

Ontario Workman.

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

VOL. I.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1872.

NO. 20

Labor Notes.

Three hundred tailors are out on strike at Bolton.

Two Liverpool quay porters were on Tuesday sentenced to a month's imprisonment for intimidation.

An increase of pay to the London city police, amounting to upwards of £5,000 a year, has been agreed upon by the Common Council.

The agitation among the laborers in the various iron-works of Birkenhead has resulted in the principal firms giving an increase ranging from 1s to 3s a week to the laborers in their employ.

The butchers of Huddersfield and district held a meeting on Tuesday afternoon, and resolved, in consequence of the high price of meat and the public dissatisfaction, to close their shops for a fortnight, beginning next Saturday. There was but one dissident.

The subject of Chinese labor still engages the attention of the Southern planters in the United States. It appears that a company has been formed with a capital of \$200,000, for the purpose of carrying out this project. The immigrants are to be engaged at wages of \$8 per month and found.

The operative ironfounders and moulders of Rotherham have resolved to join the Ironfounders' Association, with a view to obtaining an advance of 10 per cent. on their wages. A notification has been given to several firms that if the advance is not conceded they will strike and be supported by other workmen.

THE LONDON BAKERS.—The strike threatened by a section of the West-End bakers of London for twelve hours' work, from four to four, and other advantages, will not take place, as the masters have acceded to the demand. Thus encouraged, other districts of London will be attacked in like manner in detail.

It is said that the shipyards of the coast of Maine are reviving. The *Kennebec Journal* declares that at no time in the last ten years has there been so much energy displayed in building wooden vessels as this season, and there is hope that an old and important branch of business for the Pine-tree State is to have a resurrection.

The State Labor Executive Committee of California are about to follow the example of Pennsylvania and other States by calling for a convention of delegates from every labor organization, for the purpose of nominating Congressmen who are willing to stand by the principles of the labor platform of Columbus.

At a large meeting of workingmen held in Pittsburg last night, measures were adopted to prevent the introduction of Chinese coolie labor into the manufactories of that city. The workingmen agree to support no candidate for office who is not in sympathy with their movement.

Mr. Joseph Arch, from Warwickshire, has been for some time in Dorset, and during the last few days he has spoken at Blandford, Whitechurch, and other towns. At the latter place he thus concluded a speech—"Never while Joseph Archer lives will he hold his peace while the people are slaves. The farmers said they would get Irishmen to do their work, but they have not arrived as yet. If they get Irishmen they had better do it at once, as I intend to cross the Channel next spring and spread Unionism in Ireland."

The sitting of the British section of the International Working Men's Congress was concluded at Nottingham on Monday. Citizen Clarke, Liverpool, presided. It was avowed that there was no disunion in the Society. Resolutions bearing upon the political action of the International were adopted, declaring for political equality based on adult suffrage, with proportional representation; the legibility of any person to fill any office in the State; the abolition of all hereditary privileges; the nationalization of the land; the perfect establish-

ment of religious equality. Respecting the labor question the meeting would institute co-operation pure and simple.

At the meeting of the Workingmen's Union of New York city, last evening, E. Herbert Graeme, of the Stair-builders, offered a resolution to the effect that this Union take into consideration the political issues of the day, for the purpose of elevating to legislative and municipal office representative workingmen who will advocate their interests at all hazards; that they have heretofore been sufficiently duped by politicians who were supposed to be working in their interests, and that for this purpose a meeting be held at the Germania Assembly Rooms, on Friday evening next, the 23rd instant; that all men of whatever political sentiments are requested to be present on that occasion, providing they advocate the interests of the workingmen. The resolution was subsequently carried with but one dissenting voice.

AMERICAN.

A Kentucky schoolmaster was chased out of his district the other day for marrying one of his pupils who was only twelve years old.

A man worth a quarter of a million of dollars, and employing 150 workmen, was fined fifty dollars in Chicago the other day for stealing a case of "bitters" from a store while he was drunk.

Opium eating is becoming frightfully common in New York. It is reckoned that at least five thousand of the inhabitants of that city are hopelessly given over to the habit.

A man in Pennsylvania while milking recently, tied the cow's tail to a small boy to prevent "switching." The cow got frightened and ran away. The boy followed of course, but was dead when taken up.

A bald eagle at Wabash, Ind., had captured about sixty pigs in four weeks, when he was finally ushered out of the pork business by burying his talons in too big a lift for him and being held until taken prisoner.

A parallel to the apple-shooting case of the celebrated William Tell was witnessed a few days ago in Newport, Ky., one young man shooting with a pistol, at a distance of fifteen feet, a circular card, two or three inches in diameter, from the head of another young man. It was the result of a bet.

A beer-drinking Briton has been telling in Parliament about how he found the prohibitory liquor law working in Portland. He was told that they sold no alcoholic beverage except "sacramental wine," but of that sacred fluid they had fourteen varieties, one of which was "the very best of corn whisky."

The City Marshal of Lincoln recently killed sixteen dogs, and had them buried in one common grave. A German woman heard of the burial, and about the same time missed her dog. With a beautiful devotion so characteristic of the sex, she took a spade and dug up the whole sixteen of them, carefully turned over each terrier, mastiff and cur, but was immensely relieved by not finding her own pet.

Every person arrested, convicted, and sent to a Penitentiary, in the United States, costs on an average, \$1,200. Add to the sum of such expenses, the amount of capital taken from directly productive employment and consumed in building prisons and feeding and guarding the prisoners, and we begin to have an idea of the real cost of crime. Every boy educated at the expense of the State costs about \$400. The preventive is not only a thousand times better than the cure, but it is, in the end, a thousand times cheaper.

GEN. TOM TRUMB A CRACK SHOT.—Gen. Tom Thumb, by invitation of Capt. L. Dinger, recently went on a trip to Thimble Islands, and while there astonished the captain, as to "what he knew about target shooting." The Gen. took with him his breech-loading rifle, presented to him some years ago by Isaac Brown, of Cincinnati,

the weight of which is 4 lbs. 7 oz.; length, 3 ft. 7½ in.; length of barrel, 1 ft. 9 in. The General at a distance of eight hundred yards fired at a target on a buoy, hitting it every time. We would suggest that Gus. Traeger challenge him.

A singular accident befell Capt. Grant of Wyoming, a few days since. Stepping into his garden he saw some chickens picking at a rare plant, and catching up a stick he made for them. While at full speed he encountered a clothes line, which hit him in the mouth. His momentum carried the line back to its fullest tension, and the rebound threw him eight or ten feet. As the line left his mouth it took out three teeth and all that part of the jaw bone in which they were imbedded, so that they now remain solid together in the part as it came out.

Workmen are laying a pavement on the walks of Union Park, New York, which has never before been used in America. It is formed of rock simply ground to powder and heated to a temperature not less than 300°. While hot, this powder is spread evenly with a rake over a bed of cement and is then compressed by rollers into a pavement, with neither joints nor seams, and impervious to water. Its surface is perfectly smooth, and there is no dust, mud, or exhalations. It can be easily swept, is not more slippery than granite, and is not acted upon by the heat. The rock of which it is made is imported from Val de Travers, Neuchatel, Switzerland.

END OF THE STRIKE.

The differences between some of our shoe manufacturers and the Crispins, which kept this city in a state of agitation for three or four weeks, came to a sudden termination on Saturday night last, the Crispins, in mass meeting assembled, voting to repeal the bill of prices. This action virtually removed all restrictions upon contracts between the manufacturers and the shoemakers, and the Crispin organization now stands in the same relation that it did previous to the establishment of the bill of prices, a little more than two years ago. On Monday morning a portion of the men who had previously refused to go to work upon the manufacturers' terms, resumed labor, some with their former employers and others in places new to them, while quite a number have as yet, found no employment. Several of the more intelligent and most capable Crispins have abandoned shoemaking, and are turning their attention to other trades and occupations, feeling that the repeal of the bill of prices was a virtual surrender to the manufacturers. In view of the fact that the bill of prices was established by request of the manufacturers, and that the business was successful and the relations between the Crispins and their employers were harmonious for two years, the public were at loss to account for the action of the manufacturers who manifested such a sudden and bitter antipathy against the Crispin organization. That after the strike began, there was double dealing on both sides no one can deny; and employers whose standing in society would seem to insure honorable dealing, have pursued a course which has knocked the pillars from under their reputed integrity, and cast a dark shadow over their former reputations. We do not propose to find fault with the Crispins for their action on Saturday night last, for they had an undoubted right to vote as they pleased, but it seems to us as though the action was too late to do them any permanent good. We have much pity and no censure to offer them, for the worst is not yet. We have no desire to stir up strife, and sincerely hope that evil may not grow out of the so-called surrender of the K. O. S. C. The welfare of Lynn now depends upon a willingness on the part of manufacturers to pay prices for labor corresponding with house rents and the cost of the necessaries of life. Should wages be forced down below the requirements of the working-people, the growth and prosperity of this city will receive a serious check, and the industrial classes will be compelled to seek other places in which to obtain a livelihood.—*Little Giant.*

FEATURES OF THE MINERS' BILL.

The following are the features of the Miners' Bill, which has become a law in Great Britain:

1st. That the act for inspection should be applied to all mines. 2nd. That all children be prohibited from entering mines until they were twelve years of age. 3rd. That after twelve, and to sixteen years, they should be educated ten hours per week. 4th. That the working hours per week be not more than fifty. 5th. That in every case the time should not be more than ten in any one day, and that the time should all count from bank to bank. 6th. That the young persons employed about mines should be put under the Workshops act. 7th. That the miners' mineral should be weighed, and weighed truly. 8th. That the miners should have the power to place a man on the pit bank to see justice done to them. 9th. That the person so placed should be under their control alone and not the employers. 10th. That the weights used in weighing the miners' work should be under the supervision of the inspector of the district. 11th. That the responsibility of mine owners be increased by the passing of many more general rules for guidance of miners. 12th. That there be trained managers of mines. 13th. That these managers all have certificates granted, and that they forfeit them if, on inquiry, they were found not to do their duty. 14th. That the mine owner be caused to register the name of the manager of the mine. 15th. That there be a barometer and thermometer placed at the entrance to each mine. 16th. That powder be not used in firing shots in mines. 17th. The fencing of all old shafts. 18th. That mine owners be caused to make a daily register of the state of the mine as regards ventilation. 19th. A return of the state of the mine be made to the inspector of the district every month. 20th. That there be an increase of inspectors. 21st. That in case of either owner, agent, or workman doing anything by their personal act that might lead to serious injury or loss of life, they be sent to prison without the option of a fine. 22nd. That the workmen should have a voice in the framing of the special rules of the colliery or mine they work in when these rules are made. 23rd. The removal of the words, "under ordinary circumstances," from the general rules.

DISPUTE IN "SCOTSMAN" OFFICE, EDINBURGH.

The following is the last of a long series of representations addressed by the *Scotsman* Chapel to the responsible Manager of that paper, and is adduced as evidence of the fact that the present quarrel is upon matters of trade principle, and not, as is being unscrupulously represented by the Agents of the Proprietors throughout the country, upon a mere question of Office discipline.

20TH JULY, 1872.

SIR,—For some time, as you are aware, the workmen under your charge have had frequent occasion to direct your attention to the extremely unsatisfactory way in which the establishment is wrought, and they regret to say, that in place of their representations leading to just treatment on your part, and consequently to that harmonious working of the office which is absolutely necessary in an establishment such as the *Scotsman*, your assurances of improvement have merely ended in promises.

We do not deem it desirable to refer to the evil effects of this altogether unnecessary state of matters, but would respectfully direct your attention to the fact that a continuance of the course you have pursued can only be a source of weakness to yourself, consequently detrimental to the prosperity of the office, and entails very great hardship and discomfort on us, the ultimate results of which will neither be good for you, for our employers, nor for ourselves.

Notwithstanding that our past efforts at redress by approaching you have so signally

failed, the Chapel, unwilling, from a sense of the respect due to your position, to approach the Proprietors of the office on the various grievances, have again determined to address you; and it has also been unanimously determined that if this remonstrance be equally void of effect, we shall, upon any infringement of the Scale, take the most extreme measures in our power of enforcing our fair and legal rights. After the recent interviews of our officials with you, it is not necessary to enter into detail, but simply to inform you that all we desire, and that we are determined to insist on, is that you should act up to, in its entirety, the Scale agreed to by our Employers.

One of the principal infringements under which we suffer, is the system of keeping the Apprentices as fully employed as it is possible to do upon the best "copy" that appears in the paper—a system as unfair to the Apprentices themselves as to the Journeymen. You cannot have forgotten that some time ago the Chapel, for the purpose of avoiding disturbance, entered into a compromise of this question with you, the chief concession granted on the part of the Chapel being that you should be at liberty to select "copy" for a number of the younger boys. This agreement has not been held to by you, even to the most limited extent, proving the folly of entering into any compromise of the question. We are therefore determined that, unless the agreement be observed to the letter, we shall insist on every line of "copy" being "boxed," Apprentice and Journeyman to lift alike. We have agreed that no one should take copy over the desk previous to commencing work or afterwards, and we trust that you will see it to be your duty to put it into the box. The grievances about which we have already approached you, such as short copies (which, you should be aware, not only retards the work, but are a cause of great annoyance and loss of time to the compositor), and several other matters, we expect to see immediately remedied.

It is with the deepest regret that we address you thus strongly, but we feel warranted in doing so by the extremity of the case. We are resolved to waste no more time nor temper on these matters, being of opinion that, if our situations are not made less harassing and uncomfortable, the only course left open to us will be the sacrificing of them altogether.

J. CRAWFORD,
Father.

The above was handed in on the 20th ult., and on the 24th the Chapel Clerk, along with several other prominent individuals—who had been attending a Chapel Meeting, and were a little behind time in commencing work the previous evening—were discharged. There could be but one opinion as to the significance of this act, and accordingly the entire staff—about sixty men—instantly and heartily identified themselves with the sacrificed men by tendering their notices to leave. So far from there being any truth in the charge of irregularity now brought against the Compositors, the Proprietors know well that a more exemplary and well-behaved staff could not be brought together.

JOHN S. COMMON,
Secretary Edinburgh Typographical Society,
50 South Bridge, Edinburgh,
1st August, 1872.

From a perusal of the above letter received through our Edinburgh correspondent, our fellow-craftsmen will perceive at once that there appears to exist in the old city of Edinburgh the exact prototype of the *Globe* of this city. Whether the *Scotsman* is a chip of the *Globe*, or vice versa, we cannot say; but it is evident there is at the head of the *Reform Journal* of Edinburgh an exact counterpart of the great Liberal of Canada. There appears, however, to be a rod in pickle for the journal that has so persistently vilified the working classes, that will be used with no stinted hand; and a lesson will be taught these would-be autocrats that the time for retributive justice has come.

Poetry.

BACKBONE.

When you see a fellow-mortal
Without fixed and fearless views,
Hanging on the skirts of others;

When you see a theologian
Hugging close some ugly creed,
Fearing to reflect or question
Dogmas which his eyes may read;

When you see a politician
Crawling through contracted holes;
Begging for some fat position,
In the ring or at the polls;

A stronger word
Was never heard
In sense and tone
Than this, backbone.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES' UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. J. U.

CHAPTER XV.

It was in the drawing rooms—great, large
rooms fully twelve feet high, eighteen feet
wide and thirty-six feet long.

"Miss Geldamo," the man of voice began,
but the words were so unexpected and start-
ling, that the person addressed almost sprang
from her seat;

tibules, past other Ionic columns, up other
stairs, until the first chamber in the campan-
ile was reached. In this room was a large
arched window, fronting the square formed by
the angles of the main building and wing,

the same discovery at the same instant, but
she did not scream or faint—she merely said,
in a sweet, sad voice,
"Another third, to add to our debt of grate-
tude; Paul, a life-mortgage will hardly repay
this."

asked Richard eagerly in a very low thick
voice.
Grace was startled at his look and manner,
and wondered much at the strange questions
he asked.
"I don't think I could, but why do you
ask these questions?"

RACHEL AND AIXA;
OR,
The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.
"Behold, here is enough to fill all the
empty granaries of Seville," said she.
"Behold, here is enough to fill all the
empty granaries of Seville," said she.

"I cannot promise you that, madam; it is rather too much," said the Captain.

"But I restore you without ransom to liberty."

"Duguesclin will never purchase his liberty at the expense of an innocent woman."

"Yet liberty is a valuable thing, sir," resumed the exasperated Morisca, looking steadfastly at Duguesclin. The veins of his forehead swelled, a martial smile lighted up his countenance, and his foot struck the ground as he eagerly listened to the wily Morisca. A sort of feverish ardor and impatience sparkled in his eyes.

Aixa thinking she was on the point of prevailing over him, continued: "Would not liberty be preferable to remaining here powerless, bound like a mummy in the bowels of the earth, whilst your comrades reap the glory of capturing Seville?"

Drops of perspiration fell from the forehead of Duguesclin. "Oh, yes, liberty is precious," exclaimed he, regarding the Morisca already secure of her triumph, "so precious, that I wish to regain it immediately in order to take part in the assault."

"The wish of a prisoner, needs the power."

"What a brave man will he accomplish!" exclaimed Bertrand, breaking, with superhuman effort, the cords that tied his bleeding wrists; then springing towards the barrier he made the posts bend like reeds, and the water immediately rushed in, boiling like a whirlpool, and foaming as it dashed across the wreck of the sunken gate.

While the Morisca stood dumb with surprise before this unforeseen catastrophe, Duguesclin tore away one of the cross-beams that yet impeded the course of the water, and used it as a club to keep off the Moors, who endeavored to oppose his passage. But the latter were far from expecting this sudden outbreak from a man who had so complacently yielded to them, added to which they were so disagreeably surprised at the irruption of the water, that they were quite unprepared to offer any serious resistance to him.

Duguesclin sprang forward to the iron grating, and when Aixa, who first recovered herself, ordered her guards to arrest the prisoner, it was too late; the grating was closed on them; the key creaked in the lock; the knight was out of the snare, and he enclosed the revengeful Morisca with her turbaned servants in those caverns into which the water rushed furiously.

"What do you say now, madam?" demanded he, tranquilly putting the key in his pocket, and laughing so as to shake the vaults of the aqueduct. "Truly, fortune is very capricious! Just now I was your prisoner—at present, it seems to me you are mine."

"Release us, Sir Bertrand," cried Aixa, as she clung to the iron bars with a convulsive grasp, while the Moors uttered the most frightful howls.

"Gently, madam," resumed Duguesclin, with an ironical air; "behave with resignation; I should like, in my turn, to see you also meet your fate coolly."

"Peace!" she cried frantically. "All thy treasures," she added, "to him among you who avenges me on that man."

The soldiers of Mohamed flung themselves on the grating, which shook a little under their desperate efforts.

The waters continued to advance, strange noises filled the caverns, and foaming waves broke against the bars of the grate.

"I am a woman," urged Aixa, at length, with a plaintive expression, "and it is the duty of a loyal knight to grant mercy to a woman."

"The woman who did not scruple to involve in her hatred all the inhabitants of a city," said the Breton; "the woman who could rejoice to see the eager lips of children in want of bread; she who could daily calculate the progress made by the famine; that woman deserves to suffer the agonies she would inflict on others."

The knight then turned away to rejoin the mules, when he heard a sharp noise, resembling that of a door that creaked heavily on its rusty hinges. Fearing some new surprise, he waited an instant for the explanation of the noise, but Aixa, who guessed the cause, began to laugh with savage joy, and cried, as she waved the torch she held in her hand, "I told you rightly, invincible captain, you will not get out of the aqueduct so easily."

"Who will hinder me?" asked Duguesclin.

"I will," answered the rough and hoarse voice of a tall man, dressed in a cloak of a reddish color, who advanced towards him from the end of the gallery; on his broad shoulders was slung a little barrel, while a bone rattle sounded at his belt.

"Who are you?" asked the knight with vague uneasiness.

"I am Esau Manasses," coolly replied the renegade.

"Esau," repeated Duguesclin, shuddering.

"You know Esau, of whom I spoke to you just now," said Aixa, whose eyes sparkled with cruel joy; "my friend of the Lazaretto. You did not expect to see him so soon, eh?"

Duguesclin now retreated a few paces. "Cursed leper!" he exclaimed, "approach no nearer, or I swear that with this weapon I will kill thee like a dog." At the same time he brandished the formidable bar, which served him as a club.

"Advance, Esau, advance," said the Morisca, who feared that the knight would escape. "I need not tell thee how thou canst avenge me on this wretch of a man. But hasten, for the water increases."

The Moors, who could hardly resist the force of the foaming waves, with frantic despair twisted the bars of the grating, which now began to give way under their repeated and violent efforts.

"By the beard of Moses, one would say the bulldog of Brittany only barks so loud because he dares not bite," said the renegade, with a horrid grin; has he then guessed the vengeance I intend taking on him?"

"Advance not," repeated Duguesclin, still repulsing the leper with the end of the club.

"Once before," said Esau, stopping with his arms crossed before him, "after having humbled and insulted me in the presence of her I loved, thou didst refuse to fight with me; to-day it shall not be so; one of us must die."

"If I despised the challenge of a Jew renegade," returned Duguesclin, "of a wretched spy, by St. Ives, I shall not accept that of a leper!"

"Spy or leper," vociferated Esau, "it matters not, thou shouldst only behold in me the man whose honor thou hast trampled on."

"To me thou art no longer a man."

Esau uttered a furious shriek, and was about to spring on Duguesclin, who struck him on the breast with his club, so that he recoiled.

"Coward!" exclaimed he, "thou usest a giant's weapon against an unarmed enemy." And speaking thus, Esau threw back the cowl of his cloak and loosened his belt. Bertrand then perceived on the forehead and bosom of the renegade spots of a purplish red, the first symptoms of a disease that already circulated like poison in his veins; and he again recoiled in real alarm, as he would have retreated on the approach of a venomous reptile.

Fully to understand the involuntary horror the intrepid Breton felt at sight of Esau, it must be recollected that at that period the contagious presence of lepers inspired a dread and repulsive feeling, so much more general and natural from the belief that the disease was incurable. They were nevertheless protected by a sort of superstitious pity, and although banished from society, those who had not transgressed the laws (for criminals were sometimes condemned to confinement in the Lazaretto), and whose disease being inward, were termed white lepers, were allowed the privilege of begging in the squares and market-places, without distinctive sign except the rattle which announced their approach, and the little barrel filled with water to quench their feverish thirst. They thus succeeded in exciting the charity and timid veneration of the people who respected their hereditary suffering, as the Swiss respect the idiotism of those who are afflicted with ponderous wens, called *Coitres*, and the Orientals the inspiration of fools. Still the infection of their breath, as well as the contagion of their touch, was fearfully dreaded.

"They say thou art the most valiant of Christian knights," said the leper, seeing Duguesclin retreat before him; "I now proclaim that thou art the most cowardly. I tell thee to thy face, I, the Jew, the renegade, the leprous Esau, that thy courage is cowardice disguised."

The Breton heard this insulting language with the feeling of a man accustomed to dictate by word, gesture, and even look, to the most determined vagabonds of freebooters and Late Comers, while princes themselves bowed before his counsel.

"Thou hast gone too far, Esau," answered he, with affected *sans-froid*, which belied his burning cheek and kindling eyes. "No human power can now save thee from my hands; thy leprosy shall no longer be thy shield. Thou shalt see if I fear anything in this world beside the anger of God, and my patron saint."

Throwing his club boldly behind him, he sprang upon Esau. After a struggle of some minutes, the water having rendered the stones slippery, they rolled on the ground, and so closely were they locked together, that Bertrand, who held the leper under him, could hear the cracking of his muscles and the grinding of his teeth.

In the meantime the Moorish guards had nearly wrenched away two or three bars of the grating. Aixa, who anxiously awaited the issue of the struggle, when she saw the renegade overpowered, exclaimed, "Bear up, Esau, yet a few minutes, and soon thou in thy turn mayst be without pity for the Christian."

The leper, encouraged by these words, suddenly raised his head, and endeavored to breathe his contaminating breath into the nostrils of his enemy; but the knight held his head aside, and forcibly pressing the shoulders and knees of his opponent to keep him on the ground, prevented him from moving, or succeeding in these attempts.

"Thou bulldog!" exclaimed Esau, "this time the victory will be more fatal to thee than the most woful failure. Overcome, annihilated by thee, I am yet the conqueror, for the leprosy will overpower thee in thy turn, and stretch thee on the earth more surely than the sword of Sir John Chandos, or that of the Black Prince himself."

"If thou hast a soul to save, which I much doubt," angrily replied Duguesclin, "it is time for thee to recommend it to God, Esau Manasses, for thou art about to die."

"To die," repeated the leper, scornfully, "lost thou think to frighten me with such a threat? Even so, it is better to die and return to the silent bosom of the earth, our natural mother, than to drag out existence in despairing misery."

Writhing in agony, Esau uttered a horrid shriek; gradually his voice became hushed, his muscles stiffened, and his head fell heavily backwards.

Duguesclin, instead of noticing the Moors, who were still eagerly trying to break through, soon contemplated the renegade with pity. "To kill a leper," said he to himself, with the superstitious faith of the times, "is to oppose the designs of God who has stricken him." He then dragged Esau by his garments and placed him against the wall. The leper reopened his eyes and regarded the knight with astonishment.

"Hast thou the courage to touch me, Sir Bertrand?" said he, in a feeble voice, "I who have tried to do thee so much harm?"

Bertrand smiled; "I serve him who suffers as our Saviour teaches us by his example, without caring to know whether the sufferer wished me good or harm. I forget that thou hast been my enemy."

The grating now yielded a little further, and the Moors shouted with joy and hope.

"And in order to succour me, Sir Bertrand, thou forgettest thy danger," muttered Esau, with emotion. "If I had the strength I would kneel before thee as before an idol, but I am broken down with pain, fever and thirst."

"I will soon get you some drink, Esau," replied Duguesclin, advancing towards the barrel, which had rolled away in the struggle, as tranquilly as if he were doing the most natural and the commonest thing in the world.

"No, save thyself—flee while there is yet time," said the renegade. "The Moors are about to fall upon thee."

But Bertrand contented himself with picking up his club, and bringing the little barrel, he put it into the leper's hands, and assisted him to raise it to his lips.

"Do not hurry thyself, said he, calmly, 'drink gently.'"

"Thanks, good knight," replied Esau, gratefully, while his eyes filled with tears. "I can drink very well alone; leave me, depart quickly, or thou wilt be the victim of thy mercy and charity."

"Why should I fear those miscreants?" said Duguesclin, "when God has given me courage to struggle against thee. Adieu, poor leper; if they were not there to help thee I would carry thee on my shoulders, for the water increases in the gallery of the aqueduct."

"Oh, sir! not one of those faithful believers of the Prophet will venture to touch me," said Esau; "but what matters that, let me die here."

"No!" exclaimed the Breton; then crossing himself, and lifting the leper on his broad shoulders, he sprang quickly forward, till he reached the staircase of the lazaretto.

"Blessed be thou, Bertrand, the most noble knight of France, for having had pity on a wretch like me," cried poor Esau.

But the Breton, without listening to him, hastened to rejoin his mules, for he heard in the distance the hasty steps and menacing cries of the Moors, led by Aixa, who were rushing to overtake him. He began driving the mules before him; thanks to the miller's costume there was no impediment to his extraordinary agility, and at the moment the guards thought of taking him, he gained the gate which gave him entrance to the city; then quickly drawing from his pocket the keys he had torn from the foster brother, he succeeded in closing the door behind him, although the Moors had furiously precipitated themselves against this last obstacle opposed to their vengeance.

CHAPTER XVIII.—The Bishop and the King.

On emerging from the aqueduct, the knight found himself in a narrow deserted street that extended along the embattled walls of the Alcazar, but he had scarcely advanced fifty steps before he met a patrol of armed inhabitants, commanded by Juan Diente, who approaching the Breton, said to him softly, "Custile."

The pretended miller scratched his head in token of embarrassment, then saluting the commandant, he endeavored to pass on, but the guard compelled him to stop.

"You cannot pass farther if you have not the counter-sign," exclaimed Juan Diente.

"In Heaven's name the best counter-sign I can give you is 'Flour,' for I believe it will be wonderfully understood by people like you, who have sharp teeth and empty stomachs."

"We perfectly understand that," said Juan Diente, "and as a proof we allow your mules and their burthens to pass without asking for the counter-sign."

They did not, however, lose sight of him till he came to the market-place.

There were here and there, at the corner of the streets, a few women extended under the shutters of the shops, holding screaming children in their arms, whom they no longer tried to comfort. They had all of them a fixed stare, frightful to behold, not a tear ran down their cheeks, pale and wasted with suffering.

All whom hunger had yet left upright, men, women and children, were assembled before the gate of the Alcazar, which they besieged with doleful lamentations and clamorous threats.

A thousand meagre arms were raised against the palace, a thousand hands convulsively wrung, appealing to the pity of Don Pedro.

In the meanwhile, Rachel, though still weak and suffering from the effects of her wound, had passed two sleepless nights in attendance on the sick and wounded. She had sold her jewels without regret; and all

her treasures had been sacrificed to purchase grain and flour.

At the curses the furious populace hurled against her, she experienced neither fear nor anger, but smiling sorrowfully, she murmured, "Poor people, they know not what I have done for them."

But the popular tempest continued to increase. All those wretches who were pinched by hunger, but who were prevented, either by fear, or by the remains of attachment to their king, from demanding the surrender of the city, sought a pretext for their complaints, and rendered credulous, suspicious, and cruel by their sufferings, eagerly seized on that with which the hatred of the Morisca had furnished them.

The secret partisans of Don Enrique, and above all, the agents of Augustin Gudiel, who had recently received the title of Bishop of Segovia from the Pope, and who was hostile to the vanquished king, as well as all the canons and priests of Seville, actively fomented these feelings. As soon as a single voice in the crowd had uttered the cry "Death to Rachel—death to the Jewess," it was like an electric spark running through the whole multitude, so eagerly did they repeat those savage words. "Death to the Jewess! Death to Rachel! Justice! Justice!" exclaimed the crowd with one voice, completely exasperated.

Don Pedro, from the commencement of the sedition, had been watching with Rachel at the top of the Alcazar. So long as the famished multitude confined themselves to complaints, howlings and menaces, he was contented to comfort the young girl, and to try to persuade her that the storm would soon be appeased. But when he saw the most enraged attack the gates of the palace with mattocks and pickaxes, while torches of resin flamed in the hands of others, he could no longer restrain his passion, and exclaimed, "They demand justice; well, I will give it them."

But the Jewess, seizing his hand, stopped him, and said, "They are poor people who suffer, Pedro. Why are you against me I know not. I love you; behold, that is my crime. But would you punish them because they deceive themselves in thinking me the cause of their misfortunes? Alas! their sufferings are but too real; they have become intolerable. I would not that blood be spilled for me. Our love does not please God, since he pursues it with so many calamities. Let me, Pedro, go and speak to them; when they see me confident among them, probably they will not believe me to be so great a criminal. I shall be able to find words to touch their hearts."

"Credulous child!" cried Don Pedro, "these people are a band of furious tigers! Will they listen to you? Could your voice soften and appease them? The Christian fanatics will strike thee, because thou art a Jewess; the cowards, because thou art defenceless; the old and single women, because thou art young and handsome; the friends of the usurer, because they know that in torturing thee they torture me, and that every blow that smites thee will reach my heart. The storm must be faced, Rachel, and this blinded populace must be dispersed by force."

He then advanced towards the door, but the young girl yet detained him.

"Thou art wrong, Pedro, they will hate thee," said she; "and until now not a cry has been raised against thee. If, in delivering myself to this exasperated people, I obtain from them one day of resignation and courage, my life will have been useful to you; and shall I not worthily have expiated the fault of my love?"

Don Pedro hastily disengaged himself from the grasp of the Jewess.

"Rachel," said he, almost sternly, "while I am king, I will not do the bidding of Don Enrique. These brawlers complain of hunger, well, let them leave the city; let them go and beg bread in the enemy's camp. Am I not the first to set them on example how to bear suffering? Have I larger rations than the lowest man-at-arms in the Alcazar?"

"Oh! Pedro, I tremble for thee. Do not go out of the palace."

"They will think I am afraid," answered he; "remain here, Rachel, and thou shalt soon see the storm subside."

He hastily descended into the court-yard, and ordered the gates to be thrown open. Then mounting one of the beautiful palfreys that Mohamed had sent him, and which his foster-brother, Blas, had saddled for him, without betraying the least emotion, he boldly advanced alone.

The furious and brawling multitude became calm immediately.

"Are you, then, traitors and rebels, people of Seville, thus to surround the Alcazar with imprecations and cries of death?" exclaimed the king, in an angry voice.

A tanner seeing no one dared reply, audaciously approached Don Pedro; "Sir King," said he, "we are not traitors—we do not lack courage before lances, arrows, swords and javelins, but we cannot bear up against hunger."

"Do you think then," resumed Don Pedro, in a gloomy voice, "that your king does not also suffer hunger?"

"Therefore do we love our king," replied the tanner. "We are only against those who give him bad counsel."

"Whom, then, do you accuse?" demanded Don Pedro, with affected calmness.

"The Jewess, Rachel!" answered the man of the people, boldly.

"Fools!" said the king; those who have

told you so, and spread reports against her, are liars and traitors."

All at once a heart-rending cry issued from the centre of the crowd. It proceeded from a woman with her hair dishevelled, her countenance distorted, her eyes fixed, and pressing in her arms her cold, inanimate child, who sprang towards Don Pedro, and holding up her infant. "Is this also a traitor," she said, "this innocent that has just expired? What harm had it done that it should die? I am a widow. Its father was killed on the ramparts in your defence, Sir King. He has been fortunate—he has not seen his child die of hunger."

Then followed a clamorous explosion, so confused, fierce, and rending, that Don Pedro quaked, notwithstanding all his courage. Against these lamentations, against this revolt of supplicatory voices, of countenances furrowed by hunger, force could not be used nor thought of. The mob surrounded him like an impenetrable wall, and he soon found himself the prisoner of his prostrate subjects, kneeling before him, but demanding with more and more determination the death of Rachel.

He preserved a disdainful silence, determined that they should tear the heart from his breast before the condemnation of his well-beloved should pass his lips. Suddenly the crowd gave way, and raising his eyes he saw a file of biers, on which were heaped a number of dead bodies barely covered with a winding-sheet, the stiff, lengthened countenances of which testified the frightful convulsions of their agony. It was the convoy of three noble families, whose houses had remained closed for two days. The Mayor of Seville had had the doors broken open by his alguazils, who found only corpses. Those proud nobles would not beg bread, and had preferred dying with the native stoicism of pride.

(To be continued.)

BADLY BEHAVED DONKEY.

There was an old man who always rode a donkey to his work, tethered him while he worked on the road, or wherever else it might be. It was suggested to him by my grandfather that he was suspected of putting it in to feed in the fields, at other people's expense.

"Eh, laird, I could never be tempted to do that, for my cuddy winna eat anything but nettles and thistles."

One day my grandfather was riding along the road, when he saw Andrew Leslie at work, and his donkey up to his knees in one of his clover fields, feeding luxuriously.

"Hello, Andrew," said he, "I thought you told me your cuddy would eat nothing but nettles and thistles."

"Ay," said he, "but he misbehaved the day; he nearly kicked me over his head, sae I pat him there to punish him."—*Ramsay's Scottish Characteristics.*

SHORT OF MEAT.

A Deacon being in a neighboring town on Saturday, fell in with a traveling minister and invited him to come to his town and preach next Sunday, and to his house to dinner. So Sunday morning the Deacon told his family that the minister would be there to dinner, and, as they were out of meat, told his hired boy to go to a certain place by the side of the road, and dig out a woodchuck that was supposed to have burrowed there, and they would have him for dinner. While the boy was digging away at the woodchuck hole, the minister came along on his way to preach. On seeing the boy thus digging, he hauled up and accosted him with:

"Well, my son, what are you doing there?"

"Digging out a woodchuck, Sir," said the boy.

"Why, but don't you know that it is very wicked? and besides, you won't get him if you dig for him on Sunday."

"Git 'm!" said the boy. "Thunder! I've got to git 'm; the minister's coming to our house to dinner, and we ain't got any meat."

ABOUT FROGS.

The editor of Harper's *Scientific Record* gives some credence to a singular statement from New Zealand. It is said that surface water is entirely gone from large tracts, sometimes covering 5,000 square miles, for months. The region becomes so utterly dry as to forbid the possibility, apparently, of any survival of frog life. And yet these reptiles seem to beat the cat for tenacity of life, for whenever rain falls sufficiently to fill the water holes, they are found to swarm with frogs, and this when immediately previous one might dig for ten or twenty feet without finding any trace of water.

A recent writer offers a solution. His statement is that on a recent tour he became alarmed for want of water; that a native called for help, went immediately to a dry water hole, found a crooked and indistinct track on what had once been land, and followed it up to the shade of a small bush. Here he commenced digging, and soon found a ball of clay about eight inches in diameter and quite dry on the outside; but when broken it was found to contain about half a pint of clear, cold water, in which a frog was biding his time, awaiting the rainy season. A number of similar balls were exhumed, and the travelers made free with both the water and the frogs. This is a marvelous story, and one may well wait for verification; and yet such a display of protective instinct is not more marvelous than many which are certainly known.

NOTICE.

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

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

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All communications should be addressed to the office, 112 Bay Street, or to Post Office Box 1025.
J. S. WILLIAMS,
SUPERINTENDENT.

Trades' Assembly Hall.

Meetings are held in the following order:—
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Application for renting the halls for special meetings and other purposes to be made to Mr. Andrew Scott, 211 King Street East.

The Ontario Workman.

TORONTO, THURSDAY, AUG. 29, 1872

THE BALLOT.

One of the questions that will undoubtedly be agitated in the not distant future—and a subject in which all the operative classes are directly interested, is that of the system of voting—and the system that is most likely to meet the wants and wishes of those classes will, we doubt not, prove to be that of the Ballot. "Vote by Ballot" is now English law, and the working of that system will be closely watched in all its operations, by all who feel interested in the gradual moulding of our institutions and the perfecting of our representative system; and should it work successfully, and give satisfaction to the working classes—as we have no doubt it will—that fact of itself will be a strong argument for its adoption in our Dominion.

It has been urged against it, that the condition of this country does not need secret voting, that here we have no large landed proprietors, etc., and that in our centres of industry the workingmen are left free to exercise their franchise as they choose, and therefore, with the many amendments obtained, and others still promised in our election laws, it is of but little consequence whether the system of open voting or the ballot be adopted. This may be true to some extent, but we submit there are tendencies throughout the country which demand, more potently perhaps than many people think, the early adoption of this principle in voting. There is, in the first place, a growing tendency to large estates. In almost every township may be found men with large means, and a great hunger for land—men who possess their hundreds of acres of land, and are continually on the look out for more. But this land must be cultivated, and tenants must be had for that purpose. Now, however free as yet tenants may be in "this Canada of ours," to vote as they will, the probabilities are that in the course of time, the coercion that has prevailed in the old world would also obtain here, and,

then, the ballot would be needed. Then, again, another tendency that is developing itself is towards large establishments, in which a very large number of employees are engaged. It cannot be denied that even now a good deal of corrupt influence is used in relation to the voting of workmen; and very often men are compelled to exercise their franchise in a manner that gives no scope to their own free will, or to abstain from its exercise altogether, simply because on following the wishes of their employers depends their bread and butter. It may be that it is only in a case here and there this is done at the present time, but, unfortunately, it is not an evil that will correct itself in course of time under the open system of voting, but rather, on the contrary, will tend to increase and spread. The ballot would largely cure, or, better, prevent this, because few would think it worth while either to bribe or threaten a man, if, after all, it could not be told whether the man had voted according to the bribe, or in obedience to the threat.

In the old world curious speculations arise concerning the results of vote by ballot in both parliamentary and municipal elections. The constituencies—especially the large constituencies—will act under quite new conditions; for in the smaller ones, where everybody knows everybody and what everybody says or does, there will prove to be but little secrecy. But in the large ones the elections will be really in the dark. The system of voting by ballot will interpose an impenetrable screen between candidates and electors, and between electors and electors. In constituencies of 8,000 or 10,000 votes, what candidate will be able to assure himself, with any approach to accuracy, of the probability of his coming out of the ballot box a member of parliament? Even with open voting, under the extended franchise, it has been seen how little the appearance of popularity, or the employment of agents and canvassers, can be relied upon. How often has it been seen that after months of active organization, and incessant speaking and canvassing, with abundant promises of success up to the eleventh hour, at the twelfth end in miserable disappointment. These things being so when men's pledges and votes were known, what may be expected when there will be no means of knowing how any considerable number of men have voted—no means of comparing votes with promises—no fear, no hope from the influence of public opinion on the individual voter? Each elector, on entering the polling place, will virtually put on the fabled invisible cap, and although he will do the deed, what deed he has done it will be almost impossible to know. This will secure his emancipation from all intimidation and undue pressure and influence; but it will also effectually prevent any certain forecast of the result of the election.

P. B. & S. PIC-NIC.

The Plumbers, Brassfinishers, and Steamfitters of this city, intend holding a pic-nic and augur-shoot, at the West Lodge Gardens, on Saturday next. Every effort has been made by the committee to render the occasion one of interest, and we doubt not their efforts will be duly appreciated. Two new features in connection with the games will be the augur-shoot and velocipede races, and will, no doubt, prove a source of attraction.

TORONTO, GREY AND BRUCE R. R. PIC-NIC.

The employees of this road will hold their first annual pic-nic on Saturday next, at the pretty village of Woodbridge. A large and efficient committee have been hard at work to render this first annual pic-nic a time to be remembered. An elaborate programme of games and dances has been prepared, and the band of the Grand Trunk Brigade will furnish music. Every possible care has been taken to provide for the comfort and entertainment of those who may be present, and we trust the efforts of the committee will be crowned with the greatest possible success.

A WORD WITH EMPLOYERS.

A few days ago we conversed with one of the most influential and enterprising manufacturers of the great west. We found him, as far as circumstances permitted us to judge, honorable, candid, and whole souled—a man whose sympathies and best wishes were with the sons of toil, and from the earnest manner in which his sentiments were expressed we have no reason to doubt the sincerity of his feelings. Said he: "I am convinced the question of the future is the amicable adjustment of the relations between capital and labor. Does it not seem a suicidal policy for workingmen, every time they have a grievance, real or supposed, to strike until their demands are complied with; perhaps to cause their employers to lose thousands of dollars thereby—when a friendly notification of their grievances would have been listened to attentively, and all cause of complaint removed? Nine out of ten of our manufacturers will listen to a request when they will absolutely refuse a demand. They are not such hard-hearted wretches as they are supposed to be. They will be guided by reason when they will laugh at a threat. Can no means be devised to bring employer and employe into closer contact, to convince both that their interests are identical? Why, you can't take up a paper without seeing an account of a strike here or there; the consequence is, factories and furnaces are stopped, mines are idle, capitalists are losing money, workingmen are walking the streets, and manufacturing interests threaten to go to the devil generally, all for the want of a mutual understanding. Look at the past, three months—strikes here, strikes there, strikes everywhere. Why, striking seems to be the normal condition of the workingmen all over the country. This is all wrong, and must be stopped by some means, but how to stop it is the question."

Words bravely said—all wrong—all wrong—and we are glad to know that a spirit of inquiry, "how to stop it," is beginning to develop itself among employers. The old adage, "Where there's a will there's a way," will surely be verified if this feeling is fostered and developed. Let it once be made manifest that employers are willing to meet their workmen half way—willing to listen to their grievances, and redress them when possible, and when they cannot, convince them—at least try to convince them—and mutual confidence and good feeling will soon take the place of strikes and lock-outs.

We do not believe there is a national or international labor organization in the country which has not, time and again, deprecated a resort to strikes, except as a last alternative; which has not declared its willingness to accept arbitration as a substitute, and we have yet to learn of the first acceptance of these propositions by any organized body of manufacturers.

Let us look over the field for a few moments. We find dissatisfaction on every hand—in New York and New England, in Pennsylvania and Ohio, in Virginia and Illinois; and, moreover, we find this dissatisfaction on the increase. We find employers becoming more arbitrary and exacting in their demands, and their employes becoming more and more unwilling to submit to them—the rules and regulations of our factories becoming more stringent, and our trades unions assuming a more formidable and positive character.

Now, suppose at the next meeting of the Iron Manufacturers or Stove Moulders' Association—representing two of the most wealthy and influential bodies of employers in the country—a resolution is passed indorsing and recommending the principles of arbitration, announcing a willingness to submit all questions in dispute to a disinterested board, and of course we do not refer to petty disturbances in this or that establishment, what will be the result? Simply that ninety-nine out of every hundred of our mechanics will say *amen*, second such endeavors, and be governed by such decision. Of course we do not refer to every petty squabble

which occurs in this or that workshop. We refer to the settlement of those questions which periodically throw thousands of our workmen out of employment, close our factories, and bring ruin alike on employer and employe. Let our manufacturers then accept of the olive branch held out, and peace, contentment and confidence will take the place of suspicion, bickerings and idleness. The end to be accomplished is certainly worth the trial.

[The above able remarks, from the "Workingman's Advocate," Chicago, are equally applicable to this Dominion; and certain we are, should the principle of arbitration be acted upon, the most beneficial results would follow, both to employers and employed.]

SUFFRAGE FOR WOMEN.

The cause of woman's suffrage is in a much more hopeful and flourishing condition in England than in America, a fact which will be rejoiced over or regretted, according to the diverse views taken of the subject by different people. Those who wish well to it will be glad that it has fallen into good hands; those who do not wish well to it will regret that it has this advantage. That it is an advantage, and a very great one, there can be no doubt. Without entering into any discussion of the merits of the question, one thing is very obvious—that much of its unpopularity in the United States, and one great difficulty in the way of its receiving a candid hearing, is the bad management of its advocates. Certain persons have put themselves forward as leaders who, not being of good reputation in other relations of life, have only brought obliquity upon this movement, and the impression has become general that the measures advocated by such persons might be fairly estimated by their characters. Whether this is abstractly just or not, it is inevitable, and those who seek to have the right of suffrage given to women may be quite sure that they will find it the more difficult to gain the longer they permit themselves to be led by persons whose opportunity and disposition to do mischief are quite dangerous enough without giving them political power.

In England the progress of the movement is marked, and it is represented by quite another class of persons. A meeting of the National Society was held a few days since in London, at which Mr. Jacob Bright, M.P., presided, and addresses were made by persons of the highest respectability. Mr. Bright, in the course of a speech, congratulated the members of the society that women had already secured the right to vote in school boards and municipal elections; that they were chosen to seats on school boards, and that he believed one hundred and fifty members of Parliament were in favor of giving women the right to vote in Parliamentary elections. Across the lines there has been no such progress. Except in a single western territory, there is, if we remember aright, not a single gain to be shown for many years of agitation. It is to be accounted for only in one way—the difference in the character of the advocates in the two countries.

FRANCE PREPARING FOR WAR.

The war between France and Germany is not an at end. There has been no peace, only an adjournment of hostilities. No fact is more evident than this. The one idea that controls the French mind is "the settlement of accounts with Germany." Although little is said about it in the papers, and there have been discreet reservations in the debates, the Government has been making strenuous efforts to bring the army to its fullest capacity. There have been large purchases of horses in Hungary, England and Germany. The workshops for the manufacture of artillery and firearms are in full blast. There are more cannon now than there was before the war, and more small arms. Paris is being strengthened by new lines of forts. Great quantities of provisions have been introduced into the city of Paris, enough for two years consumption in case of a siege. When the new works are completed, a successful

siege of Paris will require the investment of a line of circumvallation ninety miles in extent—a feat not within the resources of any army. The soldiers are under constant and severe discipline. They are kept in camp, away from Paris and the large cities. You see fewer soldiers in Paris than in London—a group here and there, at the invalides and public buildings for instance, but no more. Whatever difference there may be as to dynasties and parties, in this work of reorganizing the army and strengthening the resources of France everyone is interested. The French army to-day is said to be the strongest in Europe, except that of Germany, and it may be questioned whether in a little while it will not exceed that of Germany. Beyond and above all there is a public spirit, a sense of industry and self-denial, a desire for information and study, that are a wholesome evidence of improvement. It may be, and it would not be surprising if history so recorded it, that the appalling disasters that fell upon France have served to show the strength and weakness of the country, and to teach that strength that comes from a true knowledge of weakness and a resolution to overcome it.

GRAND TRUNK EMPLOYEES PIC-NIC.

The G. T. Employees Pic-Nic at Bowmanville, on Saturday, was a most complete success. The cars started from this city at about half-past seven, with some 900 excursionists on board, and reached Bowmanville shortly after ten. The main body then adjourned to the pic-nic resort, a beautiful pine grove some short distance south of the station, and in full view of the limpid waters of Ontario. It was one of the choicest spots we have visited in which to hold pic-nics, and all present seemed to appreciate the beauty of the scene. The excursionists entered into the sports and games of the day with right good will, evidently determined to make the most of the occasion. Thanks to the care and foresight of the efficient committee, nothing was wanting to add to the happiness of those present. The games and sports were well contested, and the successful competitors were highly pleased with the prizes awarded. During the day the magnificent band of the G. T. Brigade discoursed sweet music; and large numbers engaged in tripping "the light fantastic toe." The party reached Toronto shortly after ten in the evening, evidently well satisfied with the day's pleasure. The committee may well take pride at the success of the pic-nic, for it was generally acknowledged to have been one of the best arranged affairs of the season. It was our intention to publish the prize list, but we have not received it in time.

A NEW MOVEMENT.

Our English neighbors do not lack shrewdness, it seems. A new plan of dealing is being introduced into their retail grocery trade to induce cash payments for groceries, and also to make new customers, and is said to be a decided success. It is styled the "bonus system for cash payments for groceries," and consists in allowing a bonus of two and one-half per cent., payable at the end of each six months, on all purchases made during that time. At the time of each cash purchase, a metal check is given, showing the amount of the purchase. These are preserved by the buyer, and when the time of redemption arrives—twice a year—the checks show the amount on which the holder is entitled to two and one-half per cent., and is paid in goods. The firm originating this innovation made their first semi-annual redemption on the fourteenth of this month, and state that it has proved a great success. Many of their customers who hitherto had been taking credit for periods of one to three months, now willingly pay cash, and their trade has been greatly increased at the same time. The success of the firm has induced others to adopt the same plan. Any enterprising firm adopting the same plan here would doubtless find it a "good hit."

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

Communications.

OUR EDINBURGH CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.

SIR,—Although you have frequently paragraphs in the WORKMAN in reference to trade matters in this country, still I venture to think that a brief statement from one actually engaged in these movements may not be without some interest. Perhaps there is nothing at the present time in Scotland that is causing so much concern as the high price of coal. We, however, may rest satisfied that there will soon be a fall, as an eminent D.D. has written to one of our local dailies, and suggests very authoritatively the propriety of employing our criminals, paupers and soldiers in digging peat for the winter fuel. While making this suggestion, it is unfortunate that the Dr. blames the miners as having caused the rise in price. The coals I am now using costs me 20s. per ton, and six or eight months ago I bought the same coals at 12s. A miner puts out on an average about 3 tons of coal per day, their wages have been advanced during that period about 1s. 6d. per day, but to make sure I do no injustice, I will say 2s. per day or 8d. per ton. In other words, the miner has got 8d. of my 8s., while the coal master gets 7s. 4d., and yet the miner is blamed by nearly all people who get their information from the daily papers, as being the sole cause for the great advance in the price of coals. The miners are now working only eight hours in nearly all the pits, and in some of them an advance of 1s. per day has recently been given unasked, as men are not to be had at present.

That great friend (?) of all political and social progress—the Scotsman, has got into difficulties with the compositors who have all left off work, and the paper is now produced by "rats" from London and other places. I will enclose copy of a letter sent by the Father of the Chapel to the Manager before the strike began, from it you will see the grievances of the men. No effort or expense will be spared by the proprietors to get men, while the men on strike are equally determined to keep the office closed. The Trades Councils of Edinburgh and Glasgow have called meetings of delegates and office-bearers of Societies to devise means for supporting the men, and also to consider what action ought to be taken with the view of denouncing the conduct of the proprietors to the public. There is no doubt but the meetings will be well attended, and as all the trade Societies owe the paper some heavy grudges, owing to its continued abuse and misrepresentation of them, there will, probably, be some energetic and decided means adopted. I may also mention that the regulation which has been broken by the Scotsman, has always been duly observed by the Courant (Conservative), and the Daily Review (Independent Liberal); and I am much mistaken if the present opportunity is not taken of showing the Scotsman the power of the men it has so persistently maligned for many years.

Trade in all departments is good, and wages in general higher than has previously been paid in Scotland. Ship building on the Clyde is very busy, and a number of the buildlets are removing from the vicinity of Glasgow farther down the river, so that they may have more room than they have at present. The building trades are all fully employed throughout the country, and at the highest wages ever paid. In nearly all cases 51 hours per week is the time wrought by operatives in the building trades, and all overtime paid at the rate of time and half.

An agitation for weekly pays has been on foot for some time. The Edinburgh joiners have secured this, and the Glasgow masons have been successful after a strike of six or seven weeks.

Our vaunted Trades Union Bill has been taken advantage of by very few (if any) Trades Societies. I think that the great majority of officials concur with me in the opinion that if we took advantage of the Act for purposes of registration, we would be homologating its obnoxious provisions. We, therefore, rather depend on the honesty of each other, than have all our transactions subject to the inquisitorial gaze of not over scrupulous government officials. Several convictions (chiefly in England) have taken place under the Criminal Law Amendment Act (the twin brother of the Trades Union Act), but these have nearly all been reversed by the Superior Courts on appeal.

Some of our local politicians are in great alarm about the coming municipal elections under the Ballot. They do not know how they are properly to work the Ballot, and there is less than the usual confidence as to results by partisans.

We are to have a visit next week of the Queen. She is to stay for a few days at Holyrood. This is the first visit she has

paid Edinburgh since the death of the Prince Consort.

I may mention before concluding, that I have learned that there are a number of manufacturers prosecuting enquiries as to the cost of importing coals from America, Belgium, &c.

The Iron Trades Nine-hours League held a meeting in Leith last night, and presented their Chairman with a watch and chain, their Secretary with a purse of sovereigns and an address, and their Treasurer with a gold Albert, in recognition of their services in securing the nine hours to the Iron trades in Leith.

W. P.

Edinburgh, 7th August, 1872.

CORRECTION.

To the Editor of the Ontario Workman.

SIR,—In your issue of last week you make a statement in reference to a man being discharged by Messrs. Dickey, Neil & Co., for voting for Mr. Crawford against their wishes, that has no truth whatever in it, and your informant was entirely incorrect when he told you so. By inserting this contradiction you will oblige me, and also remove an impression that the statement was made wilfully, knowing it to be incorrect.

Yours truly,

EMPLOYEE.

Toronto, August 27th, 1872.

We gladly insert the correction as above. As we stated, we received the information on what we considered good authority, but we stated at the time we could hardly believe it to be correct.—[Ed. O. W.]

DR. LIVINGSTONE AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

The following communication from the great traveller, received by Sir Bartle Frere will undoubtedly be read with deep interest: UJUM, Dec. 20, 1871.

MY DEAR SIR BARTLE—Having now a safe opportunity of sending to the coast, I throw aside a good long letter, written more than a year ago in Manyema, to give you the latest intelligence. That is not of a very satisfactory nature, for I have been the victim of misfortune in having my affairs handed over, without my will, to slaves and slave-dealers. The loss of time and of money has been very serious, but I now see a way out of it all.

I thought that all the world knew that our Government was stringently opposed to its officers employing slave labor; but when my friend Dr. Kirk, Acting Consul and Political Agent at Zanzibar, undertook to get supplies and men for me, he went to Ludha, a rich Banian and concealed slave-trader, who entrusted the affair to slaves, and they, after squandering the stores for sixteen months, finished up by selling off the remainder for slaves and ivory. It is a sore story, and I feel unwilling to tell that another lot of £500 worth was taken to Ludha again and entrusted to slaves again, who did the same thing a second time—all except the complete spoliation.

They lay at Bagomoyo, on the mainland opposite Zanzibar, three and a half months, and no one looked near them. * * * But an American gentleman came here, sent by the son of the editor of the New York Herald, at an expense of over £4,000, and he has done what he can * * * and with the goods he offered, together with the dregs left by the slaves, now a month east of this, I hope to hire men and finish up my work. This gentleman, Mr. Stanley, got a letter on the 13th current from the American Consul at Zanzibar, dated 11th June, and Aden telegrams of European news up to the 29th of April. My latest date is November, 1870, and it, with the goods, has been more than a year on the way. In fact, it would not have been here for months to come had Mr. Stanley not accidentally seen it, and seized it for me. But enough of this doleful tale. I am getting strong again, and propose to go back eastwards a full month, to where the slaves lie, and then go west and south-west to finish up the watershed.

People have been speculating as to where I should come out instead of writing like Christians to cheer me when in. I suspect that beastly ignorance of geography was at the bottom of it. It has been no bairn's play, and I have lost a year in Manyema, trying to follow the centre line of drainage down and by being forced back by slaves when almost in sight of the end towards which I strained. What makes much difficulty is the well known fact that all Banians and Arabs hate my being a witness to the slave trade. The Banian slaves all received the notion that they were not to follow, but, in accordance with some fabulous letter, force me back. This is like the low cunning of low Indians, who carry on the slave trade with their money and let the odium rest with the Arabs. I have now got into the good graces of all the Arabs in

the interior with whom I have come into contact. But the Banians and their slaves beat me with their lies. I wish to mention the only remedy I can see for this East Coast slave trade, that if possible it may be ventilated. It is that one of the English settlements on the West Coast be transferred, by voluntary emigration of the natives, to Mombas, which is ours already, or some other healthy point. Though I say English settlement, I do not mean a settlement of English people. * * * I mean settlements of the West Coast, which have fulfilled the end for which they were formed. In the able report of Col. Ord, presented to parliament, it is stated that while the presence of the squadron has had some share in suppressing the slave trade, the result is mainly due to the existence of the settlements. This is supported by the fact that in those least visited by men-of-war it has been as effectually suppressed as in those which have been their constant resort. No additional expense would be incurred by the transference of the European officials except that of their passage in men-of-war, and government encouragement to emigration of the native Christian population, if fairly begun, would go on with little more than superintendence. The moral element they would introduce would be of incalculable value. In West Africa the missionaries and others see the effects of missionary labor in the general honesty and uprightness of the colored population frowning down the meanness and duplicity so prevalent in all the Moslem race of Africa. This new Sultan was all that could be desired before the death of his brother Suedy Majid opened his way to the Sultanat. Now, though turned around completely in favor of the slave trade, he is none the less thought of by his people. * * * But the introduction of the moral elements in an English settlement, though it may not improve the Mohammedans, will certainly have a beneficial effect on the Africans. They are all favourably inclined to the English now, though they know little else about us except that we never slave.

The Arabs have completely spoiled all the tribes between this and the coast, and they are busy at the same work in Manyema. They manage to diffuse a universal hatred of themselves, and the natives plunder their Arab teachers as shamelessly as they were at first plundered. To "houga," originally and at present, west of this, means "to make friendship;" now it means, "to fine or mulet," and from Mr. Stanley tribes near to this took three bales, some of calico, 1,200 yards, and returned nothing. One chief demanded eighty-five pieces, or 340 yards, and got it. The Arabs completely spoil the people wherever they go, and as for religion, they have never been known to attempt to propagate it. The gospel of the West Coast immoral traders * * * is simply sneering at good men, whose lives are a standing rebuke to theirs. But let the effects of their labors be compared with the effects of Arab intercourse, and the most obtuse and bigoted would at once award the palm to the Christian missionaries, and they discourage polygamy.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

UNYANYEMBE, March 13th, 1872.

Came here about two minutes south of Speke's Kazeh, on the 18th of February. Mr. Stanley goes off to-morrow home; and when he has sent fifty free men from the coast, I shall start for the ancient fountains. I seized what goods remained after sixteen months' plundering by slaves. Mr. Stanley supplied me with everything I needed, and you may be sure I am extremely thankful to Mr. Bennett for his generosity and to Mr. Stanley for his pluck. Thanks to Heaven, I am now strong and well, and eager to be off and finish the sources.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.

PASSAGE OF THE MINERS' BILL.

We are indebted to the Glasgow Sentinel for the following very interesting letter from the pen of Alexander McDonald, Esq., upon the passage of the Miners' Bill in committee of the House of Lords:

As the entering of a bill into committee in either House of Parliament may be looked upon as nearly at its final stage, our anxiety as to the fate of the Miners' Bill was considerably increased when we learned that some important amendments were to be proposed by the mine-owners. Further, that these were to be committed to the care of the Duke of Richmond, to be drummed by Cairns and Salisbury. What they could be we could not divine, although we judged that the 54 hours was to be attacked. Wednesday our good friend Pickard joined us, who had been with us in so many hours of anxiety on the subject. Thursday we were joined by Mr. Crawford, and on Friday morning by Mr. Burt. The owners still held their hand. Meanwhile we had done

all we could with the noble Lords Shaftesbury and Kinnaird. On Friday the mine owners' amendments saw the light of day. Then indeed did they offer to the House of Lords that they should reverse the decision of the Commons by making it 56 hours per week instead of 54, also that the time should count from the first of a group of boys going down to the first of the group again ascending—virtually destroying the clause, and allowing the owners a latitude which would render a conviction almost impossible, even supposing they had kept children in the mines twelve hours.

The amendments have the stamp of their own mean parentage—they come from north of the Tweed. No sooner had we got them than we proceeded to find the men on whom we could rely. Glad were we to find that the noble Shaftesbury was all fire, all anger, in denouncing them as "shameful amendments," that it was a disgrace to "men who called themselves Conservatives" to offer such to the House, and that he would fight them by every form of the House. We were not less pleased to find that the noble Lord Kinnaird was animated by the same spirit. Shaftesbury had put on three amendments that were rejected in the House of Commons. Earl Morley had on quite a host of amendments; all, however, of a kind to give efficiency to the bill; and Kinnaird had a few of the same character. Lord Lytton had one to raise the age of boys to thirteen before they would be allowed to work in the mines.

At the usual hour, five o'clock, the House of Lords met. The first matter that came before the House was a Welsh trust—no doubt of great importance to those whom it concerned, most of all, apparently, to the Bishop of Bangor, who spoke for a long time on the question—but to us it had no charm. In the meantime, Lord Elcho was among the Conservatives, doing all he could to get them to withdraw their amendments, stating to them, in the plainest terms, they might find the agitation for the 54 hours increasing, or there might be less hours at their door before the next session. Mr. Henderson, M. P. for Durlam, and himself a large coal owner, and a large-hearted, noble man, came to us, stating that he regretted much the course taken by the mine owners, and that he had been doing all he could to have the vile amendments withdrawn. Failing to meet with that success he deserved, Lord Elcho went to Mr. Elliot, asking him if he would not get them withdrawn. Mr. Beaumont, M. P. for South Northumberland, also a large mine owner, next came to us, who also had been counselling the withdrawal of the amendments. A rumor now reached us that gave more annoyance, which was to the effect that the Government was going to yield the point,—accept the 56 hours as Mr. Bruce had done in the Commons. Our feelings at this stage we will not attempt to describe. These, however, were soon allayed. Mr. Beaumont went down to the House of Commons and asked Mr. Bruce if that was so, when Mr. Bruce gave him the most distinct assurance the Government was going to stand by the bill as it left the lower House. The Conservatives being in great force this did not entirely set our minds at rest.

The trust disposed of, and Inclosure Bill, &c., the House quickly took up the Miners' Bill. Lord Morley proceeded with his amendments, then followed Shaftesbury, Kinnaird, Lytton, Dunsay, and then Richmond, in moving the 56 hours for the 54. It was quite noticeable that the noble duke had not much heart in his work. He tried to cajole Earl Morley to accept his views. Then came Shaftesbury, Cairns, Harrowby, Salisbury. The debate was short, keen, and cutting for a time. Harrowby counselled the withdrawal of the amendments, others pointed to the House of Commons, when with the best of grace the noble Duke withdrew it, and the boys were saved. Yes, saved, when the bill comes into operation, from the degradation of long hours. Brutal parents, your power for evil to your children by long hours is forever crushed. No more can you drag them out of their beds at three or four o'clock, and keep them in the dreary mine till six o'clock at night. No more can you feed or riot on the health of the tender plants. No longer can you, inhuman employer, keep them working to you for twelve or thirteen hours per day—the strong arm of the law will soon stand forward in their defence. Thanks to all who have joined us in the work—the coming generation will do them justice.

The next question that followed was the insidious amendment to allow the time to count from the first of the group going down. Strongly and hard did Richmond fight for this, and the opposing lords were equally firm. When it went to a division the inhuman interests were beaten by a majority of six. Now the course was virtually a smooth one. Our case was over. The leaders of the mine owners who had,

like ourselves, stood below the bar, disappeared, except Mr. Pease, who stood it out till clause after clause was ratified or amended. How different in 1872 to that of 1866! as clause after clause was destroyed in committee the mine-owners were jubilant—gleeful; it was other times then. Soon was the whole completed; the bill passed through committee, and the report is to be brought up on Tuesday the 30th.

THE METALIFEROUS MINES BILL.

In a few minutes this bill was also sent through committee. Inspection and the protection of youth being now extended to all these, ventilation must now be attended to. No longer, surely, will people be destroyed as we have seen them in Cumberland and elsewhere. They will now, as a class, become men, let us hope.

ARBITRATION BILL.

As this bill was unopposed, on the application of Lord Kinnaird it was held as passed through committee. Thus, in one night, three bills in which we have an interest, passed through committee of the House of Lords. In the years past we could not see this, yet, in the matter we have been doing nothing. It has been by the aid of such men as Burt, Pickard, Normansell, Brown, Halliday, Crawford, Dixon, Casey, Penman, and others, that the work has been completed. To others that have gone to their rest, to others in distant lands, and last, not least, to the aid of a humane and powerful press, are we also indebted. It is not often the lot of one person to see three bills safely sent through committee—such as the Coal Mines, Metal Mines, and Arbitration bills were. We can now afford to leave the matter to those who come after us. In our long career, the foul-mouthed and lying knaves have often been busy; we now point to our record, and ask them to point to theirs.

THE FACTORY GIRL.

Writing from Boston to the Chicago Journal, a correspondent relates the story of such mutations in a life as may be considered characteristic of American experience. In 1865 there came to the metropolis of New England, from Penobscot, in Maine, a young orphan girl, who, after vainly striving to maintain herself comfortably at home by school-teaching, had decided to essay the fortunes of a factory girl in a larger city. Entering the hoop-skirt manufactory of a private firm in Boston, she devoted all her energies to a mystery of the business, that her confinement to mere drudgery might not be long protracted, and this to such an effect that in a year's time she was promoted to the position of saleswoman.

In two years more her superior mental capacity and practical tact made her the chief saleswoman of the establishment, and through this last position she was brought to the acquaintance of a certain rich California merchant buying goods for his store in San Francisco. The acquaintance matured into a mutual regard of a graver nature. The girl, well as she was doing, had a woman's natural yearning for woman's domestic kingdom, and when the Californian closed his business account for the time by asking the saleswoman to go back with him to San Francisco as his wife, she yielded a graceful assent.

After a quiet wedding, the two departed together for the Pacific coast, where the ensuing four years were passed in all the harmony and prosperity requisite for the smoothest progress of married life. The wife now of a rich man, and the possessor of abilities and personal comeliness to grace a high social station, the former factory-girl assumed a commanding position in the society of her new home, and became a leader in matters of aristocratic taste and fashion.

After four years, however, the Americanism of her destiny found tragic demonstration. Some months ago her husband was tempted into one of those extravagant mining speculations which are the bane of California, and entered too deeply to be able to withdraw before the inevitable collapse and crash. In a few hours of sinking values he was dragged down from wealth to poverty, and revenged himself upon fortune by committing suicide. The sound of the fatal pistol-shot awoke the bereaved wife from her four years' dream of happiness and plenty to the old reality of her girlish homelessness and want. The expenses of the self-destroyer's burial left her with barely enough remaining from her recent wealth to secure her return to Boston, where she is once more working for a livelihood as though the Californian episode had never brightened her existence.

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

The Home Circle.

A LITTLE FAMILY STORY ABOUT TURTLES.

Audubon, the naturalist, stated that at certain places on the coast of Florida sea turtles, those huge, stolid-looking reptiles on which aldermen are fed at the expense of taxpayers, possess an extraordinary faculty of finding places. Working their way up out of reach of tide water with their flippers, quite a deep hole is excavated, in which a batch of eggs are deposited and then carefully covered up. On reaching the water they not unfrequently swim 300 miles out at sea, foraging for appropriate food. When another batch of eggs are developed, after a lapse of about fourteen days, they will return unerringly in a direct line, even in the darkest night, and visit the buried eggs. Removing the sand, more are deposited and secured. Away they go again as before. They know instinctively the day and hour when the young brood, incubated by the solar rays, will break the shell, and are promptly on the spot to liberate them from their prison. As soon as fairly out of the hole the mother turtle leads them down the bank to the waves, and there ends her parental solicitude and maternal duties.

A GOOD STORY.

Deacon D. was very much interested in a revival that was taking place in the neighborhood, and, as a consequence, was continually urging his neighbors to "come over on the Lord's side," as he expressed it. He had frequently importuned an old neighbor of his—who was not particularly noted for his profession of religion, but was nevertheless highly respected by all who knew him—to attend one of their evening meetings. Now the piety and honesty of the deacon was a matter of doubt among his fellow-townsmen, and particularly so with the old man above mentioned, who, for convenience, we may call Uncle Josh.

After repeated calls, Uncle Josh consented to accompany the deacon to one of the meetings, and accordingly accompanied him to the "school house" one evening, much to the surprise of all present. In the course of the evening the deacon arose with a penitential countenance to tell his experience. He was the prince of sinners, he said. If he got his deserts he would be banished forever from Divine favor. After making himself out to be all that is vile in man according to his interpretation of "he that humbleth himself shall be exalted," he sat down with the sublime sense of having done his duty, and asked Uncle Josh if he wouldn't tell his experience. With some little reluctance he meekly arose amid the breathless attention of the assembly. It was an unknown occurrence for Uncle Josh to speak in meeting. He said he had listened with great interest to the remarks of the deacon, and he could assure the brethren that, from his long acquaintance with him, he could fully endorse all the deacon had said concerning his meanness and villainy, for he certainly was the meanest man he ever knew. The wrath of the deacon was terrific. He shook his fist under Uncle Josh's nose, and exclaimed,—"You are a confounded liar, and I'll whip you as soon as you get out of church!"

HOGARTH'S MASTERPIECE.

We remember, years ago, of having heard the following anecdote of Hogarth, and we deem that it will bear repeating: The celebrated artist was once applied to by an exceedingly wealthy, but very penurious old nobleman, to paint the main hall of a new mansion with an historical piece—a style of embellishment much in vogue among the aristocracy of the period. Hogarth was open to the proposition, and was asked what he would charge to paint upon the walls of the hall a representation of the Passage of the Children of Israel across the Red Sea, pursued by Pharaoh and his host. The painter viewed the hall, and replied that he would do it for 100 guineas. The miserly old nabob turned up his nose in amazement at the enormous charge. He would give 20 guineas for the work; and that was more than he deemed it worth.

Hogarth, as may well be supposed, was both vexed and mortified by this estimate of the value of his labour; but he nodded, and held back his temper, and finally said if the sum were paid to him in advance he would undertake the job. The close-fisted nobleman consented to this arrangement, and he could not repress a chuckle of inward satisfaction in view of his grand bargain as he paid over the money. Hogarth pocketed the 20 gold pieces, and promised that he would commence the work on the morrow.

Bright and early on the following morning the artist appeared at the mansion, accompanied by a stout assistant who bore a huge bucket of common red paint, and at once they proceeded to daub the walls of the hall and the panels liberally with the glaring pigment. An hour before noon, just as the nobleman was getting up from his bed, Hogarth knocked at his door, announcing, when the host appeared:

"Well, sir, the work is done."
"Done!" cried the astonished aristocrat.
"What is done?"
"Why, the painting of your hall, sir."
Unable what to make of this marvellous expedition, the old knight threw on his dress-

ing-gown, and went down to view the result of the artist's labours, and his consternation can be better imagined than described upon beholding the unbroken and unrelieved brick-red hue that covered walls and cornice and wainscot.

"What, in the name of wonder, is this?" he cried, rubbing his eyes, and gazing from the daub to the dauber.

"That, sir," replied Hogarth, with a low bow, and with a serious look, "is the Red Sea!"

"The Red Sea! But—but—where are Pharaoh and his host?"

"Why, sir, they are all drowned?" replied Hogarth.

"Well, and where are the children of Israel?"

"They," said the painter, with an assuring nod, "have all crossed over upon the other side!"

The old niggard found it in vain to complain; and for producing the hosts of Egypt and the Israelites Hogarth finally received his hundred guineas.

A HUMANE HORSE.

A correspondent of the Christian Union tells the following, which shows that the horse is humane as well as intelligent. Some men might well go to a horse of the kind described, and from him learn how to be generous:—

A friend of mine told me a story a little while ago which interested me so much that I want to tell it to all my little friends. This gentleman owned a fine horse, which was very fond of him, and would come from the pasture at the sound of his voice, and follow him about like a dog. Well, at one time the horse became lame, and was obliged to stay in his stable and not be used for many weeks, and it was during this time that Mr. C. became interested to see how much the horse knew and how kind his sympathies were. An old cat had made her nest on the scaffold just above the horse's manger, and had laid there her little family of five kittens, to bring them up "under good tuition, I suppose. She and the horse got on nicely for some days. She jumped down into the manger and went for food, and then came back and leaped up to the kittens again. But one morning she rolled off into the manger with her foot bleeding, and badly hurt, so that she could scarcely crawl; but she managed to limp away on her three legs and get her breakfast, and when she came back she was entirely unable to get up to her kittens, and what do you think she did? (My friend happened to be there at the time and saw this done.) She lay down at the horse's feet, and mewed and looked up, and mewed and looked several times, till at last Pony, seeming to understand her wants, reached down, took the cat in his teeth, and tossed her up on the scaffold to her kittens, who I doubt not, were glad enough to see her. This Mr. C. told me he saw repeated morning after morning. Kit would roll off into the manger, go and get her breakfast, come back and be tossed up to her family by the kind horse, who must have understood cat language, and been willing to listen to it.

WILLIAM SEWARD AND THE SNUFF BOX.

Not long ago a gentleman was telling me a Senatorial anecdote, and dating back to the ante-bellum days. Mr. Seward had made a speech—something concerning the telegraph—when Mr. Toombs, of Georgia, rose to reply, and made a speech full of personal abuse of Seward. He wrought himself up into a rage, and lashed about in the most aggressive manner. He finished and took his seat. As Mr. Seward rose from his chair, every eye was bent upon him with the greatest anxiety. With calm, measured step he walked toward Mr. Toombs. It was noticed that his right hand was underneath the rear-pocket of his coat. There was an apprehension that he was concealing a pistol, and Mr. Toombs's friends crowded around him. When Mr. Seward reached him he drew out his hand, and opening his snuff box politely invited his adversary to take a pinch of snuff.

"Heavens!" said Mr. Toombs, "Mr. Seward, have you no feeling?"

"Take a pinch of snuff; it will soothe your agitation."

He then returned to his seat, and without any allusion to Mr. Toombs or his speech, made an able argument in favor of his measure, which was carried, as coolness and self-possession will always win the victory over hot temper and passionate invective.

INTEREST—WHAT IS IT?

All values rest on the power of production. An acre of land that will produce fifty bushels of wheat is worth twice as much as one that will produce twenty-five bushels. Values are measured by production. A dollar that brings in nine cents a year is worth three times as much as a dollar that brings but three cents. Production fixes all values. Production then is the great determining power of the whole range of our national life. It tells the value of farms, of mills, and forests, of ore and coal beds, of factories, and railroads, of wages and rents, of capital and labor. What will it produce? This tells the whole story, to sharp business ears. Interest is the product of dollars—not a national product, for a dollar is incapable of production, but a product fixed by law. Now real values do not depend upon

dollars: dollars are created by law to measure and exchange these values, not create them. Then it follows that an interest or use for these dollars that is greater than the production of real values is unjust—it is robbery from production. Is this not a plain case?

LEAF IMPRESSIONS.

Taking leaf impressions is a very pleasant amusement, especially for girls, and we subjoin the following method of operation, which is said to be a good one although not new:

Hold oiled paper in the smoke of a lamp or of pitch until it becomes coated with the smoke; then take a perfect leaf having a pretty outline, and after warming it between the hands; lay the leaf upon the smoked side of the paper, with the under side down, and press it evenly upon the paper that every part may come in contact; go over it lightly with a rolling-pin, then remove the leaf with care to a plain piece of white note paper and use the rolling-pin again; you will then have a beautiful impression of the delicate veins and outlines of the leaf. And this process is so simple that any person, with a little practice to enable him to apply the right quantity of smoke to the oil paper and give the leaf the proper pressure, can prepare leaf impressions such as a naturalist would be proud to possess. Specimens can be neatly preserved in book form, interleaving the impression with tissue paper.

FOR THE BOYS.

Henry Ward Beecher has written this:— I never saw anybody do anything that I did not watch him and see how he did it, for there is no telling but that some time I might have to do it myself. I was going across a prairie; my horse began to limp. Luckily I came across a blacksmith's shop, but the smith was not at home. I asked the woman of the house if she would allow me to start the fire and make the shoe. She said I might try if I knew how. So I started a fire and heated the shoe red hot and turned it to fit my horse's foot, and pared the hoof, and turned the points of the nails out cunningly, as I had seen the blacksmith do, so that in driving into the hoof they should not go into the quick, and shod the horse. At the next place I went to, I went immediately to a smith, and told him to put the shoe on properly. He looked at the horse's foot and paid me the greatest compliment I ever received in my life. He told me if I put on that shoe I had better follow blacksmithing all my life. Now, I never should have known how to do this if I had not looked on and seen others do it.

STAND BY YOUR COLORS.

It is of the first importance to the success of the rights of workingmen that they should remain firm to the principles they profess in their various associations. Of course, there is no use in our having a platform, unless we abide by it. Unless we see some good and sufficient reason for a change, the positions we take to-day should be maintained to-morrow. If we believe what we hold to be right, let us prove our faith by our works. Self-respect demands this of us, as workingmen. Those of our fellow-citizens who by long established laws and customs are withholding from us our just rights, will know what we expect from them. But if we make one demand to-day and a different one to-morrow, we shall gain nothing in the end.

The principles workingmen profess are sound and good. They are all designed, if rightly understood and faithfully carried out, to promote the welfare of society. What is for the benefit of labor is for the benefit of capital. It is for the purpose of promoting the general good, as well as our own, that we, as mechanics and workingmen, are associated together. What, therefore, benefits one, benefits all; what injures one, injures all. We are in duty bound to help one another. We have taken a solemn and binding vow that we will do all we can to stand by each other, in everything that is right. Let us never forget this. Let us speak a good word and do a good deed for a shopmate, whenever we can.

"Be kind to each other!
The time's coming on,
When friend and when brother,
Perchance, will be gone."

Of what use is it to have noble principles, unless we carry them into practice? If we are to make ourselves felt in the community, and gain the rights we are honorably contending for, we must hold fast our professions. We must not only embrace and teach them in the different associations to which we belong, when we are before their altars and clothed in their regalia, but we should let it be known by our daily walk and conversation that we are the same in public what we profess to be in private. We shall thus prove by our words and acts that our principles are as dear to us as our lives, and, in the end, truth and justice—the standing motto at the head of our Shopmate—will win the day.—Shopmate.

A DISGUSTED JUDGE.

An Arkansas judge had his law office so close to a certain doctor's—in fact, they were separated only by a plank partition with a door in it. The judge was at his table busy with his briefs and bills in chancery. The doctor was writing a letter, and pausing at the word economical, called out,—

"Judge, isn't e-q-u-i-the way to spell equinomial?"

"Yes, I think it is," said the judge. "But here's Webster's Dictionary, I can soon tell."

He opened the book and turned over the leaves, repeating aloud,—

"E-quinomial—e-quinomial."

Finding the proper place, he ran his eye and finger up and down the columns two or three times, until he was thoroughly satisfied that the word in question was not there. Closing the book with a slam, the judge laid his specs on the table, and rising slowly, broke forth,—

"Well, sir, I have been a Daniel Webster man, and voted for him as President; but any man that will write as big a dictionary as this, and not put as common a word as 'equinomial' in it, can't get my vote for anything hereafter."

THREE THINGS.

Three things to love: courage, gentleness and affection. Three things to admire; intellect, dignity and gracefulness. Three things to hate: cruelty, arrogance and ingratitude. Three things to delight in: beauty, frankness and freedom. Three things to wish for: health, friends and a contented spirit. Three things to like: cordiality, good humor and cheerfulness. Three things to avoid: idleness, loquacity and flippant jesting. Three things to cultivate: good books, good friends and good humor. Three things to contend for: honor, country and friends. Three things to govern: temper, tongue and conduct. Three things to think about; life death and eternity.

LABOUR.

"Labour," says Rev. Newman Hall, "as a mighty magician, walks forth into a region uninhabited and waste; he looks earnestly on the scene, so quiet in its desolation, then waving his wonder-working wand, those dreary valleys smile with golden harvests—those barren mountain slopes are clothed with foliage—the furnace blazes—the anvil rings—the busy wheels whirl round—the town appears—the mart of commerce the hall of science, the temple of religion rear high their lofty fronts—a forest of masts, gay with varied pennons, rises from the harbor—the quays are crowded with commercial spoils, which enrich both him who receives and him who yields—representatives of far-off regions make it their resort—science enlists the elements of earth and heaven in its service—art, awaking, clothes its strength with beauty—literature, new-born, redoubles and perpetuates its praise—civilization smiles—liberty is glad—humanity rejoices—pity exults, for the voice of industry and gladness is heard on every hand; and who, contemplating such results, will deny that there is dignity in labor?"

MAKING A LIVING.

It is said, in the day of perplexity, when every one must have money, and there is no money to be had, that it would be an excellent thing to learn to live without means. Setting aside the aged and the helpless, such a situation can hardly be found. Who, in the wide world, in this universal magazine, this great store-house, cannot find means for a living? There is no honest, industrious, resolute individual but can find means. Yewho have been lingering on, hoping for better days, rouse up your energies, feel that you have that within that may stir you up to the best purposes of life. Resolve to find means. It may not be that they will exactly correspond with your taste; but it is an honest living you are seeking, and the world is full of material. The very rocks and stones we tread on, which Nature scatters so liberally, may be converted into gold. They are hewn into a thousand forms, rise into the noblest structures, and are broken into the macadamized pavement beneath our feet. And water, the free gift of Heaven, is not suffered to flow idly on, telling its history in gentle murmurs. It is made the source of wealth and industry; it turns wheels, spouts forth in streams, and becomes a revenue for thousands. Turn which way you will, and the world is full of materials. But these materials must be converted into use by those who think, those who invent, and those who labor.

WOMAN'S EQUALITY.

The fair sex are a queer set; we gave them up ever since we were six years old, when our bewitching Mary Jane, who had plighted her eternal troth to us, jilted us for a fellow who was twice as big as we were—so safe from our revenge—because he had a new top. Now, Mary Jane could not spin a top—spinning tops is not in the female line; it is not a privilege of the sex; on the other hand, it is one of the forbidden delights. We never knew a girl who could fasten the twine around a top, much less send it down humming on the boards on its iron peg, as the superior sex learns so readily to do. Our fairy Mary Jane could look on while that lubberly Tom performed this feat; but so could the rest of us, and she was no better off than if she had been true to her first love. She never tried to spin the top, that we know of, but used to follow the possessor about as though she shared the grandeur of such a possession. We gave the sex up from that time as a conundrum too complicated for us to solve. If Mary Jane had been presented with a new doll, we should not have striven to learn how to nurse the sham baby; nor, if another girl had been so favored, should we have

dreamed of changing our allegiance. Woman's nature seems different from man's nature—higher, better and purer, we are ready to swear it is; but different, certainly.

INFLUENCE OF MUSIC ON ANIMALS.

We had just been reading a very interesting essay regarding the influence of music on animals. The writer shows how various animals, and even insects, are influenced by a concord of sweet sounds. We have noticed the same thing, but thought nothing of it until we stumbled on this article.

We remember how we have seen horses influenced by music. One of the most enjoyable runaways we ever experienced can be directly traced to the influence of music on a horse.

We were driving past where a band was playing, and the music had more influence on the horse than we had. He didn't keep time though. In fact he didn't keep anything, harness, buggy or anything else. He only kept running. I never thought music could have such influence on a horse.

He beat time, too. That is to say, he beat any time we ever saw him make before, even before a sulky. We would have kept that horse to run against time, if he hadn't run against a lamp post and ruined himself. Music influence a horse? Guess not.

Horses are excellent musical performers themselves, sometimes. We have known a hungry horse to go through all the bars of an oat field correctly and never miss an oat, although the owner of the oats missed all of his.

Dogs are singularly affected by music. We whistled after a strange dog once, we remembered. The dog stopped, listened attentively, looked a moment sad, as though the notes awoke some tender memories within him, and then came bounding towards us and embraced the calf of our leg in the most affectionate manner. He could hardly tear himself away, and wouldn't if his owner hadn't come and choked him off.

There is a power of music in a tin kettle when properly brought out. We saw one brought out the other day by some boys who attached it to a dog's tail. Talk about the influence of music on animals. We never saw a dog so moved in all our life.

Cats are strangely influenced by the music of a violin. It seems to effect their entire system. In fact, there could be no violins without doing violins to the cats. Even a very young kitten, who don't realize what he has got to come to, mews plaintively when a fiddle-bow is drawn across the strings. It seems to vibrate a sympathetic chord within its own abdominal inclosure. It is affecting, the mews of a young kitten, or to see a young kitten muse.

Birds never brought up on music at all, are brought down by the music of a shot-gun. Many of the wild animals are charmed with music. We often hear music that nobody but a wild animal would be charmed with.

The Tyrolians entice a party of stags by singing, merely; and the Tyrolian warbler of a concert-saloon merely entices a "stag" party. The female deer is allured by playing the flute. We had a female deer once whom we tried to allure with a flute, but the dear female said she was accustomed to do her own "fluting." So we just let her flute.

The elephant, huge as he is, has a wonderful ear for music. One of his ears would make a bass drum head. He is fond of a march, if he don't have to march too far. He is also partial to a gallop; if it is a gal up on his back. We saw a music teacher fooling with an elephant once. The elephant picked his pocket and marched off with a whole trunk full of music.

Among insects the spider is found to be very fond of music. His favorite vocalists are the Webb sisters. His favorite ballad—"Come, fly, to my bower!" It is a right bower, and we pity any fly that comes there.—Fut Contributors' Saturday Night.

REMARKABLE CONDUCT OF A HORSE.

A recent French paper relates an extraordinary punishment inflicted by a horse on its master, for an act of brutality by the latter towards one of the animal's stable companions.

A carrier, named R., at no time tender in his treatment of his four-footed servants, returned one night in a state of semi-intoxication from Mormant to Givors. The man's natural barbarity was at this time aggravated by the drink he had taken, and being dissatisfied with the efforts of one of the horses—a poor hack which had almost served its time—he decided that the horse was no longer worth his feed, and resolved to put an end to it. For that purpose he tied the poor brute to a tree, and taking a massive lever, used in moving goods, he struck the animal several violent blows on the head, until the unfortunate creature sank to the ground insensible.

The master, thinking the animal was dead, left it on the spot, intending to remove the body next day.

The horse, however, recovered his senses a short time after, found its way home and entered the court-yard at daybreak. Its arrival was welcomed by the neighing of its companions in the stable, which noise awakened the master, who was now furious at having failed in his cruel purpose. He tied up the animal afresh, and commenced again to shower blows on its head.

This act of brutality was committed in sight of two other horses in the stable; and at length, one of them, a young animal, became

so frantic with rage, that it broke its halter, and rushing on the man, seized him in his jaws, and, after shaking him violently, threw him down, and trampled on him with such fury, that had not the man's cries brought some person to his aid, the master certainly would have been killed.

IMPORTANCE OF READING.

No matter how obscure the position in life of an individual, if he can read, he may at will put himself in the best society the world has ever seen. He may converse with the greatest heroes of the past; with all the writers in poetry. He may learn how to live, how to avoid the errors of his past predecessors, and to secure blessings, present and future to himself. He may reside in a desert far away from the habitations of man; in solitude, where no human eye looks upon him with affection or interest, where no human voice cheers him with the animating tones, if he has books to read, he can never be alone. He may choose his company, and the subject of conversation, and thus become contented and happy, intelligent, wise and good. He thus elevates his rank in the world, and becomes independent, in the best sense, of the first in importance, of the department of school education.

INSTINCT OF FISHES.

I have seen (writes Mr. Kidd, the eminent naturalist) some singular instances, mentioned in various works, of the tameness of birds and beasts, and I well know, from oft-repeated experiments, which may be done in this way. My object, on the present occasion, is to direct your attention to sundry experiments I have been making with fish. Of minnows, I had, two years ago, no fewer than thirteen, ranging about in a large glass globe, and I taught them not only to know me, but to recognize the sound of my voice, whilst I whistled to them some lively air. On such occasions they would all rise to the top of the water, salute me by touching my lips as I bent closely over the bowl, and actually leap up and play with the extremity of my nose! They would, moreover, fondle over me, by rubbing their silvery sides against one of my fingers, which I purposely dipped into their watery habitation—in this particular imitating the fondness of a cat, when she pleasingly purrs, erects her tail, and draws close to your person, to evince her perfect state of happiness. The usual fate, however, peculiar to all pets, awaited mine; one by one, as the heat of the weather increased in intensity, they gave up the ghost, and my glass globe was confined to the silent shelf.

A few months since, my eye chanced to rest on the same globe, and there was awakened in me the fondest remembrance of my former tiny friends. You may guess the consequences. I have procured more, confining myself, however, to three only; and I have actually accomplished with these what I did with the others, or very nearly so, for they every day became more and more affectionate and attached. How their exquisite delicate structure, and still more delicate constitution, will bear up against the coming dog-days I cannot say. I fear the worst. I keep them in cold well-water, fresh twice a day; and they suffer themselves most willingly to be taken in the naked hand, whilst being transferred from the globe to a basin, during the change of water. Surely the law of kindness is all powerful. Would that it were more universally tried.

JENNY LIND.

Once when Jenny Lind attended services at the Bethel, Father Taylor, who did not know that she was present, was requested as he entered the house to preach on amusements. The church was crowded, and the pulpit and stairs were filled. The sermon opposed dancing, card-playing, theatre-going, but approved of music. The preacher paid a glowing tribute to the power of song, and to the goodness, modesty and charity of the sweetest of all singers, now lighted on these shores. Jenny Lind was leaning forward, and clapping her hands with delight, when a tall person rose on the pulpit stairs, and inquired whether any one who died at one of Miss Lind's concerts would go to heaven. Disgust and contempt swept across Father Taylor's face, as he glared at the interloper.

"A Christian will go to heaven wherever he dies; and a fool will be a fool wherever he is—even if he is on the steps of the pulpit."

HANDS.

Hands—Neatness is the first consideration which makes a hand attractive. No matter how long, bonny, or large-jointed and unshapely, if it is clean, and the finger-nails properly cared for, a hand can never look disgusting. A soft, warm, pliable hand has great power and fascination. There is character in a large hand, many times far greater than in a tiny one. A hand corresponding in size to the rest of the body is much finer than a little fat, dimpled hands so many are proud of who possess, and others envy the possession. It is equally as nonsensical to squeeze the hands into gloves a size too small, as to pinch the feet in tight boots. A very small nose is considered insignificant, while a large one is said to indicate nobility of character. Why not the same with hands and feet?

If with changes of time the idea should obtain that small noses only were fine, while large one were something to hide, and of which to be ashamed, would not the vanity of humanity attempt to reduce the proportion of that member by lacing, or inserting in a close net? It would be equally as sensible as stopping the circulation of the blood in the other portions of the body.

A white, flexible hand is desirable, but not at the sacrifice of duty.

Many a hard, rough hand has done enough good in the world to look beautiful in the eyes of the appreciative. Girls who shirk all the housework, making drudges of their mothers rather than to soil their dainty white hands, need not expect to be loved by those who know it. The callous places and other signs of labour would be far more to their credit.

The best hand in the world is an honest hand, be it hard or soft, white or brown, smooth or rough, angular or shapely; an honest palm that takes the hand of a friend with a warm, hearty grasp, as if there were nothing in the heart to conceal, only warmth and kindness toward all. This is the best and most beautiful hand in the world.

CHEERFULNESS.

"A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," said a very wise man, and no one will care to contradict him. We all know how valuable a person is he or she who has a merry heart. For we find the world such a serious place, and have so much to do and bear in it, that it is a relief to be made to laugh ourselves, or, failing that, to see some one who can. We suppose that in these earnest times professional jesters are not to be bought at any price; but for the sake of our countenances, and our health of body and mind, it is a pity that there is not a little more real fun in the world. Those who do not care for anything that is light and trifling, speak very severely about the growing love of excitement and the rage for amusements which appear to be so prevalent, especially among the young; but who can tell but these things, or something which shall answer their purpose, are really necessary? On the whole it appears that there is not too much laughter in the world. At least, it seems as if it is all done by a few; it needs to become more general, and it would be well if it could be universal.

The man who has the power to make others laugh is almost sure to be a favorite in society, if his humor be of a harmless and generous kind. He may not be respected as much as he who is wise, but he will at least have done a little good in his life, if for an evening he can make world-weary men forget their cares. For hope follows cheerfulness. If you have a burden upon you, so great that you do not know how to carry it, and one succeeds in diverting your thoughts from it for a time, you will find that when you next think of it, it is with a greater elasticity of spirit. And though a burden is a burden all the world over, it is often great or little according to our way of looking at it. That household is greatly blessed the members of which have cheerful dispositions. It is a good thing, indeed, when the head sets the example. He has plenty in the outer world to ruffle the serenity of his temper, but he deserves to be held in high esteem and carefully copied by all young men, if he always make point of throwing off the disagreeable as soon as he reaches home. There supposing him to have made an effort on his own account, it soon becomes easy. The mother of the house is not perfect, but still she can bear patiently the little vexations of life, and refuse to allow herself to be worried into fretfulness or gloom. With such parents, of course, the children are gay enough. They salute the home-comers with laughing words, they have the merriest tales to tell, and the best jokes to make. They are not full of their own pains and troubles, indeed they have forgotten that they had any. The evening has come, perhaps, but the very atmosphere of the room is sunny. And no one can be in long without feeling lighter of heart, and more hopeful of spirit.

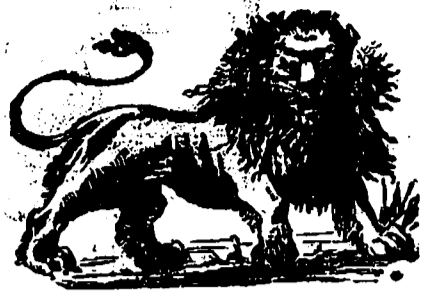
If we cannot have a cheerful household, then, it is good to have one merry heart among us. There are persons whose presence in the house makes a great difference. It is very quiet when they are away, and there is all the time a sense of something wanting. As soon as they come, all the rooms seem filled. There is a strong, clear voice singing, or talking, and no place seems any longer dull and silent. We meet them on the stairs, and their faces are as bright as June suns, and a great deal brighter than some we have known. We begin to smile back again, and to find ourselves actually humming a lively air, which we thought we had forgotten. Our work is not so hard, the day is not so dim, life is not so dull as it seemed before they came. And who can deny but that these cheerful persons are among the benefactors of our race?

"Labor," says the Rev. Newman Hall, "is a mighty uninhabited waste; he looks earnestly on the scene, so quiet in its desolation; then waving its wonder-working wand, then barren mountain slopes, are clothed with foliage, the furnace blazes—the anvil rings—the busy wheels whirl round, the town appears—the mart of commerce, hall of science, the temple of religion, rear their lofty fronts—a forest of masts, with varied pennons, rises from the harbor—the quays are crowded with commercial spoils, the peaceful spoils which enrich both him who receives and who yields—representatives of far off regions make it their resort—science enlists the elements of the earth and heavens in its service—art awaking, clothes its strength with beauty—literature, new-born, redoubles and perpetuates its praise—civilization smiles—liberty is glad—humanity rejoices—piety exults, for the voice of industry and gladness is heard on every hand; and who, contemplating such results, will deny that there is dignity in labor."

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A human skeleton points the hours upon the dial of the clock in the hall of the convent of the monks of La Trappe.

A society has recently been organized at Cork, Ireland, which, if successful, is calculated to be of lasting benefit to the industrial classes of that city.

A New York paper states that the Island of Anticosti, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, is to be purchased by several Chicago, Montreal and Quebec capitalists, with a capital of \$2,000,000.

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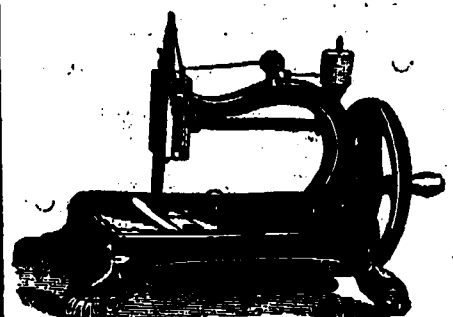
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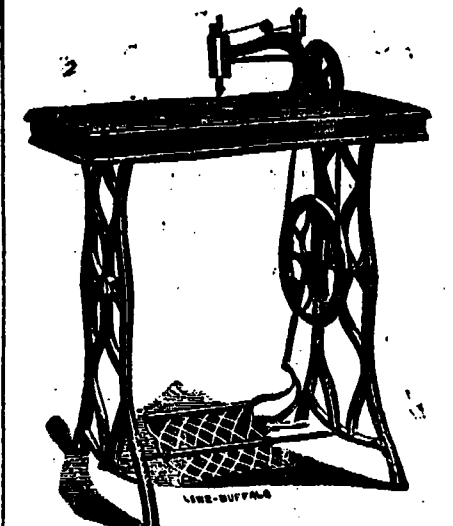
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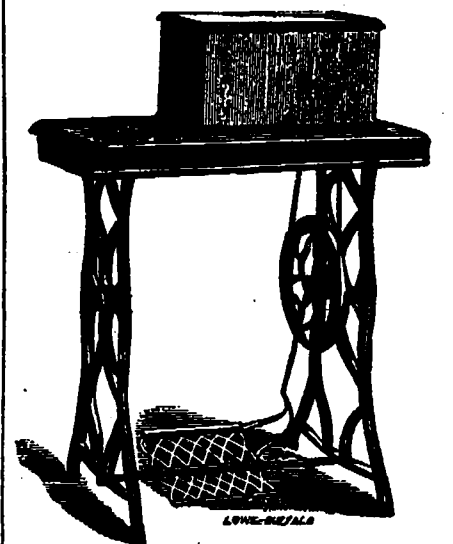
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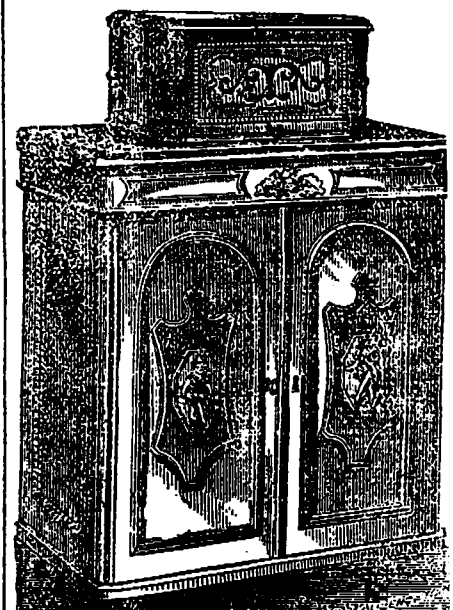
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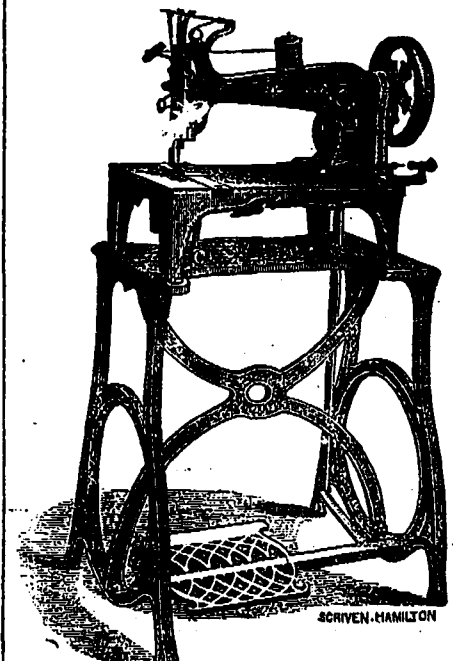
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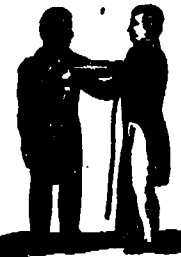
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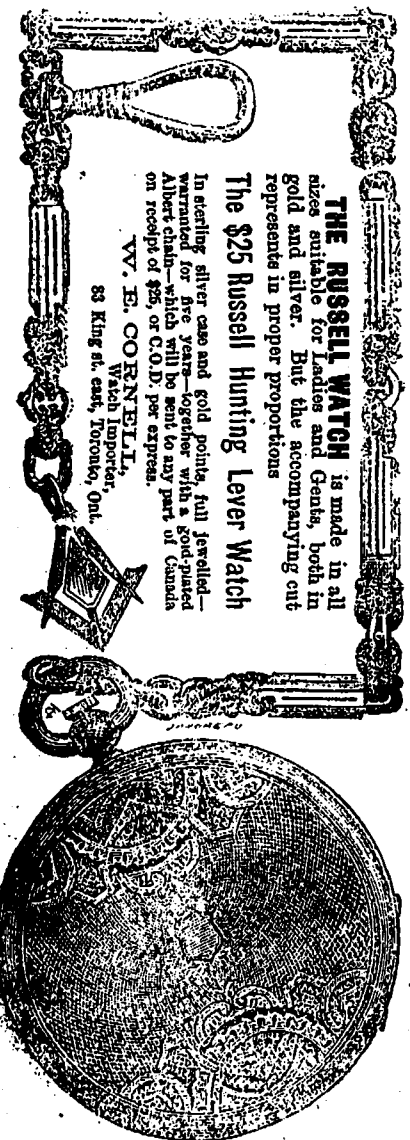
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