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

Vol. II.—No. 31.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1873.

No. 83.

Enbor Aotes.

The New York bricklayers' strike has ended successfully for the men.

The carpet weaving mills at Brooklyn, were partially suspended. Three hundred men were thrown out of employment.

Six hundred men were discharged yesterday from the Brooklyn Navy Yard. It is reported that another discharge will take place on the 15th inst.

The Manchester, N.H., print works will do no more printing until the first of December. About five hundred people are thus thrown out of work.

The London carmen determined at their recent Council to agitate for an increase of wages to 5s. per day of 12 hours, and 6d. per hour overtime beyond that period.

A meeting of carpenters and joiners was held on the 25th ult., at Huddersfield, for the purpose of electing the workingmen's section of the Board of Arbitration. They also resolved to give six months' notice (to expire on April 1, 1874) for an advance of 11d. per hour, 50 hours to the week.

Two of the iron works in St. John's have stopped work, throwing about 200 men out of work. The Vulcan Iron Works have stopped two of their furnaces, and have closed the rail mill and discharged 400 men. Other works have either stopped their furnaces or discharged a part of their employees, and still have reduced wages 20 per cent.

At the Miners' Conference recently, at Bristol, the discharge note system was discussed at length. A resolution was passed urging resistance by every lawful means to the establishment of the system in districts where there are branches of miners' associations. The miners of Monmouthshire and South Wales were recommended to seek an interview with the employers to arrange the question.

All the shoe factories in Utica arc closed, and there is no prospect of opening. The Utica Steam Engine and Boiler Works are running on half time and reduced wages, and the Western Railroad Company have discharged 250 men and reduced the wages. The The Utica Steam Woollen Mills have stopped. The Franklin Iron Works, at Clinton, N. Y., are discharging men. It is understood that Babbett's Iron Works, at Whitesboro, N. Y., have shut down.

The Home Labor Market has undergone few important changes during the past week. In the Iron Trade, Mr. Rupert Kettle's decision, adverse to a proposed reduction of wages, has been accepted in North Staffordshire and elsewhere, as well as in the districts of which it more immediately applied.. In Walcs the iron works are in full employ. In Scotland work is also plentiful; on the Tyne, however, iron shipbuilding continues to get slacker. In Sheffield trades are fairly but not fully employed; and in Birmingham, Wolverhampton, and the surrounding townships, there is still average employment.

A meeting of delegates from the various mining districts of Scotland, was held in Glasgow recently. Mr. Macdonald referred to the manner in which the country had repudiated the statement which that trade was being tion in his particular department; but undriven abroad by miners' combinations, and ridiculed tha idea brought up by Mr. Brassey, at the Social Science Congress, that Switzerland would ever, even though her productive power was multiplied ten-fold, in any way affect the markets of the world. The speech of the Earl of Shaftesbury at Woymouth was brought before the meeting, and exception was taken to the statement therein that a body of Scotch miners, having got their wages raised to one gnines a day, refused to work more ing, &c., he succeeded in obtaining a than three days a week and agent their spare time and money in drinking, gambling, dogfighting, or sleeping. A letter was adopted. which will be forwarded to Lord Shaftesbury, challenging the accuracy of the assertion, and requesting the name of his informant.

Sir. Stafford Northcote, presiding over an agricultural meeting near Torrington, on Mon- House of Commons to advocate the claim day, in the course of a speech upon matters of agricultural and general interest, referred to the condition of the laborer. He said the employers should do what they could to make the laborer's home more comfortable and attractive, to provide education for his children, to make the church more pleasant to him, and the village society more agreeable, all which would have the effect of inducing him to remain at home, rather than to go on a life of office of General Secretary to the "Boiler adventure. Again, a great deal might be done Makers and Iron Ship Builders' Society,"

well-conducted friendly societies, and to provide for his own old age of sickness without being dependent upon parish relief. That, of course, could only be done in connection with an advance of wages, which was a considerably more difficult and delicate matter. He thought the farmers should consult together-should co-operate with their laborers, and get the best advice they could, so as to benefit their laborers and effect their object.

LABOR PORTRAITS.

"Mon who, in advance of law and in opposition to prevailing opinion, have forced into national recognition the hitherto disregarded rights of labor."

ROBERT KNIGHT.

Robert Knight, the subject of the present sketch, was born on the 5th of September, 1833, in the picturesque village of Lifton, in Devonshire, where his father carried on the business of an engineer and general smith. He received the rudiments of his education from his mother, a person of some education and intelligence, who was determined that the talents of her son should not be lost for want of an educational training. His quick apprehension and earnest desire to learn, soon, however, exhausted the literary attainments of his fond parent; and he was therefore transferred to the care of the villago school-master, under whose tuiton he remained till he reached the age of twelve-and-a-half years, when he left the school-desk for his father's anvil. After working for several years under the patriarchal roof, he, like many other young men, became actuated by a desire to "see the world," and to mingle in the busy stream of activity and life, which flows like a mighty torrent through our great commercial and manufacturing centres. He visited and worked in various parts of the United Kingdom, being subjected to his full share of the trials and vicissitudes of fortune which usually beset the young mechanic when travelling from home in search of employment, but everywhere gaining the good opinions of those with whom he was brought into contact, by his manly, yet affable bearing.

Amongst other important works upon which he has been engaged, he assisted, as an angle iron smith, to construct that magnificent triumph of mechanical art, the Royal Albert Bridge, designed by the celebrated engineer, J. K. Brunnel, and which conveys the Cornwall Railway across the river Tamar. After the completion of this ork he entered the Royal Steam Factory, at Keyham, Davenport, where he remained for fourteen years, leaving only, in fact, to enter upon the duties of his present office. His perseverance, exemplary conduct, and superior mechanical abilities, soon obtained for him the position of a leading hand, and there is no doubt but that, if fair play had been accorded to him, he would have succeeded in obtaining the foremost posifair influences being brought to bear against him, he failed to obtain the post for which his superior merit pre-eminently qualified him. The circumstances of the case were as follow: -A vacancy occuring in the management of the factory, Mr. Knight competed with five others for the situation, and although after two days' severe examination in mathematics, drawgreater number of marks for superiority than any of his fellow competitors, yet, from some unknown cause, the post was conferred upon another.

While in the Government employ, he was one of two delegates appointed to attend before a select Committee of the of his fellow employes for superannuation of which task he acquitted himself in the most able and praiseworthy man-

He was subsequently elected sine die, chairman of the "Wages Movement Committee," in connection with the Devonport dock-yard. Before assuming his present

by endcavoring to encourage to laborer to join his active business energy, and powers of amount. With so many substantial proofs organization, found scope for employment before us of the success attending Mr. it a various official capacities in connection Knight's administration, we have the most with the "Ancient Order of Foresters," from which body, he received upon his retirement from office, a most flattering testimonial expressive of their respect and esteem. He was, and is, ever ready to lend his powerful voice to advance the cause of has continued as hitherto to take an active working men, and of distressed humanity part in all movements for the advancement in general. And he also takes a warm and of the cause of labor. He takes a princiactive interest in all measures calculated to pal part in all local trades gatherings. But promote the moral social, and educational his sympathies are of too broad and genuimprovement of the masses.

> vacant by the retirement of Mr. Allen, he find him actively assisting Mr. Plimsoll, as was strongly solicited by his fellow-work- chairman of the Liverpool Working Men's men of Devouport to becomes a candidate Committee, in his humane efforts to amelifor the post. He, therefore, entered the orate the condition of our noble sailors. field with seven opponents to contend for At the Trades Council held in Nottingham, the honour; and the result of a most fair in 1872, he appeared as a delegate to repreand satisfactory ballot, participated in by all sent his society; and at the Council held paid-up members of the society, was to in Leeds, in the beginning of the present place Mr. Knight at the head of the poll year, he was elected Vice-President. by a majority of two to one over the most | Enough has been said to show him to successful of his opponents.

Upon leaving Devonport after his election to proceed to Liverpool, the headquar- man. ters of his society, the members of the local branch presented him with twelve hand ome volumes of books upon scientific subjects; which considering Mr. Knight's taste for literature, was perhaps the most acceptable gift they could have offered him, coupled as it was with the warmest expression of their satisfaction, goodwill, and esteem.

He took office on the 1st March, 1871 and immediately set about with his usual energy to reorganise and economise the rules and finances of the society. In conjunction with his colleagues of the execusive council, he succeded in abolishing many of the evils and abuses which had eaten into the very heart of the society, creased stability and a more varied general he has placed its funds under the direct protection of the law. And this, with a most elaborate system of supervision and analyzation of lodge accounts, far too intricate to be detailed with an degree of and received by him, his possion in the books, and his claim upon the funds, can be immediately ascertained, he has rendered the chances of successful fraud upon the society, if not absolutely impossible, at the least sufficiently hazardous to awe the unscrupulous by the certainty of de-

The value to the society of the numerous internal reforms inaugurated by him, is simply incalculable. Am nest others may be cited many voluminous reports containing more copious information upon a variety of subjects than hittieto given; more explicit details in the monthly reports, of state of trade, number of men out of employment, members superanuated or sick, and cost of same per month, &c.; and a more efficient system of auditing and making lodge returns thathe executive

But perhaps a reference to facts will give our readers a better idea of Mr. Knight's business aptitude and untiring assiduity than anything we can say. According to the annual report issued by his predecessor for 1871, there were then 98 lodges, with 7,500 members, and an accumulated capital of £9,571; By Mr. Knight's half-yearly report for the present year, there are now 133 ledges, 12,500 members, and a grand pith of £33,500. Thus in the short space of two and a half years, the society has received 5,000 additional members, or an increase of twothirds, while the capital has been augmented by the large sum of £21,939, or to more

sanguine expectatations for the future of the society he directs, and most warmly congratulate its members on possessing so able, intelligent, and zealous a servant. Since his elevation to his present office, he ine a nature to be confined to the narrow Upon the office he now holds becoming limits of his own class; and, therefore, we be a man worthy of imitation—a fitting representative of the British working

A LIFE MIRACLE.

Mrs. King had a surprise at Shanestown the other day. It was an accident that Mrs. King happened to be at Shanestown. She did not intend to go there, but the steamboat Jennie Howell, on which she was traveling, struck a snag, and sunk in the Ohio river. Several of the passengers were drowned, and among them some children. Mrs. King had a child on board whom she mourned as lost, and was taken to Shaneetown without her babe.

The Jennie Howell sunk deep in the water, and the next morning men went to the vessel to recover the bodies of the lost. Soon after daylight a mattress was discovered floating in the cabin, which was filled with water nearly enfeebling its powers and paralyzing its to the ceiling. Upon examination a child, a actions. By a series of sound, judicious little boy, was discovered on the mattress and polite reforms he has given to it re-forms he has given to it renewed life, in had happened. His bed was not very dry, for it had sunk a good deal from soaking but scope of action. By the registration of the still sustained its living freight. In due time society under the Trades Union Act, 1871, the child was sent to Shancetown, where the other passengers had been landed the evening before. Its coming made an excitement among the wrecked travellers for more than one mother had lost children by the disaster. It was a touching scene when Mrs. King recognized the child, as her boy whom she had mourned as accuracy in the limited space afforded us lost for nearly twenty-four hours. The preserhere, together with an ingenites method of registering every individual tember, by miraculous as the safety of Mrs. King's boy. means of which the annual fount paid He had been tossing about on the waters in the cabin all night, and was brought to his mother alive in the hour of her deepest woe.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A domestic in New York stole the entire bridal outfit of her mistress, necessitating the postponment of the wedding.

Thirteen mechanics, chiefly stone-cutters, left Ottawa on Friday morning en route for Glasgow. They will nearly all return in the

The Spanish steamship Murillo, which was seized at Doyer for running litto and sinking the emigrant ship Northfleet, has been condemned, and will be sold.

The various charitable associations of Brooklyn, N. W., are actively preparing to meet the domands which will be made on their resources during the coming winter.

The German Minister of Finance has decided to sell 20,000,000 thalers of disused silver to the United States Government, which is the highest bidder.

A Rochester editor went hunting the other day, for the first time in two years, and he was lucky enough to bring down an old farmer by a shot in the leg. The distance was sixty-

At the recent Fat Man's Clam Blake, at Gregory's Point, Conn., 143 members, were there, whose average weight was over 230 pounds. The heaviest, fat man weighed 355 pounds, and none weighed less than 200 nounds.

A London despatch says a private letter from Borneo dated August 12 says Dr. Livingthan three and a half times its original ston is a prisoner in Central Africa held a of Birmingham Industry.

savage tribe and is unable to pay the ranson which has been demanded for his release.

Five of the men arrested at Antrin on the charge of being engaged in conspiracy to abduct the neice of President McMahon, and hold her as hostage, have been convicted and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

The College for Women at Cambridge, Eng. is now established, Girton College having been opened at Cambridge this week, and the tutorial staff, with their girl students, are now in residence, and have commeeced the collegiate vear.

Three Liverpool grocers have recently been heavily fined for selling tea adulterated with iron filings, and one of the journal of that city takes up the cudgels in their defence, asserting that they were as badly victimized as their customers, for the adulteration was the work of the "Heathen Chinee."

Reports from Gen. Sir Garnett Wolsley, Commander of the Ashantee Expecition, say he took out instructions to the first officer to give the Ashantees peace on condition that they lay down their arms, and withdraw from the territory under British protection.

The Royal Academy has decided to pay a marked tribute to the memory of the great artist Landseer. At the coming Winter Erhibition of old masters, space will be set apart for the works of the great animal painter, and those who possess examples of his art will be invited to contribute to the collection.

The exactness of Cuban news-gatherers is but a step short of the marvelous. After probing assiduously into all the details of the late Havana fire, the most accurate of the informaants has learned that the loss of life was "from seven to twenty-five persons," and the destruction of property 4 from \$3,000,000 to \$8, 000,000." Such precision is astonishing.

The Oshawa stove foundry, is now in full blast, and is turning out stoves every day. Their work is excellent, and their manufacture of stoves is fully equal to any made. They have introduced an improvement in their coal stoves in the shape of a flue for consuming

At a recent meeting of the Home Government Association in Dublin, it was announced that 10,500 signatures had been attached to the requisition for a conference. The names included twenty-two members of Parliament, besides magistrates, clergymen, commissioners, deputy lieutenants, mayors, and members of corporations.

By order of the Czar, the right bank of the Amoo-Daria, together with the delta from the sea, as far as the extreme western arm of the river, has been incorporated with Russia. The eighth batallion of the line, the fourth rifle battalion, a Cossack regiment, a division of mountain riflemen, and a division of the second battery of the 1st Artillery Brigade, remain in the country for the protection of the annexed

A MILAN paper contains the report that the relations between France and Italy are in a somewhat unsettled state. M. Fournier, the French Minister at the Italian Court, remains away from his post, it says, at the expre desire of the Duc De Broglie, and his return will depend upon the course events may take.

A Paris dispatch says, it is reported that an extensive plot in favor of the Count de Paris has been discovered in the city. It is said the authorities are in possession of documents by which a number of well-known politicians are compromised. It is also reported that a deputation of Monarchists is about to proceed to Salzaburg to request Count de Chambord to abdicate his claims to the throne of France in favor of Count de Paris.

A French paper gives a detailed account of the manufacture of false eyes in Paris, from which a curious fact appears that the average sale of eyes per week intended for the human head amounts to four hundred: *One of the leading dealers in this article carries on the business in a saloon of graymagnificence.
His servant has but one eye, and this peculiar ity is turned to good account, for the effect of any of the eyes wanted by customers is con veniently tried in the unfortunate servitor's head. The charge is stated to be about £2 per eye. For the poor there are second-hand visual organs, which have been worn for a time and exchanged for new ones. They are sold a reduced prices, and quantities are sent of to India and the Sandwich Islands. The manufacture has been successfully introduced into England, and forms one of the curiosities.

Boetry.

LEFT ALONE AT EIGHTY.

What did you say, dear? breakfast? Somehow I've slept too late: You are very kind, dear Effic; Go tell them not to wait; I'll dress as quick as ever I can; My old hands tremble sore, And Polly, who used to help, dear heart! Lies t' other side o' the door.

Put up the old pipe, deary, I couldn't smoke to day; I'm sort o' dazed and frightened, And don't know what to say; It's lonesome in the house, here, And lonesome out o' door; I never know what lonesome meant In all my life before.

The bees go humming the whole day long, And the first June rose has blown, And I am eighty, dear Lord, to-day-Too old to be left alone! O, heart of love ! so still and cold ! O, precious lips! so white! For the first sad hour in sixty years, You were out of my reach last night.

You've cut the flower? You are very kind. She rooted it last May: It was only a slip; I pulled the rose, And threw the stem away; But she, sweet thrifty soul, bent down And planted it where she stood; "Dear, maybe the flowers are living," she said,

"Asleep in this bit of wood."

I can't rest, deary—I cannot rest; Let the old man have his will, And wander from porch to garden post, The house is so deathly still; Wander, and long for the sight of the gate She has just left ajar for me. We had got so used to each other, dear-So used to each other, you see.

Sixty years, and so wise and good, She made me a better man From the moment I kissed her fair young face.

And our lover's life began. And seven fine boys she has given me, And out of the seven, not one But the noblest father in all the land Would be proud to call his son.

O, well, dear Lord, I'll be patient, But I feel sore broken up; At eighty years, it's an awesome thing To drain such a bitter cup. I know there's Joseph and John and Hal, And four good men beside; But a hundred sons couldn't be to me Like the woman I made my bride.

My little Polly! so bright and fair! So winsome and good and sweet! She had roses twined in her sunny hair, White shoes on her dainty feet; And I held her hand-was it yesterday That we stood up to be wed? And-no, I remember, I'm eighty to-day, And my dear wife, Polly, is dead.

Tales and Sketches.

THE WIFE.

"All precious things, discover'd late, To those that seek them issue forth; For Love, in sequel, works with Fate, And draws the veil from hidden worth."

Cold and white as the bridal blossoms in her hair was the youthful cheek, which a glow | journey. of love and pride should have kindled into color; for Harriet Percy, though about to become the bride of one of the most admired and distinguished men in the country, was too well convinced of his indifference towards her, to anticipate happiness in prospect. She know that with him it was a marriage of expediency. That he was poor—that he required means to further his ambitious views, and that, though uniformly kind and respectful in his mauner when they met, he had scarcely bestowed a thought upon her mind, heart, or person, during the three weeks which intervened between their introduction to each other and this their bridal morning.

For years before that introduction, even from childhood, she had worshipped his lofty genius, and admired, at a distance, his noble form. He was the idol of her every dreamher hero-her ideal! His haughty bearing, his coldly intellectual expression, which would have repelled a less ardent and romantic heart, had for her an inexpressible charm. And when, at a party given by a mutual, match-making friend, during the first season of her entrance into society, he had been introduced to her. she was so agitated and confused by her various emotions, that she could only blush and reply in monosyllables to his polite attempts at conversation.

Poor Harriet was angry and mortified at herself; and utterly unsuspicious, in her own guileless truth, of any mercenary motive on his part, she was not less amazed than delighted when, after two or three interviews of the same description, he formally proposed to her father for her hand, and was at once accepted. Exulting in her conquest, yet awod by his distant demeanour, she hardly knew at first whether to be happy or the contrary; but

loving and gentle as she was, there was a latent spirit of pride and lofty resolution in her soul, which she had never dreamed of till it was awakened by her present situation.

With a woman's instinct, she learned to read his heart. She saw that the demon Ambition had obscured, without obliterating, its nobler and more tender feelings, and she trust ed to time and her own truth to conquer the one and arouse the other.

But in the meantime she would be no pining victim to neglect. Her sweet lip curled-her dark eyes flashed-her high spirit revolted at the thought! She would sooner die than humble herself in his eyes! She would love him, it is true, dearly, deeply, devotedly; but it should be in the silent depths of a soul he could not fathom. Not till he should own a love, fervent and devoted as her own, would she yield to the tenderness he inspired. Not till then should be unveiled to him the altar on which his image dwelt; enshrined like a deity of old, with the breath of affection for its incense, ever burning over and around it, and the fruits and flowers of feeling and of thought-its sacrifice.

She would wed him, because her fortune could assist his efforts for the good of his country and his own distinction. She would have bestowed that fortune upon him without her hand, but she knew his pride too well to dream he would accept it, and her resolution was taken.

Mr. William Harwood could not, for his life, have told whether his intended bride had any claims to beauty or to talent. He saw that her manners were refined, he knew that her fortune was immense, and he was satisfied. He heeded not-he never dreamed of the riches of her heart and mind. But while ambition and selfishness blinded his eyes to her superiority, it was not so with others. A dazzling fair complexion, soft, wavy hair, of the palest brown, hazel eyes, intensely dark. and fringed with long, thick lashes of the same hue, a straight Greek nose, a mouth of exquisite beauty, in the expression of which sweetness and spirit were charmingly combined, a light and gracefully moulded form—these were the least of her attractions. A thousand numberless graces, a thousand lovely but indescribable enchantments in manner, look, and tone, betrayed the soul within; and yet, with all this, she was so modest, so timid, so thoroughly feminine and gentle in all her ways and words, that the world never dreamed of calling her a beauty, or of making her a belle. It was those she loved that she enchanted.

CHAPTER II.

She stood like a beautiful statue by his side. She quelled her tcars-she hushed her heart, and spoke in accents calm and cold as his own the vows which were to bind them for life unto each other. She received the congratulations of friends and acquaintances without a sigh, a blush, a sign of emotion, modestly but coldly. Even Harwood himself wondered at her strange self-possession, and while he wondered rejoiced that she had so little feeling to trouble him with. But when her father approached to say farewell, and led her to the carriage, which was to bear her far from home, her proud resolve gave way! She threw herself on his breast, and sobbed passionately and wildly, like a grieved and frightened child, till her husband, astonished at such : display of emotion in one usually so quiet and subdued, drew her gently away, and seating himself boside her in her carriage, ordered the driver to proceed.

Harriet withdrew from his arm, pleaded fatigue, covered her face with her veil, and, soon succeeding in conquering every ontward sign of emotion, sat still and silent during the

It was the evening of the wedding-day. The bride had retired to dress for dinner, and Harwood sat dreaming before the library fire, when a note was put into his hands by a footman. What was his surprise at the contents

"You do not love me !-and no pretence of love which you may adopt, from motives of duty or compassion, will avail with me. You had your object in proposing this union—I had mine in accepting that proposal. Be content that those objects are gained, and let me be your wife but in name, I beseech you.

HARRIET HARWOOD."

Harwood started at the paper in astonishment at first; but he had alway looked upon Harriet as a child, and he soon began to consider this as some childish and romantic whim, which required his indulgence.

Amused, perplexed, and, if the truth must be told, a little piqued withal, he hastily wrote on a slip of paper-"Be it so!" and folding it, laid it on the table by the side of her plate.

Harriet blushed as she entered, but took her her seat quietly and silently. She glanced at the paper, and, with a trembling hand, unfolded it. Her cheek and eye kindled as she read, and her pretty lip quivered for a moment. She put the billet by, and proceeded, with calm and graceful self-possession, to the duties of the table. Mr. Harwood, thinking to himself, for the first time, that his wife was a remarkably pretty woman, dismissed the subject from his mind, and discussed his dinner with great gusto, and the political' topics of the day with still greater.

Fair reader! you will say that Mr. Wil liam Harwood was a most unfeeling person. But that was by no means the case. He had been, from childhood, so devoted to intellec-

even to think of love. Had his good angel tenderness and hope. By nature ardent, sus- love me?" and the color trembled in her but whispered to him, at that moment, that his beautiful vis-a-vis loved him as her life, and that her full heart was waiting and expecting his love in return, he would have given it as in honor bound, and have wondered that he never thought of it before; but the mischief was, he didn't happen to think any. thing about it; and I, for one, cannot find it in my heart to scold him, for if he had thought I should have had no story to tell.

CHAPTER III.

Seeing Harriet only at meals, and absorbed in his ambitious schemes. Harwood at last almost forgot that he had a wife, and the poor girl strove to content herself in her own silent and secret worship of her husband-

But love, unloved, is but a wearying task at Better be lying in the grave, in dreamless, careless rest!

She mingled sometimes with the gay; but society had no excitement for a mind like hers. She could not long enjoy a conversation in which her heart was not in some way interested. For, while the poetry of feeling was her element, Harriet was not an intellectual person-she was more spiritual than intellectual--her heart supplied the place of a

One evening, at a party, a young English officer, approaching Harwood, exclaimed, "My dear sir! do you know, can you tell me the name of that beautiful creature leaning by the window? There, that pale, dark-eyed girl in white! You ought to know, for she has been looking at you, with her whole soul in the look, for the last five minutes."

Harwood looked up; he caught the eloquent gaze of those beautiful eyes; he saw her start. and instantly avert them, with a sudden blush, as if detected in a crime, and strange and new emotions thrilled his heart. The hour had come. Love, the high-priest, had suddenly appeared at the altar, and the fire was kindled at length, never again to be wholly extinguished. For the first time aroused to a sense of her singular loveliness, for the first time suspecting her hidden passion for himself, he colored, smiled, and seemed so confused, that his friend was turning away in surprise. But Harwood recovered himself, and taking his arm, led him forward and introduced him to

As we have said before, Harwood was by no means without a heart; but his giant intellect and his position in life had hitherto rendered him unconscious of so valuable a possession. After listening for a few moments impatiently to Harriet's graceful and naive conversation with the handsome young officer, he drew her hand within his arm, and press ing it tenderly, whispered, "Let us go home dear Harriet; I am weary of this scene."

"Dear Harriet!" Was she dreaming! The words, the tone, look, and warm caress, all thrilled to her inmost heart. Her eyes filled with tears, and trembling with the heavenly ecstacy of the moment, almost fainting, indeed from excess of emotion, she murmured. "Yes. let us go at once."

He sprang into the carriage after her, and drew her to his heart. "Oh, William! do you-do you love me! Can it indeed be true ?"

"My wife!"

The scene is sacred—let the curtain fall.

CHAPTER IV.

More close and close his footsteps wind, The magic music in his heart Beats quick and quicker, till he find The quiet chamber far apart.

At an unusually early hour, the next evening. Harwood returned to his now happy home, and, hastening up the stairs, paused at the door of his wife's boudoir, arrested with her voice within. She was singing, in a low and touching voice, and with exquisite taste, a simple song which he had never heard before. Though naturally very fond of music, it had happened by some strange chance that he had not heard Harriet play or sing, indeed, he did not know that she possessed either accomplishment. The words of the song went straight to his heart, and thus they ran :-I know it! I felt it !-he loves me at last !-

The heart-hidden anguish for ever is past! Love brightens his dark eye and softens his

He loves me-he loves me-his soul is mine own!

Come care and misfortune—the cloud and the storm-I've a light in this heart all existence to warm-

No grief can oppress me, no shadow o'ereast. In that blessed conviction-he loves me at last!

Echoing, with his rich, manly voice, the last five words, Harwood opened the door and held out his arms, and his happy and beautiful wife flew to his embrace, with a fresh and artless delight, peculiarly fascinating to the world worn man she worshipped.

CHAPTER V.

For three months Harwood was a devoted lover and husband, and Harriet was happy in his love; but he could not all at once, and for ever, forego the glorious dreams of his youth; and by degrees he returned to his political duties, and grew gradually stately and cold. and apparently indifferent as before.

And now Harriet was more wretched than ever. Now, that she had once experienced the happiness of being loved, caressed, admir-

happiness, and clinging to all who could offer snow. her affection, it had been only by a violent struggle that she had forced herself into a state of apparent apathy, during the first few and henceforward life was lost without it.

Her husband's returing coldness and neglect unemployed feelings and fancy awakened in its depths.

The interesting young officer, before mentioned, had fallen in love with Harriet at first sight, ere he knew she was the bride of his friend; and, though distinguished in the field by his bravery and skill, self-conquest was an art of which he had neither learnt nor dreamt. Visiting from time to time at the house, he soon saw her unhappiness, and penetrated its cause. His sympathy was excited-his visits grew more frequent-with refined and subtle tenderness, almost irresistible to a heart like hers, he entered carnestly into her pursuitsread with her, walked with her, sang with her-praised her mind and heart-called her "the sister of his soul," and so adapted himelf to her tastes and her affections, that Harriet found herself on the verge of a precipice, ere she was aware she had overstepped the limits of propriety and discretion. It was a sort of spiritual magnetism, which she tried in vain to resist.

Harriet would not have been guilty of actual crime—she was too proud and too pure for that; but in a soul so highly toned, so delicately and daintily organised as hers, the slightest aberration in thought, look, or deed, from the faith which was due to her husband, produced a discord, involving the loss of selfrespect, and consequent misery and remorse.

And now Love and Sorrow swept the strings, and awakened a melody sweet but plaintive as the sound of an Eolian harp. They had made her a poet, and she poured forth, in frequent verse, the various emotions they aroused.

CHAPTER VI.

journey. He had been unsuccessful in two or the veiled prophet of Khorassan-how, when three important projects, and, disgusted with the uncertainty attending his pursuits, he had suddenly determined to abandon politics altogether. His heart yearned toward his sweet wife as it had never yearned before. He had been away from her so long! He needed her love now, now needed her soft voice to soothe and comfort him, and he came prepared, not only to receive, but to give consolation. He entered her boudoir softly, intending to surprise her. She was reclining on the sofa asleep her lashes, and her fair hair streaming from her childish brow-her lips half parted, and singing as she slept, she looked so enchantingly lovely, that he sprung forward to awaken her her with a kiss, when a paper, lying loosely in her hand, arrested her attention. He drew it softly from her. It was addressed-"To My husband," and thinking himself thus justified in reading it, he did so, with what emotions may be better imagined than told. It was as follows:—

Oh! hasten to my side, I pray! I dare not be alone! The smile that tempts, when thou'rt away, Is fonder than thine own.

The voice that oftenest charms my car, Hath such beguiling tone Twill steal my very soul, I fear, Ah! leave me not alone!

It speaks in accents low and deep, It murmurs praise too dear ; It makes me passionately weep. Then gently soothes my fear.

It calls me sweet, endearing names, With Love's own childlike art; My tears, my doubts, it softly blames—
"Tis music to my heart!

And dark, deep, eloquent, soul-filled eyes Speak tenderly to mine; Beneath that gaze what feelings rise! It is more kind than thine!

A hand, even pride can scarce repel, Too fondly seeks mine own, It is not safe !—it is not well! Ah! leave me not alone!

I try to calm, in cold repose, Beneath his earnest eye, The heart that thrills, the cheek that glows— Alas! in vain I try!

Oh! trust me not-a woman frail-To brave the snares of life! Lest lonely, sad, unloved, I fail, And shame the name of wife!

Come back! though cold and harsh to me. There's honor by thy side! Better unblest, yet safe, to be, Than lost to truth, to pride!

Alas! my peril hourly grows, In every thought and dream; Not-not to thee my spirit goes, But still-yes! still to him!

Return with those cold cycs to me, And chill my soul once more. Back to the loveless arathy, It learned so well before

Jealousy, anger, pity, remore, and love were at war in the breast of Harwood; but, with a moment's reflection through, the past, nuon his own conduct, the three latter conquered, and, kneeling by her side, he pressed his lips upon her brow. She murmured softly yours." tual pursuits; that he had never found time ed, she could not endure life unblessed by in her sleep, "Dear, darling husband ! do you He kissed the little emblem, swore again and

ceptible, dependent upon those around her for cheek like the rosy light of morning on the

Harwood pressed her, passionately to his heart, and she awoke terrified, ashamed, penitent, yet happy at length beyond expression, weeks of her marriage; but, once aroused for she forgave and was forgiven. She had from it, she had abandoned her whole being overrated, in her sensitive conscientiousness, to the enchantment of Love's happy dream, the extent of her error. Her fancy, her mind, rather than her affections, had been beguiled. Harwood felt at once that the dewy bloom of had wounded, but not subdued her heart; purity had not been brushed from the heart of and what was the wife to do with all the now his fragilo flower, by the daring wing of the insect that had sought it, and henceforth it was cherished in its proper home-his own noble and faithful breast!

TRIED AND TRUE.

It was the Carnival season in Paris; and Colonel Eugene Merville, an attache of the great Napoleon's staff, who had won his way to distinction with his own sabre, found himself at the masked ball in the French opera house. Better adapted in his tastes to the field than to the boudoir he flirts but little with the gay figures that covers the floor and joins but seldom in the waltz. But at last, while standing thoughtfully and regarding the assembled throng with a vacant eye, his attention was suddenly aroused by the appearance of a person in a white satin domino, the universal elegance of whose figure, manner, and bearing convinced him that her face and mind must be equal to her person in grace and loveliness. Though in so mixed an assembly, still there was a dignity and reserve in the manner of the white domino that rather repulsed the idea of a familiar address, and it was some time before the young soldier found courage to speak to her.

"Ah lady! pray raise that mask, and reveal to me the charms of feature that must accompany so sweet a voice and so graceful a form as you possess?"

"You would perhaps be disappointed."

"No, I am sure I would not."

"Are you so very confident?"

"Yes. I feel that you are beautiful-it cannot be otherwise."

"Don't be too sure of that. Have you Mr. Harwood had just returned from a long never heard of the Irish poet Moore's story of he disclosed his countenance, its hideous aspect killed his beloved one. How do you know I shall not turn out a veiled prophet of Khorassan?"

"Ah lady, your every word convinces me to the contrary," replied the enraptured soldier, whose heart had begun to feel as it had never felt before; he was in love.

She eluded his efforts at discovery; but permits him to band her to her carriage, which drives off in the darkness, and though -pale and sad, with tears still lingering on he throws himself upon his fleetest horse, he was unable to overtake her.

The young French colonel became moody: he has lost his heart, and knows not what to do. He wanders hither and thither, shuns his former places of amusement, avoids his military companions and in short, feels as miserable as a lover can well be thus disappointed. One night, just after he had left his hotel on foot, a figure muffled to the very cars stopped kim.

"Well, Monsieur, what would you with me ?" asked the soldier.

"You would know the name of the white domino?" was the reply. "I would indeed. How can it be done?"

replied the officer hastily.

"Very well."

"Step into this vehicle."

"I am at your command."

Away rattled the youthful soldier and his strange companion. "This may be a trick," reasoned Eugene, "but I have no fear of personal violence. I am armed with this trusty sabre, and can take care of myself. But there was no cause for fear since he saon found the vehicle stop; and he was led blindfolded into the house. When the bandage was removed from his eyes, he found himself in a richly furnished boudoir, and before him stood the white domino, just as he had met her at the masked ball. To fall upon his knees and tell her how much he thought of her since their separation was as natural as to breathe, and he did so gallantly and sincerely.

"Shall I believe all you say? "Lady, let me prove it by any test you may put upon me."

"Know, then, that the feelings you avolv are mutual. Nay, unloose your arm from my waist. I have some more to say."

"Talk on forever, lady! Your voice is music to my heart and ears."

"Would you marry me knowing no more of me than you do now?"

"Yes, if you would go to the very altar masked.

"Then I will test you."

" How?"

"For one year be faithful to the love you have professed, and I will be yours -as truly as heaven shall spare my life.'

"Oh, cruel suspense!"

"You demur ?"

"Nay, lady, I shall fulfil your injunctions as I promised.

"If, at the expiration of a year, you do not hear from me, then the contract shall be null and void. Take this half ring, and when I supply the broken portion I will be

THE DUTCHMAN'S CLOCK. A Dutchman being asked why he did not have a clock in the house, explained it as

follows:

"Val, you see, do udder night after I shut up de shop, I feels so dirsty like what a man will feel sometimes, you know, and I says to the old vooman, I beleef I goes up to the corner and git a glass of peer. I goes up, you know, unt gots my glass of peer, unt vile I vas a sittin dere, in comes Yankee Kline and says, Heindrick better you come mit me take a glass of peer. Val, I say I don't keer ven I do, and so I goes mit him and takes the glass of peer. And den, already after a little vile in comes Von Moore and Peter Myer, and some udder fellows, und dey all ax me to come mit dem und take some peer. Val, I goes mit 'em und ve all got to drinkin' und singin' mit songs, und I guess I got pretty drunk.

"Ve vas having a good time generally, unt I stays mit dem fellers till it was about three my face to the foe, and that I thought of her o'clock. Ven I finds out vot time it is I tink now mine vife vill guv me ter tyvel ven I goes home. Anyhow I says, I vill schlip town unt git in te house unt schlip in te ped mit der old vooman, und I don't vill vake her up. Val, you know I vas a little trunk, unt I stumbled ober some tings vot vos on de floor, und old vooman she vakes up and say:

"Oh. Mister Heindrick, tis is a fine time to be comin' home; vot time is it, hey?"

"Oh, I say, don't give yourself so much trouble, it ain't more as eleffen o'clock."

"Now, yust I tells de olt vooman dat it vas eleffen o'clock, de clock he calls me a liar, unt strikes tree. Dat makes me mad, you know, unt so I knocks him off de mantel-piece und prakes hi n to pieces."

Grains of Gold.

Nature preaches cheerfulness in her saddest mood; she covers even forgotten graves with flowers.

Zealous men are ever displaying to you the strength of their belief, while judicious men are showing the grounds of it.

It is the mind that makes the body rich; and as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds, so honor peereth in the meanest habit.

No man can ever borrow himself out of debt. If you wish for relief you must work for it. You must make more and spend less than you did while you were running in

Mr. Beecher says, "Consider morbid selfdistrust as an intruder that has no business in your brain. Treat it as you would insects or vermin that infest your dwelling. Hunt it, crush it, give it no quarter."

It is the highest privilege, duty and pleasure of great men and whole souled women, to earn what they possess, to work their own way through life, to be the architects of their own

Cultivate consideration for the feelings of other people, if you would never have your own injured. Those who complain of the most ill use are the ones who abuse themselves and

others the oftenest. Men's lives should be like the day, more

beautiful in the evening; or, like the summer, aglow with promise; and like the autumn, rich with the golden sheaves, where good words and deeds have ripened on the field.

Kind words are the flowers of earth's existance; use them, and especially around the ireside circle. They are jewels beyond price. and are powerful to heal the wounded heart

and to make the weighed down spirit glad. It is not so hard as people suppose to be faithful to one's engagements. The engagement which is to be kept keeps you in its turn. It cuts hesitation to the quick, and protects the will with all the power of a pro-

mulgated decree. Aim at perfection in everything, though in most things it is unattainable; however, they who aim at it and persevere will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency makes them give it up as unattain-

People always fancy that we cannot become wise, without becoming old also; but in truth, as years accumulate it is hard to keep as wise as we were. Man becomes, in the different stages of his life, indeed, a different being; but he cannot say that he will surely be better as he grows onward, and in certain matters. he is as likely to be right in his twentieth as in his sixticth year.

Continual prosperity hardens the heart, as continual sunshine does the earth; but when one is softened by the tears of sorrow, and the other by genial showers, they yield those fruits which the necessities of man require. Goodness is twice blessed in what it gives and what it receives. The peace and comfort we impart to others is restored to our own bosom by the satisfying influence of an approving conscience, as the vapors which ascend through the day fall back at night in refreshing dews upon the earth.

Ball Cards and Programmes, Post ers, in plain and colored inks. Business Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, and every description of Plain and Ornamental Job Printing executed in first-class style at the WOREMAN Office.

gain to be faithful, and pressing her hand to stand on the engine itself, and all is changed, his lips, bade her adieu. He was conducted away as mysteriously as he had been brought; nor could he by any possible means discover where he had been, his companion rejecting all bribes, and even refusing to answer the simplest questions.

Months rolled on. Colonel Merville is true to his vow, and happy in the anticipation of love. Suddenly ho was ordered on an embassy to Vienna, the gayest of all European capitals, about the time that Napoleon was planning to marry the Archduchess Maria Louiss. The young colonel is handsome, manly and already distinguished in amrs, and became at once a great favorite at court, every effort being made by the women to captivate him, but in vain; he is constant and true to his vow.

But heart is not made of stone; and the very fact that he had entertained such tender feelings for the white domino had doubtless made him more susceptible than before.

At last he met the young Baroness Caroline Von Waldroff, and in spite of his vows she captivates him, and he secretly curses the engagement he had so blindly made at Paris. She seems to wonder at what she believes to be his devotion-and yet the distance ho maintains? The truth was, that his sense of honor was so great that, though he felt he loved the young baroness, and oven she returned his affections, still he has given his word and it was sacred.

The satin domino is no longer the ideal of his heart, but assumes the most repulsive form in his imagination, and becomes, in place of his good angel, his evil genius.

Time rolls on, he is to return in a few days -it is once more the carnival season; and in Vienna, too,-that gay city. He joins in the festivities of the masked ball, and wonder fills his brain, when about the middle of the evening, the white domino steals before him in the same white satin dress he had seen her wear a year before at the Opera House in Paris.—Was it not a fancy?

"I come to hold you to your promise," she said, laying her hand lightly upon his

"Is this a reality, or a dream?" asked the amazed soldier. "Come, follow me, and you shall see that

it is a reality," continued the mask. "I will."

"Have you been faithful to your promise?" asked the domino, as they retired into a sa-

"Most truly in act; but, alas, I fear not in heart."

" Indeed."

"It is too true, lady that I have seen and loved another; though my vow to you has kept me from saying so to her." "And who is it that you love?"

"I will be frank with you, and you will

keep my secret?" " Most religiously."

"It is the Baroness Von Waldroff," he said

"And you really love her?"

"Alas! only too dearly," said the soldier

sadly. "Nevertheless, I must hold you to your promise. Here is the other half of the ring, can you produce the mate?" "Here it is."

"Then I, too, keep my promise !" said the domino, raising her mask, and showing to his

spirit and character, and having found hy enquiry he was worthy of her love, she had managed this delicate intrigue, and has tested him, and now gave him her wealth, title and overything.

They were married with great pomp and accompanied the archduchess to Paris. Napoleon, to crown the happiness of his favorite. made him at once a general of division. - English Paper.

ON AN ENGINE.

"Many things," sang the greatest of Greek poets, "are ingenious, but there is nothing more ingenious than man." Had the poet, however been able to exchange his sunny Athens for our land of fogs, and anticipating two thousand years, have found himself by my side on the engine of the express, he would probably have discerned a point in his remark which he never suspected when he made it. Men have achieved greater attainments now than taming the "proud necked horse," and steering under the waves that roar around him, and one feels a sort of regret | army of drones, how it fires the zeal in praying that a poet who could so proudly appreciate and so eloquently celebrato those rudiments of the future triumphs of his race was never permitted to see them in the plantitude of their glory. I never fully realized the awful which is not taught to obey before five, and power of man till I took my place on the en- to work before fifteen, is lost. The parents gine of an express train. A train at night is a spectacle of terrible magnificence anywhere, but we have become so familiarized with it that it has lost its force and we simply regard it in the ordinary realistic light in which we look on any other casual object. We can stand unmoved on a railway, see the iron mass that whirls a helpless freight of our fellow creatures 50 miles an hour past us, hear the scream and the rush, feel its hot blast on our face, and the earth trembling beneath our feet, without the alightest emetion. But take your York. things in a continue to the second second

Let the firm hand of the bronzed figure beside you fail-let the sharp eye read false the hits of flickering glass that twinkle in the distance -and you know well that in one minute you may be a shapeless mass of flesh. These feelings were not altogether absent from me when I a few nights ago, mounted for the first time in my life the engine of one of the night expresses. We were to run about seventy miles without stopping, and I was advised by my friend the engine-driver to provide myself with something hot, the air being very sharp in the early morning. Gradually the cars filled; presently the sharp whistle of the guard rang through the air, and an abrupt scream followed from the engine. The steam was turned on .-A thrill of life seemed to vibrate through the iron frame of the huge mass of machinery before me. It panted hard, and shooting up dense colums of vapor, began slowly to move, Easier and easier seemed the effort, and in a few minutes we were fairly on our way. On each side of us now were the open fields; the cattle lay motiouless heaps, in the glimmer, careless and stirless, though we passed them so close; ever and anon the dark form of a grazing horse would betray a momentary restlessness as we shot by. The tall leafy trees. the hedges and brooks were sleeping in peace, and though there was no moon we could somehow see them distinctly. Sometimes we would pass a quiet country village. What a contrast to the mad hurricane of fire that was rushing past them! Our speed now seemed

perfectly awful. The wheels bounded and sprang, and the roar was so deafening that when I tried to ascertain from the stoker close to me at what speed we were travelling, he could not catch a word, though I shouted at the top of my voice. The metals running parallel with us seemed dashing along in headlong chase after us, and telegraph wires dipped and twisted as I looked at them. Far in the distance I could discern masses of black, they seemed miles away, but in a few seconds they assumed the shape of bridges, and with a hollow whirl we shot them behind us. Presently I saw masses of lights, motionless heaps of trunks, signalposts and lamps. Nearer and nearer we drew -it was a large station. Never shall I forget this scene. Just as we entered it the driver opened the furnace, and in an instant the white ghost-like smoke which floated like a banner over our heads was changed into a lurid mass of flame; the draught as we entered the station blew it about in every direction, and a blood red mist enveloped the whole engine. In a blind fog, with the whistle screaming in my ears, the wild echoes booming and reverberating from every part of the roofed station, the hot furnace licking in the coal at my feet -I could see nothing, and I held tightly on the rail stunned and helpless. Again into the night we passed as the confused mass of lights flashed by. I saw the signals change from white into a blood-red as we flew past, but it had no significance for me. Everything seemed mad. I never realized till then what an accident really meant, never understood the gratitude we all owe to the fine, conscientions. laborious fellows into whose hands we entrust our lives. For the whole of that journey the driver's eye never wandered from the front, his keen, forward-scarching face scarce one moment altered its position, and it was easy to see that the wear and tear incident to to such prolonged tension had marked and marred his face ere its time. At last our speed slackened, and blood-red light flared on astonished gaze the face of the Baroness Von the metals before us, morning was lacing the Manglebury felt certain that the brute was clouds, and very glad was I to grasp the hands asleep, he thought he would go home without She had seen and loved him for his manly of my swarthy companions and stepping on the platform at my destination, wish them good bye and God-speed. With the roar of the engine still ringing in my ears, and the glare of the signals even yet vexing my eyes, I betook myself to rest, glad to get safe again on terra firma-gladder to have gained the ex-

OUR IDLE CLASSES.

perience I had gained .- London Paper.

Like unto the great multitude that no man could number, whom St. John speaks of in the Anocalypse, is the latter-day army of in capables. They are immovable sponges upon relatives, whom they keep forever poor. They cannot keep a situation, and are barely competent to sit at a gate and collect tickets from a thin stream of passers-in. They are the skeleton in nearly every household, and the abundant cause of heart-burnings and poverty everywhere. They hang around like whipped curs, waiting for employment of such a menial description that none but those uttorly emptied of industry, manhood and pluck, would accept it. When one contemplates this heart-burning that parents may have their eyes opened to the necessity of making children work and obey early, and to the need of giving them a trade The rule is almost invariable, that the child who neglect these vital duties, have the promising outlook of seeing their boy become either a sponge or a thief-the one the halfway house and the other the terminus. - Overland Monthly.

The Emperor of Austria has conferred the Imperial order of Francis Joseph upon Nathanial Wheeler, President of the Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine Company of New than a doctor hates a healthy climate. -- Max

Adeler.

THE SEVEN SLEEPERS.

"It would awaken the seven sleepers" is a common saying; but we venture to say that half who use it do not know its origin. The legend runs that seven noble youths of Ephesus, during the persecution of the Christians by Decius, a Roman Emperor of the third century, fled and took refuge in a cavern, and having been pursued and discovered, were walled in and left to perish. They are said to have fallen asleep, and in that state were miraculously preserved for nearly two conturies, when their bodies having been found in the cavern, were taken out and exposed to the veneration of the faithful. Then it was said these holy martyrs were not dead ; that they had been hid in the cavern where they had fallen asleep, and that they at last awoke, to the astonishment of the spectators. The spot is still shown at Ephesus where the pretended miracle took place, and the Persians celebrate annually the feast of the Seven Sleepers.

NOT READY TO DIE.

The following is no fabrication of an irreverent secular journal, but from the "Orthodox Memphis Presbyterian:"

Traveling in his buggy alone, not long ago, in going to one of his appointments, one of our good brethren in the Presbytery of Memphis overtook a "foot pad," with a carpetbag in his hand. The roads were muddy, and he was just at the time about entering a miry bottom. With the politeness for which he is noted, he asked the pedestrian (an entire stranger) if he would not take a seat in the auggy, until, at least, they had crossed the mud and the mire. The invitation was readily accepted, and the conversation for a time was free and easy, about things ordinary and

Presently, however, the good brother, with view to make conversation profitable, asked the stranger if he was ready to die? Not knowing the character of the person who had invited him to a seat with him, and misappre hending his meaning and suspecting foul play, he waited not to reply, but sprang from the buggy immediately, and ran for life through slush and water. The clerical brother, wishing to assure the stranger that he meant no harm, called to him, at the top of his voice, to stop! But this only hastened his speed, and, like a scared hare, he ran until beyond hearing and sight. In his flight he left his carpet-sack, which our brother now has in his possession, being the richer for his faithfulness by the addition of a coarse shirt, a pair of thread-bare trowsers, and a little "backer."

A SORRY LOVER.

Young Manglebury will not probably visit Miss Skittles again. He called upon her a few evenings ago, and as she was not at home, he sat down on the porch to wait for her. In a few moments old Skittle's big dog came up, and after eyeing Manglebury, and growling at him in a manner which made chills run up and down his back, the dog walked up and began to sniff at Manglebury's legs. While the animal was performing this operation the young man maintained a condition of absolute repose. It is doubtful if he will again be as perfectly still as he was then until his immortal soul is in the land of everlasting rest. When the ceremony was concluded the dog lay down by Manglebury's chair. As soon as seeing Miss Skittles; but when he attempted to rise from his chair the dog leaped up and growled so menacingly that Manglebury immediately sat down again. Then he thought perhaps it would not be better to go home at once. It occurred to him, however, that it would be as well to call some one to remove the dog in case circumstances should render it desirable for him to depart; but at the very first yell, Skittles' dog jumped to his feet, gave a fiendish bark, and began to take a few more critical smells at Manglebury's legs. And when Manglebury shuffled his feet or moved his arms, or uttered the slightest sound, that infamous dog was up and at him. Once, when he had to sneeze, he thought, from the boisterous indignation manifested by the dog, that his hour at last had come. Manglebury had often before wanted to see Miss Skittles alone, but he now felt like welcoming any memler of the Skittles family, even the cook, with a feeling approaching enthusiasm. Finally he heard voices in the parlour. It was Miss Skittles and a young man who had come with her and entered the side door. And they sat there at the window, not thirty feet from Manglebury; sparking and cooing, and every now and then making some disagrecable remark about Man lebury, until at last the visitor left and Miss Skittles locked the door, closed the shutters and went to bed. And the dog never moved until morning, when old Skittles came down to look at the thermometer and found that faithful guardian still watching over the miserable Manglebury, who still sat in the chair in which he began to wait for Miss Skittles. Old Skittles offered to shoot the dog, in order to soothe Manglebury, but that person was beyond reach of such remedies. He was too mad. He cut the Skittles family dead; and is endeavoring to select a social circle whose members do not keep dogs. He hates a dog worse PREMATURE LAST WORDS.

A writer in the Louisville Courier Journal tells the following amusing story of the rebellion :—A single shot followed by a loud shrick told us that some one of my best men, Bradley, was hurt. He proclaimed his agony with a loud voice, turned over on his back and commenced kicking so vigorously that the surgeon had difficulty in getting near

"Poor fellow!" said the doctor as he saw a whitish liquor oozing out, "shot in the bladder. I'm afraid it's fatal."

And he commenced opening his coat. "Oh, my God!" said Bradley, "I'm a dead

man." "Keep up your spirits, my boy; never say die," said Captain Johnson, kneeling kindly

over him. "Doctor," asked the wounded soldier, feebly, "will you write to my mother and tell her that I died bravely, doing my duty with

when dying?" "Yes," said the doctor with dim eyes and a husky voice, "I will write to her and tell

But, suddenly springing to his feet with an indignant voice said:

"Why, confound it, man, you're not hurt a bit. It's only your canteen that's shot, and that's the water from it. Get up, will νοα ?"

Bradley raised up slowly, felt himself all over, and with an exceedingly foolish countenance, crawled back to his position amid the uproarious laughter of the whole regi-

For months after that on the march or in camp, and sometimes in the stillness of the night, you would hear a voice in one direction demanding:

"What shall I tell your mother?" and perhaps half a dozen responses would be heard : "Tell her I died with my face to the foe," and then Bradley would come out and hunt for the man who said it.

He seldom found them, but when he did there was certain to be a fight.

INSTINCT IN INSECTS.

Ants and beavers lay up magazines. Where do they get their knowledge that it will not be so easy to collect food in the rainy weather as it is in summer? Men and women know these things, because their grandpapas and grandmamas have told them so; ants, hatched from the egg artificially, or birds batched in this manner, have all this knowledge by intuition, without the smallest communication with any of their relations. Now, observe what the solitary wasp does; she digs several holes in the saud, in which she deposits an egg, the she certainly knows not that an animal is deposited in that egg, and still loss that this animal must be nourished with other animals. She collects a few green flies, rolls them up neatly in separate parcels (like Bologna sausages,) and stuffs one parcel into each hole where an egg is deposited. When the wasp-worm is hatched, it finds a store of provisions ready-made; and, what is most curious, the quantity allotted to each is exactly sufficient to support it till it attains the period of wasp-hood, and can provide for

This instinct of the parent wasp is the more remarkable, as it does not feed upon flesh itself. Here the little creature has never seen its parent; for, by the time it is born, the parent is always eaten by sparrows; and yet, ithout the slightest education or previous experience, it does everything that the parent did before it. Now the objectors to the doctrine of instinct may say what they please, but young tailors have no intuitive mode of making pantaloons; a new-born mercer never measures diaper: Nature teaches a cook's daughter nothing about sippets. All these require with us seven years' apprenticeship; but insects are like Moliere's persons of quality-they know everything (as Molicre says) without having learned anything.

A LOVER'S FATE.

The Boston Traveller says that a young man in one of the suburban towns in that vicinity, as is the custom in that village, called for his sweetheart on Sunday evening, and the cooing couple went out for a walk. Particular instructions were given to the miss by her parents to return early. "By ten o'clock, sure," being the parting injunction. Alas! (and alad) "the midnight hour when," &c., came before the twain returned home. The parents had become exasperated by waiting two hours for their daughters return, and when the lovers did enter the gate, by a circuitous movement and a division of forces, they were enabled to bar the young Romeo's exit.

After customary adieux, the young man stopped briskly forth and found himself in the brawny arms of paterfamilias, who seized him by the throat with one hand and held a rope in the other, with which he intended to swing him up in a cherry tree. The young man squirmed, and bellowed, and the young girl hearing the noise, ran down stairs. On reaching the landing, she exclaimed,-"Father, don't hang him to-night!"

The stern parent, who wears a boot "about down the lane double quick. The young man is better now, and can't spark worth a cent.

half-past time" in size, hesitated a moment, then turned the young man round and administered a kick that sent the lover spinning

NOTICE

Wn shall be pleased to receive Isems of interested ining to Trade Societies from all parts of the Dominion r publication. Officers of Trades Unions, Secretaries Leagues, etc., are invited to send us news relating fir organizations, condition of trade, etc.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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

We wish it to be distinctly understood that we do not beld ourselves responsible for the opinions of correspondents. Our columns are open for the discussion of all ques-

tiens 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 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 Mon-

Painters, 1st and 3rd Monday. Tailors, 2nd and 4th Monday. Crispins, (159), every Tucsday. Amalgamated Carpenters, 2nd and 4th Wedn'y Laborers, 2nd and 4th Wednesday. Iron Moulders, every Thursday. Trades' Assembly, 1st and 3rd Friday. Bricklayers and Masons, 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. The Friendly Society of Carpenters and Joiners meets in the Temperance Hall, Temperance street, on the 1st Friday. K. O. S. C., No. 315, meets in the Temperance Hall every alternate Tuesday.

OTTAWA.

Meetings are held in the Mechanics' Hall, (Rowe'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. Harnessmakers, 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, 4rd Tuesday.

Messis. Lancefield Brothers, Newsdealers, No. 6 Market square, Hamilton, are agents for the Workman in that vicinity.

Mr. D. W. TERNENT, 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, NOV. 13, 1873.

THE WORKINGMEN AND THE CHANGE OF MINISTRY.

The Ministry which has so long wielded political power in this country has at last fallen. The so-called Liberal party is exultant over its triumph, while the defeated Conservatives predict the worst consequences from the fall of a government which has for so many years directed the destinies of a young country, aud, as they assert. directed them with wisdom, honesty, and success. Strangers to the politics of the Dominion are apt to be misled by the names assumed by its politicians. Liberal and Conservative have a very different meaning in England from what they have in Canada. In England. a Conservative is one who would per- interests. All legislation has hitherto manner stated. In doing this we have shall receive attention.

cracy, with all its monopoly of power of capitalists, landowners, wealthy merand patronage in Church and State, its chants, and great employers, as they call selfish appropriation of lands, its game laws, the serfdom of agricultural labor- lators have been selected from these ors, and all the other fruits of an old classes. But now, in England, the feudal system; while a Liberal is one who wars with the conservatism of monopoly and unjust and costly privi- osts, because they have learned that leges, and struggles for a wider liberty for the common people, a fuller share in legislation, a larger control over the government of the country, and the extinction of aristocratic and church are social; they belong to political privileges. But in Canada we have none of these evils to contend against; no laws which allow a powerful class to monopolize land; no State Church; no feudal privileges. Our danger lies on the side of freedom. Liberty is necessary to our progress and our future greatness; but law and order must govern liberty, or liberty may sink into corruption and riot, and the despotism of reckless selfishness may usurp the seat of justice and liberty. As there is no likeness between the political parties in England and Canada, the political names of England can really have no application to the parties of the Dominion. The Conservatives of this country have no exclusive institutions to preserve, and they have in some instances taken the initiative in constitutional changes; while, on the other hand, the Liberals have shown no desire to make organic changes in our forms of government, nor lessen the privileges of the governing powers, or to enlarge the power and privileges of the masses. Parties, therefore, distinguished from each other by great constitutional principles do not exist in this country; and whatever may have been the political opinions of our immigrants at home they may safely become either Conservatives or Liberals here, without inconsistency or violation of principle.

Whatever be our views on the causes which have overthrown the late government, it is impossible to deny that it has during its long career exercised a great and beneficial influence over the destinies of this country. It has united and consolidated into the compactness of a nation scattered and isolated provinces; and by acts of wise legislation laid the sure foundation of future prosperity and greatness. It has added to the territorial power of the Dominion, and has taken active, wise, and liberal measures to increase its population by encouraging immigration. It has initiated able legislation for the encouragement of trade and commerce, and has sanctioned every measure by which public education might be advanced. is very likely that a new government will endeavor to correct the errors of its predecessors. But whether the new government shall do more or less for the public good than the one which has if it lives and lasts, it will never, any more than any other government, here or elsewhere, fulfil all its promises or be free from defects and errors.

But as advocates of the rights of tions to the government of which Sir John A. Macdonald was the head. In the assertion of the rights of labor. laws which were supposed to be obsolete—so opposed to justice and to the spirit of the age that they were forgotten—were revived and fiercely wielded as instruments of oppression and coercion by a leader of the Liberal party. It was Sir John A. Macdonald who promptly interfered in behalf of the liberty of the subject, and with extraordinary rapidity and energy abolished the iniquitous law, which the selfishnow reviving; and carried through the House an enactment which protected the workingmen in the peaceful assertion of their just rights.

themselves of labor, because the legisworkingmen are uniting to secure representatives of their rights and intercapital will legislate to strengthen capital; and, while labor and capital have opposing interests, to weaken the power of labor. The real evils of the worker economy, not to politics; and the final emancipation from these evils must be the result of new social relations, new arrangements of capital and labor. But the work will be accelerated and the good time will come sooner, as the workingmen get power in Parliament. For Parliament is not only an organ of political influence and opinion, but its opinions influence the history and character of the people. Besides all this moral influence, legislation can strengthen and foster every effort by which labor may seek to unite itself with capital-making the laborer and capitalist one; and in the confidence that no law can prevail against his just claims, and that all laws shall be sustained that protect his rights, the laborer becomes a deeper lover of law, a better supporter of order, and a more zealous and wise social reformer. Political economy becomes to him, then, a true and intelligible science; because without infringing on any personal right it encourages industry by securing to the industrious producers of wealth a righteous share of the fruits of his labor.

While, then, the workingmen of the Dominion should ever remember with gratitude the help they received in the hour of difficulty from the past government, let them be guided in their political opinions and acts mainly by the interests of their own class. While they watch jealously every form of legislation produced by the new government, let them receive in the right spirit every reform which benefits them or satisfies the ends of justice and the public good; but never forget that as politicians having the rights of citizens and subjects of the State, they can only have those rights asserted in the State BY HAVING REPRESENTATIVES OF THEIR OWN ORDER IN PARLIAMENT.

LORD SHAFTESBURY AND THE ENGLISH WORKMEN.

Lord Shaftesbury has roused an hornet's nest by some remarks to which he gave utterance at Weymouth recently, when he asserted that the tendency of No doubt it is possible to point out high wages has resulted in laziness, dogmany defects in its public acts; and it fighting, card-playing, and drinking. He said he made the assertion advisedly, but did not give his authority. It was natural the workingmen would challenge those assertions, which was done in a letter addressed to "the noble fallen, we may be assured of this, that | lord;" and in his reply Lord Shaftesbury regrets that any remarks of his should have called forth a rebuke from workingmen. His remarks, he stated, were not to be applied to the whole, but to a large party of the recipients of labor, our duty is clear. The working- high wages; but he declined to give the men of Canada are under deep obliga- authority on which he made the statements.

It could hardly be expected but that some would make ill-use of their advanced wages. Be wages high or low, there are, unfortunately, many who worse than foolishly spend those wages; but such sweeping assertions were hardly expected from one occupying such a position as does Lord Shaftesbury; and as showing the unfairness of those remarks, a writer in the Bee Hive gives the following statement:

"If the facts are, however, as Lord Shaftesbury states them, the humiliation ness of employers had created and was they imply cannot be escaped from; but, then, we are not called on to accept his lordship's proofs amount to nothing, although his charges amount to a great Now, here is the principle made deal. We shall avoid his lordship's manifest which should govern the politi- mistake in this matter, and shall try to

petuate the government of an aristo- been made subservient to the interests first to examine the accounts in the savings banks, and here we find that taking the returns of 1872 and comparing them with 1862 that the capital in doposit increased during that time no less than seventeen millions sterling. In 1862 the gross amount in the savlions in round numbers, whilst in 1872 it amounted to rather above 59 millions. Now, so far as this increase belongs to the working people, it has been earned and saved during the last ten years. They have not stolen it, nor have they got it by lucky gambling, they must have worked for it, and put it by for a rainy day when they got it. Dog-fight. ing, card-playing, drinking, and sleeping could not have given it to them; and so far as it goes it certainly does not bear out the statements of Lord Shaftesbury made on the authority of his coalowner and engineer.

"It will be well to bear in mind, however, that the savings bank is not now the only, or even the chief method of investment adopted by the working men of the country. The interest given is too small to tempt intelligent and enterprising operatives. They go where the risk is perhaps on the whole not much greater, and where the profit is by far more tempting. It would be imnossible to state with anything ap proaching to accuracy how much money working men have invested in building societies, but if the property in houses and in other forms realized out of these could be added to the capital they actually hold in trust for their members, it would be seen that the working men of England have not been foolishly throwing all their spare cash into the till of the publican.

Where, it may be again asked, does this money come from? And looking at the members of co-operative societies, where are the prudent, steady men found who belong to and manage such undertakings? These men are sober and prudent enough to make their business a ready-money business. The hundreds of thousands who belong to these societies cannot spend their money in dog-fighting and drinking; if they did, their ready-money system would break down in a month; and these people, the noble Earl should understand, have built up this system, which is a living symbol of providence and sobriety, within the limits of a few years."

THE TAILORS' STRIKE.

Matters here remain in statu quo, and there does not appear any immediate prospect of a settlement. We think the operatives here might with advantage take a leaf out of the book of their Hamilton brethren. We paid a visit to their co-operative shop, and were pleased to notice the busy operation of some eight or nine operatives. Their efforts so far have been very successful, and so far as we could judge the co-operative shop bids fair to become one of the institutions of that city. We cortainly wish them every prosperity, and would commend their action to the consideration of others.

LIME-STONE CUTTERS UNION.

At the last regular meeting of the Lime-Stone Cutters Union, Ottawa, the following officers were elected for the current term :-

Mr. John Dodd, President; Mr. Jos. Beaubieu, Vice-President; Mr. Moses Rochon, Financial Secretary; Mr. H. Lewis Williams, Recording and Financial Secretary; Mr. Peter Husey, Treasurer.

NOTICE TO POSTMASTERS.

We have received many complaints of the non-delivery of papers, notably in them without proof. Singularly enough | Hamilton and Ottawa. We wish to call the attention of the Postmasters of those cities to the irregularities complained of, and trust they will be rectified without further trouble. We wish also any cal opinions and actions of the work- show by generally accepted authority of our subscribers who do not regularly ingmen of this and every other coun- that the workingmen of England cannot receive their papers to immediately try. Every class fights for its own waste their time and means in the notify us by postal card, and the matter

A PLEASANT RE-UNION.

On Friday night the employees of Messrs. Hellem and Wilson, St. Catharines, invited their employers to a social re-union, and a very happy and pleasant evening was spent. At Seelev's Hall. ings banks under trustees, and in the dancing was engaged in with much Post Office savings banks, was 42 mil-spirit, and at about twelve o'clock the company adjourned to Mr. Ree's Hotel, where a well-prepared supper was in waiting. Supper over they returned to the hall and continued to trip "the light fantastic toe." We were pleased to see the good understanding that existed between employer and employed, and such gatherings cannot but have an influence in perpetuating it.

COMPLIMENTARY SUPPER.

MR. WILLIAMS ENTERTAINED IN ST. CATHARINES.

On Thursday evening last, a complimentary supper was tendered to Mr. J. S. Williams, by a numbet of his friends and readers of the Workman, as a testimony of the appreciation with which they regard the efforts of this journal to advocate the claims of workingmen. The Supper was held at Mr. Ree's Hotel, Mary Street. A very handsome spread was provided, and z goodly number sat around the festive board, and did ample justice to the "good things" provided. The chair was occupied by Mr. John Carroll, President of the Tailors Union, having on his right the guest of the evening and on his left Mr. Calvin Brown,—one of the rising men of the town, who represents the workingmen at the Council Board. The Vice-chair was ably sustained by Mr. Wm. Magness, Grand Sec. K.O.S.C.

After all had partaken of the viands and the cloth removed, the chairman, in welltimed remarks, stated the object of the gathering, and spoke of the pleasure it afforded him to preside on such an occasion; and alluded to the sentiments of esteem which he, in common with those associated with him, and those they represented, entertained towards the gentleman they had united to honor. After some further remarks, he called upon all to heartily drink the toast "Her Majesty the Queen, and Royal Family." The company sang "God Save the Queen."

"The Governor General and Lieutenant Governors" came next and Mr. Craig was called upon to respond. He stated he was utterly at a loss to conceive why his name had been coupled with that toast, as he certainly never expected to occupy either positions. However, he thought the men who filled those chairs did so in an efficient manner, and were worthy of the high position they occupied. In reference to the recent action of the Governor General, he could not help saying that whatever political differences might exist, he thought that when a calm review was given of the matter, no one could deny that Lord Dufferin had acted conscientiously, and that he was too much of a statesman to be unduly influenced by one party or the other. (Cheers).

The toast of the "Army and Navy and Volunteers," came next, and the "Red. White and Blue" was sung with vim. Mr. Matheson, of the Daily News, responded in a humorous speech, giving a reminiscence of his experience as a volunteer, when had shouldered his musket, and went forth to "bleed and die," for his country; but he was happy to say such extremities were not proceeded to, as they fortunatly found no enemy to meet.

The Chairman then called upon all to fill a bumper, as he was about to give the toast of the evening, which he knew would be received with enthusiasm. After some remarks of a very complimentary character. he called upon them to drink, "The health of Mr. Williams, and success to the ONTARIO WORKMAN."

After the cheers which greeted him had subsided. Mr. Williams said he desired tothank them for the hearty manner in which they had received the toast of his health, and the success of the journal with which he was connected. He felt he could not give expression to all he would like to say, but would remark, that while he had received many expressions of kindness, he felt constrained to say, from none had he received warmer or more heartier evidences. of kindly regard than his friends in St. Catharines. He desired also to thank them. for their well wishes for the success of the WORKMAN, and for the practical expression of such wishes. He then spoke of the objects of the paper—to furnish trade matters of interest to mechanics, to advocate their claims generally, and especially to urge combination and unionism amongst them. Many there are who would bitterly oppose such a spread of unionism as we wish to establish, and pretend to see in it all manner of designs against the public weal; but.

that was no reason why those who had more generally cultivate our intellectual realized its benefits-and knew whereof they affirmed-should not desire to see its spread. There were nothing in its principles of which they need to feel ashamed; and he knew that Trades' Unionists, in this country, at least, had no sympathy with, or belief in, the principles of communism, as so many, who knew nothing of what they were talking, so readily affirmed, -their desire was to obtain a fair price for their labor. He knew there were many who opposed the movement, under the pretended idea that such wide-spread organization would be subversive of the public interests. He did not so think. It might, perhaps, militate against the interest of those individuals who were pocketing more than their share of the productions of the country, and that ought to be more equally distributed amongst the wealth producers but he was not prepared to admit that it would operate against the public interests, as in his opinion, nothing would tend so much to contribute to general progress and prosperity as a well-paid, contented and happy operative population. There had been instances, he had to admit, where the power acquired by combination had been abused rather than used, and the finger of scorn had been pointed at these, as an illustration that men were unfit for such liberties; but we must not too hastily form a judgment, and even such acts were but the miserble legacy bequeathed by years of grinding oppression. But from the inception of Unionism until its present growth, such acts had been the great exception, and not the rule; and pointed to the uprising of the English Agricultural Laborers, where no acts of retaliation had been committed, but under the leadership of men who advocated justice and moderation. they were acquiring a better position in society. The power that would be placed in the hands of any body of men by combination should be used with discretion, and strikes should be the very last means resorted to, to gain their objects; and while he was opposed to strikes, he could not see, in the present relations that existed between capital and labor, but what they were necessary evils. He had however always advocated the establishment of boards of conciliation and arbitration; but so far as his experience, had gone, this had been defeated by the employers and not the men, -for he invariably found that the latter were willing to submit their claims to arbitration, because they believed they were founded on justice; and gave illustrations of his assertion from his own personal experience. After further lengthened remarks, he concluded by thanking them for the compliment they had paid him and the journal with which he was connected, and resumed his seat amid loud applause.

The Chairman then gave the toast "The land we love," which was received with applause and Mr. McGlashan sang in capital style, "I love the shores of Canada."

"The Trades Unions of Canada" was

given from the chair.

Mr. Ternent, of the St. Catharines Tailors' Society in a speech of much merit and force, replied on behalf of his society, and was happy to say the best possible feelings prevailed between them and their employers, who in any dispute that might have arisen, had always acted as gentlemen, and evinced their willingness to confer with them upon any disputed point, and the result was harmony and prosperity, and he hoped that the same kindly feeling would prevail generally.

Mr. Magness, K.O.S.C., replied on behalf of the Knights of St. Crispin, and the Canada Labor Union. He was not so much a talker as worker, and he felt that he could not do too much to advance the cause of unionism. He spoke of the benefits that they derived so far as the branch of trade he was engaged in. At one time the wages were so low that it was almost impossible to make a living, but now, he believed they were as well paid as most mechanics. He urged any who were present who were not associated with trade organizations to endeavor to organize under the Canadian Labor Union, and by so doing they would advance their own interests.

"The Poetry and Literature of Canada" was ably responded to by Mr. Craig. He thought, however, it was rather a bad selection to couple his name with that toast as he did not belong to the literati, nor was he of a "poetical" turn of mind. He had taken pleasure in reading the productions of the authors and poets of our land, and instanced such names as D'Arcy McGee and McLachlan and others, and he was glad to know that in his own town they had writers of no mean note, alluding to the poetical productions of Mr. Maitland. He was not sure, however, that at the present time we in Canada were not following too closely in the wake of our American dollar," and believed it would be well to successful in his efforts.

The "Mayor and Corporation" was the next toast, and was well received. It was most ably responded to by Mr. Calvin Brown. He expressed the pleasure it afforded him to be present at the social gathering of workingmen, for he had always taken a deep interest in their prosperity. He felt proud to be connected with the largest town in the province, a town that was now large enough to become a City; but he thought it was better to be the largest town than the smallest city. He alluded to the great prosperity that had marked its existence which success and development was mainly attributable to the encouragement given to working men. He knew that as the past success had been, so the future would continue to be, in the building up of the manufactures of the town. He was impressed with these feelings when he had heartily entered into the work of establishing the new stove foundry. He had seen so much teaming done from the station in this industry, that he had asked himself the question why the men of their own town could not reap the benefit from the large trade that was done in this department, and so he worked hard for the establishment of the stove foundry, and he went into the work, believing that even should his capital not be increased, his efforts would have been beneficial to the mechanics of the town. He was pleased however that he could speak of the great success so far of the undertaking, and he hoped they would be able to so enlarge their business that they could employ hundreds of hands. He alluded to the remarks of their guest, in reference to Trades Unions, and fully coincided with them, but he thought that their efforts should not stop there, but their combined efforts should be directed towards cooperation, and he firmly believed in so doing they would still further advance their interests, -and alluded to the manner in which this could be done by both productive and distributive means. During summer they could get in wood by the quantity for at least five dollars per cord, now they have to pay eight dollars and the price might advance yet. He hoped to see the men moving in this matter and not in that one article alone, but in all the necessaries of life. He spoke at considerable length upon the growth of that part of the town in which he had erected houses suitable for the operative classes, and he thought the men could do well in establishing co-operative house building, as well as fuel and other associations. After further remarks he resumed his seat amidst the applause of the company.

"The press" was responded to by Mr. Williams and Mr. Matherson, of the Daily News. The latter gentleman alluded in praiseworthy terms to the coarse and action of the Workman, and had no hesitation in saying it was calculated to raise and improve its readers in every respect. He spoke of the general tendency of the press for good, and thought that while in some cases it might not be so, that its influence had been to elevate public morality.

"The Legal Profession," called Mr. Brown to his feet again in a humorous response, and then followed volunteer toast, song and sentiment in quick succession from Messrs. Craig, Ternent, Harris, McGlashan ane others; and at the "wee sma' hours" the company separated, all pleased with the social evening they had spent.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The patrons of the Academy have hadrich treat during the week. The popular artistes Sandford and Wilson have been retained, and new stars in the person of Miss Nellie Howard, the champion jig dancer, and Mr. S. Breed, the vocalist and guitar soloist. Nortino continues to astonish all by his juggling tricks, and the whole of the performers nightly receive repeated encores.

LECTURE ON ELOCUTION.

On Monday evening Mr. R. Lewis delivered a lecture on the above subject, in the Shaftesbury Hall, which was filled to its utmost limits. The lecture, which was illustrated by Readings serious and humorous, occupied nearly two hours in delivery, and was listened to throughout with the utmost attention. The lecturer explained the objects of elocution and the importance of its study on the platform, at the bar and the senate. and in the pulpit. The defective reading and delivery of many public men was referred to, and it was proved to a demonstration that clocation could be taught on scientific principles. The lecture was replete with interest and information, and cannot fail to have a beneficial effect. The lecturer stated at the close that his object was to form classes for elecution, and to obtain occasional engage-Cousins in the pursuit of the "almighty ments as a "Reader." We hope he will be CO-OPERATION IN ENGLAND.

(To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.) Mr. Editor.-In response to your invitation, I send the following remarks on Co-oper-

It is generally acknowledged by the workngmen that co-operative principles are right in the abstract, although some difference of opinion still remains as to the application of the principle. Co-operative stores, both distributive and productive, are no longer theoones, but accomplished facts. I remember the movement some forty years ago, in my native town, South Shields. It was chiefly in connection with politics, and failed after a few years from bad management; but like our trade societies, co-operation has steadily advanced with the increasing intelligence of the working class, till at the commencement of 1871, the date of the last Parliamentary return, there was something over 1.000-about 700 of which only made returns of their transaction. These contained 262,188 members, possessing a capital of \$12,605,000, doing business to the extent of \$47,197,356. This was in 1871, at the last return I have seen; but I have reason to believe the movement has increased 100 per cent. since that time; and that it has been, and still is, doing a great work in educating and raising the members of these societies to their proper place in the body politic. There are many interesting facts in connection with the movement which I cannot now enter upon, -but may at some

The first benefit that flows from Co-operation, and that which workmen usually consider the most, is the money saved by dealing with co-operative stores—some 15 to 20 per cent. This is a great advantage, and influences more to join than any other motive; but it is not the only advantage, and in my estimation by no means the greatest.

2nd. The educational advantage. In these days of unrestricted rivalry and unlimited competition, when the possessors of capital aim to get rich only, by no matter what means—workmen feel the pressure sometimes unbearable—differences arises as to the respective claims of Capital and Labor-and men in connection with co-operative societies must learn something of commercial affairs, of the rise and the fall of market in the articles they deal in, and the experience he gains in this way will be useful to him when he is called upon to consider the claims of capital on the one hand, or labor on the other. He will be able to arbitrate on his own side of the question with far more chance of success, and should capital seek to oppress, or the work man be unreasonable in their demand, (which sometimes happens), he will be more likely, by prudence, discretion, and knowledge acquired in the business of co-operation, to be useful in bringing the dispute to a satisfactory

3rd. It teaches honesty. Articles sold must be pure and unadulterated, as far as possible, -and full weight must be given in every case; doing away with the scandals in our police courts, and the confiscating of bread, and other articles, and the punishing of dishonest tradesmen for cheating and defrauding the community.

4th. Economy is business. There is no need for show or extravagance in business. When it is known the interests of buyers and sellers are identical the temptation to run into extravagance is removed, and no one is lead into temptation; for no one wishes to cheat himself.

5th. The great enemy of labor is abolished, debt is swept away by co-operation, the manhood and self-respect of the man raised and in his domestic relations he is greatly and permanently benefitted by the cash system; the very breath of his household is sweetened by being out of debt, next to strong drink, the most degrading trial a man can suffer under. A man can look the world in the face and act an independed part when he is conscious that he owes no man anything; thus co-operation teaches purity, honesty, and economy, and frees a man from debt. This is the ideal aimed at. I don't say it is in every case attained. but the aim being high, much more is likely to be accomplished than under our present system of adulteration, short weight, show and extravagance. I don't mean to say but that there are honest dealers as well as honest co-operators,-tradesmen that would disdain to deceive in any way; but I say co-operation removes the temptation that so many fall under; besides, no one can blame the workingman for refusing to pay another 15 or 20 per cent. to do for him what he can do, and do much better, for himself. No one should blame workingmen for seeking an escape from the evils that surround him. With all the increase of wealth and the accumulation of capital within the last decade, workmen are no better off than they were twenty years ago, only so far as they have, by their trade societies and their co-operative stores, raised themselves from the trammels of capital,and I say, men, "fight it out on this line." When you join a trade society you only cease from the evils of isolation and weakness; but when you have learnt to co-operate you have learnt to do well.

I am, yours, &c., HENRY ROBINSON. Port Dalhousie, Oct. 30th, 1873.

ficentatock of shawls.

REMITTANCES

S. B., Bewmanville, \$2.00; O. K., London, \$2.00 ; J. W., Montreal, \$1.00 ; J. B., Oshawa, \$5.00; J. W. D., Dundas, \$2.00; T. H., Hamilton, \$2.00; W. H., do., \$1.00; C. B., do., \$1.00; J. H., do., \$2.00; Geo. M., do., \$1.00; L. & Bro., do., \$24.15; P. McC., St. Catharines, \$2.00; J. W., do., \$1.00; Mr. McM., do., \$1.00; Mr. McC., do., \$1.00; G. W., do., \$2.00; C. W. H., do., \$2.00; A. C. G., do., \$1.00; E. G., do., \$1.00; J. S. W., do., \$1.00; T. S., do., 50c.; G. W., do., \$1.00; T. McG., do., \$2.00; T. McR., do., \$1.00; W. C., do., \$1.00; J. F. R., \$2.00; R. C., Thorold, \$1.00.

To Correspondents.-H. L. W., Ottawa. letter received. The paper has been regularly sent to you at Ottawa. G. M. Hamilton, Remittance received. The papers have regularly been mailed from this office every week, and the irregularity must have occurred in connection with the P. O. authorities.

We regret that the contribution of "W. ." has unavoidably been left over this week. It will appear in our next.

A. RAFFIGNON.—In another column will be found the advertisement of this gentleman. whose place of business is still at No. 107 King street west, where, among other attractions for the public he has opened an elegant Oyster Parlor. Foster's celebrated New York Oysters can be supplied to customers by the quart or gallon. Oysters served up on the premises in every style. Our city readers would do well to remember Mr. Raffignon when they want anything in his line of busi

We desire to call attention to the advertisement of Dr. Wood of Ottawa. For the cure of cancers Dr. Wood has a wide reputation, and the success of his treatment should lead those who are suffering from that dreadful malady to consult him without delay.

25 Ball Cards and Programmes, Post ers, in plain and colored inks, Business Cards, Bill Heads, Circulars, and every description of Plain and Ornamental Job Printing executed in first-class style at the Wormman Office.

Yew Advertisements.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS!

A RAFFIGNON. No. 107 KING STREET WEST, Is now prepared to supply

Foster's Celebrated New York Oysters BY THE QUART OB GALLON.

AT An elegant Oyster Parlor has been fitted up to suit the most fastidious taste, where Oysters will be served up in every style. Remember the Address.

No. 107 KING STREET WEST. Near the Royal Lyceum

THE UNION

BOOT & SHOE STORE

170 King Street East. CORNER OF GEORGE STREET.

The undersigned respectfully informs his friends that he has opened

The Union Boot and Shoe Store, With a Large and Varied Stock of the

NEWEST STYLES. Bost material and has fixed the prices at LOWEST LIVING PROFIT.

Gentlemen's Boots made to order. An experienced manager in attendance. No penitentiary work. All home manufacture—the work of good Union men. E. P. RODEN.

NOTICE TO TAILORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Operative Tailors of the city of Toronto are now on Strike, and members of the trude are requested to govern themselves accordingly.

All communications in reference to the above to be addressed to Mr. MAIR, Secretary, No. 8 Bond Street. Toronto, Sept. 29, 1873.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST Are respectfully requested for

J. EDWARDS

AS WATER COMMISSIONER

Western Division of the City.

The Election takes place in January, 1874.

EATON'S

NEW

SHAWLS.

600 Shawls to choose from, pretty, new, cheap.

COME AND SEE THEM TO-DAY.

Don't fail to call and see Eaton's magni | CORNER YONGE & QUEEN STREETS,

Miscellaneous.

WE ARE SELLING

NEW AND SECOND-HAND ORGANS AT RETEMBLY LOW PRICES FOR CASH, OR ON MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

ear Every working man, be he mechanic or laborer, can purchase one of our Organs, without experiencing any inconvenience, as the payments are very low and within the reach of all.

N.B.—Second-Hand Organs taken in exchange. Musical Hall, 177 Yonge Street. J. F. DAVIS.

CHARLES TOYE,

MERCHANT TAILOR AND CLOTHIER, 72 QUEEN STREET WEST. A large and extensive stock on hand. A good at -hr guaranteed.

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 my other house. Cooking and Parlor Stoves in grea variety?

SALEROOMS:

45 and 46 Jarvis, Corner of King St. East

Furniture Bought, Sold, or Machanged. 58-te

WESTMAN,

177 King Street East,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF BUTCHERS' TOOL SAWS OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

All Goods Warranted. WEST END FURNITURE WARE-

JAMES McQUILLAN.

258 QUEEN ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT Strict attention paid to repairing in all its branches. City Express delivery promptly executed, Household Furniture removed with great care First-class Furniture Varnish always on hand. 32-0

FURNITURE DEALER

SIEVERT.

I PORTER AND DEALER IN

C ICAR, TOBACCO AND SNUFF,

And ry description of Pobaccenist's Goods, 70 QUEEN STREET WEST, TORONTO.
Sign of the "INDIAN QUEEN." 84-hr

BALLS AND SUPPERS ATTENDED TO.

BY WILLIAM COULTER,

On he r st notice, and in a manner as to give entire sa isfa ion. Home-made bread always on hand.

THE Remember the address—CORNER OF TERAULEY AND ALBERT STREETS.

SAVE A DOLLAR AND COSTS,

THE FARMERS' FRIEND.

For Sore Shoulders, Saddle Galls, Cuts, etc., etc., on horses,

IN HALF PINT BOTTLES, 25 CENTS. JOSEPH DAVIDS & CO.,

Chemists and Druggists.

171 King street Esat, Toronto

D. HEWITT'S Wast End Hardware Establishment,

365 QUBEN ST. WEST, TORONTO. CUTLERY, SHELF GOODS, CARPENTERS' TOOL

Boots and Shoes.

SIGN OF THE "GOLDEN BOOT."

WM. WEST & CO. 200 YONGE STREFT.

SPRING STOCK

Is now Complete in all the

LATEST STYLES. From the VERY BEST TO THE LOWEST QUALITY. We follow the good old motto-"Small Profits and Quick Returns." 函 Call and see for yourselves. No trouble to show our Goods.

WM. WEST & CO.,

200 Yonge Street

Groceries, Provisions, &c. RARGAINS FOR MECHANICS!

WM. WRIGHT

DEALER IN

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, WINES AND LIQUORS,

FRUIT, OYSTERS, &c., &c. TS

277 Yongo Street, Toronto.

Queen City Grocery & Provision Store. 320 Queen Street West.

WM. F. ROBERTSON. DEALER IN GROCERIES, WINES, LIQUORS, &c.,

In addition to his SUGARS, that have been before the public so long, has received his SUMMER BIQUORS:

ger Goods sent to all parts of the city.

The Dome Circle.

IF WE CAN SEE.

In all the winding ways of life, Its disappointments, and its strife, Happy are we, If we can see Our heavenly Father's guiding hand, Leading us toward that better land, Eternity.

We faint not 'neath the noontide's sun, Nor falter, ere our race is run; Faith's holy ray Shines on our way, God's gifts are scattered far and wide, And flowers spring up on every side To bless our day.

How calmly we can watch and wait.

While crooked pathways are made straight, Our holy friend Will still attend To all our cares, to all our fears-Will lead us on through changeful years, To life's bright end.

MY LITTLE DAUGHTER-SLEEPING.

Soft by thy pillow, my darling, That bears thee in slumber to-night; Sweet be thy dreams till the morning Wakes thee to fairer delight; My precious, my innocent darling, My loving, my beautiful one, God keep thee from sickness and sorrow Till life's little journey is done.

What were the light of the morrow. If thou should'st not waken again-What but a cloud and a tempest Of sadness, and anguish and pain? Thine innocent face is our sunshine; The light of thine eye is our joy; The smile on thy lip brings us gladness, And pleasure unmixed with alloy.

Surely the angels, my darling, Will watch thee in waking and sleep, And God in his infinite goodness, The way of thy footsteps will keep: Tenderly, lovingly, bending, Shield her, good angels, to-night; Sweet in her slumber, till morning Wakes her to dearer delight.

GREEN FIELDS IN SIGHT.

At the portals of the morning Stood a child with dainty feet; All about him golden sunshine, Pearly dew and blossoms sweet; And with tender, dimpled fingers Plucked the flowers fresh and fair. And the overhanging branches Laid their dew-drops in his hair.

Looking forward o'er life's pathway, Saw he broader fields of green, Skies with snowy clouds so fleecy Here and there, now shreds between ; And with swiftly flying footsteps Started he for fields more bright; But in vain he hurried onward-They were always just in sight.

Warmer, brighter, grew the sunshine; Broader, rougher grew the way; But with green fields just before him, Nothing could his footsteps stay. So he wandered on till manhood Took the place of childhood fair; Then he threw aside his flowers, Wiped the dew-drops from his hair.

Onward, onward, toiling, striving, Helping others with his might, Saw he that the blooming meadows That are always just in sight Lie within the dark, cold river. Here we only wish and wait, Till the Master calls us over, And unbars the pearly gate.

SENSE AND SENTIMENT.

We jeer at sentiment sometimes, and are very apt to plume ourselves upon our practical common sense.—Poetry, and all that, is well enough in its place, we think, but common sense is eminently to be praised, and every departure from it is an indication of weaknoss. Nearly every one of us takes this view of the matter. We may cultivate practical ways of looking at things until we have squeezed the last trace of sentiment out of ourselves and after all is done there will be a vast deal of what we like to call nonsense mixed up in our own composition. The thing is born in us and cannot be cradicated; and what is more to the purpose, it ought not to be eradicated, because it is the best part of us-because it is the parent of every grand and noble thought, the father of every greatness in action.

The master of a tug-boat, a plain, blunt fellow, who probably, never read a line of poetry in his life, spoke a grand epic in homely phrases not long ago. When the Northfleet want down in the British Channel he dared everything and endured everything for the sake of rescuing a handful of perishing people from the waves, and when somebody asked him who would pay him for his work, he indignantly blurted out; "Pay me! I don't want pay. I don't want money. But seein' that there's medals knocking about for this sort o' thing, I don't say that if one o' them was to come my way I should say no to hand it over. I should like a medal, if it was only made of resolves and most determined efforts? and yet on shore could but look on at the sad sight, abound with notices of famous scholars, re-

There was no mock heroics there, but the man was full of poetry to his very throat, plain him. practical fellow that he was.

A flag is but a yard or two of bunting when it is looked at as a matter of fact, but the men who have been willing to die for it all these hundreds of years, have seen something more in it than a coarse cloth, certainly. A popular English lecturer, not many years ago, told some anecdotes strongly illustrative of the universal prevalence of this poetic feeling among the plainest of people. We can only repeat two of them from memory. An English regiment in India had its colors (nothing but a square yard of bunting of course) taken away from it for some act of insubordination. Every man had his rations and pay as usual, and no physical punishment of any sort was added to the ideal one mentioned. Yet every man in that regiment groaned and suffered under the chastisement. Coarse, illiterate, brutal fellows, perhaps they were. Common sense would laugh at such punishment for such mon. But the commander knew what he was about. A fort was to be stormed at the top of a long hill. The enterprise was a peculiarly perilous one, and one that required more than ordinary persistance. The commanding officer rode down the line to the position occupied by the disgraced regiment and cried, "Men, your colors, are at the top of the hill-charge ! And charge they did, that single regiment up the long, cannon-swept hill, through the abbattis, over the ramparts, into the fort at last, a mere handful of men left to receive the flag again, for which more than two-thirds of the brave fellows had gladly given their lives There was no common-sense in this matter else the fort never could have been taken at

Some of the warlike tribes in India, when one of their men fall in battle after showing extrordinary courage, decorate his wrist with a red silk thread if he be a private, a narrow ribbon if he be an officer, and a broader one as the rank of the dead rises. Not many win this honor, and there is no mourning for those whose death is thus repaid. An English army marching upon Lucknow came upon a strong hill fort which it was necessary to reduce. A sergeant and seven men constituted the advance guard on the march, and when the close proximity of the fort was discovered, the buglers with the main body sounded the recall as an order for the sergeant to withdraw his guard and join his regiment. The little squad mistook the bugle sound, and thought it an order to charge. Obeying it as such, they went to certain death on the ramparts of the fort. The army coming up stormed the place, and after some hours of desperate fighting took it. They there found the dead bodies of the sergeants and all his men, and around each wrist was the broad red ribbon, a poetic tribute from the Sepoys to the heroism of their dead enemies.

The people Mr. Bret Harte describes in his sketches are certainly not morbid sentimentalists, and yet their proceedings draw all their interest from the pathetic touches of poetry running through them. Without the occasional gleams of sentiment which Mr. Harte seizes upon so vigorously, these people would be unusually revolting beings, full of unredeemed coarseness of thought and life, criminals for the most part and ruffians altogether. And were the poetry merely Mr. Harte's invention thrown over these rough lives as a romantic dressing, it would not serve to give us any permanent interest in them. The truthfulness of the sketches is essential to their value, and herein lies the secret of this author's art. He discovered the poetry of Roaring Camp, and told us about it to ou great delight. Had he invented it, we could have discovered it quite as easily as we have recognized its truth.

CURIOSITIES OF SLEEP.

We have an example of the way in which, after long wakefulness, accompanied by much physical exertion, sleep will overpower even a strong man, in the following quotation from Mr. MacGregor's "Voyage alone in the Yawl 'Rob Roy.'" He gives this account of his arrival at Dover, after a perilous voyage across the channel from Havre :-

"I went up to the "Lord Warden Hotel," meaning to write home, dine, and go to bed, after fifty three hours without sleep; but while waiting for the servant to bring hot water, and with my jacket off, I tumbled on to the bed for a moment. Then it was three o'clock p.m.; soon, as it seemed, I awoke again, I saw it was light, and bright sun shining; also my watch had run down, the water-jug was cold, and it was a puzzle to make out how I felt so wonderfully fresh. Why, it was next day, and I had soundly slept

for seventeen hours." Cases to illustrate the fact that excitement is not sufficient to insure wakefulness are not perhaps so familiar or so obvious. There are. however, instances on record of sailors having fallon asleep during the height of an engagement, and while the roar of cannon was sounding in their ears, fairly overcome by the exhaustions of their nervous systems, in consequence of the protracted exertions to which they had been exposed. We all know, too, by experience that reading or preaching, which may be sufficiently stimulating or exciting in itself, fails to keep us awake if our powers of endurance are exhausted. Who has not, under such circumstances, made the most virtuous

leather and didn't cost two pence ha'ponny. he has found to his annoyance, and perhaps to They could give no help. They had no boat his shame, that sleep got the mastery over

> But it is not only that excitement fails to keep us awake when nature demands repose, but even the call of duty and a keen sense of self-interest cannot do it.

Thus, it has often been noticed that soldiers have fallen asleep while on the march, and that not in isolated instances—a young recruit here, or a sickly man there, but a large proportion of the men forming a company. This is more particularly apt to occur in hot climates during night marches. Many Indian officers have attested the fact. So well recognized indeed is it, that military manuals recommend that the band should play during the night in order to keep the men awake. In the m.moir of the celebrated Major Hodson, of "Hodson's Horse," we find the following account from the pen of a brother officer :-

"The way Hodson used to work was quite miraculous. He was a slighter man and lighter weight than I am. Then he had that most valuable gift of being able to get refreshing sleep on horseback. I have been out with him all night following and watching the enemy, when he has gone off dead asleep, waking up after an hour as fresh as a lark; whereas if I went asleep in the saddle, the odds were I fell off on my nose."

It may not seem so wonderful that men should sleep in the saddle. Those who are accustomed to riding may sleep in it almost as easily as other men do in a chair; and the horse is an animal of such sagacity that the rider may feel confident in relying upon his guidance. But that men should fall asleep while on the march, while the arm is shouldering a musket, and the legs are moving in regular step, does seem very strange. Such parts of the system as can find repose insist. as it were, upon taking it, while those which cannot be spared are obliged to continue at work.

In a similar way children employed in factories have been known to fall asleep while tending certain pieces of machinery, and doing what was necessary to keep them in motion. These and other milder examples of the same class-as, for instance, when a person falls asleep standing at a desk—are approaches to what we see normally among many animals; namely, that some part is in active exercise

Thus many quadrupeds sleep standing. It is evident, therefore, that their muscles are altogether not relaxed; those which retain the body in position are in a state of tension. The same is true of most birds. They sleep grasping a branch, and balancing their bodies on one leg. Every child notices with interest the way in which his canary or bullfinch goes to roost. Well, during that sleep some of its muscles are in constant activity.

HAPPINESS.

The following is a portion of an address delivered recently at a Western Farmers' Convention: "Let me repeat what Col. Coleman said: 'Cultivate more brains, and less corn.' and you will be richer in the end. Make your houses the pleasantest places on earth for vourselves and your children; surround them with all beautiful things; fill them with books and pictures. No matter if you do not have quite so much money when you die; you will not be half so sorry to leave it. The man who has only a thousand dollars when he dies can only be a hundred thousandth part as sorry as Vanderbilt, with his hundred mil lions. Let us live while we live, for pure, rational, intelligent happiness. I determined years ago, to get as much of it in this world as I could. Rational happiness does not consist in getting drank, nor being a beast; but in the cultivation of the highest faculties of the mind, which make man godlike."

THE DUTCH BOOR.

When I was a small boy and went to school, too young to read, I heard a thing read of a horse that made both my cheeks wet with hot tears. The man who owned the horse lived at the Cape of Good Hope, and was called a Dutch boor, or a poor man of Dutch blood who was born on the soil of that hot land, and tilled with the plow and hoe. He was a kind man at heart, though rough in look and speech. He loved his mare and she loved him, and was with him by day and near him by night. She was proud to have him on her back, and would dash through swamps, ponds, and fire, too, if he wished it. But one day came that was to prove the faith and love of her stout heart, and the soul of the man.

A great storm came down on the sea. The waves roared and rose as high as the hills. Their white tops foamed with rage at the winds, that smote them with all their might. The clouds flapped them with black winds. Night drew near, and it was a scene to make one quake with fear. Right in the midst of all this rage and roar of wind and sea, a great ship, with sails rent and helm gone, came in sight. It rode on the high, white waves, straight on a reef of rocks too far from the shore to reach it with a rope. The ship was full of young and old, whose cries for holp could be heard, loud as was the voice of the storm. Their boats were gone like the shells of eggs. There was no wood nor time to build a raft. The waves leaped on the ship like great, white wolves bent on their prey. How could one soul of them all be saved? The men

nor raft; and their hearts were sick in them. Then the Dutch boor was seen to draw near at full speed on his horse. Down he came to the beach, nor did he stop there one breath of time. He spoke a word to her which she knew, and with no touch of whip or spur, she dashed in and swam the sea to the ship's side with a rope tied to her tail. She wheeled and stamped her way on the white surge with a row of men on the shore. There she stayed but for a breath. At the soft word and touch she knew so well, she once more plowed through the surge to the ship, and brought back a load of young and old. Once more she stood on the beech, amidst tears of joy from all eyes. She stood there weak, as wet with sweat as with the sea. The night fell down fast on the ship. There was still a few men left on it, and their cries for help came on the wind to the shore. The thoughts that tugged at the brave man's heart, will not be known in this world. The cries from the ship pierced through and through. He could not bear to hear them. He spoke a low, soft word to his horse. He put his hand to her neck, and seemed to ask her if she could do it. She turned her head to him with a look that meant, "If you wish it, I will try it." He did wish it, and she tried, to the last pulse of her heart. She walked straight out in the wild sea. All on shore held their breath at the sight. She was weak but brave. Now and then the white surge buried her head; then she rose and shook the brine out of her eyes. Foot by foot she neared the ship. Now the last man had caught the rope. Once more she turned her head to the beach. Shouts and prayer care from it to keep up her strength. The tug was for a life she loved more than her own. She broke her veins for it half way between ship and shore. She could lift her feet no more. Her mane lay like black sea-weed on the waves while she tried to catch one more breath. Then, with a groan, she went down with all the load she bore, and a wail went out from the land for the loss of a life that had saved from death near a ship's crew of men. Thus dared and died in the sea the brave Dutch boor and his horse. They were, as friends, one in life, one in death; and both might well have place and rank with the best lives and deaths we read of in books for young or old.

A CITY OF THE PAST.

Toward the close of the eighteenth century, the house of Abba, founded on the banks of the Tigris, the Metropolis of the Mohammedan faith, Bagdad, arose in the midst of a scene filled with the fame of ruincd cities. Not far off was Babylon, still faintly traced out on its desolate plain, the stone pictures of Nineveh and the palace of Mcydeh. The fallen cities, it is said, were rifled to complete the sacred capitol. The Saracen preyed upon the last labors of the Assyrians, and the wealth of the Moslem world, and the conquered Christians, were employed in providing a proper home for the viceregent of

Mohammedau writers labor with vain epithets to paint the splendor of Bagdad, when, under the vigorous rule of Harounai-Raschild: and the vizier Jaffier, it suddenly outstripped in prosperity and holiness all earthly cities. It was the central shrine of the Moslem faith. The Commander of the Faithful ruled over its people. The power of Haraun was felt in distant Spain, and on the banks of the Indus the Tigris once more labored beneath the commerce of mankind; merchants of Egypt and India met in the bazaars of Bagdad; the Brahmin and the Jew, filled its prosperous atreets.

It is not probable, therefore, that the Atab accounts are greatly exaggerated. Bagdad possessed a powerful citadel, a circle of lofty walls, a royal palace on the Tigris, whose endless walls were adorned with all the grace of Saracenica architecture, and mosques of unequalled splendor. It is the most populous city of an age when Rome was a half-deserted ruin, when London and Paris were barbarous towns, and Charlemagne was vainly striving to make his capitol in the wilderness of Flanders a centre of Western progress.

A humane spirit of Mohammedism had filled Bagdad with hospitals, dispensaries and edifices of public charity. The private houses of wealthy merchants were adorned with marble and gold. The graceful court was filled with fountains, rich hangings of silk and velvet covering the lofty walls. Divans of satin and tables of costly workmanship, the richest fruits and flowers, and the rarest wines and viands, set off those costly banquets, at which the degenerate descendants of Mohammed delighted to violate every principle of their austere law.

. But still more remarkable was the intellectual position of the Eastern Capitol. The renown of Babylon or Nineveh had been altogether meterial: the children of the desert surrounded themselves with all the refinements of literature and the art. The wealthy Arabs were educated in poetry, music and languages; common schools were provided, at which the humblest citizen might learn to read and write with accuracy the favorite precepts of the Koran. Colleges, taught by professors of eminent attainments, drew in throngs of students. Libraries, enriched by the spoils of Grecian and Roman thought, awoke a boundless ardor for letters. The Arabic annals

nowned in every land where the Arabic was spoken, and of poets, historians and men of science, who had charmed the advancing intellect of the children of Arabic sands.

AS HAPPY AS CAN BE

The city of B-, a town on the Big Muddy, Missouri, has among its principal citizens Captain McV, a man who "knows how to keep a hotel," and who says sharp things on current events. Just before the breaking out of the war a young lady of B-was married to a rising physician. He joined his fortunes with the South, and soon after he was killed in battle. Afterward the lady married a merchant of St. Louis, who was carried off by the cholera in 1866. Returning to her former home. she met a young man of fine address and entertaining manners, but who had a greater social than business reputation. He was not rich. and had, apparently, little prospect of becom-

Under these circumstances the engagement of the twain was looked upon as anything but desirable by the friends of the lady, who, notwithstanding her double widowhood, was still young and attractive. But in this case, as in innumerable others, love triumphed over prospective poverty. One evening while Captain McV and some of his guests were sitting on the porch, enjoying the cool breeze of the Big Muddy, the couple referred to strolled by. After they had passed the captain ex claimed,—

"What terrible sin can that woman have committed that she should be thus visited by all the curses in the calender? She has had war, she has had pestilence, and now she is threatened with famine."

He might have gone on and added, "battle, murder and sudden death." Fortunately the last marriage has proved as "happy as they make them."

Snudust and Chips.

A Vermont schoolmaster has struck the thing at last. He makes unruly boys turn a grindstone one thousand times, while another boy bears on with a stick of wood.

The gentleman who has heretofore perform. ed the part of a wild man in a Chicago museum has concluded to be tame until he gets his last month's wages.

"See here, Dick, I hear that you are in the habit of taking my jokes, and passing them off as your own." "Shouldn't a man always be ready to take a joke from a friend," responded Dick.

"If you don't want the soot don't go up the chimney," was the reply of an editor to respectable (?) persons who requested him not to mention the fact that they had been arraigned in the police court.

A pretty and well-dressed young lady, after looking at several pairs of lavender-colored gloves in a shop lately, shocked the assistant by asking him which pair he thought the " lavenderest."

The following is a literal copy of a notice which has been erected in a field in South Lon lon: "Ladies and gentlemen are requested not to steal the turnips. Other persons, if detected, will be prosecuted."

A three-year old St. Louis girl thrust her head through the iron pickets of her neighbor's fence the other day to smell the roses She was compelled to smell them until some one helped her head out.

A Detroit German thus expresses his opinion of Buffalo meat, now very plentiful in the markets of that city: "I shall not puy dat meat vat is bison. Nein! Ven I kills myself I puys streetchnine and pe done mit it."

An old lady selling eggs in Savannah a short time ago asked, as is usual, "What's the news?" "The latest," said the obliging clerk, "is that the Yankees have got the Modocs." The old lady struck her knuckles on the counter, and exclaimed, "I hope the last one of them will die of it."

For the re-assurance of those timid souls who fear the lightning's flash and the alldreaded thunder-storm, some eccentric lover of figures has calculated the chances of any person being struck by lightning. It is about one in 190,883, or rather less than the chances of drawing the capital prize in the Havana lottery. According to the same statistician, one is twice as liable to die of sunstroke, and six times as likely to commit suicide. Underthese circumstances it is not worth while to bury one's self in a feather bed when a storm comes up.

An intelligent contraband, being about to be sworn as a witness, was objected to, on the ground of ignorance of the nature of an oath ; when the following dialogue occurred:-Judge: "Brown, do you know what you are about to do?" Brown: "Yes, I s'pose I does massa. I'se gwine to kiss de book." Judge: "But what will be done to you if you tell a lie? Where will you go to if you swear falsely? Brown: " Well, massa judge, I dunno 'bout dat. I reckon I'll ketch Jessie from you if you find me out. May be you put me in de jug." Judge: "Well, but when you die what will become of your soul if you perjure vourself?" Brown: "Massa, I spec it'll gopretty rough wid me. De devil will get me shua nuff. I reckon I won't kiss.de book. judge, dis time; I'll wait till I can 'member all about it." Judge: "Let the witness be-

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> By Order, F. BRAUN, Secretary.

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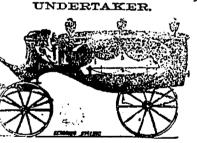


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