

Ontario Workman.

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

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Labor Notes.

The paper hangers of Chicago have organized, and formed a union, and meet regularly.

The number of industrial establishments in France at present is 150,000, employing two million of hands.

The journeymen letter-press printers of Paisley have demanded a second increase of 2s. 6d. per week—the rise is to commence on the 6th of next month.

Work has been resumed at the Pembroke, Me., iron works. The workmen had been on a strike for some weeks, owing to a reduction of their wages.

A number of female operators in Campbell's mill at Manyunk, Pa., have struck in consequence of a reduction of wages and five days in the week.

The general wages for carpenters in San Francisco is three dollars. Hodmen are paid at the same rate, and building laborers receive two dollars fifty cents.

The Society for Improving the Condition of the Working Classes, so long known in connection with its object, has been awarded the Exhibition medal for its merit at Vienna.

Belfast, as the most important centre of Irish industry, is steadily improving, and with the exception of the usual depression occasioned by the changing of the season trade on the whole is brisk.

The workmen of the Southwest foundry, Pa., Henry G. Morris, proprietor, struck last week in consequence of the proprietor insisting upon a reduction of 20 per cent. off mechanics, and 15 per cent. off laborers.

A new foundry is to be added at once to the shops of the Utah Central, in Salt Lake City. The equipment of the machine shops has been increased by a large driving wheel lathe, and several other tools built by the New York Steam Engine Company.

All differences having been adjusted between the proprietors and employes of the Phoenix Glass Works, of La Salle, Ill., the fires have been again introduced in the furnaces, and glass blowing will be resumed in a few days.

The Irish Bakers' National Union has issued an address indicating the manner in which it proposes to work. It suggests "a thorough and complete union of the bakers of Ireland." Mr. Patrick Mooney is President; Mr. John Basset Low, Secretary Office 8, Upper Bridge street, Dublin.

There has been a great revival of American shipbuilding this year, chiefly for the coast trade. Shipbuilders have plenty to do, and are making contracts which will keep them busy for a year to come, the business being almost entirely in wooden vessels. Ship carpenters and other shipbuilding operatives are not too plentiful.

At a meeting of operative nailmakers at Bromsgrove, on Monday, it was resolved to strike at once for an advance of ten per cent. on present prices, the masters not having conceded the advance of which notice was given last week. A proposition to wait another week before striking was rejected by a large majority. It is expected a similar strike will take place in the Dudley district.

The operative joiners of Dunfermline, have made a demand upon their employers for an additional halfpenny per hour, making their wages 6½d. per hour. The demand was at first resisted, and a strike was the result; but it has since been granted. Six or seven weeks ago they were working at 5½d. an hour. A demand was made for 6d., which was granted; and now a demand for 6½d., which has also been granted.

The *Workingman's Advocate* says, the miners of Streaton, numbering several hundred, met in mass meeting on Saturday, 27th Sept., and organized a Lodge. On Thursday last, a district meeting was held at Braidwood, and the following delegates elected to the Youngstown Convention; Daniel McLaughlin, John James, Frank Lofty, Meshesk Dando, Peter Daly and John Keir. The District comprises a membership of nearly one thousand miners.

The overseers, sorters and letter-carrier of the General Post Office, Dublin, to the number of 236, have addressed a memorial to the Postmaster-General expressing dissatisfaction with the recent revision of the Dublin establishment, and claiming to be put upon the same scale of wages as the London officers, on the ground that the prices of provisions are

now assimilated between the two countries, and there is no longer any reason for the disparity between the scales of remuneration laid down between the two offices. They press their demand upon the further ground that it has been conceded in the case of the Edinburgh Post Office.

A National Congress of Early Closing Associations, and a subsequent public demonstration, are to be shortly held in Manchester, (under the auspices of the National Early Closing League,) for the purpose of adopting such measures as may be considered necessary to meet the threatened opposition of Prof. Fawcett, M. P., and his supporters in Parliament, and to secure the passing of Sir John Lubbock's Shop Hours Regulation Bill. Delegates are already promised from the principal towns in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, and several well known advocates of the "Factory Hours Bill" in Parliament are expected to take part in the proceedings.

LONDON TRADES.

The new industries arising out of the discovery of electrical agency, have, in the main, been enriching the labor market of Birmingham and Sheffield; the metropolis is however, beginning to ask a question why it has allowed such profitable work to slip through its hands; and consequently London has, at present, a fair share of the electrotype work, and is keeping to itself an invention that bids fair to supersede the old bell hanging trades.

I allude to electric bells for domestic use, which are now laid in the New Foreign Office, Buckingham Palace, Sandringham House, Windsor Castle, hotels, mansions, and all new large and public buildings. The engineers are Adams and Son, of Marlborough Works, Marshall street, Golden square, and skilled workmen, who are acquainted with mechanics, would do well to pay attention to this new industry, as it is one of the most rising in the metropolis, and there can be no question that as the invention becomes more known most noblemen's country mansions and public buildings will have the old clumsy bell hanging superseded by electricity and workmen will be sent to all parts and even abroad.

The revolving steel shutters is another London industry employing a large number of hands, at the works in Rathbone place, Oxford street.

The London gas engineers also hold their own, and the constructional iron works for building are as busy as can be, both in the Goswell road, Southwark and Millwall.

The machinists in the King's road, Chelsea and at Millwall, are well employed in making machines to supersede manual labor in joinery and lifting.

At the East End the shipbuilding yards are by no means scarce of hands. Boiler makers, steam engine makers, engineers and rope makers are active. The sugar bakers, weavers, tailors and furniture makers are dull.

In Clerkenwell the silversmiths, goldsmiths, tinplate workers, watch and clock makers, looking glass makers and engravers are falling off.

At the West End coachbuilders, cabinet makers, upholsterers, tailors, gunsmiths and carvers and gilders are anything but active; and the boot and shoe makers are now beginning to get slack.

In Southwark the glass trades, engineers and hatters are fairly on; and the emery and black lead mills at Blackfriars are active. In Lambeth the potteries and cement works are busy.

In Battersea an inroad is being made on the stonemasons at the Corunna Works, Stewart's lane, where stone is dressed by machinery instead of hand labor, and at a fraction of the cost. This is likely to effect a revolution in masonry. Granite or any stone can be dressed. The horseshoe and patent nail works are also making head here.

For the season-trade altogether must be reported good, although provincial and metropolitan "commercials" are treading on each others' heels, and are grumbling at stock orders.—*Labor News*.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEERS.

TENTH INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION AT PHILADELPHIA.

The tenth International Convention of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers convened Thursday by a public meeting in Horticultural Hall. There was a full attendance of delegates 165 members being present; and many of these were accompanied by their wives and daughters.

After the proceedings were opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. Hill, Mr. L. D. Tufts, of this city, Third Chief Engineer, presented letters from Governor Hartranft and Mayor Stokley regretting their inability to be present, but warmly welcoming the delegates to the city and State.

Mr. Charles Wilson, of Cleveland, Ohio, Grand Chief Engineer, was then introduced and delivered his annual address. After congratulating the brethren on the favorable auspices under which the association meets, he said: Our progress during the past year has been rapid. We now number 172 sub-divisions, with a total membership of over 9,500 members. Our finances are in an excellent condition the total receipts during the year have been \$21,641 34; the total expenses (including \$8,000 dispensed as charities) during the year have been \$23,287 11, this with \$31,448 87 cash on hand at the commencement of the year, leaves a total cash on hand, October 1, 1873 \$29,803 10. Our Journal has been well patronized, affording a net income of \$5,396 91, and the means thus put into our hands has made the heart of many a widow and orphan glad.

Eighty-three deaths of members were reported to the Grand Office during the year.

He alluded to the action of the Moberly Division, No. 86, (whose charter had been suspended.) wherein a strike had been organized in connection with the Louis, Kansas City and Northern R. R. and the occasion of the strike condemned.

In speaking of the principles of the Brotherhood, the Chief said:

"The difference in our organization from other trade organizations consists, first, in requiring qualifications for membership, such as character, education, experience and ability in our calling as locomotive engineers; second, we try to manage our business so as to secure the confidence and esteem of our employers, and work entirely in harmony with them, insisting that our members must pursue a proper course of conduct, &c.; third, we rely entirely upon our merits for strength to obtain what we are justly entitled to; fourth we stand alone, seeking no entangling alliances with other trades, nor forming combinations with any view of forcing a compliance with our demands. We do not believe in denouncing our employers with every vile epithet that language can invent, but prefer to treat them with respect, believing that we can get better pay and treatment if we manage to maintain a friendly feeling between the official and the employee.

The chief closed his address by urging the members to fully realize the importance of their position, and so endeavor to frame the rules and transact the business of the society as to satisfy the hopes and expectations of their numerous members and friends.

The Rev. D. C. Babcock, Secretary of the State Temperance Union, then made a short address, in which he urged the great importance of temperance among the employees of railroads, and he instanced several cases of railway accidents caused by the use of intoxicating liquors.

Mr. T. S. Ingram, of Fort Wayne, Ind., the First Grand Engineer, was then introduced. He urged his brethren not to be blinded by personal or sectional feelings, but to legislate for the good of the ten thousand locomotive engineers whom they represent.

Mr. R. Pierson, of Toronto, Ontario, was the next speaker. He alluded to the courtesies extended to the Brotherhood by railroad officers in Canada, and to the measur-

able success of the movement in the Dominion to prevent the starting of any trains from twelve o'clock Saturday night to 12 o'clock Sunday night, and hoped the Brotherhood would take the subject of Sunday trains into serious consideration.

Mr. P. M. Arthur, of Albany, N. Y., Second Grand Assistant Engineer, was the next speaker. He also warmly advocated the abolition of Sunday trains, and urged his brethren to use all just means to accomplish this end, and criticised bitterly those high railroad officials who give largely to churches and attend divine service regularly, gathering around the communion table with their families and Christian brethren, and at the same time compel thousands of their fellow-men to violate the law—"Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy."

Mr. G. W. Johnson, of San Francisco, Grand Guide, was introduced, and gave a flattering account of the condition of the Brotherhood in California. He also spoke on the Sunday question, and hoped to see laws passed by the State Legislatures forbidding the starting of trains on Sunday.

Mr. George W. Tyre, of Indianapolis, Ind., Grand Chaplain, spoke of the great growth of the Association within last six years, and urged the importance of temperance, morality and religion among men who have such a dangerous calling as locomotive engineers.

Mr. Charles H. Sherman, of Dunkirk, New York, president of the insurance branch of the Brotherhood, was the next speaker. He said that during the year ending July 1, 1873, 68 active members of the Brotherhood had died. During the first year of the association the insurance department paid out on 22 policies, \$31,920. During the second year, from No. 22 to 48, there was paid \$48,324 59. During the third year, from No. 48 to 76, there was paid \$71,463. During the fourth year, from No. 76 to No. 115, there was paid \$119,225 40. During the fifth year, including a period of eighteen months, ending July 1, 1873, from No. 115 to 182, there was paid \$204,000, making a total in five years of \$294,000. The whole number of deaths to July 1, was 182, and the amount paid in each case varied according to the number of members and the amount of the assessment. The assessment at present is \$1 in every case of death, which produces a sum in each case of \$3,347. The cost of insurance during the past year has been 1 2/5 per cent. on the amount of the policy, about one-fourth the premium required by any good insurance company; and this on a class of men whose occupation always causes them to be rated as extra hazardous.

In the afternoon the Convention met in Common Council Chamber, where it had been intended to hold all the business sessions, but the room was found to be too small to accommodate all the delegates and the Committee of Arrangements were instructed to procure a larger hall. The whole afternoon session was spent in the examination of the credentials of delegates and distribution of badges. The election of officers and appointment of standing Committees will take place to-day. The Convention will meet in Common Council Chamber to receive the report of the Committee on Hall Arrangements, and will adjourn to the hall which they may select.—*Inquirer*, Oct. 16.

CURRENT EVENTS.

John Bright has been unanimously re-elected a member of Parliament. There was no opposition to him.

The Republicans of France are working with great activity and energy to obstruct the designs of the Monarchists.

Eighteen Deputies in the French Assembly signed a manifesto protesting against and declaring they will resist the attempted royal restoration.

A change in the Prussian cabinet is rumoured, and it is not improbable that Prince Bismarck will resume his position President of the Ministry of State in place of Von Roon.

The police have not succeeded in obtaining any trustworthy information likely

to lead to the clearing up of the recent Thames mystery.

The international congress of locomotive engineers held two sessions at Philadelphia on Saturday last, which were conducted in secret. It is understood the proceedings were in reference to the amendments to the constitution.

The beavers of Northern Canada, and the musk-rats of these latitudes are reported as having already commenced to put up double doors and windows to their dwellings, from which the rural seers predict an early and severe winter.

The Spanish Government has made a complaint to the Government of France that the French Consul in Cartagena offered protection to the insurgents. A reply has been received promising that justice shall be done.

The new German iron-clad in course of construction in England, which General Von Stosch is about to inspect on his visit to that country, is to be christened Deutschland. It will be, for the present, the most powerful vessel in the German Navy.

The Dutch Government is in the fortunate and exceptionable position of having no debt, and also of making money out of its colonies. The expenses are always kept below the income. The budget for 1874 estimates the expenditure at 100,000,000 florins, and leaves a surplus of 400,000 florins.

The dread of yellow fever has provoked a spirit of outlawry in the town of Nevada, Tex. On the 6th inst., a body of armed men from among the citizens stopped three trains coming from a locality infected with yellow fever, obstructed the track and declared their determination that no train should pass through.

French suicides continue to present strange features. A young sub-lieutenant of cavalry in Paris recently invited a young girl whom he casually met on the streets to ride with him in the Bois de Boulogne. Returning to the city he ordered a lavish supper, with wines, of which he and his companion partook. Then he completed his day's spree by blowing out his brains with a pistol. Neither the girl nor any one else knew his name, nor was there a sou in his pocket to pay his restaurant bill.

A young Parisian artist has become insane through hopeless love for an actress to whom he had long and vainly sought to be introduced. Recently the lady left Paris for Rio Janeiro, and the young man's mind became so completely absorbed by thoughts of following her thither that finally he presented himself at the post office, his forehead covered with postage stamps, and on his breast a written address directing him to be sent to Brazil.

The Minister of Public Works at Versailles, M. Deseilligny, has addressed a circular to the French prefects regarding the proposal to construct a submarine railway between England and France. He states that a scheme has been submitted to the two Governments by an Anglo-French company, to construct a tunnel under the Channel, of about 34,400 metres long, connected with the railways on each shore by underground lines of about 10 kilometres in length, the company asking no pecuniary assistance or guarantee except the perpetuity of the exclusive right to work the railway and freedom from competition. The English Government replied that it saw no objection to the proposal except so far as regarded the monopoly, to which it could in no case give its assent. Before any building engagements were made the principle of the project should be submitted to a public examination. With this view, instructions have been issued to the Prefect of the Pas-de-Calais to open an inquiry, and at the same time the minister thinks it desirable that a work of this international importance should be placed before the Chamber of Commerce, and he requests the prefects to invite the Chambers of their several departments to favor him with their views on the scheme.

Poetry.

WE'VE A HOME OF OUR OWN.

We've a comfortable home of our own, my dear,
And we're free from worry and care;
No more "house hunting," nor moving about,
And no merciless landlord comes here.

We've a beautiful house of our own, my dear,
With its parlors and chambers so nice,
Its basements and attic, and a room to spare
For grandma, God bless her, for life.

We've a nice green yard, all our own, my dear,
Where the children can romp and play,
And no "big ugly boys" can break Jessie's
doll,
Nor scare Lizzie's kitten away.

We've a garden all planted with "truck" my dear,
And a beautiful bed of flowers,
We'll have currants, gooseberries, and plums,
if they bear,
And all this nice homestead is ours.

Yes; we'll have wet days and cold, dry days
and hot,
But what care we for sun, wind or rain,
We've a roof of our own, on this bright little
spot,
Then let's banish all sorrow and pain.

We've a spare bed or two, if company comes,
And a place for Ella and Johnny all right;
Also, Anna and James, if they choose to come
home,
With their babies, to stay all night.

We've a parlor for Mattie and Jen to sit,
If a young man should happen to call,
But we'll not be in a hurry for that quite yet,
Two lessons are enough—the young rascals
—that's all.

Then let us be happy and gay, my dear,
Nor wrinkle our brows with care;
We've a place of our own, and no rent to pay,
No merciless landlord comes here.

YOUTH AND AGE.

How slow, how sure, how swift,
The sands within each glass,
The brief, illusive moments pass!
Half unawares we mark their drift
Till the awakened heart cries out—Alas!

Alas the fair occasion fled,
The precious chance to action all unved!
And murmurs in its depths the old refrain—
Had we but known betimes what now we know
in vain!

When the veil from the eye is lifted
The seer's head is gray;
When the sailor to shore has drifted
The sirens are far away.

Why must the clearer vision,
The wisdom of Life's late hour,
Come as in fates derision,
When the hand has lost its power!
Is there a rarer being,
Is there a fairer sphere
Where the strong are not unseeing,
And the harvests are not eere;
Where, ere the seasons dwindle
They yield their due return;
When the lamps of knowledge kindle
While the flames of youth still burn!
O, for the young man's chances!
O, for the old man's will!
These flee while this advances,
And the strong years cheat us still.
—Scribner's Monthly.

Tales and Sketches.

THE ROYAL SISTERS-IN-LAW.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

CHAPTER I.

The human race is ever progressive. From the time of our first parents in the garden, we have been steadily advancing in knowledge and refinement; and each succeeding age, in complacent wisdom, looks back upon the ignorance of its predecessors. In the sixteenth century, France took the preposterous care of Louis XII. and Francis I. (who maintained, at the expense of government, "professors whose business it was to lecture to as many students as chose to hear") the ambitious youth of all countries flocked to Paris, and France became the seminary of the world. On the accession of the weak and pleasure-loving Henri, the beneficial results of the wisdom which preceded him lent a lustre to his court; and it continued to be the rallying-point of learning and the arts.

Beza, Seve, Pelletier, Bellay, Ronsard, and Iodello were the sons which that age gave to science and the muses. Their lofty names, rescued from oblivion's engulfing waves, have floated down the tide to far posterity; but the legion of authors and scholars who were famous then for their bold crusade against ignorance, have been lost in intervening time; yet they have left their impress on the age in its emancipation from the thrall of that barbarity against which they battled.

The statesmen of those days have filled the world with their renown, and the names of their contemporary warriors are enshrined in immortality. The formidable brotherhood of the house of Guise, whose respective mem-

bers graced the Court, the camp, the church, and the council; the Bourbon brothers, Anthony, Duke of Navarre, and Louis, Prince of Conde; the family of the famous Montmorency, who had enjoyed the confidence of the three last Gallic monarchs—all lent their laurels to adorn this reign. "Fair women and brave men" are inseparable; and at Henri's court clustered the loveliest and most remarkable women of the time. His own consort, Catharine de Medicis, shone in all the lustre of transcendent talent and unfaded bloom, while the vices which afterwards deformed her character lay undeveloped in her bosom. His sister, the Princess Margaret, a beautiful example of female loveliness, and the idol of the nation; his two fair daughters, just verging into womanhood, carefully reared and accomplished; and his beautiful ward, the renowned Mary Stuart, added interest to his Court.

The gaiety of Henri's reign was unexampled. Summer tournaments and *jeux* were succeeded by winter festivals and masquerades. Sailing, fishing, and hunting; snow-balling, skating, and dancing, occupied alternately the attention of the royal votaries of pleasure; and the places and gardens of Paris seemed almost to embody the poet's dream of paradise.

One lovely day in July, the gardens of Fontainebleau echoed with the gaiety of a *foire champêtre*; and the noble revellers, dispensing with the stately etiquette of more ceremonious meetings, wandered, as impulsive prompted, amid the natural and artificial adornments of this charming spot.

A mirthful and boisterous party, consisting of a dozen persons in the very dawn of youth, stood under the trees near a fountain; and prominent amid them all was one who became the heroine of many an after tale. Her features narrowly escaped being Grecian—her nose being somewhat longer and her lips fuller than the antique model. Her bright brown eyes, chameleon-like, varied in hue with the maiden's mood; seeming blue in her sunniest moments, but growing almost black with thought or sorrow. Her hair a beautiful auburn, defying restraint, clustered in short, close curls around a brow, the high and fair expanse, of which gave a regal character to her girlish face. The dazzling whiteness of her complexion, and the no less dazzling radiance of her wreathing smiles, imparted that sunny, seraphic expression which may be observed in pictures of the halo-encircled head of the Madonna. Oh, Mary Stuart was born to reign a queen! Four other members of this interesting group were the celebrated Scotch Marys—Mary Beaton, Mary Fleming, Mary Livingston, and Mary Seaton. These young girls were near the age of their royal mistress; and had been selected, while yet in infancy, from the Scotch nobility, to share the charming exile of the baby queen. They had emulated her studies in the convent, and were now beginning to taste with her the intoxications of the Court. The sixth figure in the group was the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of the reigning monarch, whose beauty, though not so conspicuous as that of her royal companion, was scarcely less enchanting. Her face was more pensive, her movements more gentle than Mary Stuart's, whose impetuous mountain blood endowed its possessor with energy and action. A younger sister of Elizabeth's, entertaining her brothers Charles and Henri with an animated narrative, completed the group.

Aloof from the rest, a pale, slender boy of sixteen stood leaning against a tree, with melancholy eyes contemplating the mirth in which he did not venture to mingle. Then, as the boisterous Charles laughed, with unrestrained hilarity, at the narrative of his lively sister, he turned away with a long-drawn, heavy breath. Was it envy that prompted the sigh of the young dauphin?

"See," cried Mary Livingston, as her eye rested on a magnificent retinue in the distance, "yonder is the queen and all the gay gallants of the Court. How they follow her footsteps and listen her words! Oh! it must be delightful to be a queen!"

"Mary Stuart is a queen," said another, "but she is as one of us; she reads with us, studies with us, dances with us, and—"

"Queen of the Barbarians," interrupted Mary Stuart, laughing; and then added, more seriously—"Oh, if you could hear my lady mother tell of her joyless Court, you would not envy me my poor kingdom."

"But to be Queen of France," suggested the Princess Elizabeth, archly, alluding to the betrothal of Mary to the heir of that kingdom.

Mary crimsoned, and glanced hurriedly at the boy dauphin; but, seeing he observed them not, replied, with merry raillery—"Yes, or of Spain!"

The young girls, by their ready mirth, testified their appreciations of Mary's quick retort, for it was well understood that the princess was regarded with tenderness by Don Carlos of Spain.

"They are belle countries," cried Mary Beaton, "but it is wearisome to be a queen! I would rather be a nun, and so would you," addressing the Queen of Scots. "Ah, you shall be Sister Genevieve, and I will be Sister Anastasia, and our days will glide peacefully away in holy prayers to our sweet Mary Mother, and sublime anthems to the glorious heaven of which she is queen. Oh, Mary Stuart we will be nuns!" and the enthusiast clasped the hand of her mistress between her own.

"I should like to be a nun," said Mary

Stuart, gently, touched by the animated earnestness of her attendant. "You know how dearly I loved our convent life; but my uncle, the cardinal, says it is not the will of Heaven."

"And my uncle, the cardinal, says I was born to be a nun. I am sure it is greater happiness to sit quietly in the calm cloister, where care and sorrows never come, than to marry some odious lord whom one cannot but hate."

Again Mary Stuart's eyes sought her boy lover, and this time encountered his gaze fixed upon her. A shade of anguish crossed his countenance, and he turned away.

Mary saw, with ready sympathy, the disquiet of the dauphin, and flew to his side, saying, "Nay, Francis, do not leave us."

He paused, and looked in the fair young face of his betrothed, with an expression of sad inquiry, mingled with reproach. "You would be a nun, Mary?"

"Oh! Francis, I thought so once, but I do not desire it now—indeed I do not."

Mary spoke the truth; her introduction to the gaieties of the Court had entirely dissipated her predilection for the cloister.

"You prefer being the wife of a husband you must hate," continued Francis, with petulant jealousy.

"Nay, nay; those were not my words," said Mary, good-humouredly. "And, indeed, Francis, you know I love you."

This artless confession, so unlike the Mary Stuart of after years, soothed the ruffled feelings of the lover, although it failed to overcome his self-distrust.

"How can you love me, Mary? You, so peerless, so beautiful! you, around whom the gallants of my father's Court cluster in adulation and homage. No marvel that I fear the gay, the handsome, and the noble will win your heart from me, a poor timid boy."

"Nay, dearest Francis, I know naught of them beyond the hour; but you I have known from infancy. And you are so good and gentle to all, so tender to me, how can I help loving you?"

The sad eyes of the dauphin lighted with triumphant gladness. It was a proud thing to be beloved by the peerless beauty; it was a precious thing to be beloved by the object of his young heart's idolatry.

CHAPTER II.

The marriage of Mary, Queen of Scots, to the Dauphin of France, was one of the most imposing spectacles of that age of wonders, and called forth all the enthusiasm of the most enthusiastic nation in the world. The ceremony was celebrated in the renowned cathedral of Notre Dame; after which, the royal cortege partook of a magnificent collation at the palace of the Archbishop of Rouen. They then returned to the palace of the Tournelles, where a banquet was prepared, the splendors of which defy description. The royal party feasted at a marble table, with "one hundred gentlemen" in attendance as musicians, and "princes of the blood" as servitors. Supper was followed by a series of magnificent pageants, at which modern royalty would stand aghast, and own itself a neophyte. In the midst of the festivities, twelve artificial horses, magnificently caparisoned, rode down the hall, each bearing the young heir of a noble house. Then followed six galleys, decked with cloth of gold and richest hangings, with a youthful cavalier on the deck of each; who, as the fairy barge sailed down the hall, advanced and bore from amid the admiring revellers the lady of his heart. On one of these galleys sat an illustrious stranger, whose large eyes glistened with the lustre and blackness of kindling coal, while his olive complexion betrayed the rich dark blood of Castile. This was Don Carlos, only son of Philip II. of Spain. As the curious mechanism moved down the hall, he leaped to the side of the Princess Elizabeth, led her to a seat on his barque, threw himself at her feet, and glided from the gaze of the applauding Court.

"My beautiful one," said the Spaniard, "look up, and smile to-night, for to-morrow I may not bask in my lady's favor."

"So soon?" sighed Elizabeth; and her cheek paled.

"Ah, yes, so soon," responded the impassioned son of Spain. "But we will give to love the moments which are left. Let me tell thee once more how long I have worshipped thee. Oh, Elizabeth, in my very boyhood thy bright image was enshrined in my gloomy heart, filling it with light and glory, like the angel in the sepulchre. And as I grew to manhood, its every pulsation has beaten with a deeper, truer, stronger love for thee. I have not loved thee vainly, for thy royal father has promised thou shalt be mine; and I am filled with joyful and triumphant exultation. Speak, dearest, and say that my bride is not the victim of a father's policy; say that she brings the priceless dowry of love to her affianced."

"A victim!" she exclaimed, reproachfully. "Couldst thou look into my heart, and see how its thoughts and hopes have centered in thee; couldst thou hear me nightly thanking the Virgin for my blessed lot, and imploring her to preserve our love from blight, thou wouldst not question me."

"How eloquently am I answered! But, beloved, fear not; for our love must prosper. Have not the kind Fates favored us in all things? They prompted me to love thee and oh! bliss, they have bidden thee love me in return. They have instigated Henri and Philip, thy sire and mine, each to desire, most

earnestly, an alliance which will secure the friendship of his powerful neighbor. What, then, can part me from my bride?"

"I know not, Carlos; and yet a weight of foreboding oppresses me. I cannot feel joyous to-night, even with thee. Love as intense as ours is fearful, and I tremble lest our happiness may not last."

"Thou hast been consulting the astrologer, Nostradamus," said the lover. "Nay, hide it not, but tell me his prophecy."

"He told me I should be Queen of Spain," said the lady, timidly.

"Ha! said I not so?" cried the impetuous lover. "And what next?"

"That the crown should be my cross."

"Never!" exclaimed Carlos—"never as I am a true knight and Christian gentleman! Dost doubt me, dearest?"

"I doubt thee not," she answered, meekly; "and fear naught save losing thee."

"How soon will I teach thee to mock at that fear! I leave thee to-morrow; but when next we meet, I will be here to claim my bride!"

When next they met!

CHAPTER III.

The affection subsisting between the dauphin and the dauphiness was of a very different nature from that entertained by the lovers. Francis and Mary were sixteen years of age at the time of their union; but she was tall, finely developed, and womanly; he slight, delicate, and boyish in appearance. The one looked older, the other younger, than was really the case. The dauphin loved most tenderly the bride which policy had assigned him; but, mingled with his admiration of her lustrous charms, was a sense of his own inferiority and unworthiness, which occasioned him intense pain. It is hardly possible that the unfortunate dauphin could have inspired his gifted consort with the same passionate love which he entertained for her; but strong minds, like Mary's, rejoice in the appealing love of weak ones, and his amiable, affectionate nature, his timid self-distrust, were very touching to the tender heart of the playmate of his infancy, now the wife of the youth. We doubt if the depths of her nature had been stirred by her delicate boy; but she loved him with a generous affection, and devoted herself to him with assiduity.

"The couriers bring weighty news to-night," said Elizabeth to the dauphiness, who had just arrived at the palace. "Queen Mary, of England, is dead."

"Ah!" said the merry Mary, "we must congratulate your ladyship on your deliverance from so fierce a mother-in-law."

"Poor lady?" sighed the gentle Elizabeth, "with all her faults, I cannot but pity her unhappiness. Oh! Mary, it must be a living death to be scorned and slighted, as she was, by the husband of one's love!"

"We must hope that the son will prove a better husband than the father," said the Queen of Scots, playfully.

Elizabeth raised her meek eyes to the speaker, full of anguish and reproach.

"Sweet one, forgive me!" cried the queen, winding her arms around her sister-in-law; "I did but jest. Carlos is as unlike Philip as day is unlike night, or Elizabeth of France unlike Mary of England. You will be happy, lady-bird—happy beyond your fondest dreams—happy as I now am."

The two young creatures with arms entwined, stood looking from the window in silence. Elizabeth was musing of the future and her lover, while Mary's thoughts were with the fate of queens.

"Mary of England, in experiencing domestic unhappiness, has but shared the common lot of queens," said the youthful moralist. "The hand of a princess must be bestowed for the benefit of her kingdom, though sorrow and blight be her portion. This martyrdom of the heart is the penalty of royalty; but we, sweet sister, you and I, are favored by Heaven. When I think of my union to one who from childhood has been dear to me, and all the happy moments of my unclouded life; when I think of the fond devotion of your affianced to the bright lady of his choice, and her unutterable tenderness in return, I almost think that Providence has forgotten our royalty."

Elizabeth's eyes sparkled, and her cheek glowed, while the queen spoke; and she ejaculated, "Oh! we are, indeed, blessed!"

Could Mary of Scotland, from the pinnacle on which she stood, have looked down the dim aisles of futurity, and marked the sorrows gathered in her path—the outraged love, the humbled pride, the thwarted ambition, the crushing, in turn, of every passion of her noble nature—could she have marked, in this hour of triumphant happiness, her faltering footsteps winding downward, through a life of woe and weariness, to a death of degradation—her mighty spirit would have burst its bonds, and folded its wings in heaven. Could Elizabeth of France have realized the horrors which beset her shorter pathway to the tomb, her gentle heart would have broken then, instead of a few years later, and thus escaped the anguish through which it was destined to win its way to rest.

Even while these fated ones revelled in the security of present bliss, the cloud was rising, "no bigger than a man's hand," which was soon to shroud their heaven.

The death of Queen Mary, of England, was an event which gave unmingled satisfaction to her husband, Philip, King of Spain; and he

lost no time in searching among the daughters of royalty for a more pleasing successor. The beauty of Elizabeth was alike a theme for gossip and minstrelsy in the Spanish Court, and awakened in the king a determination to make the *fiancée* of his son his own.

France and Spain were at the time engaged in a war, which had been attended with such successes to the Gallic arms, as (in the language of a French historian) "secured to that country an advantageous peace." But Henri, who was neither warrior nor statesman, neglected to avail himself of the advantage which these triumphs gave him, and submitted to his enemy's terms. By the treaty of Cambray, styled among his people the *Pain Maudite et Malheureuse*, he relinquished all which had been gained by the bravery of his army, and promised in marriage his daughter Elizabeth to Philip, and his sister Margaret to the Duke of Savoy.

The news of this new disposition of her hand fell on the heart of Elizabeth with overwhelming horror. In the flushing of youth, love, hope, and happiness, a summons to the tomb would have been more welcome. There, at least, she would find repose; here, naught but lingering, hopeless disquiet of the heart. Resistance she felt would be vain; for those were days when youth and loveliness were the legitimate traffic of power. We turn shuddering from the unnatural Circassian, who sells one daughter to buy bread for the rest, forgetting the long list of examples afforded by history, of men who have sacrificed their own blood for the less excusable purpose of self-aggrandizement.

The marriage was celebrated with the usual rejoicing—the Duke of Alva acting as proxy for the kingly bridegroom. There was a relief in this; he, at least, was not tied to her for life; his presence excited no loathings, his language no disgust. He was nothing to her. Banquet, masquerade, tilt, and tournament followed; and the unhappy bride moved amid them all, an automaton, impelled by the eternal springs of habit, scarcely feeling the bitterness of their mockery. Excessive grief had stupefied her brain, paralyzed her soul, and, in mercy, prevented her from realising the extent of her despair.

On the other hand, the marriage of his daughter, and the consequent rejoicings, filled Henri with delight. He mingled in the sports with boyish avidity, and himself pressed the Count Montgomery to meet him in the lists. The count's spear being broken in the encounter, he attacked his adversary with the stump, and a splinter from the shivered weapon pierced the eye of the king. The wound was considered trivial at the time, but in eight days Henri the Second was no more.

The new calamity roused Elizabeth from her mental stupor, and she shed tears—blessed, refreshing tears of unaffected grief. In the first gush of sorrow, subdued into tenderness towards a parent who was no more, and awed by the presence of the mighty conqueror who says to the wild waves passion "Be still," the memory of her rebellious grief filled her with remorse. But, as her mind grew familiar with these new emotions, the old agony returned, and from the midst of sorrow and darkness, hope arose like a star. A fond, wild hope—a hope that first faintly cheered her drooping heart—then kindled into certainty. She could yet be saved! The will she had obeyed was powerless to trammel her; the father who had urged her fate was no more, and she would be free. True, she was already wedded; but she had not seen her lord. She was in France, Philip in Spain; and the mock espousal with his proxy could not be of sufficient strength to bind her while the rites between herself and Philip were unperformed. The chains were forged; but they had not yet received their final rivet. She would be free!

(To be Continued.)

THE CHAINED HOST.

The potato famine in Ireland was nowhere felt more severe than in that part of the country where the following story is told as a true tale.

In a small village in one of the most barren districts of the west of Ireland lived a very poor widow, whose sole inheritance from her husband were two holy children, girls, of the respective ages of three and five. Painfully, and by the utmost effort, she had contrived to pass two years of her sorrowful widowhood. Bad and scanty food, obtained only by labor too great for her delicate frame, had at last thrown her upon her sick bed, and death, in pity, removed her from her earthly troubles. The poverty of the whole parish was so great that nothing could be done for the poor orphans. All the neighbors, with the utmost desire to help, were too famine stricken, and heard their own children too often cry in vain for bread, to assist others.

"If the children could only get to Kilburn," a village some miles distant, said one of the neighbors, after the poor mother had been buried, "a brother of their father lives there, and he could not possibly refuse to take care of them."

"But matters are as bad there as here, for nothing but starvation stares them in the face. If we send them to their relations we have done our duty. We cannot possibly keep them here."

So a carrier, as an act of charity, took the

two girls—Lizzie was seven now and Mary five—in his cart with him. The timid children kept very quiet and close together, and the carrier hardly looked at them. Toward noon they reached the spot where the cart would turn off. The man lifted them out, showed them the road to the left, and bade them go straight forward, and if they did not turn from the high road they would in about two hours come to the place. He then drove off. The children sobbed out "good-bye," and looked after him as long as they could see the least speck of the cart, and then they both began to cry.

Lizzie ceased her crying first. She took hold of her little sister's hand, who had seated herself on the grass, and said, "Get up, Mary. We must not stay here, if we wish to get to Kilburn. We cannot stop here on the road."

"I am so hungry," sobbed Mary. "We have had nothing to eat all day." And again they both began to cry, for Lizzie was equally hungry.

The children were very weak and could only drag themselves slowly along. Hand in hand they tottered on. At last Lizzie fancied she saw a house, and pointed towards the spot. But it took them more than a quarter of an hour before they reached the farmhouse, for such it proved to be. With hesitating steps they entered the yard, for they had never begged before in spite of their former misery. But at this moment they could think of nothing else but their terrible hunger. When a few steps from the house they heard the farmer violently scolding one of his men. Then he went into the house, fiercely closing the door after him, so as to make the windows rattle, continuing his abuse all the time. The children, terrified, stood still at the door, until the voice ceased. Then Lizzie opened the door, and both children entered. The farmer sat in an arm chair by the fire.

"Well, what do you want?" he harshly asked the children, who were too frightened to utter a word to tell their errand.

"Can't you speak?" he asked more roughly.

Lizzie at last took courage, and said, gently, "O, if you would be so good as to give us the least little bit to eat—a small piece of bread or a few potatoes."

"I thought so," shouted the farmer; "I was sure you were nothing but beggars, although you do not seem to belong to this neighborhood. We have plenty of those here, and do not want them to come from other parts. We have not bread for ourselves in these hard times. You will get nothing here. Be off, this moment!"

The children, both dreadfully frightened, began to cry bitterly.

"That will not do you any good," continued the man; "that kind of whining is nothing new to me, and won't move me. Let your parents feed you; but they no doubt prefer idling rather than getting their living by honest labor."

"Our parents are both dead," said Lizzie.

"I thought so," replied the farmer. "Whenever children are sent out to beg, their father or mother are always dead, or at least their father. This is a mere excuse for begging. Be off this minute." We have not eaten a morsel the whole day," pleaded Lizzie. "We are so tired that we cannot move a step. If you would but give us the least bit to eat, we are so hungry."

"I have told you I would not. Beggars get nothing here."

The farmer got up with a threatening look. Lizzie quickly opened the door and drew her sister with her. The children again stood in the farmyard, but knew not what to do. Suddenly little Mary drew her hand from her sister's clasp, and went to the other side of the yard; there was a fierce dog chained; his dinner stood before him in a wooden basin. Mary put her hand into the basin and began to eat with the dog. Lizzie went nearer, and saw that in the basin there was some liquor in which a few pieces of bread and some boiled potatoes were floating. She, likewise, could not resist; she had but one feeling, that of the most gnawing hunger; she took some of the bread and potatoes, and ate them greedily.

The dog, not accustomed to such guests, looked at the children full of astonishment; he drew back, then sat down and left him his dinner, of which he had eaten but very little. At this moment the farmer stepped into the yard; he wished to see whether the children had really left, and then he saw this singular scene. The dog was noted for his fierceness, and feared alike by old and young; he was obliged to be constantly chained. No one dared to come near him except his master. Even the servant put the food before him in the most cautious manner. In the first moment the man thought of nothing but the fearful danger in which the children were, and walking quickly toward them, he exclaimed:

"Don't you see the dog? He will tear you to pieces."

But suddenly he stopped, as if rooted to the spot; the dog had got up again and gone near the children, then he looked at his master, and wagged his tail. It seemed as if he wished to say, "don't drive my guests away."

At that sight a great change came over the man; the spectacle before him acted like an electric shock, and feelings such as he never had before seemed to stir within him.

The children had arisen, terrified at the call of the man, fearful of punishment for having eaten, with downcast eyes. At last, after several minutes silence, the farmer said: "Are you really so fearfully hungry that you do not even despise the dog's food? Come in, then; you shall have something to eat, and as much as you like." And then taking them by the hand he led them into the house, calling out to the servant, "Biddy, get some hot bread and milk, and be quick, for these children."

The dog had shamed his master—the brute had shamed the man. Touched by what he had seen, the farmer was anxious to make amends for what his conscience showed him to be a great sin. He seated the children at the table, sat down by them, and kindly asked their names.

"My name is Lizzie," said the eldest, "and my sister's name is Mary."

"Have your parents been dead long?"

"Our father has been dead two years, but our mother only died last week."

At the thought of their recent loss, both children began to weep.

"Don't cry, children," said the farmer, kindly. "God will in one way or another take care of you. But tell me now, where do you come from?"

"From Loughrea," replied the child.

"From Loughrea?" asked the man, "from Loughrea? That is strange."

He began to suspect the truth, and asked, hesitatingly:

"What was your father's name?"

"Martin Sullivan," replied Lizzie.

"What—Martin—Martin Sullivan?" he exclaimed, jumping up at the same time, and casting a piercing look at the children, thoroughly frightening them.

His face grew red—then tears came into his eyes—at last he sobbed aloud. He took the youngest child in his arms, pressed her to his heart and kissed her. The child struggled and called to her sister for help; she could not think what the man meant. Then he put down the little one, and did the same to Lizzie, who took it more quietly, as she had seen that the man did not hurt her sister. At last becoming more composed, he dried his tears, and said:

"Do you know my name, children?"

"No," replied Lizzie.

"How happened it, then, that you have come to me?" he asked. "Has anyone sent you to me?"

"Nobody has sent us," replied Lizzie. "We were to go to Kilburn, where a brother of our father lives, and they said he would gladly receive us. But I do not believe it, for our mother always said that he is a hard-hearted man, who does not care for his relations."

"Your mother was quite right when she said so," said the farmer. "But what will you do if this hard-hearted man does not receive you?"

"Then we shall have to starve," answered Lizzie.

"No, no!" exclaimed the man, "it shall never come to that—never! Dry your tears. The merciful God has had pity on your helplessness, and has made use of a fierce brute to soften the heart of your uncle, and therefore he will never forsake you—never."

The children looked at the man in utter bewilderment; they did not understand what he said—his words and his behaviour were alike strange to them. This he soon perceived, for he added: "You are going to Kilburn to Patrick Sullivan; you are already there. I am your uncle, and now that I know you are the children of my brother Martin, I make you welcome."

The children's tears quickly changed into smiles, and the meal which Biddy just then put on the table for them made them forget their grief. Patrick Sullivan had taken this farm about a year before. A kind Providence had directed the children's steps to him; but if the dog had not taught him a lesson of kindness, who knows what might after all have become of the poor orphans? But he who is the father of the fatherless surely would not have forsaken them.

CONNUBIAL FELICITY.

Mr. Slang used to say My horse, my boys! Mr. Slang now invariably says, Our horses, our boys, or our farm. This substitution of *our* for *my* by Mr. Slang was brought about thus: Mr. Slang had just married a second wife. On the day after the wedding Mr. Slang casually remarked: I now intend to enlarge my dairy. You mean our dairy, replied Mrs. Slang. No, quoth Mr. Slang, I say my dairy. Say our dairy, Mr. Slang. No, my dairy. Say our dairy, say our, screamed Mrs. Slang seizing the poker. My dairy, my dairy, vociferated the husband. Our dairy, our dairy, re-echoed the wife, emphasizing each our with a blow of the poker on the back of the cringing spouse. Mr. Slang retreated under the bed clothes. Mr. Slang remained under several minutes, waiting for a calm. At length his wife saw him thrusting his head out of the foot of the bed, much like a turtle from his shell. What are you looking for, Mr. Slang? said she. I'm looking, my dear, snivelled he, to see anything of our hat. The struggle was over. It was our horse, our dairy, and on the next Sunday morning he very humbly asked her if he might not wear our clean linen on going to church.

MY NAMESAKE.

Named after me—Nellie; and like me I think, Though my cheeks are wan, and hers are so pink, But, don't you remember—just look at her curls!— That mine clustered like them when we two were girls? Come sister! you've five more; a bargain let's make, For this queen of rosebuds, my little namesake.

"Nay" must not be my answer. You can keep all the rest; Five birdies will fill any common sized nest, And though you were slender enough at fifteen, You're as big now, and red-faced, as England's great Queen. The nest will be crowded enough, don't you see, Without little Nellie, who's named after me!

Don't preach now and prose about "motherly love," For Auntie'll take care of this little dove, I'll make her a pattern—a wonder to see— The cleverest, brightest of children she'll be; And look to your laurels in raising the rest, Or the old maid's darling will turn out the best.

Be sure she shall learn of her heart to take care, And of treacherous men and their arts to beware; But the belle of each ballroom I mean her to be, (She'll be lively and gay, not a wallflower like me;) I'll teach her— But, sister, to tell you the truth, I'd rather my Nellie should marry in youth.

'Tis a hard life at best that poor women endure, And it's wisest the least of twills to secure. With the veil and the orange-flower wreath of the bride, Are love and affection too oft laid aside. Still—the sad lonely vigils—my own life you see, I'd not choose for Nellie, who's named after me.

ANIMALS LIVING WITHOUT AIR.

A gentleman from Washington who was recently making geological researches at Hell Gate brought to light, we are informed, by a blow of his hammer, a living spider from the heart of the solid rock. The spider was as lively as a dancing-master, and was so glad to get out of prison that he started to run away immediately. The geologist, however, impaled him on a pin, and the poor spider, after his long imprisonment in a rock-hewn dungeon upon earth passed quickly into a spirit-land.

It has long been doubted whether stories like this are sufficiently attested to justify belief in them. Experiments have been made both by French and English men of science, with toads, which are probably supposed to have a charmed life and to live forever. The result has invariably been that after a complete seclusion from the air for a given number of days the toads have gone the way of all flesh.

It is, therefore, concluded that no animal could have been found alive in a rock, as is claimed in the case mentioned above. But the fact remains. The writer has himself seen a frog taken from its inscrutable den between two layers of stones, accidentally separated in his presence, in an English stone-quarry. He was a very lively little fellow, too.

A friend of the writer, in whom he has perfect confidence, brought from South America a large blue-headed fly, with a purple-green body, the ancient dwelling-place of which was the heart of a mahogany tree. If we remember rightly this fly was presented to Fitzwilliam Street Museum at Cambridge.

The writer does not pretend to any theory that will account for so long a life, or even life at all, under these circumstances. But that living animals of a large size and a high organization can live for an indefinite period of time without air seems to be sufficiently proven.

TALENT AND GENIUS.

Talent has feet and hands, and can walk whither it will, and do what it will. Genius has wings, but cannot leave its clay. The first may be harnessed, like a horse, to a hackney coach, and driven hither and thither. The last has no muscle but its own inspiration, and it you try to drive it, it will lay like a log, without power to move. It cannot even obey its own wish to march by the rule and square; and though it chance to spread its wings, it must still pursue its zigzag motion.

Talent is sure to make a rich man. Genius may make a lucky hit and live in a palace, but it is ten times more likely to starve in a garret. For the man of talent, how rich is his endowment—but Heaven forbid to be a genius! Many feel this in the bitterness of their spirit. Franklin, it has been often remarked, is the only man on record who, possessing the latter gift, obeyed yet the dictates of common sense.

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CHARACTER MAKES THE MAN.

The man of character is always the man of iron nerve; he may be neither a great statesman nor a politician; he may be humble in his associations and his aspirations; but with all these exceptions, if he has a character, his heart is right his integrity is unshaken. He looks on truth with a clear vision, acting in accordance with its supernal dictates; he does not fear or shun the face of his fellowman, for his soul is white with integrity, and he looks humbly and trustingly up to the eternal source of truth, and his followings, in a lowlier sense, look up to him because he is trustworthy and, in short, has character—good and stable character. Character is the corner stone in individual greatness, the Doric and splendid column in the majestic structure of a true and dignified man, who is at once a subject and a king. Such is the true type of true manhood to earth belongs his corruptible body—to another and more enlarged sphere, his soul, stamped with divinity.

THE SPIRIT OF INVENTION.

Three hundred years ago, before man had gained control of the forces of Nature, and was yet fighting for the bare liberty to study them, Lord Bacon thus estimated the import of inventions in the world's affairs:—

"The introduction of new inventions seemeth to be the very chief of all human actions. The benefits of new inventions may extend to all mankind universally, but the good of political achievements can respect but some particular cantons of men; these latter do not endure above a few ages, the former forever. Inventions make all men happy without either injury or damage to any one single person. Furthermore, new inventions are, as it were new erections and imitations of God's own works."

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY.

The saying that there is nothing new under the sun gets quoted so often that it seems too stale for repetition, yet we are constantly reminded of its force the more the ways and means of former times are studied. The adage has just received a most unexpected and remarkable illustration. It is found that the perfect idea of the sewing machine was developed upwards of eighty years ago, and in England. Everybody who knew Elias Howe believed him to be utterly incapable of inventing anything. He was not only destitute of mechanical knowledge, but was of that dull, prosaic turn of mind which is opposed to all suggestiveness. Where, then, did he get the idea? In the English Patent Office Reports, magnificently republished by the Government in 1854, there is the specification of one Thomas Saints, of Greenhill Rents, in the parish of St. Stephen, London, under date of July 17, 1790, for a composition of resins and gums for sticking the soles of boots and shoes together. Curiously enough, the specification says not a word in regard to machinery, but it is accompanied by a large plan in which are figured a sewing machine, a weaving machine, and some other unimportant articles. The sewing machine was intended for the purpose of fastening the soles to the uppers. There is a spool for the thread, there is an awl to make the hole in the materials, and there is a needle with the "eye at the top," precisely like the Howe machine, for driving the thread through the hole. It is, in fact, in all the essential features, as perfect a machine as any in use at the present day. This discovery has just been made by Mr. Lucius Lyon, of the firm of Finkle & Lyon, sewing machine manufacturers. A gentleman in Boston gave him the hint a few weeks ago that the principle of the sewing machine had already been discovered in England, and that it was to be found in the Patent Office Reports. On reaching this city he immediately went to the Astor Library and obtained permission to examine the magnificent series presented by the English Government to the library. After a long search he came upon the specification above described. The discovery cannot but have a most important bearing upon the manufacture of these machines. Manufacturers of all the various descriptions of sewing machines—there are now about sixty varieties—have all been paying a royalty to Elias Howe and his family for the use of the needle, which is the essential part of the machine. If this discovery is of any weight at all, its effect would be to completely invalidate the claims of the Howe estate for royalties, and, indeed, to render the trustees of the estate liable to suits at law for the recovery of all the enormous sums which have been paid for royalties in the past. It is enough to take away one's breath to think of the immense amount of litigation which is likely to arise out of these conflicting claims. The lawyers have an enchanting prospect before them.—N. Y. Graphic.

With reference to the above the *Scientific American* says:—

We have looked over the drawings and specification of this old patent, and find them rather defective; still it is possible that the machine could be made to work. It makes the loop stitch, contains an awl for punching the hole for the needle, apparently employs the eye-pointed needle, and has a horizontal feed. But if any body expects by the production of this contrivance in court to invalidate any of our existing patents for shoe machinery, we think they are destined to disappointment. The Saint machine, while it is interesting as

an old curiosity, could not possibly be substituted for the effective devices employed in this country. The Saint invention bears about the same relation to modern sewing machines that the ancient revolving pistols do to the existing repeating fire arms. The first, indeed, exhibited the revolving principal, but practically were good for nothing. So of the early attempts at sewing machinery, including that of Saint; they may show the eye-pointed needle, the loop stitch, and a feed, but still are practically useless. The ideas of American inventors had to be adopted before sewing were made useful to the world.

THE SAILOR'S BRIDE.

A seafaring man, who was recently married, gives the following description of his bride and her apparel, which will put some of the regular "society papers to the blush:

My wife is just as handsome a craft as ever left the millinery dry dock, is clipper built, and with a figure-head not often seen on small crafts. Her length of keel is five feet eight inches, displace twenty-seven feet of cubic air; of light draught, which adds to her speed in a ball-room; full in the waist, spars trim. At the time we were spliced she was newly-rigged, fore and aft, with standing rigging of lace and flowers, mainsail part silk, with forestay sail of Valenciennes. Her frame was of the best of steel, with whalebone staunchions. This rigging is intended for fair weather cruising. She has also a set of storm-sails for rough weather, and is rigging out a small set of canvas for light squalls, which are likely to occur in this latitude sooner or later. I am told in running down the street before the wind, she can turn around in her own length if a handsomer craft passes her.

THE PRIEST AND HIS DINNER.

An Irish priest was standing at the corner of the square about the hour of dinner, when one of his countrymen, observing the worthy father in perplexity, thus addressed him: Oh, Father O'Leary, how is your riverence? Mighty put out, Pat, was the reply. Put out? Who would put out your riverence? Ah, you don't understand that is just it. I am invited to dine at one of the houses in this square, and I have forgotten the name, and never looked at the number, and now it is nearly one o'clock. Oh, is that all? was the reply. Just now be aisy, your riverence? I'll settle that for you. So saying, away flew the good natured Irishman around the square, glancing at the kitchens, and when he discovered a fire that denoted hospitality, he thundered at the door and inquired: Is Father O'Leary here? As might be expected, again and again he was repulsed. At length an angry footman exclaimed: No bother on Father O'Leary, he was to dine here to-day and the cook is in a rage, and says the dinner will be spoiled. All is waiting for Father O'Leary. Paddy leaped from the door as if the steps were on fire, rushed up to the astonished priest, saying: All is right, your riverence, you dine at forty-three, and a mighty good dinner you'll get. Oh, Pat, said the grateful pastor, the blessings of a hungry man be upon you. Long life and happiness to your riverence, I have got your malady, I only wish I had your cure.

Miss Emily Faithful states that an industrial bureau for women, on the model of one she recently saw working well in New York, will be opened, this month, in London, Eng. Its aim will be to provide work for women by means of technical instruction, a registry of professional, industrial and domestic employments, in connection with correspondence with the clergy and others, and offices in New York and Chicago. Information will be obtained respecting emigration, and a practical course of training providing for young women in families. Lectures will be given to working women on household economy, cooking, treatment of young children, and the laws of health, and there will be a reading room, a school for plain sewing, and a cutting out department.

A Hampshire farmer wanted a farm hand, and was applied to by an Irishman who wanted work. The farmer objected to engaging Pat, on the ground that two Irishmen, previously in his employ, had died on his hands. "Then you object to hiring me on that account?" said Pat. "Faith I can bring recommendations from many a place that I have worked in that I never played such a trick."

"I say, Sambo, can you answer this conundrum, s'posing I gib you a bottle ob whiskey corked-shut with a cork; how would you get the whiskey out without pullin' de cork or breakin' the bottle?" "I gibe dat up." "Why, push de cork in... Yah, yah!"

What is the size of this place? gravely asked a Torontonian of the conductor, just after the brakeman had sung out Cobocook at a station where only a few houses were visible among the pines. It's about as big as Toronto, was the ready answer, but it's not built up yet.

NOTICE.

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

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

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

WILLIAMS, SLEETH & MACMILLAN,
124 BAY STREET.

Meetings of Unions.

TORONTO.

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

- Machinists and Blacksmiths, 1st and 3rd Mondays.
- Painters, 1st and 3rd Monday.
- Tailors, 2nd and 4th Monday.
- Crispins, (159), every Tuesday.
- 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, 4th Tuesday.

MESSRS. 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. Ternent will please state if they wish the paper continued.

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The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, OCT. 23, 1873.

MR. ARCH AND HIS MISSION.

Mr. Clayden, the associate of Mr. Joseph Arch, has given to the public a further opinion on the subject that has brought them to this country,—and in their recent visit to the agricultural districts of Western Ontario, the impressions that they have received were of the most favorable character; but whilst they have seen evidences of comfort and prosperity in connection with the farms they visited, they yet keep to their proposition, that it is necessary, in order to encourage the emigration of English married farm laborers, that adequate accommodation must be afforded them on or near the farms where they are to serve; or that "a Laborers Cottage

Committee might be formed, and blocks of cottages be erected in agricultural centres, where the thing so much coveted by family men could be enjoyed, a little congenial society." Of course the *Globe* does not agree with these views, and pretends to see in such a scheme the idea of a class "content with perpetual servitude." It is quite true that "married people with families will always want to be independent, and push their way upwards and onwards;" but we cannot see in what way the fact of having a comfortable home and surroundings will render a man less independent, and less anxious to promote his own prosperity and well-being; or in what way the enjoyment of the "congenial society" will lead any class to be "content with perpetual servitude."

Beyond this matter, Mr. Clayden has touched upon the question of the hours of labor, and in his letter he says, "I would also strongly urge fixed hours for work, with extra pay for additional hours. No man will ever object to work early and late when it is needed, only the employer must make it worth his while to do so. As for the twaddle about farming being different from every other form of service, and therefore not amenable to ordinary laws and regulations, the sooner it is done with the better. Agriculture is a business, just as chair making is, and the man who works on the land is governed by pretty much the same laws and influence as the one who works in wood. The great thing with each and with all is to create and sustain, a community of interest."

These views we hold to be sound, although they do not chime in with much that was so freely said by certain of our city papers about "cast iron rules," etc., during the agitation for shorter hours of labor.

Mr. Clayden, in alluding to the curse of England at the present time—"the ever-widening gulf between the rich and the poor"—tenders some advice that is pertinent to others than those who employ agricultural laborers, and we cannot do better than quote his words:—

"The few are gathering into their rapacious maws nearly every inch of the soil, and the toiling myriads remain age after age hopelessly poor. Now, at present in Canada this state of things is unknown, and therein lies the secret, or, at any rate, one of the secrets of its power. I would strongly urge upon all employers to guard most jealously their own aggrandisement. Be careful that your laborers progress with yourselves. The vicious principle of regarding workmen as mere ladders to position and power, to be kicked from under you when the end is gained, cannot be too severely reprobated by every loyal citizen of the commonwealth. It has produced all that miserable jealousy between employers and the employed, which is alike the bane of both. In England the efforts of Trades' Unionists to bridge over this gulf have resulted in paralysing some of the principal sources of industry. Prevention is better than cure. Let every toiler share in the fruits of his toil. The husbandman who enhances by his toil the value of the land, let him share in that increased wealth. Let his home grow in attractiveness with his master's. If the owner of the farm is idiot enough to wear himself out with excessive toil, let him not add to his folly by expecting his servant to do the same. If he does so, it is but a completion of his insanity to wonder at the haste of his servants to run away from him."

It is true that in Canada, at the present time, comparatively speaking, of "the gulf dividing rich and poor" we know but little; but the seeds of the evil that has created the social differences and embarrassments that exist in the old world are beginning to fructify; and there is urgent need that employers should "guard jealously their own aggrandisement," lest the causes which have produced such pernicious results in other countries should operate alike here. The conflicts which have already taken, and are now taking, place, in our midst, give evidence of the presence of the evil complained of; but if the course pointed out by Mr. Clayden be generally adopted, there will be little fear but that the happiest results would follow alike to employer and employed.

Don't fail to call and see Eaton's magnificent stock of shawls.

THE OPERATIVE TAILORS.

We understand it is the intention of the operative Tailors' Society to hold a Mass Meeting on Monday evening next in the Trades' Assembly Hall. A number of the members of the Assembly are expected to address the meeting, and we hope there will be a large attendance.

On Saturday evening a very successful meeting of the operative tailors was held in the city of Montreal to take into consideration the best means of rendering assistance to the men on strike here, and also to organize a society of the trade in that city. Mr. Bondidier of this city, ably explained the position of affairs here, and a resolution was unanimously carried, pledging the meeting "to use every honorable means in their power to assist their fellow workmen of Toronto, in this struggle with capital, by not working for those Toronto merchant tailors who have established a temporary agency here, and by such pecuniary aid as it is in their power to give."

In order to carry out the intentions of the foregoing resolution the "Operative Tailors Protective Union of Montreal" was then organized, and a subscription list started. So progresses the work of organization.

CIGAR MAKERS.

The National Executive Board have issued a comprehensive address to their craftsmen throughout their jurisdiction, in which questions of the utmost importance are treated, embracing the question of strikes, wherein they urge the general adoption of the principle of arbitration in settlement of differences; local laws; the warning system; the endowment plan, apprentices, etc.

THE REPRESENTATION OF LABOR IN PARLIAMENT.

The representatives of labor in Parliament (says the London correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*) and the local influence of some of the trade unions are sure to form an important feature in the next general election. The Labor Representation League is about to prepare for the event by an electioneering campaign during the present autumn and the coming winter. It is understood that that body is about to issue an address recommending "that active steps be at once taken in the boroughs of Blackburn, Bolton, Hartlepool, Newcastle-under-Lyne, Wenlock, and Whitehaven." The League suggests the formation of committees in the above mentioned places, and promises deputations from the Central Committees in London to aid them in their work. There are good reasons for stating that handsome sums of money have already been given by a few of the more wealthy members of the Liberal party to some of the labor candidates who are coming forward at the next election. The following is a list of those candidates, so far as it can be stated with accuracy: Stafford, Mr. Alexander M'Donald; Morpeth, Mr. Thomas Burt; Aylesbury, Mr. George Howell; Gateshead, Mr. Lloyd Jones; Merthyr, Mr. T. Halliday; Stoke, Mr. A. Walton; Wigan, Mr. W. Pickard; Worcester, Mr. W. J. Airey; Birmingham, Mr. W. Gulliver; Southwark, Mr. George Odger; Frome, Mr. W. Allen, and Middlesborough, Mr. J. Kane.

WATER COMMISSIONER.—It will be noticed by reference to our advertising columns that Mr. J. Edwards is first in the field as a candidate for the position of water commissioner for the Western Division. Mr. Edwards has a high reputation as a business man, and should he be returned, would be an acquisition to the Board of Commissioners.

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.

For all kinds of Plain and Fancy Printing, go to the WORKMAN Office. Call and see specimens of work.

CAPITAL VS. LABOR.

The ironmasters of England are organizing to contend with Trades' Unions whenever strikes are prosecuted. A correspondent of the *New York Times* says of it: "But there is something going on at this moment in Great Britain which may be fraught with—goodness knows what!—both as to this international iron question, and every other question. An organization has been formed and is now being perfected, of by far the most gigantic character the world has ever known. It is called the National Federation of Employers. It embraces all the trade and manufactures, is intended once and forever to eradicate the principle of strikes, and already numbers among its members firms representing over £1,000,000,000 capital. It is to be among employers what Trades' Unions are among employed. If a general strike in any branch of manufacture occurs, the Federation is to assist with money and influence the involved employers in resisting the demands of the strikers. Here is an open declaration of war against the Trades' Unions. When the battle between the Federation and the Trades' Unions begins in earnest, some one will get hurt. Whichever way the fight terminates, America must benefit by it. If the employers win, we may look for a heavy emigration of Great Britain's most skilled laborers. If the Trades' Unions gain the day, British labor will and must rise to the level of American labor."

THE TOOLS OF GREAT MEN.

It is not the tools that make the trained skill and perseverance of the man himself. Indeed, it is proverbial that the bad workman never yet had a good tool. Some one asked Opie by what wonderful process he mixed his colors. "I mix them with my brains, sir," was the reply. It is the same with every workman who would excel. Ferguson made marvellous things, such as his wooden clock, that accurately measured the hour—by means of a common pen knife—a tool in everybody's hands, but then everybody is not a Ferguson. A pan of water and two thermometers were the tools by which Dr. Black discovered latent heat, and a prism, a lens, and a sheet of pasteboard, enabled Newton to unfold the composition of light and the origin of color. An eminent foreign savant once called upon Dr. Wallaston and requested to be shown over his laboratories in which science had been enriched by so many important discoveries, when the doctor took him into a little study, and pointing to an old tea tray on the table containing a few watch glasses, test papers, a small balance and a blow-pipe, said, "There is all the laboratory I have!" Stothard learned the art of combining colors by closely studying butterflies' wings. He would often say that no one knew what he owed to these tiny insects. A burned stick and a barn door served Wilkie in lieu of a pencil and canvas. Berwick first practiced drawing on the cottage walls of his native village, which he covered with his sketches in chalk; and Benjamin West made his first brushes out of the cat's tail. Ferguson laid down in the fields at night in a blanket, and made a map of the heavenly bodies by means of a thread with small beads on it, stretched between his eye and the stars. Franklin first robbed the thunder-cloud of its lightning by means of a kite made with two cross sticks and a handkerchief. Watt made his first model of the condensing steam engine out of an old anatomist's syringe, used to inject the arteries previous to dissection. Clifford worked his first problem in mathematics when a cobbler's apprentice, upon scraps of leather, which he beat smooth for the purpose; while Rittenhouse, the great astronomer, first calculated eclipses on his plow.—*Exchange*.

The Spanish Minister of War has presented General Sickles, the United States Minister at Madrid, with a sword made expressly for him at Toledo. The hilt is ornamented with the arms of the United States, and on the blade is inscribed the names of the battles in which the General distinguished himself.

ENTERTAINMENT TO MR. JOSEPH ARCH.

On Tuesday evening a number of the organized workmen of this city entertained Mr. Arch and his associate, Mr. Clayden, at a social entertainment in the Trades' Assembly Hall. The weather was, unfortunately most unpromising, and in consequence, the attendance was not so large as had been anticipated. There were present, however, representatives from all the trades of the city, and shortly after eight o'clock about fifty persons sat down to the "good things" provided by Mr. A. Raffignon. The chair was ably filled by Mr. J. W. Carter, President Canada Labor Union. After the repast had been heartily partaken of, the chairman proposed, as the first toast, "Her Majesty the Queen," which was drunk with enthusiasm, the company singing God Save the Queen. "The Governor General and Lieutenant-Governors," came next, and after the toast had been received, Mr. Macduff sang "The Misfortunes of poor Joe."

The Chairman then gave "the President of the United States," which was duly honored. Mr. G. Hewitt sang a suitable song, and was heartily encored. The next toast was "The Dominion of Canada."

Mr. Donaldson responded in well-fitting terms. He expressed the pleasure it afforded him to be present, but stated he had not expected to make any remarks; but he was glad he could speak of the progress and prosperity of the Dominion. He came to Canada in 1833, and was consequently one of the early settlers. During his stay here he had travelled extensively through the country, and had seen many changes; but he could emphatically state that he never knew the country to be in so a prosperous condition as it was at the present time. He had been present at a great many of our agricultural fairs, which might be regarded as true criterions, and in every instance they gave evidences of the marked improvement in the country. He spoke of the difficulties that all new comers have to encounter, but experience proved that they generally got on well, and it was found that the inducements here were more than mere wages, for after a few years they were able to make for themselves a comfortable home. He remarked that the increase of emigration to this country was some 4,000 or 5,000 more this year than it was last, yet it was not a tithe of the number of people that was required. They could not expect the time to arrive when there would not be room for emigrants, for the industry of the many would make room for those that came after. He never advised emigrants to go up to the Muskoka grants until they had been in the country some twelve months, and had gained some experience. He considered that if the Government cleared some few acres of land, and put up cottages on the land, it would be a great means to encourage emigration. Before closing his remarks he would like to state that it was proposed by the authorities to provide still lower rates of passage for emigrants during the next season; and he was happy to say that however much the Local and Dominion Governments might differ politically, they were heartily in accord on the important question of emigration. He hoped that we should secure a large portion of the class represented by the guest of the evening, and Mr. Arch could go home and satisfy his friends that we here in Canada have a home for every man who came prepared to work.

After Mr. Donaldson's remarks, Mr. E. Hewitt sang "Whip poor Will," which was heartily encored.

The Chairman then said—I rise to perform the most pleasing duty of the evening, that of proposing the health of our guests. We have met here to-night to show our appreciation of the efforts made by our friend Mr. Arch for the general good of his fellow men, especially for that portion of them, with whom he is more intimately associated. It is said that we should give honor to whom honor is due and I take this early opportunity of saying, that for the distinguishing services rendered to his fellow laborers, the workmen of Toronto honor him with their entire confidence. I have been repeatedly asked, who is this Mr. Arch? I will give two general answers to this question, in the first place I say that Mr. Joseph Arch is a workman, one who by the sweat of his brow and the hard toiling of his hands, has to earn a livelihood for himself and family, and not only so, but after the hard day's work is over and the heated brain is cooled, and being struck with the poor, downcast and discouraging position of his neighbors, sets to think out a plan for their relief. Now, every age has its heroes, and every cause its champions, and I rejoice to-night to say, that we have amongst us, the champion of a down-trodden and despised portion of the people, viz., the Agricultural Laborers of England. It would be useless on my part to attempt to describe the sad and low state in which these people are found. No words of mine could convey one half the amount of misery and destitution that is in their midst. It is one thing to hear a tale told, and to read how that people suffer from want of proper treatment, but it is altogether a different thing, to witness with your eye the man in trouble and trouble tenfold. Yonder, across the mighty Atlantic, in a land professedly religious, second to none in the whole world for her riches, her civilization, and her literature, dwells a portion of her people in abject slavery, with energies

crippled, hearts broken, life wasted and hopes blasted; but thank God through the efforts of such men as Joseph Arch, and others that shall follow and fight out the cause, the hand of the oppressor shall be removed, the chains of cruel despotism shall be loosened, and the Agricultural Laborers of the British Dominions shall stand up, bright, free and happy men. Again, to the question who is Mr. Arch, I answer that he is a union man, it is not necessary in these enlightened days for me to tell you what are the constituent elements of unionism, suffice it to-night for me to tell you, in a word or two, what a union man is; and, gentlemen, with the representatives of the press before me, I am not ashamed that the character of a union man should go before the world, and holding as I do the responsible position of President to the Canadian Labor Union, I feel proud to say that the character of a union man can stand the severest test that can be brought to try it, let it be adversity, let it be oppression, or let it be opposition in whatever shape or form, I know it can go through the ordeal triumphantly. Tell me not of the man who rules with an iron hand, whose sole object in life is to degrade and oppress his fellows, and luxuriate upon the miseries and sufferings of those under him,—but tell me of the man, who lives not for himself alone, but cheers the downcast, loosens the chains from off the fettered hands, liberates the heart from the thralldom of fear and dread, and makes him feel once more a man,—such a man is Joseph Arch, honest in his dealings, sincere in his motives, noble in his purposes, and self-sacrificing in his efforts. No cowardly assassin, no secret viper knavery at the vitals of good society, but determinedly, avowedly pledged to stand up for his fellow-men, and fight their cause, till their grievances are redressed, and their wrongs removed, such is a union man, and such a union man is Joseph Arch; and therefore it affords me pleasure to present, on behalf of my fellow workmen, the address which I now read:—

To Mr. Joseph Arch, President of the National Agricultural Laborers' Union of England.

RESPECTED SIR,—It is with feelings of no ordinary interest that we, the workmen of Toronto, avail ourselves of the opportunity so kindly afforded us of giving a sincere but imperfect expression of the feelings of sympathy entertained by us towards the National Agricultural Laborers' Union.

Recognising in you many of the attributes which go to constitute an eminent champion of labor reform, we, as humble workers in the same grand and noble cause, desire to extend to you a brother's hand and a brother's welcome.

We cannot but regard you, sir, as one who has been raised from your class in the fullness of time by the Great Controller of the Destinies of Man, to lead a class of your fellow-beings long downtrodden, to a higher status—yes, to teach them the first principles of liberty—that they are men, and as such, entitled to demand of the world and society, a fair and equitable share of their own production.

We congratulate you, sir, and your associate, Mr. Claydon, upon the nature of your visit to this country, and hope that the information which you will be enabled to secure will be of immeasurable value to your fellow-workmen of the old land; and we trust that your proposed emigration scheme will be successful, whereby the families of emigrants may be kept intact, and, as far as possible, be colonized upon our new lands, and not be thrown upon our shores in large numbers to be at the mercy of designing and interested parties.

The limits of this necessarily brief address would fail to convey to you an adequate expression of the feelings of interest with which we have watched the progress of the movement so well inaugurated. Committing you and your beneficent work to the guidance of Him who doeth all things well, we conclude with a hearty wish for your prosperity, and the fullest measure of success in your honest efforts to promote the well-being of the Agricultural Laborers of England.

Signed on behalf of the organized workmen of Toronto,

J. S. WILLIAMS,
J. HEWITT,
J. W. CARTER, } Com.
A. SCOTT,
WM. GIBSON.

Mr. Arch's health was most enthusiastically drunk, followed by rounds of applause.

Mr. Arch in responding, said he thanked them heartily for the kind reception they had given him in their City of Toronto, and for the enthusiasm they evinced in the cause of the men he represented. Some twelve months ago he had not the most remote conception of visiting Canada, and he came to them on that occasion, because 600,000 farm laborers of the old country were denied their rights. In the month of February, 1872, they set about rectifying the grievances under which they labored, they did so in what they believed to be a legal manner and they believed that still. They simply wanted to obtain their rights as men and they were determined to fight until their rights were obtained, and their grievances redressed. When he started he was thoroughly prepared for strong opposition, he knew they would have—and he was not deceived on that point at all events, but he was prepared to fight it out in any case. (Loud applause.) He knew he was right, and he was not going to be put down by either the English Government or the English Press. He was met by the opposition of the English farmers and other influences, but in the midst of all these difficulties they fought on, and although they had to contend against great odds, yet they carried the movement through all obstacles and in less than eighteen months they had brought the Government to acknowledge that the men were fitted for the franchise,

but, notwithstanding that the Government admitted their claims, they had still men in the old country who opposed them in the most vigorous manner. In their endeavor to obtain their rights, however, they were gaining political influence, and when the working men of England gained their political rights they would soon make a mark in the country. He wished the working men of Canada to thoroughly understand his mission to Canada. He had not come to damage the interest, or interfere in the freedom, prosperity, or happiness of the working men of Canada, and they might rest assured, that whatever else he might do, whether he sent few or many of his fellow-laborers to this country, he would never be the man to ponder to any designing or interested parties, to the injury of the men already here. If 50 men were wanted, and they were to receive a proper wage, let them come; but that number only wanted, and should 100 be asked, in order to glut the market and so cut down wages, he would solemnly protest against such a proceeding; and he would feel equally severe, if an employer wanted 20 men, and only 10 were allowed, in order to raise the wages. What they wanted was an open field, fair play, and no favor. (Cheers.) Mr. Arch then dwelt on the object of trades' unions. He considered people should thoroughly understand the intentions of trades' union men before they commented on them. He believed that Union men had been fearfully misrepresented. He had been acquainted with them over the length and breadth of England, and he was fully prepared to say, that taking them on the whole, he had never met a class of men who had a more earnest wish to preserve a just balance between capital and labor. He strongly deprecated an overbearing course of conduct, as being injurious to their best interests. He had been asked what they meant to do with their Union when it had done its work. He would simply say in reply that it was by the Union they had gained their rights, and it was through the Union they were determined to maintain their rights. (Applause.) He strongly urged the necessity of combination and the duty that devolved upon them of supporting their brother workman in the hour of difficulty and distress. In reference to the remarks of Mr. Donaldson, he had to say that he found Canada more than he expected to find it. He had been told that he was going to a land of horned toads, rattlesnakes, wolves, and bears. (Loud laughter.) Except one stuffed bear that he saw in Hamilton he had not seen any of the things referred to. Although he had not seen these, he would tell them that he had seen a great deal of well cultivated land, and he had seen some that was not well cultivated. He was satisfied that the cultivation of the land was the chief matter of importance, because a well cultivated farm implied a rich produce, a good market and the extension of free trade. He thanked them again for the way in which they had received him in Toronto, and he wished them every success. Mr. Arch then resumed his seat amid round after round of applause.

Mr. Claydon next addressed the meeting in a very pithy speech. He spoke of the pleasure he felt in being at the meeting. Although not a workman himself, he yielded to no man in his respect for the workman. (Cheers.) But he wished to tell them as workmen that there were many among those a grade or two higher in the social scale who have deep sympathy with the workman in seeking his rights. He referred to the interest taken by many in the Agricultural Union Movement in England. As Union men they were entitled to respect. (Cheers.) He sympathized with both capitalist and laborer. The interests of employer and laborer are identical. He would not sanction the union of labor as directly opposed to the employer. If unionism is properly managed; if trades' unions are conducted on the principle propounded by Mr. Arch, it cannot be injurious to employer, while it is to the interest of the laborer. He urged on them moderation and forbearance. In conclusion, he thanked them as an Englishman, for the interest they had taken in the agriculturalists union, and the cordial manner in which they had received Mr. Arch. (Cheers.)

Mr. Williams sang "The Englishman."

The hour was now somewhat advanced, and the guests prepared to retire. Before Mr. Arch left, however, he was asked a question which was of interest to all union men and that was, in the event of any number of the members of the Agricultural Laborers Union coming to this country, would the Union have as strong a hold on them here as it did in the old land. In reply Mr. Arch stated that he was pleased to say when the men should leave the old land, they would not leave the Union principles behind them, and it was their intention to keep up their connection with the Union in England, until they could have branches here. In Paris they were about to start a branch, and he hoped that whenever the men came to Canada the Union men here would extend them a helping hand.

In response to the toast of "the Trades' Unions of Toronto," suitable speeches were made by Mr. J. Hewitt, Coopers' Union; Mr. Boyle, Iron Moulders' Union; Mr. Leversley, M. & B. Union; Mr. Inker, K. O. S. C.; Mr. Carrie, Bricklayers' Union; Mr. J. C. McMillan, Typographical Union; Mr. Leech, Painters' Union; and Mr. Kelly, Tailors' Union. For a short time longer, song and senti-

ment followed, and the company separated by singing the National Anthem,—having spent a very pleasant and social evening.

REMINISCENCES.

(Written for the Ontario Workman by W. J.)

NO. II.

A RUN DOWN LAKE MICHIGAN IN NOVEMBER.

There are many startling incidents occurring on our fresh water seas every year which deserve more than a mere passing newspaper paragraph; and while the details of hardships endured by the brave and hardy seamen on salt-water rightly stir the warmest sympathies of our nature, we should not forget that in this Canada of ours we have dangers as great and men as brave as may be found the world over.

The incidents I propose to relate, however, though sufficiently startling and dangerous, are not put forward as tending to show the hardships often suffered on our cold Northern lakes in the fall and spring seasons. If that was my object there is in my mind's eye many harrowing scenes I have witnessed, where a terrible death was met with a brave spirit.

Some years ago I sailed as second mate of the Canadian barque J—D—, then one of the finest vessels on fresh waters, at least belonging to this country, for our neighbors across the line outstrip us in respect to our lake marine; and though we had seen some pretty hard weather on salt water, especially on our last homeward trip from Hamburg—being seventy days out, in the early spring—I must say that for real, downright hard weather command me to the Lakes of North America.

It was getting late in in November when we received our cargo in Chicago for Port Colborne. We took in about 24,000 bushels of peas, which put us down pretty deep in the water, too much so, in fact, at that season of the year. Even while we were loading the weather took a sudden change for the worse, becoming very cold and blustry, making the captain even more anxious to be off. Most of the craft in Chicago creek were stripping their canvas and going into winter quarters, so that our trip promised to be at least a lonesome one.

We towed out about two o'clock on Saturday afternoon, the wind being favorable; sail was made, and the tug cast off. Having battened down the hatches and made everything secure, the watches were set, and the wind having freshened, the good barque was soon making her way down Lake Michigan with a "bone in her mouth."

Here let me say a word in respect to the crew. The J—D— carried eight men before the mast, the cabin being occupied by the captain, two mates and the cook. The crew had been shipped in Buffalo on a previous trip, and was up to the average as regards seamanship. But there was one man who had acquired the sobriquet of "Buffalo Dan," or sometimes "Big" Dan, whom I could never look on without dislike. He was a big, bullying fellow, claiming to be a salt-water sailor, and whose very manner seemed to say: "If you can't respect me for anything else, respect me for my muscle."—In fact it was what he travelled on. He was the bully of the fore-castle, and would have liked to bully the officers, but he had found out on more than one occasion that the captain, though usually one of the quietest of men, was a very tiger when aroused. The first mate and myself had also had some pretty tall talking with Big Dan, but it always ended in that personage going to his duty. Sailors always have a chum; and so had Dan. Dan's chum was a prototype of himself—a bully, only a lesser one. I forget his name just now—I think it was Tim, or something like it, also also hailing from Buffalo. Among the balance of the crew was a young fellow evidently out of place in a fore-castle. He was about 19 or 20 years of age, delicate in constitution and gentle in disposition. He has given up the Lakes, and is doing well ashore at present, therefore, as his name will not make any difference in telling my yarn, I will omit it, merely calling him Mac. Now it was Dan's especial delight to bully and worry Mac. He couldn't fight him, for the very good reason that it takes two to quarrel; but certain it was that any aloft work properly belonging to Dan, if he could, unnoticed by the officers, make Mac do it for him; and when reproved by the mate or myself he would excuse himself by saying that the "boy" would have to learn sometime, when at the same time Mac was the best sailor of the two.

I have digressed long enough in all conscience, and will proceed with my yarn. There is no need of telling my readers that the crew was divided into two watches—captain's and mate's, or larboard and starboard, the mate taking charge of his own watch and the second mate the captain's.

The wind had freshened steadily since noon, and at dark it was blowing a gale, with occasional snow-squalls. We had not seen a single sail since leaving Chicago—making the wild-looking expanse of water still more desolate. If the snow would only keep off, we were satisfied to have a good stiff breeze, and would fetch the Straits by Monday morning. But the snow would not keep away, and all hands made up their minds for plenty of work.

It was my long watch on leaving port; so I turned in at eight bells, the weather looking very threatening. The barque was going under easy sail, the upper canvas being furled,

the mizzen and jibs stowed. It was some time after I rolled into my bunk ere I could get to sleep, and I had just got into a sound nap when I was rudely awakened by Charley, the mate, singing out to me—

"Turn out there, Bill; all hands to reduce canvas!"

I have out and got on deck, and sure enough it was time to ease the vessel of the pressure of canvas that was burying her to the waist. The wind had gone more to the westward and was blowing a whole gale, the snow squalls bursting on us with fearful violence. The captain, who had been on deck all night, ordered the mainsail to be close-reefed, the fore-sail to be hauled up and furled, and the fore-top-sail double-reefed. All this took some time, as it was bitterly cold, the water freezing as it came on deck, rendering the running gear and lower canvas stiff and almost unmanageable.

I noticed that Dan was unusually quiet while the work was going on; whereas on other like occasions he was full of his braggadocio, and informing others how this and that should be done. As Dan's courage began to ebb, Mac's came to the front, and he showed such a hearty energy and good example that it seemed he had actually exchanged places with his old enemy.

At seven bells in the forenoon it became necessary to have two men at the wheel—the sea getting very heavy and the gale still more fierce.

We were now about midway between Chicago and the Island of South Manitou, the first shelter we could reach. I had made up my mind to see some of the worst weather I had yet experienced—and was not disappointed.

About ten o'clock the order came to get in the mainsail—a perilous task, as the sea was now sweeping the decks from aft to forward, and the bulwarks had started to go. Nevertheless it must be done. The men gathered at the main-sheet to haul it aft, for though the halyards had been started, the sail would not come down while pressed by the gale against the shrouds, when suddenly the barque took a sheer off in spite of the helm, until the wind caught the sail on the other side. The captain, standing on the quarter, saw the danger and shouted to

"Look out, men! The mainsail is going over; keep clear of the sheet. Hard down the helm!"

The warning came too late for one poor fellow at least. When once the wind had caught it a back it must go, and go it did.

We all jumped clear except Tim, who got entangled in the slack of the rope as the main-boom swung inboard.

Away went the mainsail to the other side with tremendous force, taking with it Dan's only friend, who, as the sheet vibrated with the tension, was thrown high into the air and fell about twenty feet from the vessel's side.

(To be continued.)

ONE FEATURE OF THE ASIANTEE WAR.

Although the labor and expense of conducting the Ashantee campaign will be very great, there is one feature of the prospect very encouraging. In new countries the policy is generally roads and railways, and, as in other parts of the world, it is more probable that the proposed construction of forty miles of railway will tend very much towards civilizing the people and opening up the country. The want of ways of travel has kept the tribes of Africa far outside the pale of civilization, which causes have been aggravated by the general unhealthiness of Gold Coast district. According to persons well acquainted with the seat of war, there are healthy districts in the interior entirely free from the fevers which render the coasts almost uninhabitable by Europeans. But the approaches to these districts are often through deadly swamps. The use of light railways over these unhealthy districts is just what is wanted, and that their application has been successful has been notably evidenced in the case of India. It is through the instrumentality of her railways that Great Britain has been enabled to get so firm a hold of India, and by them alone can she occupy her proper position in Africa. In this manner Great Britain will not only redress her grievances, but will obtain the means of carrying on a large and beneficial trade with these wealthy regions.

The Shah, after twelve days' journey from Reshi, arrived on Monday at the Royal Palace at Kaud, where he was met by the Princes and Ministers who had remained at Toheran during his Majesty's absence. At an audience held subsequently, the Shah stated that he had visited the Parliaments and leading institutions of Europe with the special object of introducing a new and improved system of Government in Persia. He severely reprimanded those Ministers who had signed the petition for the dismissal of the Grand Vizier. His Majesty left Kand on Tuesday, and was met at a distance of four miles from Toheran by all the foreign legations. His Majesty entered the capital in the after-

noon, accompanied by an immense procession, which was headed by a large body of camel artillery and was joined by the foreign legations. The entire population lined the roads, and made great demonstrations of loyalty. The city was illuminated at night.

New Advertisements.

YOUR VOTE AND INTEREST
Are respectfully requested for
J. EDWARDS
AS WATER COMMISSIONER
FOR THE
Western Division of the City.

The Election takes place in January, 1874.

WE ARE SELLING
NEW AND SECOND-HAND ORGANS
AT EXTREMELY LOW PRICES FOR CASH,
OR ON MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

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.

JAMES BANKS,
AUCTIONEER AND APPRAISER,
45 Jarvis, Corner of King Street East.

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

SALEROOMS:

45 and 46 Jarvis, Corner of King St. East

Furniture Bought, Sold, or Exchanged.
53-54

EATON'S
NEW
SHAWLS.

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

COME AND SEE THEM TO-DAY.

CORNER YONGE & QUEEN STREETS,
55-56

NOTICE TO TAILORS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Operative Tailors of the city of Toronto are now on Strike, and members of the trade are requested to govern themselves accordingly.
All communications in reference to the above to be addressed to Mr. M.A.H. Secretary, No. 5 Bond Street.
Toronto, Sept. 20, 1873. 77-4



RED RIVER ROUTE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that the Department of Public Works will send forward Passengers and Freight over this Route from and after the 10th October next.

By order,

F. BRAUN,
Secretary

Department Public Works,
Ottawa, 14th September, 1873. 77-e



INTERCOLONIAL RAILWAY.

THE COMMISSIONERS APPOINTED to construct the Intercolonial Railway give Public Notice that they are prepared to receive Tenders for the construction of a "Deep Water Terminal" at Father Point.

Plans and Specifications may be seen at the Engineer's Office in Ottawa and Rimouski, on and after the 20th day of November next.

Tenders marked "Tenders for Harbor and Branch line," will be received at the Commissioners' Office, Ottawa, up to six o'clock, p.m., of the 20th day of December next.

A. WALSH,
ED. B. CHANDLER,
C. J. BRYDGES,
A. W. McLELAN,
Commissioners.

Commissioners' Office,
Ottawa, October 17, 1873. 80-w

MAT'S,
MAT'S,
MAT'S.
FOR CHOICE DRINKS

GO TO

MAT'S.

IF YOU WANT TO

SPEND A PLEASANT EVENING

GO TO

MAT'S.

The Home Circle.

A SNAKE IN THE GRASS.

Come listen awhile to me, my lad,
Come listen to me for a spell!
Let that terrible drum,
For a moment be dumb,
For your uncle is going to tell
What befell
— youth that loved liquor too well.

A clever young man was he, my lad,
And with beauty uncommonly blessed,
Ere with brandy and wine
He began to decline,
And behaved like a person possessed,
I protest
The temperance plan is the best.

One evening he went to a tavern, my lad,
He went to a tavern one night,
And drinking too much
Rum, brandy and such,
The chap got exceedingly "tight."
And was quite
What your aunt would outlive a fright.

The fellow fell into a snooze, my lad
'Tis a horrible slumber he takes—
He trembles with fear,
And acts very queer,
My eyes! how he shivers and shakes
When he wakes,
And raves about horrid great snakes!

'Tis a warning to you and me, my lad,
A particular caution to all,
Though no one can see
The viper, but he—
To hear the poor lunatic bawl,
"How they crawl,
All over the floor and the wall?"

Next morning he took to his bed, my lad,
Next morning he took to his bed,
And he never got up
To dine or to sup,
Though properly physicked and bled:
And I read
Next day the fellow was dead!

You've heard of the snake in the grass, my lad,
Of the viper concealed in the grass;
But now you must know,
Men's deadliest foe
Is a snake of a different class!
Alas!
'Tis a viper that lurks in the glass!

"NOT AS I WILL."

Blindfolded and alone I stand
With unknown thresholds on each hand,
The darkness deepens as I grope,
Afraid to fear, afraid to hope;
Yet this one thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That doors are opened, ways are made,
Burdens are lifted or are laid,
By some great law unseen and still,
Unfathomed purpose to fulfil,
"Not as I will."

Blindfolded and alone I wait,
Loss seems too bitter, gain too late,
Too heavy burdens in the load
And too few helpers on the road;
And joy is weak and grief is strong,
And years and days so long, so long,
Yet this the thing I learn to know
Each day more surely as I go,
That I am glad the good and ill
By changeless laws are ordered still,
"Not as I will."

"Not as I will," the sound grows sweet
Each time my lips the words repeat,
"Not as I will!" the darkness feels
More safe than light when this thought steals
Like whispered voice to calm and bless,
All unrest and all loneliness,
"Not as I will," because the One
Who loves us first and best has gone
Before us on the road and still
For us must his love fulfil.
"Not as I will."

BUSINESS AND HOME.

It is the habit of too many men to overlook the cares and attractions of home in the exacting and responsibilities of business life. Not that they imagine that the happiness of wife and children is of no account. They would resent an imputation of neglecting their homes as an insult. They never look at the matter in that way. They mean to be perfectly kind. It never occurs to them that their business interests and domestic happiness may be opposed to each other, and that to have a truly delightful home they must surrender some of the ambitions of the counting room and broker's board. They seem never to imagine that a happy home is an object worth their care, and effort and ambition, and that to secure such a paradise, such a heaven on earth, they must give their best thoughts and feelings, even though their business day is shortened a little on both ends.

It somehow seems that almost every man comes to assume that his wife's interest is identical with his own, and thence concludes that her happiness is her own; and finding his interest and delight in his business, he cannot understand how she should not be supremely happy so long as he makes money, and his ventures float on favoring seas. If her wardrobe is bountifully supplied—if she has jewels, and carriages, and a summer at

the seaside or among the hills, and a party every season—what more can the poor woman want? And to procure the means for gaining these and similar objects, many a husband spends the most of his time away from his home, giving his family only the crumbs of time and attention that fall from his business board.

Of course there is no intentional unkindness on the husband's part. He has his business, and gradually becomes absorbed in it. It is his meat and his drink. He enjoys its excitement. It brings him in contact with all that is stirring and grand in the great world. It is his education; and day by day it steals his heart away from the wife of his youth, who is left at home to attend to petty cares and worrying trifles, and the thousand nothings that go to make the sum total of a wife's and mother's life. He forgets that she needs the attentions, the sympathy, the cheer, the advice, the strong arm put behind her weakness, just as was his wont in those early days when love was young, and they two walked together in the moonlight, with plighted vows, believing that nothing on earth could ever wear them apart. But now he has slowly yielded to the charms and entanglements of business, which, like a mistress, has stolen his heart; and she, poor woman, is not content with a fine establishment, and silks, and cashmeres and diamonds, and the assurance that he is making money! She has a splendid equipage, and glittering attire, and a sumptuous and luxurious residence, but has lost three-quarters of the man she took for her husband, and entrusted with her whole happiness and heart.

Perhaps the wife does not complain. She tries to get used to neglect. She works in secret and pines, and wears a sad or a vacant look, as though the light had gone out of her soul, as though love had forsaken the nest, and there was nothing to brood over the cold duties, and warm them into life and beauty. And the well-meaning, matter-of-fact man of the world wonders what his wife can be made of; made with an insappable appetite for sympathy, affection, notice and companionship; made to respond to kindness, noble thoughts, loving attention and thoughtful care; made with a heart that must be miserable if it does not feel the throb of another heart answering to her own. And the husband who allows his business to come between him and his wife, and rob her of the love, and kindness and attention which are her right and her life, is just as unfaithful as though he were to turn from her to smile upon another woman.

Man and woman stand together in the home and the great partnership of life, to complement each other's gifts and endeavors with sympathy, advice and cheer. The more closely they approach each other, the more perfect each relation of life, and the more complete each joy will be. It is the supreme interest of every man to have a happy home; and the happier that one sacred place is—the more beautiful, the more attractive, the more helpful in its varied ministries—the richer and the better man he will be. There is no business success that can be compared for one moment in importance to any man to that of making his home a heaven by the purity of its spirit, the beauty of its attractions, and the charm and cheer of its inmates and its joys. And to secure that domestic happiness requires but little time and attention in comparison with what most husbands give to unnecessary engagements, and throw away upon trivial affairs. Were all men to make the making of a truly happy home the central object of their ambition and efforts, they would find their labors far more remunerative in every respect than any prizes they may work for, or any investments they may make.

THE SEPARATION OF PARENTS AND CHILDREN.

We sometimes hear it said that American people are different from Europeans; that they are a home-loving race; whereas the Europeans, especially the French, have no homes, have no word for "home" in their language, and are forever gadding about; whereas the Americans do not care for pleasures that are only to be had in public; hence, for them, no need of squares, "piazzas," "places," public gardens, parks, etc., etc. We will not discuss here the question whether the French are as domestic a people as the English are. In the strict sense of that word they probably are not, for their climate does not make it necessary that they should hug the hearth as their island neighbors do; but that the love of the family is just as much developed in France as it is anywhere in the world—that, in fact, to speak the truth and fear not, it is rather stronger in France than it is anywhere else in the world—we do most powerfully and potently believe, and stand ready to give good reasons for so believing. Yet it is certainly true that they spend little of their leisure time in doors, and the middle term that reconciles the two statements is, that when they go abroad, the family, as a rule, goes all together. Now we see no reason for doubting that Americans, if the proper means were provided, would come in time to take as much open-air exercise as the French, and that they would enjoy as much as the French enjoy taking the air—father and mother and children, all together. We think it in the highest degree desirable

that this should be. One of the most prolific sources of misery and crime, in this civilized world of ours, is found in the separation of the interests of parents and children. In this respect we have much to learn from the French and Germans. Our immediate subject has to do with only one form that this separation takes, but, it ought to be seriously reflected on, how many are its forms. In England it begins in the nursery, and it is far from uncommon for it to begin as early with us. Then there comes the Sunday-school, an institution with which there would be no fault to find if it were not to be suspected that it is coming to take the place of home instruction in religion—a lamentable thing, if we only know it. That children should go away from home to be taught their secular studies has become so universal, and is a question so old-established, that there is no use in asking whether it is wise or no; but here in America it is only one in the long lists of separations between parents and their children. Perhaps it is more conspicuous in our amusements than it is in the serious work of every day; but a foreigner accustomed to seeing mothers sharing with nurses the supervision of their children in the parks and gardens; fathers, mothers, children, and nurses, all together at the fairs, and abroad on fete-days, and all the family, even (as in the case of working-people) to the baby, enjoying the theatre together—how must the foreigner in question be puzzled when he observes the marked separation that exist among us between the elder people and the younger in their amusements!—Scribner's.

AN UNEQUAL MATCH.

I know a young man, a noble fellow, who carries on a successful manufacturing business. Although possessed of an abundant competence, he devotes himself to the interest of his factory ten hours every day. His eyes and hands are everywhere. Half a year ago he married a beautiful, accomplished girl, who is said to speak four of the continental languages with the fluency of natives, while she touches the keys with infinite skill. Four months ago they began housekeeping. A week ago they gave it up in utter disgust. The coffee was execrable, the steak abominable, the cruet stand and silver not fit to be seen, and the whole house in confusion. He bore it as long as pride and patience could endure, and then sacrificing everything at auction, returned to boarding, resolved never to suffer the miseries of housekeeping again. I was never more indignant than when I heard of it. If that beautiful bride had learned one language, and devoted the year to the mysteries of housekeeping, she might have made that friend's home a paradise. Suppose her husband's management of his business had been like her management of the house, what would have become of them? I don't think the match a fair one. On one side it was a cheat. A young lady of the same ornamental class, in discussing the case, exclaimed,—

"She did not agree in the marriage contract to play the part of a household drudge!"

Did the husband agree to play the part of a factory drudge?

ANCIENT TRADITION.

"This tradition which I tell you," said Reis Hassain, "is many centuries old. It states that there was a paradise, a temple built of precious stones. Man dared not utter its splendors. Deep in the midst of the palms of Eden it stood, angel built, a dazzling sanctuary. Our first parents sang their vesper songs in the twilight shadows of its courts; for there were pillared halls, and the cloisters of emerald and pearl, where fountains sprang aloft in the silent noon, and long, luminous vistas, where, hand in hand, those first two lovers walked in sinless beauty. Then there were pinnacles and domes of sapphire, blazing in the sunlight by day and glittering in the starlight by night. From court and terrace waters welled out, and iris-crested cascades fell down to cool shady dells of asphodel below; for the temple was placed far within the privacies of that valley of Eden, whence the four rivers flowed eastward.

"However, sad to relate, upon the day that Adam fell, this glorious temple was shattered into a million fragments, and sown broadcast all over the earth. These fragments we now light upon and gather up with cost and care and call them rubies, emeralds, sapphires and diamonds; but they are, after all, only the splinters of that primeval place. The sunset splendors and the diadem of princes, the milky way that sparkles in the heavens, and the spray that sparkles in the entanglement of a maiden's hair, are like but the costly dust of that lost sanctuary—the sad remembrances of a departed Eden."

For all kinds of Plain and Fancy Printing, go to the WORKMAN Office. Call and see specimens of work.

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.

JAPANESE BEDS.

Dinner over, a siesta on the sofa mats is next in order. Those mats seem to be made for sleep and indolence. No booted foot ever defiles them. Every one leaves his clogs on the ground outside, and glides about in mitten-like socks; which have each a special compartment for the great toe. My waiting damsel having gone out, and there being no such things as bells, I do as the natives and clap my hands. A far-off answer of He—i—i is returned, and soon the shuffling of feet is heard again. The housewife appears with the usual low bow, and smiling so as to again display what resembles a mouthful of coal, she listens to a request for a pillow. Opening a little closet she produces the desired article. It is not a ticking bag of baked feathers enclosed in a dainty, spotless case of white linen, but a little upright piece of wood, six inches high and long, and one wide, rounded at the bottom like the rockers of a cradle. On the top, lying in a groove, is a tiny round bag of calico filled with rice chaff, about the size of a sausage. The pillow-case is a piece of white paper wrapped around the top, and renewed in good hotels daily for each guest. One can rest about four or six inches of the side of his *occipitis* on a Japanese pillow, and, if he wishes, may rock himself to sleep, though the words suggest more than the facts warrant.

By sleeping on civilized feathers one gets out of training, and the Japanese pillows feel very hard and very much in the same place. The dreams which one has on these pillows are characteristic. In my first, some imps were boring gimlet-holes in the side of my skull, until they had honey-combed it and removed so much brain that I felt too light-headed to preserve my equilibrium. On the present occasion, after falling asleep, I thought that the pillow on which I lay pressed its shape into my head, and the skull, to be repaired, was being trepanned. My head actually tumbling off the pillow was the cause of the fancied operation being suddenly arrested.

HOPE.

Hope has the power of soaring with a strong and untiring pinion from all that is dark and dreary into the radiant atmosphere of poetry. It takes us into a world of dreams, and causes the heart to wander among visions. It diverts the thoughts from the real to the ideal, and leads us among the picture-gleams of fancy to linger in the fairy realms of art. It hastens us into a visionary world, that we may have dreams of glory, power, and fame. It unfurls a dazzling scroll, and shows us engraven in it an immortal name. Its holy task is to exhibit to us, even when care surrounds us, and we are treading along a harsh path, a time of dizzy joys, and to change into bright enchantments the stern realities of actual life. Nor do the strength of its dreams, the nobleness of its desires, and the beauty of its thoughts, cease to actuate and influence our hearts even when life grows pale and wanes fast, when we turn our thoughts from earth to heaven, on the couch of sickness and weakness, and when the faint voice and the fainter pulse speaks in warning whispers that it is time to die. It boldly walks with us, prompting the spirit never to repine from the cradle to the grave. We all hope. In every one of us that passion finds an object to feed upon. We all form some beau-ideal—we all sketch some fancy portrait, which we fondly cherish, and hope to find the fair original. When hope first sheds its influence upon the heart, all one's roving thoughts are concentrated upon one object. A vacuum within is filled, of which we have never before known the extent. Heedless indifference to success in life forsakes one. A new stimulus succeeds—the mind revolves splendid success. All the alluring avenues of fame spread open before us. We burn to achieve some arduous enterprise which shall be worthy of the mind of man. But strong as is the spell of hope to incite and inspire us, equally strong is it to elude and to deceive us. The fraud is sweet, but bitter pain and keen desire await to torment us, upon the awaking and finding its chain broken and lying around us in glittering fragments. The heart that trusts the siren smile of hope drinks the most copious draught of pleasure while it grasps its soul-sought treasure; but when the mystic gleam departs, the heart sinks coldly, and too often breaks amidst the world's unkindness.

THE LAST LOOK.

The vessel was far out from the land and the hills slowly fading in the distance. In groups around were gathered those who had bidden farewell to home, parted forever from their native shores. All had sad faces, for memory was busy with their hearts. The year before had been one of famine and suffering.

Strong manhood, buoyant youth, prattling infancy, and even decrepit old age, were gathered on the good ship "Ocean Bride." Some were weeping, some offering up prayers to that God "who holds the sea in the hollow of his hand," some taking the last fond look at the fast sinking shores. But there was no one that felt more deeply than the young bride of Patrick Sullivan.

More conspicuously than any they stood amid-ships—he with his tall iron frame rising above the others—with his open, manly face

turned shoreward, with one hand around the shrinking form of his young wife, who was weeping upon his breast, and the other holding his hat extended, pointing to the island home he might never see again, except in dreams.

"Cheer up, Kathleen," said he, striving in vain to keep his own voice steady, "cheer up, mavourneen; I know it is hard to part, but think of the country where you are going to. Have you forgotten the sweet song I have so often heard you sing—

"They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there.

But in vain were his words. They failed to comfort her. She did not realize, as he did, the stern necessity that was driving them away, had not felt the pangs of hunger, knew nothing of vacant places by the little peat fire as many had done.

"Come, Kathleen, take one last look," he said, striving to raise her head from his breast and dry her burning tears.

"I cannot, cannot!" she replied as well as she was able through her sobs.

"What! not the last? A moment more and you cannot see it, the last look at your native land."

"I shall never see it again—nor any other," she answered, clinging still more closely to him, "nor any other. My grave will be made in the ocean. I can feel the cold waves rolling over me now."

The aged crones murmured one to the other as she was carried below. They whispered that she was not upon the land—could not feel that somebody was walking over her grave, but she could feel the chilling waters and their unceasing wash—hear, perchance, with spirit ears their never-ending monotonous.

For days, even when their ghost-like croakings met with no return—there was no fair corpse for their skinny fingers to make ready for the burial. The good ship held her way, though blown about by contrary winds, often baffled but never driven back, and the poor emigrants began to count the days when they should see the blessed shores of America—the land destined by God to be the refuge of the oppressed of all nations and tongues and people for all time.

"In five days, please God!" said Patrick Sullivan, "we shall be on the shore, Kathleen, amid the great trees and under the blue skies."

Five days? That very night the black-winged angel of Death hovered over the ship. When the morning came, with leaden clouds, there was not an untainted heart on board.

"Ship fever of the most malignant type!" whispered the surgeon to the captain, and lips whiter than the bellying sails took up the fearful words and repeated them.

Many were down—more to follow. But the very first that had been taken was Kathleen Sullivan—the first that found a grave in the ocean was her.

To describe the sorrow of her husband would be impossible. But his was not the noisy grief that finds utterance in words. It was of the kind that eats as silently as the rust into the heart of iron. All the fault of her leaving home he took unto himself, stood in his own eyes the murderer. Is it strange then that America has no charms for him, and that though he labors faithfully and sends all of his earnings to those he left behind—that his mental vision is fixed upon another country whose streets are paved with gold? Is not his bride awaiting him there?

Sawdust and Chips.

Be temperate in diet. Our first parents ate themselves out of house and home.

A pompous philosopher extracted the following reply from an advanced free-school lad to the query, "How is the earth divided my lad?" "By the earthquakes, sir."

A Scotchman thus recently addressed his daughter; "Fat's this I hear ye're gaun to dee, Jeanie?" "Weel, I'm just gaun to marry that farm over by there, and live wi' the bit mannie on't."

I say, Jim, which would you rather, that a lion tore you in pieces or a tiger. Why, you goose, of course I'd rather a lion tore a tiger to pieces.

"Mother, can I go and have my photograph taken?" "No, I guess it is 'nt worth while."

"Well, then, you might let me go and have a tooth pulled out, I never go anywhere."

A farmer recently advertised for a runaway wife, and called particular attention to the meanness of her desertion just as the spring work was coming on, after he had the expense of wintering her.

A pleasant little reunion was quite upset recently by one of the children asking in a painfully audible tone: Mamma, why do you tell me not to say anything about Mr. Jenkin's nose? He has't got any.

"Pomp, was yer ever drunk?" "No, I 'toicated wid ardent spirits once, and dat's 'nuff for this darkey. De Lord bless you, Caesar, my head felt as if it was an outhouse, while all de niggers in de world seemed to be splitting wood in it."

"That dog of yours flew at me this morning, and bit me on the leg, and I now notify you that I intend to shoot it the first time I see it." "The dog is not mad." "Mad! I know he is not mad. What's he got to be mad about. It's me that's mad."

The other day, at a concert, a gentleman having put his hat upon a chair to keep a place, returned to claim it after a short absence.

A noted horse-trader in Whitechurch was awakened one night lately by a violent thunderstorm. Being somewhat timid, he awoke his wife with, Wife! wife! do you suppose the Day of Judgment has come?

The latest from Scotland.—Balio Sawmun—Of course I want Wallie to have a grand eddycation; in fac' I'm thinkin' o' sendin' him to the seminary at Rothsay.

“Now, Willie dear,” says Fauny, “do have a little courage; when I have a powder to take, I don't like it any more than you do; but I make up my mind that I will take it, and I do.”

“Didn't you tell me you could hold the plough?” said a farmer to an Irishman he had taken on trial. “Be aisy, now,” said Pat. “How the devil could I hold it an' two horses pullin' it away? Jist stop the crathurs, and I'll hold it for yez.”

A teacher questioning little boys about the graduation in the scale of being, asked: “What comes next to man?” And here a little shaver who was evidently smarting under a defeat of a previous question, immediately distanced all competitors by promptly shouting: “His undershirt, ma'am!”

Charges brought (without the least regard to mercy or orthography) by an Illinois School Committee against a school teacher: 1. Immortality; 2. Parshality; 3. Keaping disorderly school; 4. Carrin unlaughffie weepings.

VICTORIA WOOD YARD

Messrs. J. & A. McIntyre still continue to supply the public with all kinds of Coal and Wood, at the lowest possible rates.

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The public are invited to call and see my stock before buying in their winter supply. P. BURNS.

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The imitation goods are very fine, an cannot be detected from hair. Just received a large assortment of Hair Nets.

City Directory.

Our readers will find it to their advantage to patronize the following firms.

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Barristers, &c. REEVE & PLATT, BARRISTERS, ATTORNEYS, Solicitors, &c. Office—18 King St. East, Toronto.

LAUDER & PROCTOR, BARRISTERS, Attorneys, Solicitors in Chancery, &c. Office—Masonic Hall, 20 Toronto Street.

HARRY E. CASTON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer, Notary Public, &c. Office—48 Adelaide Street, opposite the Court House, Toronto.

HENRY O'BRIEN, BARRISTER, Attorney and Solicitor, &c., Notary Public, &c. Office—68 Church Street.

Dentists. M. EDWARD SNIDER, SURGEON DENTIST, Office and Residence—81 Bay Street, a few doors below King Street, Toronto.

G. W. HALE, DENTIST, No. 6 TEMPERANCE STREET, first house off Yonge Street, north side.

DR. J. BRANSTON WILMOTT, DENTIST, Graduate of the Philadelphia Dental College. Office—Corner of King and Church streets, Toronto.

F. G. CALLENDER, DENTIST, Toronto. Office—Corner of King and Jordan streets, Toronto.

W. C. ADAMS, DENTIST, 95 KING Street East, Toronto, has given attention to his profession in all its parts.

J. A. TROUTMAN, D.S., DENTIST. Office and Residence—127 Church Street, Toronto, opposite Metropolitan Church. Makes the preservation of the natural teeth a specialty.

R. G. TROTTER, DENTIST, 53 King Street East, Toronto, opposite Toronto Street. Residence—172 Jarvis Street.

Groceries. CHARLES HUNTER, DEALER IN GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS, WINES AND LIQUORS, 68 Queen Street West, corner Terauley Street, Toronto, Ont.

Physicians. N. AGNEW, M.D., (SUCCESSOR to his brother, the late Dr. Agnew), corner of Bay and Richmond Streets, Toronto.

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PRIVATE BILLS

PARTIES intending to make application to Parliament for Private Bills, either for granting exclusive privileges, or conferring corporate powers for commercial or other purposes of profit, or for doing any thing tending to affect the right or property of other parties, are hereby notified that they are required by the Rules of the two Houses of Parliament, (which are published in full in the Canada Gazette), to give TWO MONTHS' NOTICE of the application (clearly and distinctly specifying its nature and object), in the Canada Gazette, and also in a newspaper published in the County or union of Counties affected, sending copies of the Papers containing the first and last of such notice to the Private Bill Office of each House.

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Miscellaneous.

IN PRESS: To be Published in November, 1873: LOVELL'S GAZETTEER OF BRITISH NORTH AMERICA: containing the latest and most authentic descriptions of over six thousand Cities, Towns and Villages in the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, British Columbia, and the North-West Territories; and general information, drawn from official sources, as to the names, locality, extent, &c., of over fifteen hundred Lakes and Rivers, with a Table of Routes showing the proximity of the Railroad Stations, and Sea, Lake, and River Ports, to the Cities, Towns, Villages, &c., in the several Provinces. Price in Cloth, \$2 50; Price in Full Calif, \$3 75. Agents wanted to canvass for the work. JOHN LOVELL, Publisher. Montreal, 9th August, 1873.

TO MECHANICS. S. C. JORY, PHOTOGRAPHER, 75 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO. His is the place for Mechanics to get cheap pictures. All work done in the best style of the art.

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Miscellaneous.

JOHN RAYMOND. Began to inform the inhabitants of Toronto and its vicinity that he has purchased the business lately carried on by Mr. JAMES WEEKES, AT 247 and 249 Yonge Street. And trusts by strict attention, combined with the lowest possible charges, to merit a share of the patronage that has been so liberally bestowed upon his predecessors.

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Miscellaneous.

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