

# Ontario Workman.

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

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## Labor Notes.

The horse-shoers of New York city are on a strike in opposition to a reduction of wages.

The committee specially appointed by the Glasgow Police Board to consider the subject, have recommended an advance of wages to the police force, who have been threatening a strike.

A large meeting of carpenters was held in London on Thursday night, 13th ult., at which it was resolved to call out all men from the firms refusing to give the additional 1/4d. per hour.

The carriers of Glasgow have arrived at terms with their employers. Their request was a reduction of hours from 57 to 51 per week. The masters offered 54, which has been accepted by the men. Only two employers still hold out.

The Boiler Makers' Union of California, had a meeting last Tuesday evening, the 12th inst. They are doing well, and nearly all employed at the usual wages. The journeymen of the trade are generally members of the Union.

The boiler makers and joiners at the Ouseburn Co-operative Engine Works at Newcastle-on-Tyne are at present on strike, owing to some dissatisfaction with a foreman. The manager, Dr. Rutherford, is not at home, or perhaps the dispute might not have gone so far.

The stonemasons' strike at Stalybridge has been settled, and the men have resumed work. It has been arranged that no reference shall be made either to hour or day work in the rules, but that the matter shall be left open for individual arrangement. The men will now receive 3s. for a week of 49 1/2 hours.

On Monday morning, August 11th, the Dublin scavengers struck work for the second time within the last twelve months. Their present wages are 15s. a week, with 1s. 3d. for Sunday morning labor. They demand 18s. a week and 1s. 6d. for Sunday work, and the abolition of fines. The strike of the Dublin quay porters continues.

The Cabinet Makers' Protective Union of California, is a large and well sustained society; not long since they held a mass meeting of the trade which resulted in quite an addition to their membership. The members of the society are generally employed; the most of them at piece work; they make from three to five dollars per day. A large majority of the trade are connected with it, and harmony prevails between them and their bosses.

The members of the California House Carpenters' Eight Hour League, and Shop No. 3, of the United Mechanics, are all employed at reasonable wages, ranging from three and a half to four dollars per day, according to demand and capacity. The smooth, quick workmen of course command the highest wages. There are however quite a number of idle men who are not members of the League. There is very considerable work being done, but there are too many to do it. Their association is well sustained, and has a full treasury.

The heaters employed at the North Side rolling mill, Milwaukee, after a conference with the company, agreed to resume work, on Monday last, and finish the unexpired term of their contract, on conditions that at the end of the term there will be an amicable adjustment of their grievances. There are about two weeks of the unexpired term to fill.

On Tuesday, 11th ult., at breakfast time, the employes of Messrs J. & G. Paton, Chapel Works, Montrose, struck work for an advance of wages. It seems that in common with the workers at other mills in town, they had requested a rise of 1s. 1d. on their present rate of wages, and this was refused. In the afternoon they were joined by the boys and girls from the Union Mill and Commerce Street Works, and the total number on strike was then estimated at nearly 1500. As usual, they walked in procession through the streets. On Wednesday afternoon, the strike came to an end,

the employers having consented to their demand for a rise of 6d., 4d., and 3d. per week, according to the wages previously received by them.

## THE UNITED TRADES' COUNCIL OF EDINBURGH AND LEITH.

The report of the United Trades' Council of Edinburgh and Leith, for the year ending June 24th, has just been issued. After remarking on the influence which the deliberations of the Trades' Council have exercised on the public mind during the past year, the report states that the past session has been a most eventful one, in regard to the number, importance, and general interest of the topics under discussion at the Council. One lock-out and several strikes had been brought under the attention of the Council, and though (it is said) they had not all been attended with a triumph for the unionist, yet in the main they had been successful. These were as follows:—(1) The strike of the printers of the *Scotsman*, and the general strike in the bookbinding trade; (2) the partial strike of the joiners; (3) the hosiers of Hawick; (4) the joiners of Liverpool; (5) the shoemakers; and (6) the lock-out of the tailors. With regard to the first of these, the report states that "the failure of the printers was entirely owing to the introduction and bribery of workmen at an immense outlay from England, where non-unionists in that trade are in greater numbers than in Scotland, and what is worse, where many make a trade of benefiting by the sacrifices made by their fellow-workmen. In connection with the strike in the *Scotsman*, it may be mentioned that, under the auspices of the Trades' Council, one of the largest, best-conducted, and most orderly public meetings ever held in Edinburgh was got up, addressed, and carried out solely by working men, independent entirely of the patronage which in former times has generally been considered a necessary appendage to such meetings, but which it is hoped may now, with such a precedent, soon disappear in all meetings of working men. In passing from the printers, the hope may be expressed that, though they have failed in the meantime, they may not be discouraged, but may stick to one another, so that the employers may see it to their interest, and for the sake of peace and harmony, without another strike to grant the fifty-one hours' limit (now all but universal among skilled tradesmen), and the slight rise in rates which was so courteously asked, so bitterly refused, and so long fought for." Referring to the existing lock-out of tailors, the report says that a word of commendation may well be bestowed upon them "for the honorable course they have pursued during their protracted lock-out." When account was taken, it adds, of the great number locked out (between two and three thousand), the length of time over which the lock-out has extended, the contemptible and unwarrantable steps taken by the employers to defeat the journeymen and the false statements that had been circulated—too much could not be said in praise of the men who had held out so long, and who had managed to support their locked-out brethren without any appeal whatever to other trades for support. It was earnestly to be hoped (the report states) that this most unfortunate dispute would speedily come to a termination. The report concludes with the following reference to the Criminal Law Amendment Act, and to the demonstration advertised to take place on Saturday the 23rd inst., in favor of the repeal of the laws relating thereto. "The last topic to which attention can be drawn is one that has of late been repeatedly before the public. It is one of the utmost importance to all unionists, and of which condemnation cannot be expressed too strongly—namely, the Criminal Law, which only affect the working classes. Much cannot, and need not be said against such laws here. The axiom, 'the eye of law all are equal,' is a dead letter with regard to them. What is a civil offence committed by the 'masters,' is criminal in the servant; what is quite fair and just done by the 'employer,' de-

serves, according to these laws, the severest punishment if done by the 'employee;' and, what is perhaps worse, a pretence of justice to both parties is made to run through the wording of these laws. You will be asked to join in a demonstration against these laws. Several such in other places in the kingdom have already been held. Without such demonstrations the voice of the working men in regard to his grievances will never be listened to. We, in concluding this report, cannot do better than urge upon all unionists to turn out on the day fixed (23rd August.) It is solely a unionist cause, it is only the unionist and unionism that they are directed against. By individual effort, as unionists too well know, little can be done; but by your earnestness, your numbers, and a little organization, you may compel an unwilling Parliament to listen to your voice, and grant their repeal." The total income of the Council from the contributions of the various trades, &c., is stated to be £24, 7s. 3d., which includes £3, 14s. 3d. for the sale of Baillie Lewis's lecture on "Capital and Labor," and £1, 9s. 3d. drawn at the door on the occasion of its delivery. Under the head of expenditure are a number of items for printing bills, advertising and other expenses in connection with the lecture, amounting in all to about £7 or £8, thus leaving a deficit of several pounds on the society's funds by this speculation.

## OPPOSITION TO THE ST. CRISPINS.

The *Pudson Register* says that a combination of the larger boot and shoe manufacturers of New York, Massachusetts, and New Jersey, resolving to emancipate themselves from the rule of the St. Crispins, have recently purchased eight hundred acres of land on the Hudson, in the town of Stockport, and propose to erect the necessary buildings for manufactories and residences, and bring over from three to five thousand Swiss workmen and their families. Agents are now in Europe negotiating for this immigration. The property has a river front of two and a half miles, and is admirably situated for a thrifty and healthy settlement.

## AMALGAMATED CARPENTERS' AND JOINERS' SOCIETY.

Mr. Prior, in last month's report, says:—**FELLOW MEMBERS**—The return from the various branches show that trade is still good in Great Britain and Ireland, and there has also been an improvement in America during the past month. The advance in the rate of wages in London appears to have thrown a few of our members out of employment, but we have good reasons for believing that they will all be at work again very soon.

The quarterly financial returns also show that our funds are steadily increasing, and that the society is in a very prosperous condition.

## UNION OF IRISH LABORERS.

A conference of laborers, at which deputies attended from different parts of the kingdom, was opened on Thursday the 12th ult. at Kanturk, and a public meeting was held on Friday in the space opposite the Queen's Arms hotel. From 3,000 to 4,000 persons of the laboring classes attended. Archdeacon O'Regan presided, and resolutions were passed recommending the formation of an Irish Laborers' union in connection with the organization in England for the purpose of advancing the interest of the laboring classes, the Land Act having failed to give them any benefit, and a committee was formed to carry out the objects. At the conference it was stated that eight millions of acres in England had been stolen by the landlords and owners, and that if they were divided among the agricultural laborers they would give each a farm of 30 acres. They looked to the franchise which Mr. Gladstone had promised them, and which should be extended to Ireland, if given in England, as a means of redressing their grievances.

## WORK OF WOMEN AND CHILDREN.

Mr. Redgrave, Inspector of Factories, in his 40th half-yearly Report, recently presented, states that he has been asking the opinions of factory certifying surgeons on the subject of the employment in factories of children and married women. Some surgeons, in districts where half-timers are numerous, consider that children may safely begin work at nine or even eight years of age in modern factories, but the weight of opinion appears against their employing them under ten, on account of the importance of giving full scope to physical development at an earlier age, and free access to pure external air. Mr. Redgrave gives it as his opinion that a gradual raising of the minimum age, first to nine years, and then, at a year's interval, to ten, would not add perceptibly to the difficulties of manufacturers, while it would be of great advantage in the improved physical development of children. He would not at present apply such a law to employment at straw-plait, pillow lace making, and the like, partaking of the nature of a domestic occupation, but he holds that all child labor will have to be further regulated in the course of time. He is of opinion, also, that married women should be placed under the same regulations as children, their factory work to be restricted to half the working day, the other half being left for home and domestic duties. Women are now employed, he says, in many cases where children worked before the Factory Acts prohibited them; and he maintains that the condition of wives and mothers has reached a point at which a speedy improvement is urgently required, and that his proposal is the only alternative to what would otherwise be demanded in the interest of coming generations—namely, the absolute prohibition of the labor of married women in factories. He insists that an operative in a factory has no absolute need of the earnings of his wife and children. He admits "the charm of a wife earning 20s. a week;" a dowry which, in his view, must be partly sacrificed for the sake of the duties of housewife and mother. After much thought and consideration Mr. Redgrave thinks the Legislature could interfere with the same regard and tenderness for vested rights which has hitherto distinguished the whole course of factory legislation. He allows that "it may be startling at first to propose to place mothers in the of category of infants;" but he sees no remedy for the mischievous results of the absence of mothers from home all day except by "insuring to the wife time to do her duty to her children, and to be just to herself, and to make a home for her husband who should be the real breadwinner and mainstay out of doors."

## AN EXAMPLE WORTH FOLLOWING.

We learn from Mr. Jones, President of the Heaters National Union, that he has forwarded to President Schilling, in behalf of his organization, a donation of \$30, to help defray the incidental expenses of the National Labor Congress. We mention this fact to spur others on in their duty. When the water fails the grist mill stops, and when the treasury is depleted the Union generally goes to the dogs. One thing is evident, and must commend itself to the good sense of the delegates, that a revenue must be derived from some source, if we expect the officers to perform their duty. It is asking too much that they shall make bricks and furnish the clay, at the same time. They are workmen, who depend on their labor for a living—and it will be an outrage, if the producing classes throughout the country—irrespective of calling—do not rally to their support. If there is one lesson our people need to learn, and put into practical operation, more than another, it is that the laborer is worthy of his hire. They preach it, but they too frequently fail to practice it—when applied to their own actions. Let us all remember that the officers are our representatives—elected to perform duties in our behalf; let us put ourselves

in their position, do as we would wish others should do unto us, and the question is solved.

Nor yet should it be given in a begrudging spirit, or under the impression that an act of charity is performed. Nothing of the sort. When Saturday night comes, wages are received as a right—not as a favor, and so in this case. The funds asked for are required to run the machinery of the organization, and must be forthcoming. Sympathy isn't worth a rush-light. A five dollar bill is worth more in this instance than all the sympathy which could be tendered till the resurrection day. Let sympathy take the shape of a draft or a post-office order—accompanied by honest words of cheer, and reports of progress, and it will ultimately prove a better investment than all the bonds in the United States Treasury.—*Workingman's Advocate*.

## SWIMMING AND BATHING.

Encourage the boys and girls in learning how to swim, as it may be the means of saving their own lives and rendering them instrumental in saving those of others in days to come. Also impress upon their minds the great necessity of caution ere they learn how to take care of themselves in the water. The deaths from drownings so prevalent during the summer are among the saddest incidents of the season, coming as they do so suddenly, and what renders them particularly distressing is the fact that the great majority of them are caused by heedlessness. Bathing and swimming are healthy and delightful sports, and when participated in with moderation, as all pleasures should be in order to make them enjoyable, conduce greatly to the benefit of mind and body. It is the excess in this, as well as everything else, which produces the harm, and this should be strictly guarded against. Many a bright and promising lad has lost his life or undermined his health and become a sufferer, by being too venturesome in the water, or going in too often. From such items may we be spared the chronicling during the present season.

## A MECHANIC IN EMBRYO.

Some people are born mechanics, as will more fully appear from the following, taken the *Examiner* of the 16th of July: "We saw yesterday at the Empire Foundry, on Beal St., a large 'Occident' (stove) range, which was complete, made by a San Francisco born boy aged only fourteen years. It is a fine specimen of workmanship and attracts much attention. The youthful mechanic is named John Keough. We note this to show what might be done by those of our boys who are made 'hoodlums' because of Chinese competition and cheap labor, were they allowed equal opportunity and encouragement. And herein is a subject for reflection in connection with the questions of the day."

The boy is the son of Thomas Keough, who is one of the best molders in the city and would no doubt make a good manager of the Co-operative Stove Manufactory he proposes to establish in San Francisco. The skill of this youth is an illustration of what mechanic parents might do for their boys if they could rid themselves of the foolish notions that a do-nothing calling makes a gentleman. Such a boy working four hours and studying at school four more would prove that labor is truly honorable, and the mechanic a gentleman.—*Shop and Senate*.

## THE SHEFFIELD ENGINEERS.

A mass meeting of the engineers on strike at Sheffield was held on Monday night, 11th ult., when the result of the interview their deputation had had with their employers on the previous day was reported. The employers, it was stated, were told that it was possible an understanding might be arrived at if they would meet the men, but they positively refused to make the slightest concession; and asserted that if the vote of the men when the strike was decided upon had been taken by ballot, a very different result would have been arrived at. The men were now asked if they would vote upon the question by ballot, and they unanimously refused. A resolution pledging the men to adhere to their original circular was adopted with loud cheers.

## Poetry.

## THE OLD MAN IN THE MODEL CHURCH.

Well wife, I've found the model church: I worshipped there to-day! It made me think of good old times, before my hairs were gray; The meetin'-house was fixed up more than they were years ago, But then I felt when I went in, it wasn't built for show.

The sexton didn't seat me away back by the door; He knew that I was old and deaf as well as old and poor; He must have been a Christian, for he led me boldly through The long aisle of that crowded church to find a pleasant pew.

I wish you heard the singin'; it had the old-time ring, The preacher said, with trumpet voice, "Let all the people sing;" The tune was "Coronation," and the music upward rolled, Till I thought I heard the angels striking all their harps of gold.

My deafness seemed to melt away; my spirit caught the fire: I joined my feeble, trembling voice with that melodious choir, And sang as in my youthful days, "Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, and crown Him Lord of all."

I tell you, wife, it did me good to sing that hymn once more; I felt like some wrecked mariner, who gets a glimpse of shore; I almost wanted to lay down this weather-beaten form, And anchor in the blessed port forever from the storm.

The preachin'? Well I can't just tell all that the preacher said; I know it wasn't written; I know it wasn't: He hadn't time to read it, for the lightning of his eye Went flashing long from pew to pew, nor passed a sinner by.

The sermon wasn't flowery; 'twas simple gospel truth; It fitted poor old men like me; it fitted hopeful youth; 'Twas full of consolation for weary hearts that bleed; 'Twas full of invitations to Christ, and not to creed.

The preacher made sin hideous, in Gentiles and in Jews; He shot the golden sentences down in the finest pews, And—though I can't see very well—I saw the fallin' tear, That told me hell was some ways off, and heaven very near.

How swift the golden moments fled, within that holy place! How brightly beamed the light of heaven from every happy face! Again I longed for that sweet time, when friend shall meet with friend, "When congregations ne'er break up, and Sabbath has no end."

I hope to meet that minister—that congregation too— In the dear home beyond the stars that shine from heaven's blue; I doubt not I'll remember, beyond life's evening gray, The happy hour of worship in that model church to-day.

Dear wife, the fight will soon be fought—the victory be won; The shinin' goal is just ahead; the race is nearly run; O'er the river we are nearin', they are throngin' to the shore, To shout our safe arrival where the weary weep no more.

## Tales and Sketches.

## BLANCHE DE NOUVILLE.

As the officer turned his head to reply, a deafening volley filled the atmosphere, a wild cry burst from his lips, he leaped madly into the air, and rolled dead at the feet of the marquis. In the same moment, on every side, front, flank and rear, from bush and tree, rank grass and tangled thicket, out from behind rock, mouldering trunk, and mossy hillock, sprang, with whoops and yells, countless troops of maddened savages. The broad savanna literally swarmed with the infuriated Senecas. Even veteran officers were for the moment infected, with the universal panic. The first charge had been fatally effective, and the ranks were confused and broken. Orders were given and countermanded in the same breath, but both were unheeded in the wild uproar. The French troops fled to the forest, and fired at shadows or at each other.

Anything like unity of purpose was impossible—a separate tragedy was effected in every group. Here a wily Canadian crept silently towards the lair of a hidden Iroquois, and struck him down just as his greedy eye glistened at sight of his prey. There, hand to

the supple limbs of his trained skill, brawny savage. De Nouville, in his attempt to restore any order, had plunged, with a small fragment of his battalion, into the thickest of the fight, and contended successfully with the heaving human mass, till, looking about him in the midst of the confused *melange*, he discovered that he was unsupported by a single soldier of his troops. He, however, brandished his keen Damascus, hoping yet to hew a path through the crowd of yelling savages that surrounded him like so many starved bloodhounds. Never did trusty blade do better service, for every blow had desperation in it. At last the crowd was cleared, the woods were close at hand, and the imminent danger seemed passed.

At this moment a powerful savage bounded forward, brandishing his tomahawk, and instantly the French commander closed with him. Knee pressed against knee, foot against foot, and arm wreathed in arm, they stood, with every nerve distended, and every muscle thrown into a position to maintain its utmost force—the fierce passion working visibly in the naked limbs of the savage, seeming to find an answering passion to oppose it, hidden beneath the garb of the courtly nobleman. Just at this crisis, when the chances of both combatants seemed so equally balanced that a breath would have turned the scale. De Nouville caught a glimpse of glittering steel in the air above him. There was no time even for a prayer. So to die! But the Frenchman breathed again. The uplifted arm had been shattered. The slight distraction had, however, given his adversary an advantage. The marquis, aiming a blow with his liberated hand, struck the air, reeled, slipped on the blood-wet grass and fell, dragging down his enemy with him. For a moment he was stunned, but in the next he was released from the mass of the slain by the strong hand of a youth in the garb of a ranger.

"Fight, if you can, Monsieur le Marquis," said the Canadian, adding to his precept the weight of a goodly example.

"If I can!" exclaimed the nearly-bewildered marquis, raising an arm that showed no sign of flagging; and, without another word, side by side, the twain cut their way through the newly-gathered crowd of Iroquois, and finally gained the covert of the woods.

"I owe you a life, my brave fellow!" exclaimed De Nouville, grasping the hand of the youth with grateful warmth. "Come to the fort as soon as we are at Montreal again, and tell me what I shall do for you."

"To be refused the boon I ask!" answered the Canadian bluntly.

"Nay, my good fellow, your service has been a trifle too important for that. Upon the honor of a soldier and a gentleman, you shall name your own reward. I perceive you know me."

"Ay! who does not know Monsieur le Marquis?"

"Then take that," and the marquis drew from his bosom a jewelled crucifix, "and, by all the saints in the calendar, you have but to present it to insure you any boon within my gift."

The Canadian bent his head in acknowledgment, and accepted the pledge with a covert smile; and the marquis hurried away to the combat, muttering between his teeth, "A surly churl! but, nevertheless, he saved my life."

Well did Blanche de Nouville fulfil her determination, and train both heart and lip, till it would have required a keen eye indeed to have discovered the "worm in the bud." Her brow had never been smoother, nor her eye clearer than when she met her father on his return from his disgraceful discomfiture; but he missed the childish caress, and instead of the warm, earnest delight dimpling the whole face, a smile, that might have been born under the chisel of a sculptor, just curved the beautiful lip, and sent a chill to his heart.

"Forgive me, my Blanche," he said, sorrowfully; "I left thee in anger, and without one parting word; but my earnest benedictions were sent back to thee, my darling. Not a breeze visited thy bright cheek but bore with it a blessing from the lips of thy father. Forgive me, dear one, if I have seemed harsh—the wrong was made greater by love—it was all for thee."

"And it was well, my father; I thank thee for thy care."

The voice of the Lady Blanche was gentle, and winning, and earnest, but the words were measured. It lacked the warm heart gush that had kept dewy the one spot of green in the bosom of the man of the world.

Blanche listened with total indifference to the mortifying details of the battle, seeming to feel no regret at the near demolition of the carefully laid plank that were to strike terror to the heart of the Iroquois nations; but, when told of her father's danger and narrow escape, the ice upon her heart melted, and wreathing her arms about his neck, she was for a few moments the fond child to whose caresses he had looked for the dissipation of the heavy clouds lowering over his fortunes. It was but a moment, however, and then the lip became fixed as before, the moist eye grew cold and clear, and the arm, still resting on his neck, seemed to have lost the magnetic touch which always thrilled to his heart. With a deep-drawn sigh the marquis arose, and carrying his lips to the smooth brow of his child, turned away in anguish of spirit. For a little time he paced up and down the

apartment; then returning, he leaned over her and whispered—"It shall be done, Blanche. It will be heulting the king's favorite—but no matter; I shall incur the indignation of my sovereign—I shall be stripped of my honors—my life may be forfeited; yet it shall be done. Thou shalt have thine own choice. We may go far back into the wilderness, perhaps, where titles and honors were never known, and there we may be happy yet. Give me back my child as she was, and I can do anything, endure anything, sacrifice all the good that a long life has brought me. Oh! it shall be as thou wouldst have it, Blanche."

Was it not enough that the heart of Blanche was bending beneath the weight of her own sorrow, but must it have yet more to bear—the shame attendant upon a consciousness of error? Who was this stranger, Philippe, that he should make her unjust to all others, that he should steal her heart in a few short weeks from one who had made her his idol, the star of his life, who had loved and cherished her in her helplessness, and would have sacrificed his own being but to contribute to her happiness?

"I would have it as it is, my father," was the gentle reply, as Blanche threw herself into the arms that had ever sheltered her. "I have erred, but it was blindly, thoughtlessly—take me back to thy trust, and thou shalt find there is a spirit in thy child which will never shame thee."

It was a moment of unreserved confidence; and Blanche, in hurried, tremulous tones, proceeded to offer her heart to the inspection of the eye of love. She detailed her meeting with the stranger youth on the banks of the little lake by her father's chateau; of their mutual recognition in the forest at Hochelaga and their intercourse afterwards, with careful minuteness; extenuating nothing, and concealing nothing, save, perhaps, what is always concealed, the depth and changelessness of her own affection. She said they had parted on the evening of his seizure voluntarily; and yet (Blanche trembled as the confession passed her lips) she had strangely enough received a token from him since. She did not hesitate to say it was strange and inconsistent—he had counselled her to abide by her duty, and yet what could have influenced him in this but a desire to keep himself still in her memory.

"But he shall be safe, my father! he shall not be endangered by my revelations!" and Blanche left the room; presently she entered holding fast between her palms a tiny parcel. "Ay; he shall be safe." With trembling fingers she undid the silken cord, and unfolded the paper. A crucifix, the very one he had given as a pledge of faith to the ranger, dropped from it into the hands of the marquis. He started, and dashed it down with a surprised and angry flush.

"There is something written on the paper in his own hand. Read it, my father."

The marquis took the scroll and read:—"Present the jewel enclosed to the governor, and ask a boon in my name, whatever thou wilt, dear Blanche. He dare not refuse—it would be at the peril of his soul!"

"It is even so," murmured the marquis, "I dare not refuse."

"It is true, then, true!" exclaimed Blanche, clapping her hands together, joyously; "it was Philippe who saved thee from the knife of the savage."

"It was a half-civilised Canadian!"

"It was he! it was he! Thy life and mine! Holy Mother, I thank thee!"

"And now he claims the reward. Oh! it would have been mercy had he left me to die."

"He claims no reward; think what he might have asked—is he not noble, my father?"

"I would he were less ignoble, Blanche; I little thought thou couldst make so low a choice."

"The brave soldier who saved my father's life!"

"And claimed more than life for a reward!"

"Nay, returned the pledge to the hand of one whom he knew never could use her power to darken one day of a parent's life."

"How wilt thou use it, Blanche?"

"Thus! I will not demand of thy justice what I refused from thy love. Take back the pledge, my father."

"He will think me an ingrate," murmured Blanche, as she turned away to conceal the features that were now eloquent with emotion; "an ingrate, enslaved by a foolish ambition; but truth, and filial love, and common justice all require the sacrifice. Oh! if thou couldst know how difficult the struggle, Philippe!"

Great was the sensation occasioned by the arrival of the Chevalier de Croye. Mario and Angeli were on the tip-toe of expectation—fitting here and there with a busy consequence peculiar to ladies' maids—wondering, and doubting, and guessing to each other, and shaking their wise heads and looking very knowing at the other servants of the household. But when at last they really did catch a glimpse of the barge upon the water, with its gay decorations—making it appear for all the world like a floating fairy palace moving to the magical sounds of music—oh such fluttering and chattering! A spectator could not possibly have imagined that there was an individual in the fort so much interested in the expected arrival as these two demoiselles. Certainly not the clear-eyed, proud-lipped lady whose toilet they had just completed.

"Spare thyself, my child, do not attempt

this trial to-day," whispered the marquis, as he was on the point of proceeding to the river-side to welcome his guest.

"Nay, methinks it scarce becoms my father's daughter to practice such discourtesy," returned the lady with a smile; "I shall do thee no discredit. See!" And Blanche raised upon the tip of her taper finger the string of pearls which lay beside the casket upon her dressing-table. "See! they hang as though suspended from an arm of iron. My nerves are firm, there is no faltering in my pulse, no fluttering at my heart. Why should I be exempt from the duties of hospitality?"

There was a strange undefined dread at the heart of the marquis, and he would have striven yet farther to persuade; but that cold calm eye and firm lip prevented, even while they alarmed him. With a foreboding of evil which clouded his brow, even in the moment when he should have been happiest, he turned away.

"There! the boat is fast now!" "That is he—the one in the—"*Mon Dieu!* how handsome!" "Now he lands!" "What an air!" "Mons. le Marquis—ah!" "How graceful!" "*Magnifique!*" "Now they are turning this way!" "They move forward!" "They will be here in a moment!"

Such were a few of the many exclamations which greeted the ears of Blanche from the two watchers in the window, till she must have been the statue she seemed not to have felt her color rising and her heart quickening its pulsations. If there had been no suspense, if she could have passed at once from the quiet of her own chamber into the presence which she had learned to dread, it would have been different; but now the emotions over which she had at first gained such perfect ascendancy, began to swell again in her heart and tamper with the muscles of her face. There was, however, but little time for this kind of dangerous thought. A heavy trampling of feet in the great hall was succeeded by the flinging open of the doors, and Blanche heard the courteous tones of her father, and another voice—could it be a stranger's? Something in it touched a chord which she had hoped would never vibrate again. The rich color receded from her cheek, and trembling, shrinking, almost fainting, she stood, unable to move a finger or raise a lash. She heard her father pronounce her name coupled with another; a manly form bent before her—there was a clasp about her hand—a warm lip pressed it, not with the cold formality of a stranger, and then a voice, which could not be imitated, whispered softly, "Does my maid tremble still?"

A start—a gush of feeling—a long, deep, convulsive sob, and Blanche, all quivering with agitation, nestled on the bosom of Philippe de Croye, and listened to his soothing voice as in days long gone by.

THE END.

## FAITHFUL.

A snug little cottage nestling down by the seaside. It stood on the outskirts of a retired village, in the very heart of England; and as we write of days long gone by, rarely indeed was it that a stranger was seen in the sleepy streets; for men did not then wander aimlessly over sea and land, as in these latter times of swift and easy locomotion. But one of these extremely rare visitors it was who now paused before the gate of the dwelling we have referred to, listening with rapt attention to the clear, bird-like tones that floated out from the open window.

"Beautiful! beautiful!" he exclaimed. "Had I but the training of that voice—who knows? I will at least make the attempt."

A few moments later found the manager of the great London Opera Troupe in earnest conversation with the fair singer and her aged father.

"No, no, sir," said the latter, as the visitor rose to depart. "No sir. I thank you for the praise you give my child, but I cannot consent to have her go on the stage, even though, as you say, she would be liberally repaid. I trust she will never need to earn her bread, and her voice suits me as it is."

So the manager departed, leaving his address, in hopes, he said, that he should some day have the pleasure of hearing more favorably from the young *prima donna*, as he smilingly called the blushing maiden before him.

"Here comes your friend, Philip Morgan," said Mr. Leigh, stealing a sly glance at his daughter. "You had better go out and meet him. I suppose he has come to join you in your evening walk, as usual. Ah, Phil, my boy! Edith is ready. Be off with you, for it is getting late."

Philip Morgan, unlike the girl by whose side he walked, was not the child of a man who could lay claim to being in even moderately "comfortable circumstances." On the contrary, Philip's father was a poor, hard-working farmer, whose sterile tract of land scarce afforded his small family a decent support.

Philip was the only son—the only child, in fact—although there had once been two others; and now that he was approaching manhood, and moreover, had dared to picture in the far-away future a home of his own, in which Edith Leigh, as his mistress, was ever the centre point of his fond dreams, he began to feel the necessity of going to work and carving out a fortune which would enable him to realize his visions.

There was no opening for him in that quiet, sleepy village. He must leave it, and seek the crowded haunts of men—the city.

he knew there was always a chance for an honest, industrious man to push his way.

He resolved to go at once to obtain a situation as school teacher. That was all his ambition at present. He would be content to start thus humbly at first. Teachers were not so plentiful then as now, and consequently were more liberally remunerated. Philip was thinking of all this, as he walked silently at Edith's side, wondering how he should tell her, how she would receive the news, and wishing that he had the courage—which he had not—to speak to her of his love, and receive from her in return the precious promise to be his wife.

Although no words of love had ever passed between these two, each had long since read the other's heart, and knew, just as though the lips had spoken it, that they were all in all to each other—that a future apart would be a living death. There was a tacit engagement.

So they parted; and Philip went away to the great city, and still no word had bound them to each other; but the bond—the chain was none the less secure that no lock had been placed upon it.

The months passed on, and three letters, telling of his success, were received by the dear ones whom Philip had left in the little hamlet—letters brought to them by couriers who carried dispatches to a neighboring lord.

Of course Edith wrote to him—at least, until, in his third letter, he requested her to wait until she heard from him again, as he was about to go abroad in company with the boy baronet whose tutor he had become. Ah! had he but known of the weary days and months and years that must pass ere they should meet again.

Scarcely had Philip landed in France, when a terrific tempest arose and swept over the island of Great Britain, from north to south, leaving ruin and desolation in its path. Many were the families left homeless and penniless on the world by this fearful visitation, and among these unfortunates was Edith Leigh's father.

Poor old man! He was with difficulty borne from his life-long home, only to look on and mean, in helpless agony, as the relentless stream wrested it from its foundation, and bore it away on its swift course to the ocean—not his house only, but all his worldly goods, his sheep, his cattle, his horses—the river bore them all away. Prosperous as all his former life had been, fickle Fortune was still unsatisfied with the adversity she had brought upon him—she had not yet filled his cup to the brim, so she added another drop.

It chanced that he had lately incurred a small debt to a man who bore him no love; and now, when he knew the old man would be unable to pay it at once, he made an imperious demand for its settlement. The result was such as he had intended, and ere long Leigh lay languishing in prison, hopeless of release, unless by some miracle the means should arise to satisfy his creditor's claim.

His horror-stricken daughter was received into the kindly home of a friend, (Philip's friends had removed from the village,) but the chief portion of her time was spent in the gloomy prison of the neighboring town. Her busy brain was ever at work to devise some means by which her father's release might be effected; and at length a brilliant idea dawned upon her. Her proud parent at first opposed, but finally consented to her plan—which was no other than to seek the opera manager, whose address she still remembered, and to accept the standing offer he had made her. But one thing the sensitive old man insisted upon, she must not confide her attentions to any one, and she must appear before the public under an assumed name.

When she had obtained the required sum she was to remit it to his creditor, and then he would join her, a free man once more.

And so, in silence and secrecy, Edith Leigh stole away from the village—not without a pang—and after a weary journey, found herself in the presence of the London manager. He was unfeignedly pleased to see her, and at once took her under his own protection, and gave her a home in his own family. More—when she related the events which had led to her accepting his long-time offer, he advanced the full amount of her father's indebtedness, and so she was speedily joined by him to part no more on earth.

All went well with the young singer; with her *debut* on the stage began her triumph. Wealth poured in upon her, and she might, ere very long, have retired from the scene of her successful labors possessed of an ample independence. Once she would gladly have availed herself of the opportunity; but now the young "prima donna" bore about with her a heart heavy with care and disappointment.

Her father had left their London address with a friend in their native village, that when Philip returned he might follow them. But he had not come, and as the years rolled by, Edith sometimes met the baronet, whose tutor he had been, but still no news of him whose every look and action had once seemed full of love for her.

At length the time drew near when the heavy burden was to be lifted from her heart. She stood before the curtain, one night, gracefully acknowledging the applause which she was greeted at the close of the opera, when her heart gave one great leap, for there before her was Philip Morgan—older, graver than when they had parted—watching her with eager, wistful eyes.



Scarce conscious of what she did, Edith hastened from the stage, pointing him out to a servant, and desired his presence in the now empty green-room.

He came, looking pale and sad, and seeking vainly to conceal his agitation beneath a grave courtesy. But a few words sufficed to bring back the old joyous look into his dark eyes. She had not forgotten him, then! It was all a mistake—each had been faithful to the other, and how that mistake occurred was easily explained now they had met.

Philip Morgan had returned to the village after spending six months abroad, and no one could reply to his inquiries as to the whereabouts of the Leighs, the man with whom their address had been left having died in the interval. Knowing not what to think of this mysterious disappearance, he went to London, and entered upon a long, weary search, that was rendered yet more hopeless from the change which the father and daughter, unknown to him, had made in their name.

He had heard much of the new "prima donna," but never dreamed that there was any connection between her and his Edith. He had not visited the opera for years before this happy night, and only wondered and pondered over the impulse which had led him to break through his habits on this occasion.

But that meeting, though so joyous a one to our two faithful lovers, was far from joyous to the public, who had hoped long to listen to the sweet voice of the young singer.

Very eagerly, now that she no longer needed to work to drown sorrowful thoughts, did Edith Leigh leave a mode of life which had been forced upon her, rather than chosen. A few weeks after their reunion Philip's fondest dreams were realized, and the fair maiden to whom his heart had ever been faithful became his happy wife.

#### BALLOONARIA.

The preparations for the transatlantic balloon voyage are now far advanced, and our enterprising contemporary, the *Daily Graphic*, tells us that an extra force of hands, working day and night, will hasten them to completion.

It is believed that the great fabric will be ready for filling by the 30th of August, when it will start on the journey as soon as fully inflated. Besides the large boat suspended under the car, a smaller canoe will be carried, to serve as a life boat. This latter craft is fourteen feet long by twenty-eight inches broad, and is made of paper three eighths of an inch thick. It is a fine piece of workmanship, and is constructed with air chambers so as to be practically unsinkable. In event of the leakage from the balloon causing a descent and rendering it necessary to take to the water, Mr. Donaldson will attempt to reach land in the smaller vessel, while the rest of the party will navigate the larger boat. The above mentioned gentlemen recently sailed the canoe on a trial trip between this city and Long Branch, making good time and arriving in perfect safety, although the sea was quite turbulent. The capabilities of the carrier pigeons (being thoroughly tested, some of the birds have shown a wonderful speed. The Ariel, a pigeon that won the \$2,000 prize in the international contest in Belgium in 1871, accomplished the distance between New York and Stratford, Conn., sixty-four miles, in thirty minutes. Another bird, known as No. 6, made the journey in almost as quick time. The pigeons are of the finest Belgian stock, and some two and a half years ago were imported by Mr. O. S. Hubbard. It is related that the flock, some two dozen birds in all, were imported in two detachments, and on their arrival were carefully confined for a long time in their cages. After they had been thus mowed up, sufficiently only, as it was supposed, for them to forget all about their transatlantic home, the doors of the cages were opened; but to the dismay of their owner, who had invested upwards of a thousand dollars in them, every pigeon promptly flew away. In about four days, however, all returned, apparently very much exhausted and ravenously hungry, since which time none have ever attempted to leave their present abode. It is conjectured that the birds, on being released, made for the Atlantic coast and flew along its whole length, seeking to recognize some features of their Belgian birthplace. They have since multiplied very rapidly, and at the present time number about one thousand.

A number of these pigeons will be carried in the car of the balloon, and released at intervals with despatches which they will carry, it is believed, directly to their cote at River-cliff. As it is thrown from the balloon, each bird will probably fly wild until it sights land, to which it will immediately direct its course. The carrier pigeon has no peculiar instinct which directs him homeward, but seems to possess a memory for places, coupled with a very strong attachment for its abode. In its various excursions near the latter, it becomes acquainted with objects, say for a radius of seventy miles, so that, if once it sights any part of the circle, it can easily find its way home. On being let go, it first flies upward and perhaps look over a circumference sufficiently large to include a portion of the circle above referred to, toward which it immediately travels. But in case it sights no known object, then it will fly in a chance direction for some distance, and then try again, and so on for about three times, when, disappointed, it returns to its starting point and begins a new flight. A good bird will keep up this repetition until it discovers its home locality,

or else it tries so often as to be discouraged; then it seeks a new home. The humorous side of the voyage seems to form staple exercise for the wits of the daily journals. Puns of various degrees of atrocity have been perpetrated on the name of Professor Wise, and the word "balloonatic" is so frequently used that it bids fair to become a part of the language. One Journal suggests sending up an experimental balloon, with a car load of a selected party from the dozen or so emotionally insane murderers now in the Tombs in this city, and then, when at a sufficient elevation, spilling them out. Another exuberates to the effect that Wise's expedition cannot but be fruitful, because he is sure to find so many currents in the air. A third observes that, if flaming torpedoes are to be dropped along the course of the balloon, it might be well to provide the passengers of ocean steamers with cast-iron umbrellas. Some of the alleged answers of correspondents to invitations, from the managers, to a seat in the car are quite amusing. One remarks that the voyagers are pretty sure to reach some locality, but whether in this or the other world is questionable; while another, poetically inclined, replies that:

"If I could read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'd bid farewell to every fear  
And with your gas arise."

#### THE ACTIVE ELEMENT IN PLAY.

We make, of course, a great mistake if we overlook the active element in play, and children and grown persons must not get their sport too easily, nor enfeeble themselves by sedentary amusements. Here the important distinction of the active and passive voice opens upon us. In base-ball, in cricket, in billiards, in bowling, and in quoits and in foot-ball, there is wholesome stir of the limbs and the blood, and also good exercise for the perceptions and judgement. Spinning the top and flying the kite, playing marbles and battledoor, are milder sports, yet they have the use for the mind as well as the body, and they have a place in physical education too important to allow any sensible man to despise them.

We end generally very much, however, away from all these out-door active plays, and we like to get our amusement as easily as possible, with the least loss of time or cost of effort. Hence the great prevalence of the sitting plays, the sedentary recreations. These are of various kinds, according as they quicken the perceptions and the understanding as at the table, as in the case of draughts, backgammon, or the less objectionable forms of card playing; or as in the case of riddles, and charades, and conundrums, they stir the wits; or in the dolls and puppets, which start the fancy; or, lastly, in the games of chance, that move hope and fear without calling out any worthy action of mind or heart, and which are of doubtful service even in their mildest forms, so ready are they to encourage the accursed passion for gaming.

Now we certainly need to bring out the more active class of plays, and men of business and professions would be much better every way if they would keep up the usages and the spirit of their youth by going with their children and young people to the base-ball ground or the bowling-alley. It is the merest drivel to speak of any of those wholesome sports as bad because they are sometimes abused. A billiard-table and a bowling-alley are no more evil in themselves than a dining-room or a bath-house, for each of these may and have been perverted to monstrous corruptions.

It is becoming a very practical question how far the active efforts should become so intense and personal as to excite emulation and influence partisanship, as is so often the case with our rowing matches and ball playing. Here a second distinction, based upon emulation and its absence, presents itself. Too often these contests cease to be plays, and when the victory secures either a valuable prize or a substantial honor, and sometimes it brings health and even peace of mind into peril. It is fun to see Harvard and Yale, or Oxford and Cambridge, rowing for the mastery, but the brave fellows who are straining their muscles to win the day for their color are not especially jolly, and no work is harder than theirs. Young men must, indeed, be mainly, and not mind rousing it sometimes, and the boat-race is of a piece with the scramble of life, and one must not be over-dainty in play when we are to try our chance in the rough and tumble of the world. It is best, however, to give to many plays as much geniality and harmony as possible. We cannot ask young men, indeed, to be content with dancing all the time with ladies in sympathetic round and party regulation. Nor can we hope to confine them to the routine of the gymnasium and its feats of turning and climbing.

Military sports meets their active temper very well, and marching and countermarching with banners and music are better and more friendly exercise than the everlasting fight for supremacy, whether with the oar, or the football, or the cricket bat. It is well to calm the pulses of youth, and even of children, by adding plays of representation to active sports, and a finer quality of fellowship goes with hearing music, seeing tableaux and pictures, walking in the fields, or rowing or sailing quietly amidst pleasing scenery, or joining in a social party with its constant change of scenes, and persons, and recreations. We ought to make more of this style of amusement, and try to refine and dignify the love of fun in our young people by more taste and beauty.

#### MANNERS IN TRAVELLING.

If there is a place in the world where good manners are needed and worth their weight in gold, it is in travel; but if there is any place where bad manners prevail, and the bad breeding, boorishness, selfishness and vulgarity of people display themselves most frequently and conspicuously, it is in the car, the coach, and the steamboat. Travellers seem to pack their politeness in their trunk, or leave it at home, and push and crowd their way, greedy of privileges, and regardless of rights, and utterly forgetful of all the graces and fair humanity of life.

We have been frequently pained the present season at the coarse and tyrannical bearing of some men while travelling. They insist on controlling the windows, the doors, the ventilators and furniture, precisely as though the entire car or boat were their private property. They cover the floors with the filthiest tobacco juice. They fill the air with breath poisoned by drink and smoke. They talk vulgarly. They look obscene. If a child cries, they fret, and almost visibly froth at the mouth. And if a poor, tired woman wants a seat, they turn their eyes the other way. They make travelling uncomfortable, if not positively dangerous, and nettles everybody they come in contact with.

Sometimes the bad manners of women on the road are positively discreditable to the sex. They sometimes monopolize seats that do not belong to them, by spreading out their dresses or piling up their baggage, making others stand or sit in discomfort. They sometimes enter a car and stare at a tired man, until he feels compelled to rise and offer a seat that he needs more than the one who takes it. They sometimes display an amount of selfishness, levity, and impertinence, impatience and fretfulness, which amazes quite as much as it pains those who witness the exhibition. These are exceptions to the general rule, but the exceptions are unfortunately numerous.

The matter is of much more importance than most people seem to imagine. Good manners are nowhere so much needed and so conducive to the general comfort as in travel. Boorishness can be borne with at home; irritability and petty selfishness can be escaped from in the house or on the street. But to be pinioned into a seat with a human porcupine or box turtle is a tax on the nerves that is hard to be endured. One thing that makes travel so hard and wearing is the bad manners of travellers, and the irritation incident to it. Whoever travels should make it a positive duty to conduct himself in the noblest possible manner, meeting all emergencies in the sweetest mood. The more politeness the more pleasure. The more kindness the more joy. Theodore Parker used to carry candy and sugar plums, and give them to crying children in the cars. Every woman especially, ought to set an example of good manners on the road.—*Golden Age*.

#### MATTER-OF-FACT.

Our American youth would be apt to enter into an earnest protest against the system of marriage prevalent all over the Continent of Europe, but especially in Austria. Young ladies here, among the well-to-do and wealthier classes, are seldom allowed to go into company until they are engaged to be married. They are not allowed, in going or coming from school, to have young gallants to trot by their side, and carry their books, and whisper complimentary nothings in their ears. They are mostly sent to boarding-schools, and kept in such rigid seclusion that the sight of a man is almost a novelty to them. Both father and mother then put up their heads together and fix upon the amount of dower they will be willing and able to give her on her wedding day. The next move is to look for a suitable husband, who will be able to bring to the common stock a similar amount of hard cash. If they cannot find one among their acquaintances to suit them, in all respects, they call in the services of a professional matrimonial agent, who is well posted as to all the marriageable young men in the market. He, or she, as it may be, keeps a journal of the marriageables, not only in Vienna, but in the provinces, and proceeds to negotiate with the parents of young men to receive the applicant as their daughter-in-law; and draws up the agreement and bonds necessary for the security of the money part of the transaction. Sometimes the young lady is allowed to see the youthful Adonis selected for her life partner before the agreement is closed, but in most cases she must accept the choice of her parents. Love comes after marriage in many cases, but is by no means a general result. If the money part of the contract is fulfilled, nothing is allowed to prevent the marriage, as this seems to be the main consideration. There are constant cases occurring in Vienna, where the expected marriage is either postponed until the dower is paid up, or broken off entirely on account of failure to put up the money at the appointed time. The recent money crisis has led to many cases of abandonment, and there are no broken hearts to be mended. Thus marriage has nothing to do with love, but is a purely business transaction—a question of dollars and cents. Children are often pledged to each other by their parents before they enter their teens, and are then allowed to mingle and form attachments, but this is not often the case. The parents of the daughter, who must pay down the money agreed upon, in hard cash, are somewhat at the mercy of the parents of the groom, who may put up their share of the money as a mere

matter of form, and receive it back from the affectionate son the day after the wedding is consummated, with a good share of the bride's dower. But in matrimonial alliances every where the woman and her kindred are at the mercy of the husband.

#### MORAL POWER.

The power of choosing the right and resisting the evil, of carrying out great and worthy purposes and fulfilling our obligations, is given in exact proportion to the degree in which we exercise it. Character is of slow but steady growth, and the smallest child and the humblest and weakest individual may attain to heights that now seem inaccessible, by the constant and patient exercise of just as much moral power as from time to time they possess. The faithful discharge of daily duty, the simple integrity of purpose and purity of life that all can attain with effort and none can reach without, contribute silently but surely to the building up of a moral character that knows no limit to its powers, no bounds to its heroism.

There are those who shrink from making a beginning in religious life, because they conceive that they lack the ability to pursue it. They would like to have strength, but refuse the only means of obtaining it. In this as in all else, power is only gained by action. He who avoids the water because he has no ability to swim, must forever forfeit that ability, and it is no less certain that he who shrinks from entering upon a religious life because of his deficiencies will fail of attaining any higher point of excellence than that at which he now haltingly remains.

If this life is worth the living, it must be one continual progress. We have loads to bear, under which, if we trust alone to present or inherent strength, we may well sink. Indeed, those who always feel themselves equal to every emergency, who have exaggerated ideas of their own powers, are often really the weakest in action. But while the vainest need never boast, the humblest need never despond, if this great principle be recognized and acted upon that each is to begin just where he stands, putting forth every energy and exerting every power, and trusting for the renewed strength and increasing abilities that will ever follow the persevering and faithful discharge of duty.

#### A GOOD WORD FOR THE GIRLS.

Why is it that gentlemen always have such a poor opinion of young girls? As a rule they think them pleasant to pass an hour with, provided the girls let them make as many silly speeches as they like, and repay them with interest!

And who is to blame for this? Surely not girls? Their highest ambition in life is to be loved by, and become the wife of, some good man. And, say what you will, I protest that it is a noble one!

With this end in view, it is of course natural that a desire to please "lords of creation" should be uppermost in a girl's mind. If she cannot do it by fair means, she will do it by foul! If men will not be interested when you talk sense to them, what can you do but talk nonsense?

Men complain that girls never have anything to talk of, excepting their last flirtation, ball and parties. Yet if they converse for an hour on philosophy, metaphysics, or even the last book, you are bored, call the poor girl who has worried her brain for your entertainment a "blue stocking;" insist that women were made to please, not to lecture one like a brained professor, and wonder "what she did it for!"

Now what is it you men want of us? I venture to say, if you were to lay down your rules, there is not one girl in a thousand, but would gladly obey them, ridiculous as they would surely be! Try it and see. If you have a lady friend whom you could think so much of, if it were not for this, or that little fault, tell her so and if she cares anything for you, she will correct it.

Your influence over us is greater even than I like to confess, but you use it in the wrong way. Take my advice, and treat women more like human beings than dolls, and I prophesy a speedy change for the better.

#### SEVILLE BELLES.

Seville women are noted for being the most coquettish women under the sun. They are very pretty—for prettiness is an appropriate term to specify their personal attractions. They resemble each other to a surprising degree, as in all pure races of a marked type. Their eyes, fringed with long black lashes, produce an effect of white and black unknown to our colder, less passionate clime. It seems as if the sun had left its reflection in these magnificent orbs, equally noticeable in a two-year old child, and in gypsy girls of France. The gleaming and glancing and the burning of these eyes has a very expressive word in Spanish called *ojar*, which is full of subtle meaning, although these eye-thrusts, so embarrassing to strangers, have nothing particularly significant. The large, ardent, velvety eyes of a young Sevillano glance upon a dog in the street with the same intensity she would bestow upon some more worthy object. The exquisite smallness of the ladies' feet is too well known to dwell upon; many could be easily held in a child's hand, and the fair Andalusians are justly proud of this quality, and wear shoes accordingly, not differing so very much from the Chinese shoes.

#### MAIDS AND MISTRESSES.

It should be plain enough that examples are as much to servants as to children; since in manners and social training servants are as children. The peasant-girl reared in an Irish cabin or German cottage can hardly be expected to be a model of politeness or of personal neatness. It is quite possible, however, to teach her by example alone. If the mistress be courteous to every member of her family, and they in turn to her, the maid soon feels the atmosphere of good breeding, and unconsciously becomes amiable and respectful. But let the mistress speak sharply to her husband, or scold the children in public, or let the master constantly find fault in the presence of the servant, and she will shortly discover that courtesy is not one of the essentials of the establishment, and will, most likely, add black looks and uncivil words to the general disharmony. Servants being imitative, there is more reason that the conduct of employers be worthy of imitation. If the mistress of a house be careful of her dress, her speech, her daily habits, her handmaid will, in all probability, grow more careful of her own. But the woman who comes to her breakfast with disheveled hair and rumpled gown, has no right to find fault with her maid for attending the door-bell in a dirty calico and slovenly shoes. Like mistress like maid, as well as like master like man. Unless a good example be set, there is no cause to complain of servants for following a bad one. As a rule, they are ready to learn, though they may be dull and slow of comprehension. They would rather improve their condition than degrade it. They would rather be ladies than servants. Their ignorance makes them mistake the false for the true, the bad for the good. If every mistress would take pains to set a fair example to her maids, and aid them, now and then, by timely and delicate hints, she would soon have servants who would be, in fact, the help they are in name.

#### A BARNYARD TRAGEDY.

The following is decidedly French: A fine drake who inhabited a poultry-yard, through which ran a large brook, was observed by his owner to walk apart from the rest in silent melancholy, his eyes sadly fixed upon a white hen as she went about picking up grains in his neighborhood. The poor drake was in love. He spent hours in watching the movements of his beloved, only desisting from this occupation to take a wild swim in the brook and relieve his feelings by despairing quacks. At length—for he was a handsome fellow, possessing the most resplendent of white waistcoats and the glossiest of black coats—the hen began to look at her admirer, and finally ventured down to the brookside to watch him as he performed all sorts of aquatic feats for her amusement. When this had gone on some time, the drake thought his conduct so encouraging that he might propose her accompanying him on the water. He made several attempts in this direction, but the hen always avoided giving the desired proof of her growing attachment. At length the lover lost patience, suddenly pounced upon her as she was incautiously walking close to the water's edge, dragged her in, and all was over. The owner of the luckless pair cut the drake's throat, thus sparing him the agonies of remorse, which, to so sensitive a bird, would doubtless have been peculiarly poignant.

#### A DISPUTED QUESTION.

Why do we wear "Mourning" because dear friends are taken from us? Does the outward emblem of woe console our grief, or afford any pleasure to those who go before? From the beginning of the world it has been instilled into the minds of young people that when any personal loss comes to them it is not only proper, but even a duty, to indulge in deep and protracted lamentation; to blind the scenes to every natural beauty; to enshroud their bodies, not in the fragrant bloom of flowers, which wear their dress alike in storm and sunshine, but in a pall. And this, thought by so many to be right, is all wrong. With all due deference to the views of some good people, we say it is not a duty. Sources here and hereafter is not attained by looking backward and groveling, but by a continued forward movement. It is the eye that penetrates the smoke of battle, that gains happy glimpses of the eternal victory. He who stops to show the world by his attire how he mourns his losses, will never gain many triumphs. True mourning is of the heart; the clothes you wear can tell no story. The heart troubles of any of us are deep enough, Heaven knows; why, then, seek to make them more grievous by the absurdity of funeral attire? To strive to magnify our pains—and this is what we do, unwittingly may be, in clinging to "mourning"—is to do far worse than never to mourn at all.

"Who is he?" said a passer-by to a policeman who was endeavoring to raise an intoxicated individual who had fallen into the gutter. "Can't say, sir," replied the policeman; "he can't give an account of himself." "Of course not," said the other, "how can you expect an account from a man who has lost his balance?"

For Book and Job Printing, go to the ONTARIO WORKMAN Office, 124 Bay Street.

## 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 Lodges, etc., are invited to send us news relating to their organizations, condition of trade, etc.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

(INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.)

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

Each insertion, ten cents per line.

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All communications should be addressed to the Office, 124 Bay Street, or to Post Office Box 1925.

We wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents.

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.

WILLIAMS, SLEETH & MACMILLAN,  
124 BAY STREET.

## Meetings of Unions.

## TORONTO.

Meetings are held in the Trades' Assembly Hall, King street west, in the following order:—

Machinists and Blacksmiths, 1st and 3rd Mondays.  
Painters, 1st and 3rd Monday.  
Amalgamated Carpenters, 2nd and 4th Monday.  
Coachmakers, 2nd and 4th Monday.  
Crispins, (159), every Tuesday.  
Tinsmiths, 2nd and 4th Tuesday.  
Laborers, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.  
Iron Moulders, every Thursday.  
Trades' Assembly, 1st and 3rd Friday.  
Bricklayers, 1st and 3rd Friday.  
Coopers, 2nd and 4th Friday.  
Printers, 1st Saturday.  
Bakers, every 2nd Saturday.

The Amalgamated Society of Engineers, &c., meets in Foy's Hall, corner of York and Richmond sts., on the 2nd and 4th Friday.

## OTTAWA.

Meetings are held in the Mechanics' Hall, (Roué's Block,) Rideau street, in the following order:—

Free-stone Cutters, 1st and 3rd Tuesday.  
Lime-stone Cutters, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.  
Masons and Bricklayers, 1st and 3rd Thursday.  
Trades' Council, 1st Friday.  
Printers, 1st Saturday.  
Tailors, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.  
Harnesmakers, 4th Monday.

## ST. CATHARINES.

Meetings are held in the Temperance Hall, in the following order:—

K. O. S. C., 1st Monday.  
Tailors, 2nd Monday.  
Coopers, 4th Tuesday.

Messrs. LANCEFIELD BROTHERS, Newsdealers, No. 6 Market square, Hamilton, are agents for the WORKMAN in that vicinity, who will deliver papers to all parts of the city.

Mr. D. W. TERNANT, Niagara Street, St. Catharines, will receive subscriptions and give receipts for the WORKMAN. Parties calling on Mr. Ternant will please state if they wish the paper continued.

## TO CITY SUBSCRIBERS.

City subscribers not receiving their papers regularly, will oblige the proprietors by giving notice of such irregularity at the Office, 124 Bay street.

## The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, SEPT. 4, 1873.

## MENTAL PROGRESS.

This is essentially an age of progress! On every hand we find unmistakable evidence of the truthfulness of this assertion, and we venture to think, that, at no period of the world's history has there been more marked indications of real advancement so abundantly exhibited as is at the present day among the industrial classes. But yet, notwithstanding the undoubted and manifold changes for the better in the condition of the workingman, the improvement is not so great as might have been looked for, when we consider that this class constitutes such a large portion of the community, and are one of the great springs of prosperity and wealth. It is only within the last century, or so, that the mechanic has acquired such skill in almost every department, that has attracted the admiration of all, and led to the formation of a greater commer-

cial activity, than was ever even so much as dreamed of by our preceding generations. Considering this, it might have fairly been expected that the working classes should have risen to a higher place in the social scale. Their condition ought to have improved in proportion to the increased importance of their skill and labor to society at large. Some are tempted to ascribe the cause of this failure to the existence of an incessant strife between the employers and employed, showing that while the working classes are continually railing against the higher, as being the source of their sufferings, the latter are disposed to recriminate, by pointing to the intemperance and reckless improvidence prevalent among the toilers. An influential portion of the newspaper press, is, indeed, willing at all times to show, that, an enormous increase in vice and dissipation is invariably the result of great prosperity in trade. The *Globe* of our own city, takes a peculiar delight in quoting "statistics" to show that when ever the tide of fortune flows in favor of the working class, the wave of iniquity sweeps along with greater fury and more certain destruction. Amid such railings and recriminations it is not easy to say who may be right, or who may be wrong, but the cause of amendment makes little progress. It would be a healthier and infinitely better policy to try and unite all classes in a general movement towards improvement; and to this end the workingmen should show themselves intent on action. Every step in the career of improvement implies and necessitates a corresponding progress in the artizan and the operative and the sooner we begin to embrace this great truth; so much sooner will our individual as well as class influence be more strongly felt.

When we consider the well established fact, that, every serious pursuit in which the various powers and faculties of men find employment has what is termed a theory—a code of recognized rules, in accordance with which its labors are supposed to be conducted; and while the truth of this statement is clearly demonstrated, in its application to the higher and intellectual branches of industry, it is also equally applicable to every description of handicraft and mechanical art. It is in obedience to the laws of our being that intellect and education incessantly encroach upon the sphere of unintelligent physical energy, and gradually extend their dominion over the entire field of occupations.

A better and more striking illustration of this tendency could scarcely be found than that, which is furnished by the laboring classes. As a rule that class of citizens who have never learned to read, or what is as bad, having learned to read, have been prevented by their poverty, or over physical exertion from reading books calculated to awaken thought and invigorate the intellect, have to give place to those who have received a good mental training; and as a general rule, the latter engross all the occupations in which thought and intellect are favorable to success, while the ignorant and unintelligent are doomed to perform the drudgery and to fill the servile offices, of a community.

We generally find the illiterate and uneducated man engaged in the excavation of canals and railroads, as a porter, a hod-carrier and a quarryman, but seldom an artizan, an architect or an engineer. It is instructive to observe with what unerring instinct the untaught sons of toil and misfortune find a place beneath the lowest stratum of intelligent society.

With good reason then, is it demanded of every one who presumes to preach the doctrines of social reform, that he comes to a discharge of his duty with a full comprehension of the principles that underlie our social economy, a knowledge of which is even more important to those, who, themselves aspire to a lofty eminence in the intellectual world.

Just in so far as the artizan of the present day brings to bear upon the pursuits of life, the advantages of an awakened intellect, just so sure will success attend and crown his efforts to elevate his social position. We think

it is now admitted on all hands that inasmuch as our trades' societies increase in mental development, and seek to infuse an intelligent spirit into their deliberations, the more eminently will they be qualified to fulfil their noble mission.

We fail to find language strong enough to urge upon our fellow Unionists the imperative necessity for individual effort; let him endeavour with all earnestness to sow the seeds of intelligence in his own mind, and mould its divine capabilities into graceful forms, always bearing in mind that the season for sowing is no less important than the soil. Will our youthful brothers pardon us when we appeal to them to give less attention to the dancing club and billiard room? and take up their position at the threshold of active life, and make haste to cherish a taste for literary culture while the feelings are young and buoyant; and to the mind really intent on improvement, and willing to rouse itself to the exercise of its highest powers, there is in our fair country the flattering prospect of reaping an abundant harvest.

We cannot too earnestly admonish our young men to embrace every incentive to intellectual activity and mental industry, resting assured that such a course, if directed by an honest, upright mind, contains the germs of all improvements, and offers the surest pledge of excellence.

## DISTRIBUTION.

We have often heard the expression, "a fair day's pay for a fair day's work," and we purpose making a few remarks of what we think on this subject.

Owing to the differences in mental and physical development, there are some men who can produce more wealth than others. The man of herculean strength and great manual skill is vastly superior in productive ability to the puny, weak, or clumsy man. Again the man of mental strength can devise means of production even superior to the greatest efforts of a strong man. This being so, a regular price for each man cannot possibly be a fair day's pay, as one man can do a greater amount of work than another. In addition to the capacity of each man, there is a difference in their industry. One, by persistent effort, will accomplish more than the ordinary amount of work, and another by his sloth and clumsiness will average considerably less than ordinary men. An uniform amount of wages in this case cannot be a fair day's pay.

Yet we cannot say each man receives a fair day's pay if their wages are not uniform.

The men of great physical and mental capacity will produce more than their less fortunate brethren, and if this extra production be accumulated, they will possess funds sufficient to purchase the labor of others. By a skilful use of that purchased labor, they are enabled to make machines which will enormously increase the production of a given number of men. In this way the capacity of each man is vastly greater now than formerly. The surplus production is traded upon and passed from hand to hand, each trade enhancing the price of the goods, until the consumer pays considerably more than the cost of production. Each man must produce more than he consumes to pay the extra tax levied by the traders.

This over production is stored by the non-producers until their stores are filled, and then comes one of those panics which fills the workman's home with want and misery. During his period of full work, or over work, he quits his work with weary limbs, and probably reflects of the difference between his home and the home of his employer. It is no use to argue that he is justly dealt with. He will answer that his employer lives in a large mansion, surrounded with all kinds of luxury, while his home is of the humblest kind, and with all this toil he gets little more than will enable him to live in the plainest manner. And when the trade panic overtakes him, unprepared in every form, he compares, with yet greater bitterness, his employer's prosperity and his own poverty. He finds himself and family suffering

from want of food, fire, and wearing apparel, yet sees all these things exhibited in a tempting, taunting manner in every store, and he reasons, why is it that work is scarce when there are so many hungry mouths to fill with food? Why he should go shoeless when the shoemakers are complaining there is no work?

Why so much destitution amidst so many riches? Ah! friend it is because distribution is unequal. It is because the non-workers are collecting the surplus wealth within their own grasp that should be in yours.

This wealth continues to increase and as this wealth increases, so will the poverty of the masses increase.

Those that read and think have seen the evils of our social system, and some have had the hardihood to form Trades' Unions in the hope of battling successfully with this mighty evil. Yet without the hearty co-operation of every workingman, and the united and persistent effort of the combined body, no amelioration of the workman's lot can take place.

## A POPULAR FALLACY.

How often do we hear it said that all men can become rich and independent if they are industrious, thrifty and economical? Our wealthy employers never cease telling us that they began life without a cent, and worked their way up to affluence and power by their own unaided exertions. They have grown rich by saving their money and, as Oakes Ames said, placing it "where it would do the most good;" and having accomplished this result themselves, they claim, by a parity of reasoning, that others can do as they have done. The argument seems quite plausible, and it often puzzles the mechanic to answer it. "Why don't you save your money as I did? Make the most of your chances and opportunities, lose no time, make every cent count and you will be as rich as I am in a few years." This reasoning is absurd, illusive, sophistical and utterly untenable, and will, when subjected to a mathematical test, be found to be a delusion, or in plain language a lie. The unjust and unnatural rate of interest demanded and charged for money, the result of a grossly imperfect and monstrously iniquitous monetary system, is the main reason why all men cannot be rich, no matter how economical or industrious they may be. None but sharp, shrewd men, who recognize quicker than others "the illusive faces of golden opportunities" can become rich as our financial system is, at present, constituted and managed. But let us apply the "rule of three" to the question—make it one of arithmetic and figures. A. T. Stewart and W. B. Astor of New York, are jointly worth about \$200,000,000. The rate of interest in New York is seven per cent., and at this rate the annual increase in the wealth of these two men amounts to \$14,000,000, fourteen million dollars. Now assuming that the aggregate earnings of laborers, skilled and unskilled, will average seven hundred dollars annually, and we do not think the average will go beyond that amount, it will be seen at a glance that it requires the earnings of twenty thousand men to pay the interest on two men's wealth. This is startling, but it is true, it is fact, it is stern reality. But let us follow up this arithmetical calculation and see where it will land us.

Interest on money at seven per cent., if collected and re-loaned every six months, will double the principal in ten years and one month—and in reality, there is no such thing as simple interest. The interest received for money is loaned out again as soon as received, and goes on eternally gathering up interest. It is always compounding, adding and superadding. Making an application of this fact, we have the result: \$200,000,000, at the above rate will, in ten years and one month, amount—interest and principal—to \$400,000,000, in twenty years and two months, to \$800,000,000, in thirty years and three months to \$1,600,000,000, and in

seventy years and seven months it would amount to \$25,600,000,000, \$4,600,000,000 more than the whole assessed value of all property in the United States in 1870. Let us not pass over this matter too hastily. Interest ranges as high as ten and fifteen per cent. but allowing for living expenses, it is fair to estimate the increase on capital at seven per cent. And at this rate we have seen that the wealth of two men, will in about seventy-one years, amount to nearly five millions more than the assessed value of all the property in the nation in 1870. But this may be looking too far ahead. We do not expect to live seventy years longer. Let us, therefore, bring the matter nearer home. There is scarcely a city of any note in the land in which a millionaire cannot be found. There are at least one thousand men in America whose aggregated wealth will reach \$2,000,000,000. And at seven per cent. this sum produces yearly \$140,000,000,000, an amount that would require the annual earnings of two hundred thousand men. And assuming that these men save one-tenth of their earnings, it would require the savings of two millions of working men to pay the interest on the property of one thousand moneyed men. How dost thou like the picture? Do you still think it possible for all men to become rich by practicing economy? If the interest on the wealth of two men will devour the earnings of twenty thousand, and the savings of two hundred thousand workingmen, how are they going to become rich? But let us not forget that this system of robbery is universal in America. Five per cent. of our population own sixty per cent. of the national wealth and interest, and this wealth is unceasingly devouring the substance of the producing classes. The prospect ahead is gloomy, dark and forbidding. God help the men of the next generation, if the present order of things continues without check or restraint. If five per cent. of the people now own sixty per cent. of the national wealth, and if at seven per cent. their wealth doubles in ten years, they will practically own nearly the whole country, or be in a fair way of being able to control the wealth and power of the nation.—*Coopers' Journal*.

## HALF HOLIDAY.

We are glad to notice that the majority of the hat and shirt stores have decided to close on Wednesday afternoon for a half holiday. This is a step in the right direction, and we would suggest that each business could have its half holiday by mutual agreement without loss or inconvenience.

It would not be necessary for all stores to close on one day, the butchers could close on, say, Monday afternoon, the grocers on Tuesday, millinery, hats and dry goods on Wednesday, shoes on Thursday, stationery on Friday, iron wares on Saturday.

This would make it convenient all round, and would greatly add to the happiness of a class of people to whom a relaxation would bring health and recreation, without detracting from their riches. A sterling reform of this kind is highly desirable. Who will be the first to set the ball rolling?

## THE HACKMEN'S STRIKE.

The strike of the hackmen of this city was brought to a close last week by the whole of the hacks taking up their position as usual on Church and York street stands. The strike was brought to a close in accordance with the communication sent the hackmen by the Hon. Frank Smith, and we are sure the citizens have reason to feel obliged to Mr. Smith for the action he has taken in the matter.

## LONGSHOREMEN'S UNION.

A special meeting of this Union was held last week for the purpose of electing trustees to manage the affairs of the Association, and the following were unanimously elected: Messrs. John McGoff, Edward Boyle, John Ryan, Patrick O'Connor and Michael Ryan.



"ONTARIO WORKMAN."

The International Typographical Union, which held its twenty-third annual Session in the city of Montreal, on the 2nd, 4th, 5th, and 6th of June, unanimously passed the following resolution:

Resolved, That, recognizing the importance of a dissemination of knowledge through the medium of a press devoted to the cause of labor reform and the defense of Union principles, we acknowledge the services thus rendered by the establishment of the *Ontario Workman*, and would heartily recommend that journal to the earnest support of all interested in the progress and prosperity of the operative classes.

ERIE STRIKE.

The strike of the Machinists and Blacksmiths at Erie, Pa., has been amicably settled. It will be fresh in the minds of our readers, that a certain oath was proposed to be administered to the workmen that they would not belong to the M. and B. Union. This document was issued under a misunderstanding by the firm in question and matters having been satisfactorily explained, the oath document was honorably withdrawn and the men returned to their work as usual.

STATE OF TRADE.

One of those periods of "bad trade" which occurs at intervals is now giving the Iron workers of this district a little time to think.

If their enforced idleness leads them to study out the cause of the irregularity of the labor market, then we may reasonably look out for some steps being taken to change a system of ups and downs, into a system of regular hours and regular wages, fixed at somewhere about a fair living standard.

FROM TORONTO TO VIENNA.

[No. 3.]

VIENNA, August 8th, 1873.

UP THE RHINE.

From Cologne to Bonn, a few hours' distance, there is but little to interest the traveller, but at this point commences the objects of interest which present themselves in rapid succession along the banks of this romantic river, fully entitling it to take its proud rank as the first among European rivers in regard to the variety and beauty of the scenery through which it flows, and the historical associations and traditional memories connected with its banks, which are ornamented with populous cities, flourishing towns, ancient castles and ruins, with which a thousand and one legends are connected, lonely chateaus and residences of modern construction, and vineyards which produce the choicest wines. Nowhere on the continent, I believe, is the fondness for wine cultivation more evident than in this district, and one cannot but be sensible of the beauty of these vineyards, covering steep and shore, interlacing with the most romantic ruins. A little above Bonn, we see the series of thirty peaks, which form the celebrated Seven Mountains, all of which are over 1000 feet high. The chief of the group is the renowned Drachenfels, so called from its cave, in which the dragon was killed by the horned Siegfried, of which Byron gives so glowing a description. Opposite is the charming island of Nonnenwerth, with its convents, founded in the 12th century. Upon the mountains above the village are the ruins of the Castle of Rolandseck. Tradition attributes the foundation of this castle to the celebrated Roland, nephew of Charlemagne. The castle and neighboring convent form the subject of Schiller's touching ballad, "The Knight of Toggenburg." The tradition is, that he chose this spot for the site of his castle, because it commanded a view of the convent below, in which was his affianced bride, the beautiful Hildegard, who had taken the veil, after hearing the false report of his death at the battle of Roucraux.

Swiftly passing the blackened walls of the old castle of Ochenfels, we come in sight of Linz, a strongly fortified town, and here the tower still stands which was built by the Archbishop of Cologne, for the purpose of defending the town against the natives of Andenach, and, it is said, also to collect tolls from the navigators of the Rhine in the days when "night made right." Passing a small and unpretentious village, we come in sight of the ruins of the castle of Hammerstein, erected towards the close of the 10th century, and is notorious for having furnished a retreat for Henry IV. when pursued by his sons.

A short run brings us to Andernach, an ancient and finely fortified Roman town. Close by the river is situated a picturesque watch tower, which dates from the 12th century.

A short distance further up is Weissen-thurn, or "White Tower." It is noted for being the place where the French crossed the Rhine in 1797, in spite of the Austrians, who fiercely contested their passage. In the distance stands the monument erected to the brave French General Hocho, who consummated that memorable exploit.

We now come to Coblenz—a very fine city, with an estimated population of some 30,000 souls. The city owes its name to its position, being situated on a triangular piece of land, at the confluence of the Rhine and the Moselle. A short distance up the latter river stands the monument erected to the memory of the youthful and heroic general Marceau, made familiar by the words of Byron:—

"By Coblenz, on a rise of gentle ground, There is a small and simple pyramid, Crowning the summit of a verdant mound; Beneath its base are hero's ashes hid— Our enemy's; but let not that forbid Honor to Marceau, o'er whose early tomb, Tears, big tears, gushed from the rough soldiers' lid, Lamenting and yet envying such a doom, Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume."

Directly opposite Coblenz, and connected by a bridge of boats, is Ehrenbrietstein,—the Gibraltar of the Rhine,—which apparently bids defiance to almost any assault. The fortifications, which stand some 400 feet above the level of the river, have undergone many vicissitudes, and have lately had expended upon them vast sums of money, and they are now generally considered among the strongest fortifications of the world. They mount some 400 guns, and the magazines are said to be capable of storing provisions for 8,000 men, for ten years. It is asserted here 100,000 men can be accommodated, but 5,000 are sufficient to man the place properly.

The ruins of the Castle of Marxburg, (some distance further up the river,) which overlooks the village of Barnbach, is a perfect specimen of the feudal castle of the middle ages.

Passing Boppard, a beautiful and picturesquely situated town of some notoriety, we speedily come to the two castles of Steinberg and Lieben, generally called the "Brothers," which are the subjects of many curious legends.

We now come to the celebrated Lurloi, one of the wildest, grandest and most imposing sights on this river of magnificence. Here the river becomes very narrow, and is bordered by huge rocky cliffs. Some distance further up, and at a change in the direction of the river, is a rocky island in the middle of the stream, upon which is built the extremely picturesque castle called the Pfalz. In the vicinity are the ruins of the Gutenfels, one of the most ancient castles upon the Rhine. A little further on are the ruins of the castle of Schoenberg, the cradle of that celebrated family, from which descended Marshal Schomberg, who was killed at the Battle of the Boyne, and whose remains rest in Westminster Abbey. A legend is told in connection with the castle to the effect that one of the numerous Counts of that name had seven beautiful daughters—as coquetish as they were beautiful. So great were the numbers of the victims of their heartlessness, that Lurloi, the river fairy, resolved to punish them. One day, when they were going to pay a visit to a neighboring castle, a violent storm arose, their boat was upset, and the maidens precipitated into the water, and by the magic of the fairy, at once turned into rocks. When the water in the river is low, seven sunken rocks are visible, which are called "The Seven Damsels."

The next point of interest is the town of Bingen, made familiar to us by the beautiful poem "Fair Bingen on the Rhine." It is beautifully situated at the mouth of the river Nahe. Near the mouth of this river is a small square tower, immortalized by Southey in his ballad, "Bishop Hatto." The tradition is that in the time of famine through the failure of the crops, the poor of the neighborhood crowded around the doors of Bishop Hatto's residence, whose granaries were well filled with the fruits of the previous harvest. Their importunities becoming loud and earnest, the Bishop appointed a day when they were to repair to his barn and receive food. As the story goes:—

"Rejoiced at such tidings good to hear, The poor folk flocked from far and near, The great barn was full as it could hold, Of women and children, young and old."

"Then when he saw it could hold no more, Bishop Hatto he made fast the door; And while for mercy on Christ they call, He set fire to the barn, and burned them all."

"In faith, 'tis an excellent bonfire, quoth he, And the country is greatly obliged to me, For ridding it, in these times of dearth, Of rats that only consume the corn."

With these "pious reflections" he returned to his palace and supped merrily, but in the morning he was aghast at finding that during the night the rats had eaten his picture out of the frame. Then immediately came a messenger, pale with alarm, with the intelligence that all the corn in the granaries had been devoured by the rats. Swift upon his heels came another with the news that ten thousand rats were coming to destroy him. Bishop Hatto resolved to fly to his tower on the Rhine, where he imagined he would be safe from his enemy, but his security was only fancied, for he found that they had swam the river.

"And now by thousands up the crawl, To the holes and windows in the wall."

"Down on his knees the Bishop fell, And faster and faster his beads he did tell; As louder and louder drawing near, The saw of their teeth without he could hear."

"And in at the windows, and in at the door, And thro' the wall in thousands they pour; And down thro' the ceiling, From the right and the left, from behind and before, From without and within, from above and below— And all at once to the Bishop they go."

"They have whittled their teeth against the stones, And now they pick the Bishop's bones; They gnawed the flesh from every limb, For they were sent to do judgment on him."

From Bingen we speedily reached Mayence, a very fine city. Above this point, interest materially flags on the Rhine; in the distance between Bonn and this point, nearly all its interest centering. But the beauty of the scenery, in order to be appreciated, must be seen,—the most vivid word-painting would fail to convey any idea of it.

Leaving Mayence, we took the cars, and a run of some twenty hours brought us to the capital of Austria, at present the point of attraction from the whole civilized world—where is gathered, under the largest dome ever built by human hands, the best in arts and sciences that have been produced by the age in which we live.

ST. CATHARINES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

TAILORS' PIC-NIC.

The tailors, with their wives and families, and the tailoresses of St. Catharines, held their first annual pic-nic on Monday, 25th of August. The society, very wisely, we think, selected Port Dalhousie for the purpose, and those who have visited the place will bear me out when I say a more suitable spot could not have been got. The morning, which was very wet, cleared up about 9 o'clock and kept up during the day. The party, which numbered about two hundred, arrived per Welland Railway about 10 o'clock all safe. Preliminaries having been gone through, dancing and quoit playing was commenced and kept up with great vigor till 12 o'clock, when dinner was announced. The party being large, it was found necessary to have two tables, both of which were filled. Of the arrangements and the quality of viands, it would be impossible to speak in terms too laudatory; we can only say the table contained all the delicacies of the season, done in first-class style. After every one had satisfied himself with the good things of this life, dancing, quoit playing and other games were resumed and carried on till nearly half-past five, after which, the large party returned to town, highly delighted with their day's enjoyment. The quoit playing, which engaged the attention of a considerable number of the party, was really good, and we were glad to notice a few of the subscribers to the ONTARIO WORKMAN taking a deep interest in the game. In closing our account of the pic-nic, we must not omit the following ladies and gentlemen, who were indefatigable in the endeavors to make every one happy, the Misses Haynes, Misses Morrison, Misses Williams, Mrs. Coyle, Mrs. Welch, Mrs. Canoe and Mrs. Williams, Ladies' Committee. Messrs. Canoe, Coyle, Welch, Gilmor, Williams, Passmore and Rickman, Gentlemen's Committee.

K. O. S. C.

The above order held a splendid pic-nic in the Montobello Gardens, on August 30th. A large party arrived per Steamer from Toronto, accompanied by an excellent band, and another party from Hamilton, also accompanied by a band; they were met at the station by the S. K., and the members of the order of this town, and marched through the principal streets to the Montobello Gardens, where all enjoyed themselves to their hearts content. We must say, we were highly pleased with the turn out, as they made a most creditable appearance.

THE COAL QUESTION.

There is much talk about town just now on the above subject. It arises from the fact that both Toronto and Hamilton are able to sell coal nearly a dollar and a half per ton cheaper than we can get it here,

and this, notwithstanding our advantages. Well, we must apply co-operation to this matter; that is the only remedy.

TRADE.

Trade is much better now than it was lately.

St. Catharines, August, 1873.

"EXCLUSIVENESS."

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.)

SIR,—In your last issue is an article from the editorial pen, which, I think, contains matter totally at variance with the WORKMAN'S usual course.

While not disputing the right of every man to join any Union he may wish, and being far from wishing "to build an altar for all who may come within our limits to bow down at," I respectfully submit that, though we have two Unions of "Engineers" in this city, there is not room for a third. I hold that instead of there being room for three Unions in this city, there is only room for one. If we agree to the old saying "the more the merrier," why then every man would be enabled to have a merry time of it by running a Union on his own account.

According to my light, I have been under the opinion that Union meant a combination of many into one, or unity, and I cannot possibly see the logic of an argument that would say the greater number of Unions in one district is the better plan. If we accept such a view, what is the use of our Trades' Assembly, our proposed Labor Congress? As I take it the purpose of such is to obtain unity of action. And unity of action can only be obtained by combination of numbers whose opinions are uniform.

Now, three Unions in one city under one management, meeting in different halls, at different times, each one keeping its own proceedings private, are not likely to have that unity of opinion and action that is necessary for the successful carrying out of a Union. Would you be willing to argue that an importation of the Machinists and Blacksmith's Union into England would be conducive to the interests of the Amalgamated Engineers?

And why "Amalgamated"? Simply because they found it to their interest to amalgamate several Unions into one. And if it was to their interest to do so in England, are the Machinists and Blacksmith's to have such strictures heaped upon them for desiring an amalgamation here? We neither desire to "commend" the Amalgamated Engineers "to bow down" or "knock against their skins." We have only a natural desire to better the condition of our craft, and we are of an opinion that this can best be done with one Union only on this Continent.

As a means of amalgamation, the Machinists and Blacksmith's make an offer to the Amalgamated Engineers, that any member of the A. E. on arriving in this country with a clear card, should be entitled to join the M. and B. free of expense, on condition that the same privilege is accorded the reverse way.

As the monthly dues to the M. and B. Union are only half the dues to the A. E., while the sick pay is double, surely this is not an unfair offer.

In conclusion I would suggest that the "forsaking the banner" etc., is all fudge, as any man that forsakes his country to better his condition will forsake a "banner" for the same purpose.

Yours, etc.,

J. W. LEVESLEY.

Toronto, Sep. 3rd, 1873.

THE LONDON BUILDING TRADE.

A general meeting of the Masons' committee was held on Thursday the 12th ult. at the Falstaff hall, for the purpose of receiving reports as to the way in which the building firms had carried out the resolution to pay wages at the advanced rate of 9d. per hour. The report stated that the advance was almost general. There were, however, about 50 men employed in different firms to whom 9d. per hour had been refused. These men had consequently left the employ, and were receiving the usual allowance from the society until they obtained re-employment at the advanced rate. On Thursday night, 14th ult. a meeting of delegates of the carpenters and joiners was held at the Brown Bear, Bloomsbury, to receive reports from the men in any firm who might have refused to pay the 9d. per hour on Saturday last, and to decide upon the case of the men who had struck at Messrs. Farmer and Brindley's, Westminster road. The joiners in this firm are mostly employed upon church and ecclesiastical work, and require a more expensive set of tools than the men employed on house joinery. On this account, and also from the peculiar nature of the work, the men have been paid 1d. and 1d. per hour more than the standard rate of wages in the trade. The men claim to have the 1d. per hour advanced upon their existing rate of wages

which having been refused by the firm, who offered to pay 9d. per hour, they all struck work. Considerable difference of opinion prevailed as to the action taken by their men. It was ultimately resolved that a deputation from the delegates, accompanied by a deputation from the men, should obtain and interview with Messrs. Farmer and Brindley.



NOTICE

Is hereby given that His Excellency in Council has been pleased to direct that, on and after the

6TH DAY OF AUGUST,

All Pig Iron or Iron Ore passing downward thro

THE WELLAND CANAL

And having paid Welland Canal Tolls, shall be entitled to pass free through the canals of the St. Lawrence.

EDWARD MIALI, JR.

Assistant Commissioner.

Department of Inland Revenue, Ottawa, 14th August, 1873.

73-c



REWARD:

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

Whereas, on Sunday, the 10th inst., between half-past six a.m. and three p.m., the Toronto Post Office was robbed of a number of registered letters, this is to give notice that a reward of

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS

Will be paid for such information as will lead to the apprehension and conviction of the thief.

By order of the Postmaster General.

GILBERT GRIFFIN,

P. O. Inspector.

73-c



GOVERNMENT HOUSE, OTTAWA,

Monday, 7th day of July, 1873.

PRESENT:

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR GENERAL IN COUNCIL.

On the recommendation of the Hon. the Minister of Customs, and under the provisions of the 5th section of the Act 31 Vic., Chap. 6, intitled "An Act respecting Customs," His Excellency has been pleased to order, and it is hereby ordered, that Port Williams, in the County of Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, and the same is hereby constituted and erected into an Out Port of Customs with warehousing privileges, and placed under the Survey of the Collector of Customs of the Port of Cornwallis.

W. A. HIMSWORTH,

Clerk Privy Council.

July 20, 1873.

IN PRESS:

To be Published in November, 1873:

LOVELL'S GAZETEER OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA: containing the latest and most authentic descriptions of over six thousand Cities, Towns and Villages in the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, British Columbia, and the North-West Territories; and general information, drawn from official sources, as to the names, locality, extent, &c., of over fifteen hundred Lakes and Rivers, with a Table of Routes showing the proximity of the Railroad Stations, and Sea, Lake, and River Ports, to the Cities, Towns, Villages, &c., in the several Provinces. Price in Cloth, \$2 50; Price in Full Calif. \$3 75. Agents wanted to canvass for the work.

JOHN LOVELL, Publisher.

Montreal, 9th August, 1873.

JAMES BANKS,

AUCTIONEER AND APPRAISER,

45 Jarvis, Corner of King Street East.

Mechanics can find useful Household Furniture of every description at the above Salerooms, cheaper than any other house. Cooking and Parlor Stoves in great variety.

SALEROOMS:

45 and 46 Jarvis, Corner of King St. East

Furniture Bought, Sold, or Exchanged.

52-6

EATON'S

NEW

DRESS GOODS!

We show to-day a choice lot of Dress Goods, in checked, plain, and striped material—all the newest shades and colors. A job line of Black Lustres, at 25c per yard—a bargain.

CORNER YONGE & QUEEN STREETS

COME AND SEE THEM TO-DAY.

52-6

## The Home Circle.

## WE CAN MAKE HOME HAPPY.

Though we may not change the cottage  
For mansions tall and grand,  
Or exchange the little grass plot  
For a boundless stretch of land,  
Yet there's something brighter dearer,  
Than the wealth we'd thus command.

Though we have no means to purchase—  
Costly pictures rich and rare;  
Though we have not silken hangings  
For the walls so cold and bare,  
We can hang them o'er with garlands,  
For flowers bloom everywhere.

We can make home very cheerful,  
If the right course we begin;  
We can make its inmates happy,  
And their truest blessings win;  
It will make a small room brighter,  
If we let the sunshine in.

We can gather round the fireside  
When the evening hours are long;  
We can blend our hearts and voices  
In happy, social song;  
We can guide some erring brother—  
Lead him from the path of wrong.

We may fill our home with music  
And with sunshine brimming o'er,  
If against all dark intruders  
We firmly close the door;  
Yet should the evil shadow enter,  
We must love each other more.

There are treasures for the lowly,  
Which the grandest fail to find;  
There is a chain of sweet affection  
Between friends of kindred mind;  
We may reap the choicest blessings  
From the poorest lot assigned.

## DON'T SIT AROUND WAITING FOR LUCK.

Ho! ye who listless and moping  
Sit dimly twirling your thumbs,  
And gloomily waiting and watching  
For something that thus never comes;  
You might just as well, foolish mortals,  
Expect you'll by lightning be struck;  
One will happen as soon as the other!  
Don't stand around waiting for luck.

There's a saying—a good and true one—  
(Take heart, you poor one who delve  
With a stout courage so brave) that "Heaven  
Will help those who first help themselves."  
And you'll find, if you wish for good fortune,  
A pretty good way is to tuck  
Up your shirt sleeve and start out and find it,  
Don't sit around waiting for luck.

You may pine and mope on forever—  
Find fault and deplore your hard fate—  
But you'd better remember the proverb  
And act on it ere it's too late;  
You may pout and grumble forever—  
Just so long you will find you are stuck  
In the mire of sloth and abasement—  
Don't sit around waiting for luck.

There is wealth to be had—go and seek it!  
And with it get honor and fame;  
By the sweat of your brow you can gain them,  
And carve for yourself a proud name;  
But to do this takes tact and ambition,  
Persistence, hope—and some pluck,  
Are you ready?—then lose not a moment!  
Don't sit around waiting for luck!

## HAPPINESS.

Plato declared happiness to consist in the contemplation of abstract ideas of beauty and excellence. This may be a good definition of the word, as understood by men with such minds as this great philosopher had, but it would apply to but few persons. Indeed nine-tenths of the race would be miserable in any such pursuit or mental occupation. A young lady defined happiness to consist in the possession of a true and beautiful lover, and no doubt she spoke the truth as far as she could speak it; but her grandmother at seventy would give quite another definition. To her it would consist in the contemplation of a well spent life, and the hope of joy in the world to come. The truth is, each individual will define happiness in his own way. One man finds it in the pursuit of wealth, another in the pursuit of culture, another in the possession of religion. The philanthropist finds it in doing good. The hungry man seeks it in food, the cold man in warmth and shelter, the man of poverty seeks it in wealth. Probably, however, perfect health is the fountain-source of more happiness than any other. With a good digestion, tough skin, and a sound mind in a splendid body, who could not be happy? There are probably more happy men and women than unhappy ones—far more joy than sorrow.

Many people think they are unhappy when they are not. Real unhappiness cannot exist without a cause. It is a shame and a disgrace to complain of being unhappy when you are lazy and unoccupied. Such people are like the fox who had a deep wound somewhere on his body, but he could not tell where. Let them be ashamed to own it, unless they can show good reason.

Happiness consists in loving and being loved. There is enough to love in the world, but to be loved we must deserve it. We may be admired for our beauty or talent, courted for our influence or wealth, but we can only be loved as we are good. Therefore, happiness consists in goodness. The sacred writer had it right when he said, "The kingdom of heaven is within you."

## WHAT IS TROUBLE?

A company of Southern ladies were assembled in a lady's parlor, when the conversation chanced to turn on the subject of earthly affliction. Each had her story of peculiar trial and bereavement to relate, except one pale, sad-looking woman, whose lusterless eye and dejected air showed she was a prey to the deepest melancholy. Suddenly arousing herself, she said in a hollow voice,—

"Not one of you know what trouble is."  
"Will you please, Mrs. Gray," said the kind voice of a lady who well knew her story, "tell the ladies what you call trouble?"

"I will if you desire it," she replied, "for I have seen it. My parents possessed a competence, and my girlhood was surrounded by all the comforts of life. I seldom know an ungratified wish, and was always gay and light-hearted. I married, at nineteen, one I loved more than all the world besides. Our home was retired, but the sun never shone on a lovelier one or a happier household. Years rolled on peacefully. Five children sat around our table, and a little curly head still nestled in my bosom. One night about sundown one of those black storms came on which are so common to our Southern climate. For many hours the rain poured down incessantly. Morning dawned, but still the elements raged. The whole Savannah seemed afloat. The little stream near our dwelling became a raging torrent. Before we were aware of it our house was surrounded by water. I managed with my babe to reach a little elevated spot, on which a few wide-spreading trees were standing, whose dense foliage afforded some protection, while my husband and sons strove to save what they could of our property. At last a fearful surge swept away my husband, and he never rose again. Ladies, no one ever loved a husband more, but that was not trouble.

"Presently my sons saw their danger, and the struggle for life became the only consideration. They were as brave, loving boys as ever blessed a mother's heart, and I watched their efforts to escape with such agony as only mothers can feel. They were so far off I could not speak to them, but I could see them closing nearer and nearer and nearer to each other, as their little island grew smaller and smaller.

"The sullen river raged around the huge trees; dead branches, upturned trunks, wrecks of houses, drowning cattle, masses of rubbish, all went floating past us. My boys waved their hands to me, then pointed upward. I knew it was a farewell signal, and you, mothers, can imagine my anguish. I saw them all perish, and disappear and yet—that was not trouble.

"I hugged my babe close to my heart, and when the water rose to my feet I climbed into the low branches of the tree, and so kept retiring before it, till an all-powerful hand stayed the waves, that they should come no further. I was saved. All my worldly possessions were swept away, all my earthly hopes blighted—yet that was not trouble.

"My babe was all I had left on earth. I labored night and day to support him and myself, and sought to train him in the right way; but as he grew older evil companions won him away from home. He ceased to care for his mother's counsels; he would sneer at her entreaties and agonizing prayers. He left my humble roof that he might be unrestrained in the pursuit of evil; and at last, when heated by wine, one night he took the life of a fellow-being, and ended his own upon the scaffold. My heavenly Father had filled my cup of sorrow before; now it ran over. This was trouble, ladies, such as I hope His mercy will save you from ever experiencing."

There was not a dry eye among her listeners, and the warmest sympathy was expressed for the bereaved mother, whose sad history had taught them a useful lesson.

## NOTHING GREAT BUT GOD.

When Massillon pronounced one of those discourses which have placed him in the first class of orators, he found himself surrounded by the trappings and pageants of a royal funeral. The temple was not only hung with sable but shadowed with darkness, save the few twinkling lights on the altar. The beauty and the chivalry of the land were spread out before him. The censors threw out their fumes of incense, mounting in wreaths to the glided dome. There sat majesty, clothed in sackcloth and sunk in grief. All felt in common, and as one. It was a breathless suspense. Not a sound stole upon the awful stillness. The master of mighty eloquence arose. His hands were folded on his breast. His eyes were lifted to heaven. Utterance seemed denied to him; he stood abstracted and lost. At length, his fixed look unbent, it hurried over the scene, where every pomp was mingled and every trophy strewn. It found no resting-place for itself amidst all that idle parade and all that mocking vanity.

Again it settled; it had fastened upon the bier, glittering with escutcheons and veiled with plumes. A sense of the indescribable nothingness of man as "his best estate" of the meanness of the highest human grandeur now made plain in the spectacle of that hearse mortal, overcame him. His eye once more closed; his action was suspended; and, in a scarcely audible whisper, he broke the long-drawn pause, "There is nothing great but God."

## THE CHRISTIAN MAN OF BUSINESS.

It would be a great safeguard to young men engaging in business if they would resolve that, however trade may prosper and wealth pour in, these shall not absorb the whole attention; that reading and intellectual pleasures shall have their own place; that a book shall not be a burden in their hands, nor time considered lost which improves their mind, though it appear not in the balance sheet. It speaks well for anyone largely and successfully engaged in business when his appetites and habits remain simple to the last; when his parlors exhibit something better than showy furniture; when his family pleasures are found not in gross, worldly amusements, not in the crowded party with its excesses; not in lavish display, but in the cultivation of refined and intellectual tastes—in music, in the instructive and scientific lecture, and in philanthropic and Christian labors. All these last tend to break the alavery of Mammoth, and to keep one from the evil of the world's business.

But the great safeguard lies in watchful attention to all religious duties. Many harassed with business, say that they have no time for visiting the sick and needy, none for the religious instruction of their households, none for family devotion, and scarcely any for private prayer, and that they have to devote such upon others or neglect them. What a sad confession! No time to imitate that Lord who went about doing good, no time to save their children from damnation, no time to worship God; time only to make money, which, so made, has no blessing in it; time only to gain the world, and to lose the soul. By and by God may say, "Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee; then, who shall those things be that thou hast provided!"

Let us picture the Christian man of business. He has, as the foundation of all, a supreme love to God, and a deep conviction that religion is the principle thing, the oxygen which is let down into the mine ere the miner descends to dig in it, rendering it safe for him to work; he resolves that it is necessary for him to be religious, though it is not to be rich; he makes time on his busiest days for family and private devotions; he lives with his household as its head, not as its slave, toiling for its support. He will himself know something personally of the luxury of doing good; he will seek a blessing on every day's transactions, give thanks for success, and be content with honest gains, and not cast down by losses; he will not obtrude his Christian way of doing business, pharisaically, upon others, as a model; he will honor God and bless his fellow-men with offerings laid aside as God hath prospered him; and this would be the Christian man of business, and this the way for him to be kept from the evil that is in the world. Ah! how many a toil-worn worldling and worldly Christian will look wistfully at such a standard and wish he could attain to it! What more pitiable object is there than the man who reverses all this; who toils for wealth as if it was the principal thing; who is absorbed in money-making until his head aches, and sometimes until his brain softens, leaving him a drivelling idiot; who is a stranger almost to his home; who eats his meals at unwholesome hours, and makes up for the privation by luxury and excess; neglects his children, has few intellectual pleasures, little time for religious duties, and dies with schemes half accomplished, or but just completed, to go and stand before his Judge! If God had put such a lot on man, it would have been deemed cruelty. Man chooses for himself, though God pleads with him to spare himself and accept a happier lot.—*Rev. W. H. Lewis, D. D.*

## THE OCTOPUS OR DEVIL FISH.

For further elucidation of the habits and character of this marine monster, described by us on page 131 of our current volume, we extract the following from the pages of *Land and Water*, to which it was furnished by Mr. Henry Lee, of the Brighton aquarium England:

"A crab was so fastened that the string could be withdrawn, and was lowered near to the great male octopus. He was sleepy, and required a great deal of tempting, but the sight of his favorite food overcame his laziness, and he lunged out an arm to seize the precious morsel. It was withdrawn from his reach; and so, at last, he turned out of bed, rushed at it, and got it under him against the plate glass, just as I desired. In a second the crab was completely pinioned. Not a struggle was visible or possible; each leg, each claw, was grasped all over by suckers—unfolding in them—stretched out to its full extent by them. The back of the carapace was covered all over with the tenacious vacuum disks, while the black tip of the hard, horny beak was seen for a single instant protruding from the circular orifice in the centre of the radiation of the arms, and next had, crunched through the shell, and was buried deep in the flesh of the miserable victim.

The action of an octopus when seizing its prey for its necessary food is very like that of a cat pouncing on a mouse, and holding it down beneath its paws. The movement is as sudden, the snuff as brief, and the escape of the prisoner, even less probable. The fate of the crab is not really more terrible than that of the mouse, or of a minnow swallowed by a perch; but there is a repulsiveness about the form, color, and attitudes of the octopus which invests it with a kind of tragic horror.

## AN AMAZONIAN NUN.

A nun, named Monja Alvarez, whose romantic adventures, published in an old Spanish volume, would scarcely be believed, were they not confirmed by other documents, was a most extraordinary wanderer. Having been placed in a Dominican convent, she escaped, in the dress of a man, when fifteen years old, and entering the service of a gentleman as his page, traversed the greater part of Spain, meeting with adventures as amusing as those of Gil Blas. But an irresistible desire for more distant travel led her to embark, in 1603, on a flotilla destined for Peru. Here she enlisted in the army destined for Chili, fought bravely against the Araucanes, gaining the rank of standard-bearer, and afterwards that of captain. A sad incident stopped her course for a while, for she had the misfortune to kill her own brother without knowing him. After this she shut herself up in a convent again. But such a life was little suited to her taste. She again joined the army, and fought in many distant parts of South America, which the Spaniards were desirous of subjugating.

Once she was taken prisoner by the Dutch, and when released, returned to Cuzco, where a new adventure awaited her. Being at a gaming-table, her neighbor, an arrogant Spaniard, abstracted some of her money when her eyes were turned away. She detected him, drew her sword, and attacked him. He was well covered by his cuirass, so that her blows glided over him without injury, while she was wounded in the breast, and fell bathed in blood. But reuniting her failing powers, she rose, rushed after the culprit, and, as the soldiers said, made him swallow her sword. He was dead. Appealing to the bishop for protection, she told him her secret, and he remitted her once more to the Convent of St. Claire.

Longing for new adventures, she obtained permission to return to Spain, bade adieu to her companions, and following the course of the Rio Magdalena, embarked at Carthagena, and landed at Cadiz in 1624. Her reputation had preceded her, and every one wished to see so remarkable a woman. Going to Madrid, she was presented to Count Olivarez, and following in the suite of the Count de Javier, who was going to Rome for the Jubilee. She crossed through France, but in Piedmont was thrown into prison as a spy; and when her liberty was restored, it was only on condition that she should return to Spain. In the deepest destitution, she retraced her way on foot, and was obliged to beg. While endeavoring to see the king, she was attacked by brigands; but at length the Marquis de Montes-Claros presented her at the Court of Madrid, when she obtained a pension, a recognition of her title of standard-bearer, and permission to wear men's clothes.

Still determined to reach Rome, she embarked and landed at Genoa, when she again got into difficulties through a quarrel with an Italian soldier; but at length she had the honor of kissing the foot of Urban VIII. He listened to her story with interest, and she was soon surrounded by a circle of the nobility, who received her with pleasure. She was then nearly forty years of age. Little is known of her after, though some say she made another voyage to America, and died when about sixty. She was very tall and manly in appearance, with strongly marked but plain features, and her whole air was resolute and soldier like.

## SLEEP.

Sleep well. If Benjamin Franklin ever originated the maxim, "Six hours of sleep for a man, seven for a woman, and eight for a fool," he ought uniformly to have practised by the rule of the last number. Young man, if you are a student, or engaged in any severe mental occupation, sleep just as long as you can sleep soundly. Lying in bed from laziness is another thing entirely.

Sleep is a thing that bells have no more business to interfere with than prayers and sermons. God is re-creating us. We are as unconscious as we were before we were born; and while He holds us there, feeding anew the springs of life, and infusing fresh fire into our brains, and preparing us for the work of another day, the pillow is as sacred as a sanctuary. If any fanatic has made you believe that it is good for you to be violently wakened from your sleep at an early hour, and to go into the damp, raw air morning after morning, with your fast unbroken and your body unfortified by the stimulus of food, forget him and counsels, and take the full measure of your rest. When you get your breakfast done, take your exercise if you have time, or wait until a later hour in the day. Just as much labor can be accomplished in ten hours as in fourteen, with more efficiency and less fatigue, when rest and bodily exercise are properly taken.

## THE POWER OF A DOLLAR.

## IT MEANS A HOME.

In this land of equal opportunities for all, every man of middle age, and of steady industry, and economical habits, ought to be the owner of a comfortable home. It is not a difficult task; it depends simply upon the habit of saving. If you are a laboring man, listen and I will tell you how it can be done. Just save your money, and make a weekly deposit in the savings bank. A dollar a week, deposited in the savings bank, amounts in forty years, to \$8,413.12; in twenty years it amounts to \$1,977.84. There is no difficulty in getting the dollar every week; the great trouble is to get it into the bank; to establish the habit of giving regularly with your earn-

ings, and depositing them where they will earn something.

If you once form the habit of depositing a dollar every Saturday night, it will soon get to be not only an easy but a pleasant thing to do, and it will not be long before you will find that you can spare two dollars a week, then three or four dollars a week, and at the end of the very first year, you will be surprised and delighted to find that you have made a good beginning toward a home.

Again, you will find that in saving a dollar to-day, you will learn how to save another one to-morrow, and thus the art of saving will soon become easy to you.

Many men are always groaning because they are not "lucky" enough to get rich. There is no "luck" about it; luck has nothing whatever to do with it; it is simply a question of earning money, by steady industry; of saving money by persevering economy; and of putting your money where it will increase by drawing interest.

And this is just where the Saving's Bank helps you; a savings bank is simply an association of men who put their money together, and then loan it in large amounts and divide the interest between them. One laboring man, with his lone dollar, or fifty dollars, or his hundred dollars cannot do it alone; but if a hundred or five hundred poor men club together and put their money together, they can then loan their money to better advantage, and share the interest alike. The savings bank, then, is a great advantage to the laboring man, because it gives him a chance to place every spare dollar of his earnings where it will increase from year to year, and thus help to buy him a home. Owning a home, then, depends on these conditions:

- 1st. Industry: Turning time into money.
- 2d. Economy: Spending your money for what you do need, and not for what you think.
- 3d. Interest: Placing your single dollars where they will come back to you with mates, which they have earned themselves while there.

And thus you may, if you will, realize the power of a dollar.

## JEWELS.

It is said that Agnes Sorel, the favorite of Charles VI. of France, was the first noblewoman who wore a diamond necklace; the art of cutting and polishing diamonds being almost unknown till her time. It is said this necklace, or carcanet, as it was called, was so heavy and uncomfortable that Agnes Sorel only wore it on state occasions. She, however, popularized this style, and diamonds soon became all the rage, and commanded fabulous prices. As there can be nothing permanent in the world of fashion, brilliants were, in time, superseded by artistically wrought gold and jewelry. Catharine de Medicis and Diana de Poitiers brought pearls into vogue, and diamonds were quite discarded until Mary Stuart's marriage with Francis I. of France, when she brought some remarkable gems from England; but after that unfortunate queen's return to Scotland, subsequent to her young husband's death, pearls retained their supremacy. On the occasion of Marie de Medicis's coronation, all the ladies at the court wore elegant head-dresses of pearls. Under the reign of Louis XIV. precious stones were brought in large quantities from Persia and India, and were more generally worn than ever before. Even the waists and sleeves of dresses were trimmed—if that term may be properly used—with turquoise and ruby passementerie, sigrettes of diamonds, not to speak of the enormous and dazzlingly brilliant stomachers then in vogue. Diamonds were displayed in almost incredible profusion, as buttons and studs and pins; on the lids of snuff-boxes and jewel-cases; on the handles of whips, parasols and swords, and the heads of canes; and, above all, on the laced coats of the courtiers.

## DELICIOUS.

Gentlemen, there is one thing about drinking. I almost wish every man was a reformed drunkard. No man who hasn't drunk liquor knows what a luxury cold-water is. I have got up in the night in cold weather, after I had been speering around, and gone to the well burning up with thirst, feeling like the gallows and the grave, and the infernal regions were all too good for me, and when I took up the bucket in my hands, and my elbows trembling like I had the shaking ague, put the water to my lips, it was the most delicious, satisfying, luxurious draught that ever went down my throat. I have stood there and drank, and drank, until I could drink no more, and gone back to bed thanking God for the pure, innocent and cooling beverage, and cursing myself from my inmost soul for ever touching the accursed whisky. In my torture of mind and body I have made vows and promises, and broken them within a day. But if you want to know the luxury of cold water, get drunk and keep at it until you get on fire, and then try a bucketful at the well in the middle of the night. You won't want a gourd full—you'll feel like the bucket ain't big enough, and when you begin to drink an earthquake couldn't stop you. I know a hundred men who will swear to the truth of what I say; but you see it's a thing they don't want to talk about; it's too humiliating.

The best iron tonic for fashionable ladies—the flat iron.



Sawdust and Chips.

The greatest bet that was ever made—the Alphabet.

An editor's pistol having been stolen, he advertised that if the thief will return it he will give him the contents and no questions asked.

"You have only yourself to please," said a married man to an old bachelor. "True," replied he; "but you cannot tell what a difficult task I find it."

What is the difference between a good dog show and a bad one? When it is a good one the dogs go to the show; but if a bad one, the show goes to the dogs.

An old lady directed the attention of her husband to a pair of twins, remarking as she did so, "How much those two children do look alike, especially the one this way."

Who could have been the wretch? Hear him: "The average Massachusetts girls don't want any better facilities for sliding down hill than a codfish with a string through the gills."

An itinerant Yankee teacher, preaching on the depravity of the age, said that little children who could neither speak nor walk were to be seen running about the streets cursing and swearing.

A New York female who read that the Hoosac Tunnel cost \$9000 per yard, said she would have a dress pattern off from that piece if the old man didn't lay up a cent for the next two years.

The force of habit is fully illustrated in the case of a retired milkman in this city, who says he never sees a can of water without having an almost irresistible desire to put some milk into it.

It was an Irish exoner who, when asked how he accounted for an extraordinary mortality in Limerick, replied, sadly: "I cannot tell. There are people dying this year that never died before."

A man in New York went to bed drunk the other night, rolled out and broke his neck; his wife found him dead in the morning. Moral: Shun the flowing bowl—or else take the back side of the bed.

Josh Billings says: "I don't expect any poodle, but if anybody dox give me one, he must make up his mind to be tied onto a long stick every Saturday, and used for washing the windows on the outside."

A Wisconsin justice of the peace divorced a couple recently as follows: He stood them in the middle of the floor, backs together, and as they walked away from each other he repeated the marriage ceremony backward.

A sentry challenged an Irishman for intruding on the encampment grounds. "Who are you?" said Pat. "I'm the officer of the day," was the reply. "Then by the powers, what are you doing here at all at all!"

A young man prided himself on his mental qualifications, once speaking of the advantages of these, remarked: "What is better than a good education?" "Common sense, you fool you," quickly responded one of his hearers.

"Wife," said the father of a very diminutive child, but which made considerable noise, "spank it, and make it keep quiet!" "I would, my dear," replied the considerate lady, "but really it is so small that I cannot find room for a spank."

The New Orleans Picayune says upon its own personal authority, that after rolling all night in your berth at sea, till you are miserably sick, it is irritating to have a steward open the door in the morning and ask if you will have a fresh roll for breakfast.

A captain, who had a sound-sleeping mate, caught an Irish boy, during the middle watch-frying some pork and eggs he had stolen from the ship's stores, to whom he called out: "You lubber, you, I'll have none of that." "Faith, captain, I've none for ye," replied the lad.

In company lately, a number of ladies being present, a young man proposed a conundrum, which he said he had read in the papers. It was thus: "When is a lady not a lady?" There was a pause. "Give it up," said all around, when, to the infinite horror of the whole party, the querist exclaimed: "When she's a little buggy!" Nobody laughed; some were demure, some indignant, and some no doubt inclined to scratch the querist's face a little. He was disappointed. Fumbling in his pocket, he pulled out a paper, which, consulting for a moment, he ejaculated: "Oh, I beg your pardon, ladies; I made a mistake. The answer is, 'When she's a little sulky!' I knew it was some sort of a carriage."

A merchant's clerk went into a printing office a short time since, and seeing a pile of papers lying on the table (it being the day of publication), unceremoniously helped himself to a copy, and entered the following to the printer's devil: "I suppose you do not take any pay for just one paper?" "Not always," replied the devil. Shortly afterwards the devil entered the store where the clerk belonged, and called for a pound of raisins, which was quickly weighed out to him by the clerk. The devil took the raisins, saying, "I suppose you do not charge anything when a fellow don't take but a pound?" "No," said the clerk, after seeing the disadvantage under which he was placed by his own stingy, impudent illiberality toward the penniless printer's devil, and looking daggers at the little imp, indignantly cried: "When I get any more newspapers from the printer, I'll pay for them!"

A gentleman was once riding in Scotland by a bleaching ground, where a woman was at work watering her webs of linen cloth. He asked her where she went to church; and what she had heard on the preceding day, and how much she remembered. She had not even remembered the text of the sermon. "And what good can the preacher do you," said he, "if you forget it all?" "Ah, sir," replied the poor woman, "if you look at this web on the grass you will see that as fast as ever I put the water on it, the sun dries it up, and yet, sir, I see it gets whiter and whiter."

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We claim special attention to our Vox Celeste Organs, No. 27 and No. 34. The Vox Celeste Reeds were first introduced in Canada by us in 1869, in a 6 reed organ, which took the first prize at the Provincial Fair held that year in London. We have since applied it successfully to our single and double reed organs, making our "Celeste Organs" the most popular instrument now before the Canadian public.

We manufacture the most popular styles, and introduce all the latest improvements.

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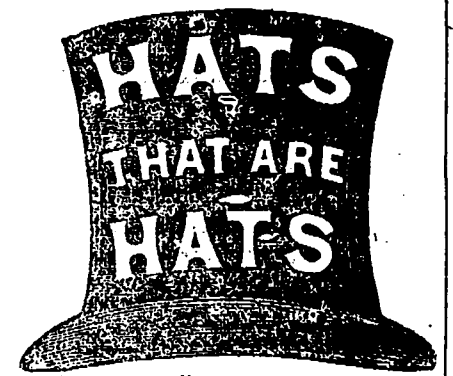
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begs leave to inform the public, and his customers generally, that he has refitted his place, No. 107 King Street West, with an elegant new Soda Water Fountain, with the latest improvements, made by Oliver Parker, Toronto, and which will be kept constantly running during the summer season. Also, an Elegant Ice Cream Parlor, fitted up to suit the most fastidious taste. Remember the address—

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NOTICE

CUSTOMS DEPARTMENT. OTTAWA, 4th June, 1873.

Notice is hereby given, that His Excellency the Governor-General, by an Order in Council, bearing the date 30th May last, has been pleased to order and direct that White Felt, for the manufacture of Hats and Boots, should be admitted free of duty under the Tariff, duty must be charged on all Felted Cloth of every description.

By command, J. JOHNSTON, Asst. Commissioner of Customs



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS

Addressed to the undersigned, will be received at this office until

Thursday, the 21st day of August,

Instant, at noon, for the construction of a BREAKWATER AND LIGHTHOUSE AT THE COLLINGWOOD HARBOR.

Plans and specifications can be seen at this office, Collingwood, on and after THURSDAY, the 14th INST., where all necessary information can be obtained.

The signatures of two solvent and responsible persons willing to become sureties for the due fulfillment of the contract, must be attached to each tender.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted. By order,

WILLIAM MURDOGH, Engineer in charge. Department of Public Works, (Ottawa), Collingwood Harbor, Aug. 5th, 1873.



NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, will be received at this office, until Monday, the 11th day of August instant, at noon, for the Slatting, Galvanizing Iron, Fining and Lead-work, &c., required for roof of the Parliament Library, Ottawa.

Plans and Specifications can be seen at this Office, on and after Monday, the 4th inst., where all necessary information can be obtained.

The signatures of two solvent and responsible persons, willing to become sureties for the due fulfillment of the contract, must be attached to each Tender. The Department will not be bound to accept the lowest or any Tender.

By order, E. BILAN, Secretary. Department of Public Works, Ottawa, 1st August, 1873.

