parliament to amend the act of 1721 for the regulation of their journeymen. The journeymen sent a counter petition, in which they dwelt with much emphasis on the fact that the old difference in the length of the working day between summer and winter was done away with, but that the masters continued to pay less wages in winter than in summer, as of yore; that fourteen hours of labor a day was excessive and injurious to health; that since it had become a custom to commence work before daybreak and continue after nightfall in winter, the eyes of tailors were so much injured that many after the age of forty were incapacitated to follow their employment. Parliament took a favorable view, and fixed the hours of labor from six in the morning to seven at night, with an interval of one hour for dinner, all the year round, and raised the wages from 1s. 6d. in winter and 1s. 9d. in summer to 2s. 7½d. a day all the year round.

The enlightened nineteenth century opened with new cries. The forced labor of feudal tyranny had been superseded by the complete freedom of labor, and the cry of skulking had vanished and had been replaced by the cry of overwork, by the cry that little children were being crippled and killed in the service of the grinding despotism of capital. It is an incontrovertible fact that the introduction of labor-saving machinery on a large scale has everywhere been the signal for the introduction of female and infant labor in the factory, and the prolongation of the working day. In the darkest ages of feudal tyranny the little children of the serf were exempt from the forced labor which their parents and their working cattle had to perform; but when the sun of freedom shed its bright rays upon the land, the offspring of the free was at a tender age imprisoned in the mills to be maimed and mutilated, and killed by overwork; and clever men declared that the world could not go on without it—it was their interpretation of the freedom of labor.

(To be Continued.)

THE NATHAN MURDER.

A telegram from New York states that the murderer of Nathan has been brought to that city in irons. The prisoner is a character well known to the police under a variety of aliases—Billy Forrester, or Billy Marshall, or Frank Campbell, or Frank Howard, or Frank Harding. Now that Forrester is in custody, the police profess to have had their suspicions directed to him from the first, and say that the only difficulty has been to put their hands upon the man. The circumstances of the murder, it will be remembered, have long been involved in great mystery. It was on the morning of the 19th of July, 1870, that the report was circulated in New York that Benjamin Nathan, a wealthy banker, residing at 12, West Twenty-Third street, had been foully murdered in his house early that morning. The body was discovered lying stiff upon the carpeted floor, the head beaten in and the brains exuding from the skull. The appearance of things within the house, the condition of the safe and the quantity of papers strewn around, showed that a robbery had been committed, and that a desperate struggle had taken place in which the unfortunate banker had lost his life. Various were the theories started, and many the quarters to which suspicion was directed, but when all was summed up, the mystery was as black as ever. Some time after the crime was committed, however, the police noticed certain foot-marks upon the outside wall, and it was inferred that the deed was committed by a burglar, who effected his entrance by the second story, and had been interrupted at his work. Detectives were instructed to mingle in disguise among the thieving fraternity of the metropolis in order to learn which way their conjectures pointed, and the result was that suspicion fell upon Forrester, who had been seen in the city on the Wednesday night, and had disappeared immediately after the murder. Inquiries were immediately instituted, but no trace of Forrester's whereabouts or any of the stolen property could be discovered. For a long time the fact that suspicion had alighted upon Forrester was kept secret, but finally the matter became public through a Chicago man pretending that he knew where to find the culprit. A reward of two

thousand five hundred dollars was then offered for the apprehension of Forrester, and his picture was sent all over the country. Subsequently, the Superintendent of Police was informed that the man was in New Orleans, where one Connors offered to point him out for a consideration of \$5,000. A brace of detectives were immediately dispatched to that city with the required sum. It is rather a curious commentary upon the police system of the Union that these detectives went in disguise, chiefly in order that the New Orleans detectives might not get wind of their presence, and give Forrester the hint to escape! Connors, who had professed to be able to put his hand upon the right man, showed an amazing desire to get the five thousand dollars into his possession first. All sorts of compromises were offered him, even to the putting of the money into the keeping of his wife, and placing her in safe keeping till the arrest should be made—the offer was evidently insincere, and the detectives at length returned in disgust. Before leaving New Orleans, they learned that some of the detectives of that city had got scent of their presence, and communicated the intelligence to Forrester, who consequently kept out of town while they were there. From that time the police authorities have endeavored to keep track of Forrester's movements, and finally, on Saturday night, the New York Superintendent was apprised that an arrest had been made at Washington. The man has been caught, and from the dexterity which he has shown in evading pursuit, there may be good reason to suspect his complicity in the murder; but the grounds of suspicion have not been disclosed, and the precise value of the testimony against him cannot be appreciated.

A ROMANTIC WEDDING.

(From the Ottawa Citizen.)

Among the late arrivals of emigrants brought to this country under the auspices of the Ottawa Valley Immigration Society was a very rosy-cheeked Belfast girl named Margaret McGuirk. Her passage money was advanced by Mr. Poupore, for whom she was engaged to work as a servant. Mr. Poupore arrived in this city from his home on the Upper Ottawa about the same time as the girl, and, as he was on his way to Quebec, and would not return for a few days, he arranged with Mr. Wills that she should remain at his house until he came back. Miss McGuirk was a smart, industrious, cleanly girl, and she at once went to work for Mrs. Wills. She had only been with her a short time when she was sent down to the bank of the river to rinse out some clothes, and while engaged at her work a number of boatsmen passed on their way to the steamer. Among them was a smart young engineer, who at once fell "head over heels" in love with the girl, and exclaimed to his companions, "There's my future wife!" They laughed at him, but he at once proceeded to make her acquaintance. He succeeded so well that he ascertained where she lived, and managed to see her again that evening, and also two or three evenings following. He prosecuted his suit with such vigour that in four days he had obtained Mr. Wills's consent to marry her. Last evening he arrived with a stylish carriage, and with the license in his pocket, he went to Mr. Wills and claimed his bride. A minister was sent for, and the knot was tied in the Emigration Office in a few minutes. Mrs. Wills, with her usual kindness of heart, presented the bride with one of her own new dresses, shawl, bonnet, and a complete fit out, so that the happy couple were enabled to start on a wedding trip immediately. The affair was celebrated by the people around the office by a jubilee on a small scale, and the newly-wedded pair were wished any amount of connubial bliss. The engineer, whose name we have not ascertained, is an industrious young man, of sober habits, and he is in receipt of a regular salary of \$30 per month with board, so that he will be able to support his wife comfortably. Such are the chances of rosy-cheeked emigrant girls in the New Dominion.

RUNNING THROUGH FIRE.

A RAILROAD INCIDENT IN OREGON.

On Tuesday evening the passenger train of the Oregon and California Railroad Company bound south had an exciting episode when in the canyon north of Oakland. For several days the woods had been burning briskly, and filling the atmosphere with dense volumes of smoke. On Wednesday the fires attacked the trees on either side of the track. At times the flames would leap from one side of the track to the other, while the entire canyon appeared more like a roaring furnace than the road bed for a railroad. The men employed along the line of the road for many miles were called to the canyon to render such assistance as in them lie in the extinguishment of the fires, or in turning them into another course. During the afternoon the fires held the mastery, and every few minutes some monster of the forest, who had for centuries reared his head high above its companions, would fall with a crash, having been eaten off at the roots by the hungry destroyer that was running un-

harnessed and untrammelled through the canyon. The almost constant reports of the falling trees, added to the angry roar of the flames, the screams of terror and pain of the wild animals as they dashed madly from point to point in their vain efforts to escape, the flight of duck, grouse and pheasants, the flashing and darting of the serpent tongues of fire gave a reality to Dante's Inferno which is only to be seen in a canyon when it is on fire. Many of the trees would fall across the track, and it required the most strenuous exertions on the part of those employed to keep the track free. The train entered the canyon during a temporary lull in the fury of the fire. If the track had been known to be clear of all obstructions the engineer could have put his iron horse to its utmost speed, and dashing forward, gotten through in a few moments; but the very fact that trees were falling every minute, rendered it necessary for him to go slow and proceed with caution. He pushed into the fiery furnace, and had barely entered the canyon when the flames, fanned by a breeze, commenced to quicken and closed up behind him. Slowly the train moved along, while the angry flames followed fast and furious, until at last the outcome was reached and all danger was past. Then the locomotive whistle opened its throat and shrieked for joy as the train ran along towards its stopping place.

Twenty minutes later the entire canyon was one sheet of flame, and the road-bed, with its bars of iron, resembled a huge grid-iron. The men who were combating the flames struggled manfully and unceasingly, but their efforts did not avail much until nearly daylight on Wednesday morning, when they succeeded in obtaining the mastery. The train, on its return to the city yesterday, passed through the darkened and scarred canyon without incident of note; but on every side could be seen the marks of the great danger from which they had so narrowly escaped the day before.—*Portland Bulletin.*

FARM LABORERS' DEMONSTRATION

About 1,500 persons, chiefly farm laborers, assembled in a field at New Bilton, adjoining Rugby, to hear Mr. Joseph Arch on the laborers' movement. A waggon under a tree served for a platform, and when darkness set in candles were brought for the reporters. Mr. J. A. Campbell, a resident landowner, farmer, and magistrate, presided, and expressed his hearty approval of the laborers' movement as eminently calculated to elevate the condition of this class of the community. The Union, he said, had been grossly misrepresented. It was the result of the tyranny of the farmers in not paying their men higher wages, which the times demanded, but there was nothing in the rules to tyrannise over the farmers. The laborers were interested in the success of agriculture, and therefore only asked such reasonable wages as the farmers could afford. Neither did the Union encourage strikes, but a rule stated that every effort was to be made for a conciliatory settlement before recourse was had to such a step. It was very foolish for any body of men to think they could stop the progress of the Union, for it was rapidly advancing, and he hoped before long it would have a branch in every village in the land. It had accomplished a part of its duty; it had increased the laborers' wages to some extent, but it had a great deal more to do yet. He hoped the next session of Parliament would inquire into the use of the military in the harvest fields, because interfering as it had done with the agitation of the laborers for better wages, it was likely to produce a bad feeling towards the army in the minds of that class from which the military was largely recruited. As a member of the consulting Committee of the Union, the Chairman spoke of the spirit of moderation which characterised the business of the laborers' meetings, and he hoped that feeling would permeate the whole movement. Mr. Joseph Arch, the "apostle of the movement," who was received with warm applause, spoke at great length on various incidents that had attended the present agitation. He then remarked that the time was coming when the country would be ruled by intelligence, and all men would be paid according to their worth. Let the men educate themselves—and thanks to the cheap press, they were fast educating themselves in politics—for the franchise would be extended to them before long, and then they could take their grievances into their own hands. They must be sober and upright, not undersell one another, and they must one and all stick fast to the Union. A resolution was carried by acclamation in favor of the Union, and the usual votes of thanks concluded the proceedings. Mr. H. Taylor, Secretary of the National Union, advocated the laborers' cause, and narrated several cases of persecution of Union men by farmers. He replied to Lord Ebury's remark that members of the Union were not independent, but had to strike when ordered, stating that no member was ever forced to strike, that no strike was sanctioned till all efforts at arbitration had failed, and that hitherto the Union had had enough to do to keep back laborers, rejoicing in their new power, from striking. As to losing independence, what independence had they to lose whom the farmers intimidated by a threat of discharge if they dared to join the Union? (Cheers.)—*Lloyd's Weekly.*

The Home Circle.

HUMAN LIFE

A little child with her bright, blue eyes,
And hair like golden spray,
Sat on the rock by the steep cliff's foot
As the ocean ebbed away.

And she longed for the milk-white shining foam,
As it danced to the shingles hum,
And stretched out her hand, and tottered fast,
To bring the white feathers home.

And still as she strayed the tide ebbed fast,
And the gleaming foam laughed on,
And the white fluff shrunk from the tiny feet,
And the little fat hands caught none.

She sat wearily down by the steep cliff's foot,
Till the waves seemed to change their mind,
And the white foam flowed to her as she sat,
As though 't would at last be kind.

And the fluff played over her soft, white feet,
And the feathers flew up to her chin,
And the soft, loving waters kissed her lips,
And I carried my dead child in.

TIDE MARKS.

It was low tide when we went down to
Bristol, and the great, grey rocks stood up
bare and grim, above the water; but high up,
on all their sides, was a black line that seemed
hardly dry, though it was far above the water.

"What makes that black mark on the
rocks?" I asked of my friend.

"Oh, that is the tide-mark," she replied.
"Every day, when the tide comes in, the
water rises and rises until it reaches that line,
and in a great many years it has worn away
the stone until the mark is cut into the rock."

"Oh," thought I, "that is all, is it?" Well,
I have seen a great many people that carried
tide-marks on their faces. Right in front of
me was a pretty little girl, with delicate fea-
tures and pleasant black eyes. But she had
some queer little marks on her forehead, and
I wondered how they came to be there, until
her mother said:

"Shut down the blind now, Carrie, the sun
shines right in baby's face."

"I want to look out," said Carrie, in a very
peevish voice.

But her mother insisted, and Carrie shut the
blind, and turned her face from the window.

O dear me! what a face it was! The black
eyes were full of frowns instead of smiles, the
pleasant lips were drawn up in an ugly pout,
and the queer little marks on the forehead
had deepened into actual wrinkles.

"Poor little girl," I thought, "how badly
you will feel when you grow up, to have your
face marked all over with the tide-marks of
passion!" for these evil tempers leave their
marks as surely as the tide does, and I have
seen many a face stamped so deeply with self-
will and covetousness that it must carry the
marks to the grave.

Take care, little folks! and whoever you
give way to bad temper, remember the "tide-
marks."

NECESSARY RULES OF SLEEP.

There is no fact more clearly established in
the physiology of man than this, that the
brain expands its energies and itself during
the hours of wakefulness, and that these are
recuperated during sleep. If the recuperation
does not equal the expenditure, the brain
withers—this is insanity. Thus it is that, in
early English history, persons who were con-
demned to death by being prevented from
sleeping, died raving maniacs; thus it is,
also, that those who are starved to death
become insane. The brain is not nourished,
and they cannot sleep. The practical in-
ferences are three:—1st. Those who think most,
who do most brain-work, require most sleep.
2nd. That time "saved" from necessary sleep
is invariably destructive to mind, body, and
estate. Give yourself, your children, your
servants—give all that are under you the full-
est amount of sleep they will take, by com-
pelling them to go to bed at some regular hour,
and to arise in the morning the moment they
awake; and within a fortnight, nature, with
almost the regularity of the rising sun, will
unriddle the bonds of sleep the moment enough
repose has been secured for the wants of the
system. This is the only safe and sufficient
rule. And as to the question, how much sleep
any one requires, each must be a rule for him-
self. Great nature will never fail to write it
out to the observer under the regulations just
given.

HIDDEN MANHOOD.

Harriet Martineau tells how, when she had
grown to be quite a girl, a little one was born
into her home; and as she would look and
ponder, not knowing what was to become of
it, she got a great terror into her heart that
the babe would never speak or walk, or do
anything that she could do, because, she said,
how can it, seeing that it is so helpless now?
But she found, when the right time came,
that the feet found their footing and the
tongue its speech, and everything came on in
its right time; and then, instead of the babe,
she had a noble and beautiful brother, who
was able to take her part, and teach things to
her, who had taught him. So the babe became
an illustration, when it came to manhood,
of a very common latent fear in the hearts, not
of sisters so much as of fathers and mothers,
that the life that has come to them, and is
their life over again, will not scramble or grow
or wrestle into its own place, as theirs has

done. They have no adequate belief in the
hidden manhood or womanhood that is folded
away with the small, frail nature, and that
that man will walk among men, and talk with
men, as a man; and so they spend the better
part of their time in trying to order afresh
what our wise mother Nature has ordered
already.

MIXED.

"What's the matter, Bob?"

"Sam, who am I?"

"Why you are yourself,—Bob Harrison,
ain't you?"

"No far from it."

"Why what's the matter?"

"Well sir, I'm so mixed up, I don't know
who I am."

"Don't take it so hard to heart."

"I ain't, I'm taking it in my handkerchief."

"Well, sir, what's the matter?"

"Why I'm married."

"Married? Ha! Ha! Ha! Why sir, you
should be happy."

"Yes but how many are so?"

"Well, sir, as I said before, don't take it so
hard; tell us about it."

"Well, Sam, I'll tell you how it is. You
see I married a widder, and this widder had a
daughter."

"O yes! I see how it is. You have been
making love to this daughter."

"No; worse than that! You see my father
was a widower, and he married that daughter;
so that makes my father my son-in-law, don't
it? Well don't you see how I am mixed up?"

"Well, sir, is that all?"

"No, I only wish it was. Don't you see my
stepdaughter is my stepmother, ain't she?"

Well, then, her mother is my grandmother,
ain't she? Well, I am married to her, ain't
I! So that makes me my own grandfather,
doesn't it?"

MYSTERIOUS INFLUENCES.

Persons sometimes feel remarkably well—
the appetite is vigorous, eating is a joy, diges-
tion vigorous, sleep sound, with an alacrity of
body and an exhilaration of spirits which alto-
gether throw a charm over life that makes us
pleased with everybody and everything. Next
week, to-morrow, in an hour, a marvellous
change comes over the spirit of the dead; the
sunshine has gone, clouds portend, darkness
covers the face of the great deep, and the whole
man, body and soul, wilts away like a flower
without water in midsummer.

When the weather is cold and clear and
bracing, the atmosphere is full of electricity,
when it is sultry and moist without sunshine,
it holds but a small amount of electricity, com-
paratively speaking, and we have to give up
what little we have, moisture being a con-
ductor; thus in giving up instead of receiving
more, as we would from the cool pure air, the
change is too great and the whole man languishes.
Many become uneasy under these
circumstances; "they cannot account for it;
they imagine that evil is impending and resort
at once to tonics and stimulants. The tonics
only increase the appetite, without impacting
any additional power to work up the additional
food, thus giving the system more work to do,
instead of less. Stimulants seem to give more
strength; they wile up the circulation, but it
is only temporarily, and unless a new supply
is soon taken, the system runs further down
than it would have done without the stimulant;
hence, it is in a worse condition than if none
had been taken. The better course would be
rest, take nothing but cooling fruit and berries
and some acid drinks when thirsty, adding, if
desired, some cold bread and butter; the very
next morning will bring a welcome change,—
Hall's Journal of Health.

AN EXTRAORDINARY FAST.

Perhaps the longest fast on record is that of
a hog on the farm of David Hughes, near
Olivesburg, Richmond Co., Ohio. We quote
from the *Ashland (O.) Times*.

The hog belongs to David Hughes, who lives
four miles southwest of Olivesburg, on the road
leading to Mansfield. Mr. Hughes missed the
hog, as near as he can recollect, about the
twelfth or twentieth of last October. It was
in good order at that time, and would weigh
in the neighborhood of two hundred pounds.
There was an old straw stack near the barn,
under which the hogs were in the habit of
going, and it is supposed that this one, born to
fame, was under at the time they threshed,
and hence got so completely covered up that
it could not get out. The straw stack was a
very large one, and during the winter and
spring Mr. Hughes permitted his cattle to run
to the stack. They had gradually eaten and
worked it away, and on the last of June had
so far reduced it as to release the unfortunate
hog. It made its appearance through a very
small opening, after a fast of nearly nine
months, in which time it had neither food nor
water. How it succeeded in retaining the vital
spark, we are not able to say, but must confess
that it is a story almost too incredible to ask
any one to believe. Yet we have it on the best
authority, and from men who are reliable.
Our reporter says that he saw the hog, and
from general appearances he would conclude
that it would have to be fed about two months
in order to make a good skeleton. It must
have been poor as the Irishman's mule, and he
was so poor that they had to wrap buffalo
robes around him to keep the corn-fodder in.

KEEP STRAIGHT AHEAD.

Pay no attention to slanderers and gossip-
mongers. Keep straight on in your course,
and let their backbiting die the death of
neglect. What is the use of lying awake
nights brooding over the remark of some false
friend, that runs through your brain like
forked lightning? What's the use of getting
into a worry and fret over gossip that has been
set afloat to your disadvantage by some
meddlesome busybody, who has more time
than character. These things can't possibly
injure you, unless, indeed, you take notice of
them, and in combating them, give them
standing and character. If what is said about
you is true, set yourself right at once; if it is
false, let it go for what it will fetch. If a boe-
stings you, would you go to the hive and de-
stroy it? Would not a thousand come upon
you? It is wisdom to say little respecting the
injuries you have received. We are generally
losers in the end, if we stop to refute all the
backbitings and gossipings we may hear by
the way. They are annoying, it is true, but
not dangerous so long as we do not stop to
expostulate and scold. Our characters are
formed and sustained by ourselves, and by our
own actions and purposes, and not by others.
Let us always bear in mind that "calumnia-
tors may usually be trusted to time and the
slow but steady justice of public opinion."

FINISHING THE WORK.

BY LORD K. NIOCH.

Ever in life is a work to do,
Long enduring, and ne'er gone through:
Seeming to end, and begun anew.

Knowledge hath still some more to know;
Wealth hath greater to which to grow;
Every race hath farther to go.

Say not, e'en at thy latest date,
Now I have nought but to rest and wait;
Something will take thee without the gate.

What if thine earthly task be o'er,
Still is another for thee in store,
Heavenward walking, and heavenly lore.

Graces to nurture; snares to shun;
Sins to get rid of, one by one—
This is a work which will ne'er be done.

Only One, when he bowed the head,
Where on the cross He for thee had bled,
Rightly then, "It is finished," said.

Well on thy bed of death for thee,
If ever said, it may fitly be,
"Christ hath finished my work for me."

HE TOOK IT.

An honest, thrifty, well-to-do German in a
Connecticut city, applied to a wealthy land-
lord who rents a great many houses. "The
house is to let, certainly," said the owner,
"and if on inquiry I find you to be a respon-
sible and suitable man for a tenant, you shall
have it." "Vera goot, Mr. H—, you
make just as many questions as you mind, I
takes the house when you gets ready." Two
days afterwards the house-owner called upon
the German. "Well," he said, "I've inquired
pretty generally respecting your character and
means, and as an honest, respectable man of
abundant property, you can have the house."
"Vell den," said Hans, "I takes the house.
And I wants to tell you I've asked all about
you among de peoples, and dey all say you is
the meanest landlord in de town. But I takes
the house all de same."

MASTER AND MAN IN JAPAN.

No feature of Japanese society is more
curious than the relations between master
and man. The master admits his servant—
provided, of course, that he be of the mili-
tary class—to his intimate society; but the
servant never assumes a liberty. He takes
his place at dinner with the utmost humility,
and having done so, bears his share of the
conversation, addressing freely not only his
master, but even guests of the highest
rank. The master will pass his own wine-
cup to his man, as if he were an honored
guest, and for a while they would appear,
to any one not acquainted with a language
most fertile in subtle distinctions, to be
upon perfectly equal terms. Yet the mo-
ment the feast is over the man retires with
the same profound obeisances and
marks of deference with which he entered,
and immediately relapses into the servitor;
nor will he in any way presume upon the
familiarity which, having lasted its hours,
disappears until occasion calls it forth again.
Feudalism strips service of servility, and
although the feudal system is a thing of the
past, its traces must long remain.

A policeman was seen the other day during
a rain storm with an umbrella, trying to arrest
the rain.

THE WHITE HART, corner of Yongo
and Elm Street, is conducted on the good
old English system, which gives the greatest
satisfaction to its patrons. The bar is most
tastefully decorated, and the surroundings are
all that could be desired. A spacious billiard
parlor, and attentive waiters, render the
WHITE HART a popular place of resort. adv.

NEWS OF THE WORLD.

The Birmingham, Eng., *Gazette* says that
the china and earthenware manufacturers in the
Staffordshire potteries have added ten
per cent. to their prices.

A ghastly case of juvenile insanity has
been presented to notice at the late Gloucester-
shire (England) Assizes, where a lad of
fourteen was charged with drowning a poor
imbecile boy, a fellow-inmate of the Stroud
Workhouse.

Justin McCarthy has seen Tichborne and
deposes that his colossal arms are terminated
by small and well-shaped hands. Moreover,
he confesses that "the claimant" is a very
different looking person from the vulgar and
sinister looking ruffian he expected to see.

A penalty of exactly £1,000,000 was
lately incurred by a Manx fisherman who
had brought 50,000 herrings to Liverpool
and suffered them to go bad before selling
them. The magistrates before whom the
case was tried contented themselves with
imposing a fine of £10 and costs.

So extensively is the adulteration of tea
now carried on in China, that Mr. Medhurst,
the British Consul at Shanghai, recently
wrote that 53,000 pounds of willow leaves
were in course of manipulation at one port
alone, to be mixed with tea for shipment,
at the ratio of from 10 to 20 per cent.

Mr. John Hutchinson, R.S.A., of Edin-
burgh, has just completed a bust of Sir
Walter Scott for St. Louis, Missouri. The
work was commissioned by the Caledonian
Society, a body of patriotic Scotchmen in St.
Louis, and it is to be placed in the public
library of the town as a permanent memorial
of the Scott centenary celebration.

At Callington, in Cornwall, Mr. Nicholas
Rosevere, a member of the local rifle
corps, has been accidentally shot dead. He
went behind the butt to keep score tempo-
rarily, while some recruits were practising,
when one of them fired at a moment when
Rosevere was exposed, and the ball passed
through his body diagonally. He only lived
a few minutes.

A French paper reports that "An Ameri-
can travelling circus was established at
Amiens a few weeks back, and made a pro-
cession through the town, when the musi-
cians, costumed like Prussian soldiers, played
the 'Marseillaise.' The utter bad taste
of this proceeding raised the just indigna-
tion of an excited crowd, and the company
was forced to make a precipitate retreat
from the town."

The Rev. Thomas Binney has set himself
to attack the modern practice of clergymen
wearing beards and moustaches. He puts
his principal objection thus:—"While beard
and moustache interfere with distinct ut-
terance, impeding clear and effective speech,
both together, or even one or the other sepa-
rately, obstructs the play and expression of
the mouth, and thus hides and hinders the
manifestation of feeling."

Japan, says the *Evangelist*, is the topic of
the Concert of Prayer for September; and
surely a country more interesting and adapted
to elicit that faith which must always ac-
company prevailing prayer, it would be im-
possible to find the world round. Great
and imminent problems are concentrating
there, the solution of which may in a single
day assure or greatly retard the progress of
the Gospel among a population of thirty-five
millions.

The pensioned General Tchernjzoff has
been murdered at Sebastopol in the most
atrocious manner, as is suspected, by a gang
of workmen whom he employed at his house
and allowed to sleep there on the night pre-
vious to their leaving. The valet de cham-
bre, or steward, a foreigner, is suspected to
have led the murderous attack. The mutilated
body was found four days after in a
drawwell belonging to the house. The head
had been tied to the heels, and the corpse put
in a sack, with a two-pound (stone) weight.
The wounds about the neck and head were
of the most horrible description. Nothing
has transpired about the apprehension of the
murderers, who were understood to be leav-
ing for Odessa before the murder took place.

The *Levant Times* describes a recent elope-
ment at Kustendjie. The young Lochinvar
of the occasion was a young Jew who had
lately turned Mussulman, and the fair dam-
sel was a daughter of Israel, who disguised
herself in Turkish female costume and joined
her lover in the Tartar quarter, where an
araba with a pair of greys was waiting for
the adventurous couple. As the parents of
the heroine were English subjects, the Brit-
ish Consul was called on to interfere, and a
search was made for the fugitives in all parts
of the town, but without success. News of
the elopement was at once telegraphed to
Tonleha and Babadag, but the course of true
love appears to have run smooth for once in
a way, and there were no tidings of the mis-
singing pair.

A strange occurrence has just taken place
at Antwerp. As the chaplain of the prison,
M. Van Arsen, was leaving the Church of
St. Carlo Borromeo, a man came up and asked
him if he would buy a poignard which he
had out. The priest, greatly surprised, re-
plied that he could not find any use for the
weapon, on which the other said, "Then I
will give it to you for nothing," and in the
calmest manner imaginable, and without
any excitement, plunged the blade deep into
the clergyman's breast. He next drew out
the implement, and took to flight into the
church. But on the wounded man uttering
a loud cry, some passers by pursued the
fugitive and took him into custody. He
turned out to be a man of dissolute charac-
ter named Kums, aged 42, and could not as-
sign any motive for this extraordinary ag-
gression. Hopes are entertained of M. Van
Arsen's recovery.

The Chevalier Peter de Clausen, inventor
and improver of machinery for lace making
and cotton spinning, died recently, at an
advanced age, at the City of London Lunatic
Asylum, at Stone, near Dartford. His in-
ventions were exhibited and attracted much
attention at the Great Exhibition, and were
largely patronized by the trade, more particu-
larly in Coventry and its vicinity, and he
was apparently on the high road to prosper-
ity, but unfortunately his pecuniary affairs
became complicated, resulting in bankruptcy
to the extent of upwards of £70,000. This
calamity affected his brain, producing in-
sanity and necessitating his confinement in
a private lunatic asylum, from which, upon
the opening of the City Asylum, in 1866,
he was removed, and was the first patient
received into that institution, where he was
maintained at the expense of the Corpora-
tion until his decease.

AMERICAN.

Chicken pie festivals are the latest and
best state importation from the west.

The Welsh are erecting many substantial
churches in the mining regions of Pennyn-
vania.

An Iowa lady has invented an apparatus
for raising bread, which will do the job in
five minutes.

The chief engineer of the Erie fire depart-
ment sent in his resignation immediately after
the Reed House burned.

An Indiana maiden of sweet eighteen
offers to wager \$50 that she can walk forty-
five miles in ten hours.

A pious young man in Eldora, Ia., recently
stole a horse, which he traded away for \$10
in money and two bibles.

Frederick Kapp, a former New York law-
yer, but now a member of the German par-
liament, says the United States is a sham re-
public.

A New York letter writer says that in one
Broadway business house there are not less
than nine divorced husbands, two of whom
are members of the firm.

A Chicago reporter announces that "the
receipt of another ship-load of blackberries
from St. Joe on yesterday created a percepti-
ble ripple in the tooth-pie trade."

Rochester, N.Y., has a female impostor
operating at Brockport, where she obtained
fifty dollars under pretense of being an agent
for the Church home in the former city.

Chicago housekeepers are on the war
path. Telegraph despatches are flying to
San Francisco, and their burden is: "For
pity's sake, send us some Chinese do-
mestics."

A sharp boy in Hartford caught some
pigeons with horse-hair snares, but as the
snares were all attached to a soap-box
cover, the birds took the establishment away
with them.

In a paragraph on vacations, the *Christian
Union* says:—"It strikes us that society is
so arranged that the American young lady
has a pretty easy time of it, compared with
her brother."

The New York *Independent* is sharply
after the New York manufacturing company
engaged in producing idols for the Hindoo
market, to be worshipped by the heathen in
his blindness.

Saratoga gossip say that Cornelius Vander-
bilt has won \$5,000 this summer by playing
euchre and whist, and is more delighted than
if he had drawn another railway in a Wall
street lottery.

The jury system is unpopular in Califor-
nia. An ex-convict is in pursuit of the
twelve men who convicted him, has "tal-
lied" ore, and proposes to shoot the remain-
ing eleven on sight.

Julia Schenck, the daughter of the Ameri-
can minister at the English court, is a better
diplomatist than her father. She has nego-
tiated a treaty of alliance with Mr. Sturgis,
a well-known London millionaire.

Since Mr. Beecher's manifesto in favour of
billiards, the Cincinnati saloon-keepers have
adorned the walls of their portrait galleries
with pictures of the famous divine, and one
establishment has been re-named
"Beecher Hall."

New York is amazed at the new disclo-
sures made of the character of some of its
policemen. Evidence has been received that
two officers have committed at least fourteen
burglaries, and stolen property valued at
more than \$20,000.

Prof. Foster, of Chicago, says some an-
cient human skulls have been dug out of
the mounds not far from that city which are
bird-shaped, retreating so rapidly from the
superior arch (that of the eyebrows) as to
leave a pore forehead whatever.

Some Teutonic printers in St. Louis have
rigged a telegraph wire from their high
quarters to the back door of a lager beer
cellar, and are enabled to "list" a supply
of their favourite beverage without the dis-
comfort of a journey down stairs.

The *Moravia News*, N.Y., contains the
following advertisement:—Lost.—A small
gold gentleman's ring, between Saturday
evening and Monday on the road near Mont-
ville. The person finding such an article
can return it to its owner by calling at this
office and paying charges.

An entire coloured prayer meeting, from
person and denouns down, was arrested one
recent Sunday evening in Richmond, Va.,
and carried to the station on a charge of
disorder. The congregation could not be
accommodated in the cells, and the judge
promptly discharged the whole lot.

A gentleman in New York states that he
should have embarked on the ill-fated *Merit*
on the night of the disaster, but for a strong
impression that something would happen to
the boat. He even went as far as to send
his luggage to the pier, but his fears pre-
vailed, and he fortunately stayed in New
York.

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* is
unkind. In speaking of the fact that Walk-
ham has raised \$200,000 for supplying the
town with water, it says: "All the inhabi-
tants are wondering how the derved thing
will taste." Now, says the *Buffalo Courier*,
we are credibly informed that there are sev-
eral gentlemen in the town who remember
how water used to taste when they were
boys.

A Utica man has invented a travelling
trunk with this improvement: Taking hold
of the handle and lifting one end from the
floor, a sharp pull draws out a hand-bar
similar to those by which a hand-cart is
drawn or propelled, and at the same time two
strong wheels drop beneath. The trunk is
at once a box on wheels, and the traveller
can draw it away independent of porters or
expressmen.

An attempt was made to burn the Alle-
gany Co. county house a few nights ago.
One of the inmates set fire to the bed, and
it had got under pretty good headway before
it was discovered. The *Angelic Reporter* says
the incendiary has never been considered in-
sane and was probably instigated by motives
of "pure cussedness." She declared that
she had been awaiting an opportunity to burn
the house for two years past.

The Petersburg *Index* gives a receipt for
the making of a Dolly Varden pie:—Take
about four yards of light dough, gather it up
in tucks and flounces, crisp the edges, and
fill up with fruit, then lay on the overkirt,
fasten it with buttons of dough, connected
with frills of the same, and you will have a
tasteful and elegant pie; only you must eat
it, not wear it.

Sawdust and Chips.

An old sailor who had great aversion to life on land said he was like a lobster, as he never came ashore without the risk of getting into hot water.

A crusty old bachelor says that love is a wretched business, consisting of a little sighing, a little crying, a little dyeing, and a deal of lying.

A lady asked a gentleman, who was suffering from influenza, "My dear sir, what do you use for your cold?" "Five handkerchiefs a day, madam."

"Do you understand me now?" thundered a country pedagogue to an urchin at whose head he threw an inkstand. "I've got an inkling of what you mean."

Tomkins, who is terribly hen-pecked, says that the greatest *miss-take* he ever made in his life was on his wedding-day. His wife denies it, and says it was she who was *miss-led*.

"How much did he leave?" inquired a gentleman of a wag, on learning of the death of a wealthy citizen. "Everything," replied the wag; "he didn't take a dollar with him."

Nervous old lady (to deck-hand on steamboat): "Mr. Steamboat-man, is there any fear of danger?" Deck-hand (carelessly): "Plenty of fear, ma'am, but not a bit of danger."

A man recently arrested for being the husband of four wives, says he has no recollection of having married so many times, and thinks it must have happened while he was away from home.

That was a very tender-hearted man, near Pittsburg, who, on being told that his wife, who had left the house only an hour before, was drowned, and that her body was found a mile or so below, said, "She must have floated down right lively!"

THE "WILLAN."—A lady of rather vixenish propensities had long been wanting to visit Highgate Cemetery, and in early summer she said to her husband, "You have never yet taken me to Highgate." "No, my dear," he replied; "that's a pleasure I have as yet had only in anticipation."

Railroad employees should not sleep in churches. In a neighboring town last Sunday, one of them, while quietly sleeping, was approached by a man with the contribution box. On being disturbed, he partially aroused himself and exclaimed, "I work on this road!" and resumed his slumbers.

A gentleman, using his best endeavors to escape treading on the long walking train of a lady, did not succeed, when the lady turned upon him fiercely, and gave him some of the long-after-marriage style of language. Broken-hearted, the gay bachelor responded, "Madam, I again humbly beg your pardon: I thought you had passed some time ago."

A funny incident occurred at a Detroit barber's the other day. An old negro rose from his seat to take one of the barber's chairs, when, looking at one of the pier glasses, he saw, as he supposed, another gentleman about to take the chair. The old darkey at once apologized for rising out of his turn, and was about to sit down when he noticed his image about to do the same. He again rose, and the mysterious stranger followed. This was repeated two or three times, much to the darkey's disgust, and he finally yelled out: "If it's your turn, why don't you sit down?" amidst shouts of laughter from the rest of the customers.

Some wag tells a story to the effect that two young men sailing recently in Delaware Bay were overtaken by a squall. They had been inside of Nazareth Methodist Episcopal Church, Philadelphia, and knew something of how religious services were conducted. As it appeared that their little boat was near capsizing, "Bill," one said to the other, "this is serious business, can you pray?" "No, I can't: I've heard Joe do it, and I've listened to Post, but I can't do it myself." "Well, you can sing a hymn, can't you? Do something." "No, I can't sing here. How can I sing when this boat may at any moment drown us both?" "Well, we must do something religious. If you can't pray and can't sing, let's take up a collection." To this Bill consented. In his companion's hat he deposited thirteen pennies, a cork-screw and a broken-bladed knife. They must have reached shore in safety, for otherwise the true story could never have been told.

There used to be on "our floor," in one of the hotels in this city, a very lady-like, tidy, pretty chambermaid, whom it is well enough to call Rose. A grave-seer, good-looking, but gray-haired gentleman, of fifty odd, occupied No. 103; and as he sat at his little table one morning, Rose came in to brush a little.

"Rose," quoth he, "I've fallen in love with you. Can I venture to hope you will think well of me?"

"Be sure you may, your honor," replied Rose, with a twinkle of her bright eye, "for me father and me mother iver told me to rivernce gray hairs all the days of me life!"

Rose switched out of the room, and the elderly gentleman went to the barber's.

Mar has recently opened a first-class house on Yonge Street, near the Avenue, and is always happy to see his friends. An obliging host, attentive waiters and pleasant surroundings, make the house attractive.

Grains of Gold.

We sacrifice more frequently on the altar of a foolish pride than any other reared upon the earth. Well is it with those who have had it early crushed out of them, or have learned that death is not the end of life, but the beginning.

Contentment produces in some measure all those effects which the alchemist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing by banishing the desire for them.

It was among the loveliest customs of the ancients to bury the young at morning twilight; for as they strove to give the softest interpretation to death, so they imagined that Aurora, who loved the young, had stolen them to her embrace.

MISFORTUNE.—My face and heart will wear many a scar and wrinkle before the arrival of Autumn. However bright the sunset of my evening, the storms of the morning will leave their lingering tears to glitter on the leaves.

The mind of man needs and must have change. To keep it over stretched upon the rack would be its destruction. It craves rest and variety. Not that it ever ceases to act—there can be no such thing while life lasts, but it finds its relaxation in change of subjects and rest in amusement.

If you would enjoy the glorious triumphs of intellect you must attempt great things. The eagle, though it may not reach heaven, yet sees far more of the wonders than the timid sparrow that flutters along the ground.

There are times when silence has a far deeper power than the most eloquent words. There are sounds that, simple in themselves, thrill us more than the crashing of thunders. Is there anything that can bring such a feeling of utter desolation to the heart as the falling of the earth upon the coffin of one we love? All the sorrow of a life-time is condensed in that simple instant. It is very incarnation of despair.

THE GRAVE.—We know of no more beautiful, touchingly beautiful description of the last resting place, to which we are all hastening, than that of the poet Whittier in 'Snow Bound.' He calls it—that dark, narrow charnel house, beside which we never stand, without a shuddering chill—

'The lox green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings.'

If the Anglo-Saxon language contains anything upon the same subject that is more truthfully descriptive, or faithfully told, we have failed to read it.

CARELESS PEOPLE.—There is no class of criminals for whom we feel less leniency than careless people. A polite and velvet-handed thief deftly relieves us of our watch in a crowd, and causes a loss of an hundred dollars. We feel no pain, no uneasiness. It is done entirely without our knowledge. But a blundering man, who has not yet learned that the art of walking in a crowded city street can only be attained by long practice, runs against us with the force of a battering ram. He knocks our best beaver into the gutter, disarranges our freshly-ironed shirt bosom, and tears our wife's dress from the belt by clumsily stepping upon the skirt. By this atrocious proceeding of a stupid boor, we are out of pocket in at least as much as would buy a new watch. Our wife's dress is utterly ruined, and our beaver is equally spoiled. Yet the thief, if caught, can be sent to prison for a year, and we be avenged; while our only recompense for the latter assault is an ungracious 'I beg your pardon,' if indeed we receive that much. May we always be delivered from careless people. Is there no remedy for this evil?

FIVE LITTLE ONLVS.—Only a stray sunbeam! yet perchance it has cheered some wretched abode, gladdened some stricken heart, or its golden light has found its way through the leafy branches of wood, kissed the moss-covered banks where the violets grew, and shades of beauty adorn its lovely form.—Only a gentle breeze! But how many aching brows has it fanned, how many hearts has been cheered by its gentle touch!—Only a frown! But it left a sad, dreary void in the child's heart; the quivering lips and tearful eyes told how keenly he felt it.—Only a smile! But ah, it cheered the broken heart; engendered a ray of hope, and cast a halo of light around the happy patient.—Only a word of encouragement, single word! It gives to the drooping spirit new life, and the steps pass on to victory.

ADVICE TO WIVES.—Exert yourselves to merit and win your husband's confidence, which you will infallibly do if you lead an exemplary life, and maintain unshaken sweetness and patience amidst what may be most wounding to you. A man may have great defects, even great vices; he may have his irritable moments, when he will use words as harsh as they are unjust towards her who is the helpmate of his life. That is of little matter. If a woman is all she should be, he will respect her in spite of himself, and place full trust in her; and, notwithstanding the angry taunts, in the truth of which a passionate man professes to believe at the moment of utterance, his heart will remain faithful to her, and will be likewise drawn to admire and practise virtue.

Young Joe says there is one "right" on which a woman cannot entrench—namely the glorious boyish privilege of standing on one's head and turning somersaults.

ORIGINAL YANKEE NOTION.—An original idea was lately started in Hamilton, Ohio, where a fee of twenty-five cents was collected from all persons who entered a church to witness a wedding. The money was given to the young people to start them in life.

ORPHANISM.—The following composition has been turned out by an American scholar, aged nine years:—"A boy without a father is a orphan, without a mother a double orphan, but is oftentimes without a grandfather or a grandmother, and then he is a orphanist."

TRAVELLERS' GUIDE, TORONTO TIME.

GRAND TRUNK EAST.

DETROIT TO TORONTO.			
	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Detroit - Leave	6.50	4.00	6.30 0.00
Port Huron -	9.25	7.00	9.00 0.00
Sarnia -	10.20	0.00	9.45 0.00
TORONTO TO MONTREAL.			
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Stratford - Leave	1.50	0.00	1.25 9.15
Guelph -	3.45	7.30	3.10 11.05
Toronto - Arrive	6.00	10.15	5.25 1.05

TORONTO TO MONTREAL.			
	p.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Toronto -	6.22	0.00	5.37 1.05
Whitby -	8.00	0.00	7.07 8.55
Oshawa -	0.00	0.00	7.15 9.07
Bowmanville -	0.00	0.00	7.35 9.35
Port Hope -	9.25	0.00	8.30 10.30
Cobourg - Arrive	9.40	0.00	8.55 10.45
Cobourg - Leave	9.55	0.00	9.15 11.00

TORONTO TO MONTREAL.			
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Belleveille -	11.30	0.00	11.15 1.00
Napanee -	12.15	0.00	12.00 2.05
Kingston -	1.10	0.00	1.35 3.15
Brockville -	3.00	0.00	3.35 5.15
Ottawa -	10.00	0.00	12.00 noon

GOING WEST—MONTREAL TO TORONTO.			
	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Prescott Jn - Arr	3.00	0.00	
Prescott Jn - Lve	3.35	0.00	4.10 5.45
Cornwall -	5.50	0.00	6.25 7.45
Montreal - Arrive	8.00	9.10	9.30 10.30

GOING WEST—MONTREAL TO TORONTO.			
	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Montreal - Leave	8.00	5.00	6.00 9.00
Cornwall -	11.00	0.00	9.15 11.40
Prescott Junction	1.10	0.00	11.25 1.30
Ottawa - Arrive	3.45	0.00	0.00 6.15

TORONTO TO DETROIT.			
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Toronto - Lve	11.30	3.45	7.30 11.45 5.30
Guelph -	1.50	5.28	9.25 1.55 8.35
Stratford -	3.30	7.45	12 n.n. 3.45 0.00
London - Arrive	0.00	9.10	2.10 p.m. 10.45

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.			
MAIN LINE—GOING WEST.			
	a.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Suspension Br.	7.00	12.40	4.40 9.50 1.20
Hamilton	7.20	9.00	2.10 6.20 11.30 2.55
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Paris -	0.00	10.25	3.23 7.37 12.55 4.00
London -	6.45	12.50	5.25 0.00 2.45 5.45
	p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
Chatham	1.05	3.30	7.50 0.00 5.05 8.07
Windsor	4.20	5.15	9.20 0.00 6.45 9.25

MAIN LINE—GOING EAST.			
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Windsor -	4.20	7.45	8.25 11.30 7.45
Chatham -	6.05	11.20	9.55 1.10 9.10
London -	6.00	8.40	0.00 12.35 3.55 11.25
	a.m.	a.m.	a.m.
Paris -	7.40	10.20	0.00 2.10 6.05 12.57
Hamilton -	9.10	11.35	0.00 3.35 7.35 2.05
Sus'n Br -	10.55	1.00	p.m. 5.35 9.30 4.00

TORONTO TO HAMILTON.			
	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Toronto - Leave	7.00	11.50	4.00 8.00
Hamilton - Arrive	8.45	1.40	p.m. 6.00 9.40

HAMILTON TO TORONTO.			
	a.m.	a.m.	p.m.
Hamilton - Leave	9.10	11.30	3.35 7.40
Toronto - Arrive	11.00	1.25	p.m. 5.30 9.30

NORTHERN RAILWAY.			
Moving North.		Moving South.	
	a.m.	p.m.	a.m.
Toronto -	7.00	4.00	Collingwood 5.05 4.00
Newmarket -	8.50	5.30	Barrie - 6.50 5.40
Barrie -	10.30	7.35	Newmarket 8.50 7.40
Collingwood -	12.20	9.20	Toronto - 10.35 9.30
	arrive p.m.		City Hall



SCHOOL OF TECHNOLOGY.

Evening Classes.

Classes for instruction on the following subjects—Natural Philosophy, Chemistry and Drawing, will be resumed on

Monday, the 26th of September.

Hours of instruction: from a quarter to eight o'clock till a quarter to nine o'clock each week-day evening, excepting Saturdays.

Admission to classes to be by ticket, which may be obtained from Mr. W. H. Ellis, M.B., at the School, corner of Church and Adelaide streets, at seven o'clock p.m., on

Monday, Wednesday and Friday, OF EACH WEEK, Until the opening of the School.

A. McKELLAR, Commissioner of Public Works. Toronto, Sept. 9th, 1872.

THE FARMERS' AND MECHANICS' HOUSE FOR DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING.



R. WALKER & SONS.

The Best Assorted Stock OF READY-MADE CLOTHING. SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO BOYS' AND YOUTHS' CLOTHING, MILLINERY AND MANTLES, CARPETS AND GENERAL HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS, TORONTO AND LONDON.

ONTARIO WORKMAN BOOK AND JOB PRINTING ESTABLISHMENT.

124 Bay Street, Toronto.

Having increased our stock of machinery and material, we wish to inform tradesmen and others that we are prepared to execute orders for

PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL PRINTING, AT REASONABLE RATES,

WITH NEATNESS AND DESPATCH.

LEAVE YOUR ORDERS FOR

- BILL HEADS,
- CIRCULARS,
- CHEQUES,
- CERTIFICATES,
- CARDS,
- CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS,
- LABELS,
- PROGRAMMES,
- POSTERS.

ORDERS PUNCTUALLY ATTENDED TO, And no efforts spared to give satisfaction.

WILLIAMS, SLEETH & MacMILLAN.

MAT'S, MAT'S, MAT'S.

FOR CHOICE DRINKS

MAT'S.

IF YOU WANT TO SPEND A PLEASANT EVENING,

MAT'S.

ÆTNA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF HARTFORD, CONN.

HEAD OFFICE FOR WESTERN CANADA: N. 2 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

Incorporated 1820. Commenced Business in Canada in 1850.

Accumulated Assets, July 1, 1871, over	\$16,000,000
Annual Income	6,000,000
Surplus over all Liabilities	3,000,000
Deposited with Canadian Government	100,000
Already paid to Widows and Orphans in Canada, nearly	200,000

ALL POLICIES STRICTLY NON-FORFEITING.

No money paid to this Company can ever be lost by discontinuing payments after the second year. The policy remains good, on application, for more insurance than the Cash paid in.

This Old, Reliable, and Most Successful Company affords great advantages in Life Insurance.

AN ANNUAL REVENUE OF OVER \$6,000,000.

Over \$16,000,000 Safely Invested at Interest.

JOHN GARVIN, MANAGER.

M. McCABE, PRACTICAL UNDERTAKER, 165 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO, (OPPOSITE COLLEGE AVENUE.)

Hearses, Carriages, Seats, Gloves, and Crape, furnished at funerals. Fish's Patent Metallic Cases on hand.

M. McCABE has been appointed City Undertaker by His Worship the Mayor.

L. SIEVERT, IMPORTER AND DEALER IN

CIGARS, TOBACCO AND SNUFF, And every description of Tobaccoist's Goods, 70 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO.

GO TO CRAWFORD & SMITH'S FOR Millinery and Mantles, Parasols, Hosiery, Gloves, Ribbons, Laces &c.

CRAWFORD & SMITH, 91 King Street East,

Be to call special attention to their new stock of Grey and White Cotton Sheetings, Twilled and Plain, all widths, Quilts, Table Damasks, Table Covers, Lace Curtains, Prints, Towellings, &c., at very low prices for ready money.

NEW DRESS FABRICS AT HALF PRICE

CRAWFORD & SMITH, Are now showing One Case LIGHT MARL COSTUME CLOTHS at 25 Cents per yard, sold all along at 40 and 45 Cents per yard.

MEAKIN & CO. HAVE JUST RECEIVED

A JOB LOT OF BLACK SILK WHICH WILL BE SOLD VERY CHEAP. 207 YONGE STREET, OPPOSITE ALBERT STREET.

SHIRTS, TIES, COLLARS,

And a General Assortment of Dry Goods, CHEAP FOR CASH.

MEAKIN & CO., 207 Yonge St.

JUST PUBLISHED, The Life, Speeches, Labors and Essays

OF WILLIAM H. SYLVIS, Late President of the "National Labor Union" and Iron Moulders International Union, by his brother J. C. SYLVIS, of Sunbury, Pa. A text book on Labor Reform.

A book which should be in the hands of every working man in the United States. The book contains four hundred and fifty-six pages, with a fine steel engraving of the deceased; is neatly and serviceably bound, and the price reduced to the lowest possible figure. A portion of the proceeds derived from the sale of the work is devoted to the young Orphan Family of the deceased, leaving but a trifling margin to cover probable losses. The late Wm. H. Sylvis was identified with the labor movement in this country, from its earliest conception, and his writings and speeches, it is universally conceded, exercised a marked influence abroad, while to them more than any, is due the surprising progress which that movement has made here. His Biography is therefore in a great measure a history of the Labor movement, and no man who desires to keep pace with the times should be without a copy.

Price \$1 50, sent by Mail or Express, prepaid, on receipt of price.

J. C. SYLVIS, Sunbury, Northumberland Co., Pa.

LAYS OF LABOUR.

From the early dawn of morning Till the closing of the day, Helping to enrich another Tilling hard for little pay ; Living in a pent-up alley, On the coarsest kind of food, Whilst the rich man lives in luxury ; Is this human brotherhood ?

Better far to be a savage, In the desert roaming free, Than live a life degraded, And a mere machine to be. But, cry preachers, be contented ! It is only for your good ; Man was made to toil and suffer— Is this human brotherhood ?

Vain it is to talk of freedom, Whilst distinctions thus remain ; Slaves of wealth are slaves as truly, As the slave that wears the chain. Though God's earth was made for all men, Owning not a single rood, Robbed of all, and blamed for toiling, Is this human brotherhood ?

Arouse yourselves, ye toiling millions ! Join together in your might. Cast off sleep—be up and doing If you would obtain your right, And oppression sweep before you Like the torrent of a flood, Be your watchword truth and justice. Universal brotherhood.

The Fort Scott, Kansas Monitor relates the following sad story of an accident on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad last week :—"A train bound for Texas had on board a large number of travellers and emigrants, among them a lady with a little boy, aged seven years, who had the ague. When about sixty miles below the state line, the little boy, who had been walking about the car during the evening, fell off. This was not known by the mother until the train had gone two miles, and the lady sought the conductor, and asked him to back the train, which he refused to do. The lady then asked him to stop the train and let her off, which he also refused to do, and, in spite of her tears and entreaties, carried her down to the next station, where she was compelled to stay overnight and wait for the up-train the next morning. On returning, the boy was found. He had crawled up the embankment among the grass, and resting his head among the wild flowers, and drenched with the terrific thunder-storm of Friday night, he was dead."

The French are now experimenting with the Prussian powder, which differs from that used by any other nation at present. It is made of a given quantity of saltpetre or nitrate of potash mixed with sawdust which has been thoroughly dried in an oven. Whenever a rapid combustion and a spontaneous explosion are needed the mixture is moistened with water charged with sulphuric acid, after which it is again thoroughly dried. The propelling force is said to be astonishing.

HATS! HATS! HATS

- HATS! American.
HATS! French.
HATS! English.
HATS! Home-made.
HATS! Straw.
HATS! Silk.
HATS! Drab.
HATS! All colors and qualities.

Cloth Caps in every Variety,

McCROSSON & CO., 111 King Street East.

AGRICULTURAL Fire Insurance Company.

HEAD OFFICE FOR CANADA : KINGSTON.

CAPITAL, - - - - - \$650,000.

Deposited at Ottawa for Benefit of Policy Holders, \$100,000.

This Company insures nothing but private dwellings and their contents, and in consequence of conducting the business upon this non-hazardous principle, the Premiums of Insurance are much lower.

WORKINGMEN

About to insure their houses or furniture, would do well to consult the Agent for this Company before insuring elsewhere.

A. W. SMITH, 3 Manning's Block, FRONT ST., TORONTO.

133 YONGE STREET. 133

G. W. LYNN & CO. BOOTS AND SHOES. No Better Stock in the Market. G. W. LYNN & CO., 133 YONGE STREET.

133 YONGE STREET. 133

CONN & ALLISON IMPORTERS OF

Woolens, Gents' Furnishing Goods, &c.

CLOTHING MANUFACTURERS, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

151 King Street East, Toronto.

Special attention given to the Order Clothing Department.

ONE OF THE LARGEST AND CHEAPEST STOCKS OF New Fancy Dress Goods

In the City, at all Prices. NEW SELF-COLOR DRESSES, NEW JAPANESE SILK DRESSES, NEW WASHING DO., 33 cents a yard. NEW BLACK SILKS, NEW MOURNING DRESSES, NEW PRINTS, COTTON, &c., &c.

OUR OWN DIRECT IMPORTATIONS, CHEAP FOR CASH. C. PAGE & SONS, London House, 194 and 196 Yonge Street.

WORKINGMEN, RALLY TO THE STANDARD.

THOS. H. TAYLOR'S PANTS

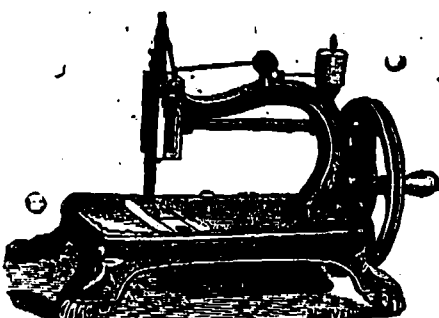
LOOK WELL ! FIT WELL ! WEAR WELL ! OUR \$12 SUITS ARE PRONOUNCED "INIMITABLE." OUR GENTS' FURNISHINGS ARE WELL WORTH INSPECTION. THOS. H. TAYLOR, Merchant Tailor and Gents' Furnisher, 265 Yonge St., Toronto.

THE ONTARIO WORKMAN A WEEKLY PAPER,

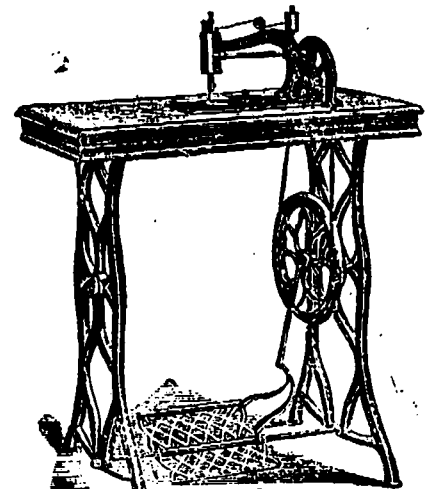
DEVOTED TO THE Interests of the Working Classes.

OFFICE: Bay Street, one door south of Grand's Royal Horse Bazaar,

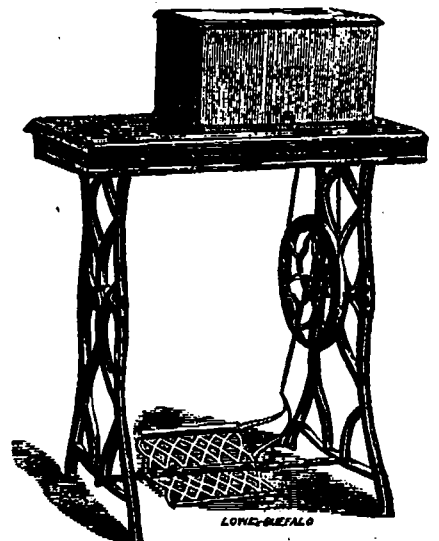
THE LOCKMAN PATENT



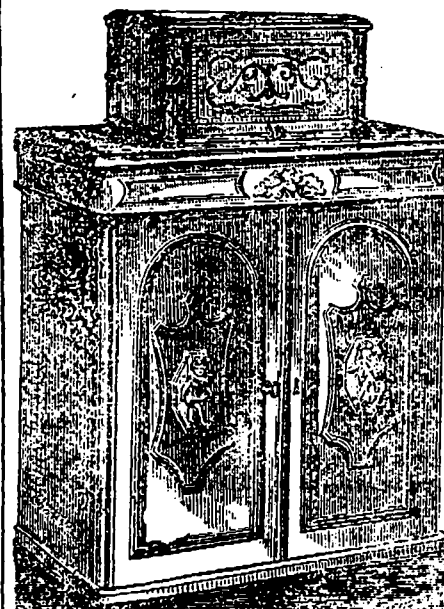
HAND MACHINE, PRICE \$25.00.



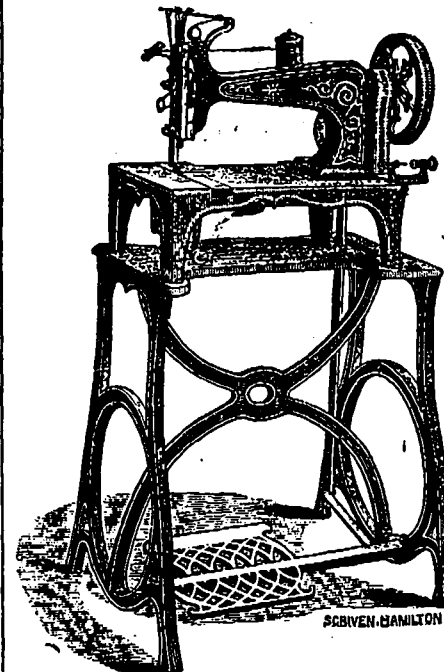
No. 1-PLAIN TOP, PRICE \$32.00.



No. 2-HALF CABINET CASE, PRICE \$35.00.



No. 3-FULL CABINET CASE, PRICE \$45.00 AND UPWARDS.



No. 2-SINGER, PRICE \$55.00.

The above Machines are the best and cheapest in the market.

WILSON, LOCKMAN & Co., Manufacturers, HAMILTON, ONT

Miscellaneous.

TO MECHANICS AND OTHERS.

A. S. IRVING,

35 King Street West, Toronto,

Keeps on hand a large stock of all kinds of Mechanical and Scientific Books.

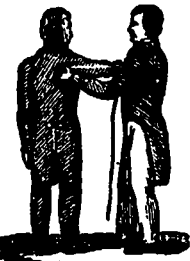
AND ALSO ALL THE

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES.

Give him a call.

NOTICE.

H. MATHESON'S New Patented System



FOR Drafting Coats, Vests, and Pants,

Is arranged on a 26-inch rule, with combination scales hereon, capable of drafting a coat in five minutes in a beautiful design and accurate in every point; seven scales for a sacque coat, and eight for a body coat, and three scales for a vest and three scales for pants. It will draft on as small a quantity of cloth as any pattern in the world.

For further information, see the Globe and Leader, or apply to the inventor.

H. MATHESON, 16 King Street, Toronto.

DUTY OFF TEA.

The subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public of Toronto that on account of the duty coming off Teas on the 1st of July next, he will offer his extensive stock of

Fine Green and Black Teas

At the following reduced prices:-

Table with 2 columns: Tea type and price. Includes items like Finest Young Hyson, Extra very Fine do., Very Fine do., Finest Souchong and Congou, Very Fine do., Very Fine Japan, Oolong and Pekoe Teas.

G. L. GARDEN, Wine and Spirit Merchant, 65 King Street, corner of Bay Street. (Late Robt. Davis & Co.)

I. & F. COOPER, IMPORTERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF SHIRTS, COLLARS, HOSIERY, GENTS' FURNISHINGS, 129 YONGE STREET.

WORKINGMEN!

SUPPORT YOUR OWN PAPER

Send in your Subscriptions at once! Do not wait to be called upon! NOW IS THE TIME.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM ON "FOR SIX MONTHS INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.

Single Copies Five Cents, Can be had at the Workingman's News Store, No. 211 King Street East, and News stores generally.

Engraving.



Society Seal Presses, RIBBON AND DATE STAMPS, CRESTS, MONOGRAMS, &c., ENGRAVED ON HAND STAMPS. CHAS. A. SCADDING, 83 Bay Street, Toronto.

Hotels.

THE WOODBINE, 88 YONGE STREET.

WM. J. HOWELL, JR., PROPRIETOR.

Best Choicest brands of Wines, Liquors, and Cigars constantly on hand.

QUEEN'S OWN HOTEL - ROBERT TAYLOR, proprietor, 101 King Street West. Choicest brands of Wines, Liquors and Cigars constantly on hand. The best Free and Easy in the city attach to this establishment.

Groceries and Liquors.

NINE HOURS MOVEMENT.

Workingmen of Toronto, Attention.

JOHN BURNS,

CORNER OF QUEEN AND JAMES STS., NEAR YONGE, GENERAL DEALER IN

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

Constantly on hand the choicest brands of Flour. Special attention given to this branch of business.

Liberal Inducements to Nine-hour Men.

GENTLEMEN SHOULD SEND THEIR SHIRTS, COLLARS, CUFFS, &c., AND HAVE THEM

BEAUTIFULLY GOT UP,

AT THE TORONTO STEAM LAUNDRY,

85 BAY STREET,

(OPPOSITE DAILY TELEGRAPH.)

C. P. SHARPE,

Proprietor.

Washing sent for and delivered to any part of the city.

J. DUNN,

No. 1 Richmond Street East, OFFERS FOR SALE

RASPBERRY ROOTS FOR SETTING, CLARK'S PHILADELPHIA

AND FRANCONIA.

Also, -STRAWBERRY BASKETS by the Thousand, Cheap. Toronto, May 6, 1872.

Important Notice!

QUEEN STREET TEA STORE,

OPPOSITE TERAULEY STREET.

Special attention is invited to our new stock of choice TEAS, comprised of the following:

YOUNG HYSON, SOUCHONGS, OOLONGS, CONGOU, GUNPOWDER, JAPAN & PEKOES All of which have been purchased since the duty was taken off, and cannot be equalled in value.

H. K. DUNN,

51 Queen St. West.

N.B.-All kind of choice Wines and Spirits; Claret 83 Case; Dawe's Montreal Pale Ale and Porter.

JOHN McCORMICK, FIRE AND LIFE

INSURANCE AGENT, SPADINA AVENUE,

Nearly opposite St. Patrick's Street, Toronto.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Agent for the Western Assurance Company of Canada. HEAD OFFICE - Western Assurance Buildings, corner of Church and Colborne Streets, Toronto.

LIFE DEPARTMENT.

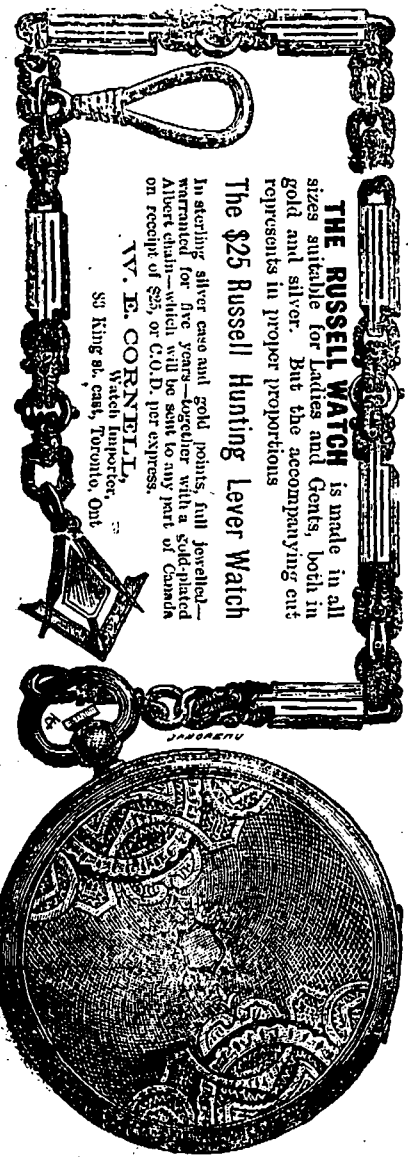
Agent for the Connecticut Mutual Life Insurance Company of Hartford, Conn.

THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC IS respectfully solicited to

THE WORKINGMEN'S NEWS DEPOT,

JUST OPENED BY MR. ANDREW SCOTT AT 211 KING STREET EAST.

Rooms suitable for Trades Meetings open to engagement. A large assortment of School Books, Magazines, Periodicals Bibles, Albums, etc., etc., always on hand. Orders from the country punctually attended to.



THE RUSSELL WATCH is made in all sizes suitable for Ladies and Gents, both in gold and silver. But the accompanying cut represents in proper proportions THE \$25 Russell Hunting Lever Watch. In making silver case and gold points, full jewelled - All other watches - which will be sent to any part of Canada on receipt of \$25, or C.O.D. per express. W. E. CORNELL, Watch Importer, 59 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.