THE LANCASTER

me and abroad; the rights of every

man protected in all the States, and every man, entitled thereto, secured in the poli-ing of one vote, and no more, at each elec-

3. They declare their unalterable attach-

trenchment and wholesome enforcement of laws, which has prevailed since the elec-

and which has resulted in the first two

attended with a return to extravaganc

n expenditures, to the impairment of State r national credit, and to the abandonment

ur industry has thriven and our peopl

RESUITE OTHER NOTICES Administrators notice.

vilnesed. The questions involve

OFFICE SOUTHWEST CORNER OF GENTRE Boetrn.

A BEAUTIFUL LEGEND. ages, wise of head and

labor-nothing less rejoined the workman, stooping down to pull her yellow curls through his

"To have wealth and power and glory, crowned and brightened by the pride Of uprising cilidren's children," Rabbi Benjathe little girl a triffe less sourly than he usually looked at people.
"My brother is dead, sir," said the man. "The child has no father but

"Mere's her mother?" in the land, "I fer mother was left very poor," he replied. "She had one little boy be sides this little child, and was hardly able to support them with her unaided hands procents, by sin's contact the was land, and once in a while Daisy and I go down there to see her—on holidays and such the such see her—on holidays and such see her—on holidays and see her—on

"Nay, nay, fathers; only be within the mea-sure of whose breast Iwells the human love with God-love, can have found life's truest fest;

"Fairer than old age thrice honored, far abov as any radiant vision ever ancient prophets saw.

ed—of whose breast ne brother love with God-love, knows depth of perfect rest,"

Faintly stole the shades of evening through

Miscellancous.

Mr. Smallplece's Legacy. When people wanted to get to the of-fice of Mr. Smallpiece, they were obliged to go up a dirty street and then under a open court, where a brass that a stile, the fact that the occupant of the office, on whose door it was mailed, was Mr. Simon Smallplece, Solicitor. The office simon Smallpiece, Solicitor. The office itself was quite pleasant and cheerful when you once got inside of it, for its back windows opened upon a sunny little bit of common, green with soft grass and waving trees in Summer, and spotless pure with an expanse of virgin snow in Winter.

On many an afternoon had Mr. Smallpiece, efficier, of the worm-eaten old plece, sitting at his worm-eaten old desk in the antique window-space, look-ed up from his work, and, catching sight of a bird hopping about among the rustling leaves outside the open win-dow, become lost in dreamy reverle,

dow, become lost in dreamy reveric, which led him to waste whole hours in following the unrestrained vagaries of idle thought. In fact, dreaming was the only recreation Mr. Smallpiece ever had now. He could remember, and that ensily enough, a time when he was not the childless old man which life had left him years ago. There had been a day when a cheerful home, graced with the luxuries of life and rendered sacred by its love of wife and daughter, was not the least of his worldly possessions; and now his wife was sleeping in the churchyard yonder, while his daughter——, "Worse even than dead!" exclaimed Simon Smallpiece, clenching his hand as he thought of her. "Worse even than dead!" except han dead. May my curse go with her, and with the man who robbed me of her."

And then he sat back in his leather-

even than dead. May my curse go with her, and with the man who robbed mother."

And then he sat back in his leather-covered chair, biting the end of his guill-pen savagely, and thought, with bitterness in his heart, of the day, so long ago, when she had come to him holding Will Allen by the hand, and when Will, standing proudly before him in the full nobility of stalwart manhood, had asked him for Nellie as his wife. Mr. Smallpiece remembered, too, with a chuckle of exultation, how he had shown Will Allen to the door at once, and forbade him ever to enter his nouse again; how he sent Nellie to her room in a flood of tears, and how he himself returned to Will Allen allen the foolish letters and keepsakes which he over had the audacity to send to Simon Smallpiece's daughter. The old lawyer could not but acknowledge to himself, as he sat thinking of these things, the made somewhat of a donkey of himself, after all; for Nellie had obstinately refused to marry the wealthy suitor whom he had selected for her, and had persisted in this silly attachment for this farmer's son, whom she ultimately to farmer's son, whom she ultimately to had found a better shelter than he could

storms then have of versus, and have not brought det as of sever, where the first product is the special product of the special product o this farmer's son, whom she ultimately ran away with and married. But Simon Smallpiece had sent his loudest curses after them, and had never seen the face of his only child from that day to this. He never would forgive her, and there was comfort in assuring himself of that at all events.

And old Smon had lived alone ever since, bis temper soured against all mankind, and his heart, if he ever had one, which is doubtful, chilled to a thing of stone. He was reputed rich, but few ever saw the color of his money. His apartments, in the upper part of the same old building with his office, were mean in the extreme. His clothes were threadbare, and his face was pinched with the hard lines of avarice and selfishness. With no charity for the suffering, with no feeling of kindness for the unfortunate, with his heart closed to every appeal from womanly tenders are childish innocence. Simon Smallpiece avowed himself the enemy of the world, and passed his life in bicking quarrels with it.

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or conversation.
"She is not a brat," replied the man

quickly. "Doesn't she look pretty enough to be called something better than that?"
"Hum!" grunted Mr. Smallpiece.
"Well, child, then. Whose is it?

Yours?"
"She's mine now," replied the man;

orother's child, sir."
"She seems very fond of you," said

atural parent."

"She is fond of me,ain't you, Daisy?"

lingers.
For an answer, the little girl put he

little round arms about his knee, and laid her dimpled cheek close against it. "Why don't your brother take care of her?" asked Mr. Smallpiece, looking at

" What does she do for a living?"

"What does she do for a living?"
"She does plain needlework, wheu
she can get it."
"A hard way of earning a living,"
said Mr. Smallpiece; "very hard. But
i dare say she don't work any harder
than I do—not a bit, not a bit."
"Perhaps not," said the man; "but
she is a woman. I am a bachelor, like
yourself, sir, and I offered to take this
little one and care for her while I lived.

little one and care for her while I lived. I am very glad I did it, for she has made all the world bright to me—a great deal brighter than it ever was before."

up in his arms again.
"She's a pretty child enough," said
Simon, looking at her through his

eagerly. Charles and Mr. Smallpiece, taking "Here," said Mr. Smallpiece, taking

a red apple out of his drawer and tossing it to the man, who gave it to a little lady in his arms. "Now go away

The man laughed again, and taking his hat, withdrew, holding one of the

chubby fists in his great brown hand

and making believe to bite it, while the

when she held in the other.

When they had gone, Mr. Smallpiece leaned back in his chair and retlected on his unparalleled weakness. What interest had he in children, that he should feel soft-hearted towards this little one. Was he getting childish in

little one Was he getting childish in his old age? He did not know. Possibly so. At all events, a new feeling, or rather an old feeling revived, had sprung up in his breast, and caused him to look upon his own cynical nature in something of a new light.

The next afternoon the child appeared

again upon the step, and again did the man toes her high above his head when he met her. Looking across the little common, the workman recognized the lawyer with a nod and a smile, and then head a man appeared to the lawyer with a significant point when the soft head to the control of the c

began an uproarious romp upon the soft grass with the child. He lay down and

nighter rang out in the still afternoon

eartily as they.
"I should like to do that myself,"

allowed her to roll over him

He made

lady in his arms. "I quick. I am very busy.'

"Where's her mother "

such like.

that you're not her

LANCASTER, PA., WEDNESDAY MORNING MAY 24, 1871.

"Whose brat is that?" said Simon, smallpiece, firmly, raising her in his arms. "Will you come with me little one?"
"Is the world coming to an end?"
"Is the world coming to an end?"

asked one of the bystanders, grimly.
"A part of what I have been to the world has already come to an end," replied Simon, pressing his lips to the tear-stained cheek of the little one in his arms. "Take the poor fellow to his house. The child shall go with me,"

And he took her home, and locking house. The child shall go with me."
And he took her home, and locking
the office, sat down in his big chair and
tried to comfort her. As he held her in
his arms, all the feelings of paternity,
so long dead within his breast, came
suddenly uppermost; and greatly to his
own astonishment he found himself doing without the least awkwardness or ing, without the least awkwardness or embarrassment, the needful things which seemed best to draw her mind which seemed best to draw her mind away from what had happened.

When he had quieted her sobs with cheery stories, he summoned his house-keeper, and bade her attend to all the child's wants. The woman was for-tunately kind-hearted, and she did so.

tuntely kind-hearted, and she did so.
Meanwhile, Mr. Smallplece sat down
to ponder what he should do with her.
It was evident that he could not keep
her with him, as her uncle had done.
Why not? Because—well he was a
stranger to her mother, and she wouldnever consent to it. And that led him
to think that if her mother were only
here, he could perhaps provide a home
for her and her children, too. He certainly was able to do it, and the loss of
the moncy would never be felt by him
as the loss of the child would be. And
then, perhaps, the world would remem-

as the loss of the child would be. And then, perhaps, the world would remember, after he was gone, that he had done at least one kindly act during his lifetime, and recollecting that, would forgive him many of his more selfish ones. Yes, he would keep the child, and he would help the mother, too. would help the mother, too.

But how was he to get word of her?
The workman had told him of the town where she resided, but had never spoken of her by name. He might have asked the child, but although Simon Smallpiece was an experienced lawyer who usually thought of everything, t singularly enough he never thought of this So he went to the child's bed-room "Bah!" said the lawyer, with a gesture of disgust. "All humbug! I don't want young ones about me, I can tell thought of everything singularly enough he never thought of voice that want them can have them. I don't.

The man laughed and caught the child purply a runs area in the control of the control of the bed-clothes reminding him that something had been forrotten by his housekeeper. to inquire. At that moment a tiny voice came up from out of the bed-clothes ceminding him that something had beer forgotten by his housekeeper. "And what is that?" asked Simon. Dear little heart! She had not said

Imon, looking at her through the lasses. "I've got an apple in my desk her prayers. The little child held out her fat hands and your uncle always want you to say your prayers?" asked the lawyer going to the bedside. "Yes, always."
"Then say them to me, little one, "Then say them to me, little one," said Simon; and kneeling down by her side, the old man rested his scattered gray hair upon the counterpane while the tiny voice repeated a simple prayer, and the chubby hands were fast clasped together. And in the prayer, following expert years since the state of the same transport of since and since since a every word, Simon Smallpiece's hear was touched, as it had never uched before; and from his lips ther went up, with the supplication of the hild, an earnest prayer to be made bet-er and more worthy of the charge which had been placed within his keep-

He returned to his office, and, writing the letter, directed it to the postmaster of the town in which the object of his earch resided, informing him of the factors of the state of the sta search resided, informing him of the fa-tal event of the afternoon, and request-ing him, if possible, to forward the in-formation to Daisy's mother. A few days passed; the preparations for the poor man's funeral were simple and few, for he had no friends in the neighborhood where he lived, and little seemed to be known about him. Simon

seemed to be known about him. Shino offered to bear the expenses, whatever they might be, and one afternoon wher the man had been laid in his coffin took Daisy with him for a farewell look believe to chase her, and then, when at his peaceful face. But Daisy shrant from the cold and awful form in te proved that he lawyer was glad, for it laughter rang out in the still afternoon air like a peal of little silvery bells. He went down upon his hands and knees, and putting the little one on his back, trotted about the lawn, pretending to be a horse, and otherwise conducting himself in a manner so extravagant and ridiculous, and sending his companion into such convulsions of merriment, that Simon Smallpiece, quite before he was aware of it, found himself leaning back in his chair and laughing almost as heartly as they.

day," she said, a little sadly. "I am told that you have kindly cared for my little girl." Great Heaven! That yoice! It seemed to Simon Smallpiece like the peal of a sweet, sweet bell, ringing back to him the sad changes over a half-forgotten world which had fallen from the firma-ment many long years ago. He rose from the seat, trembling with a strange amotion

"I should like to do that myself," It thought Simon.

And although you may not believe it, it is actually true that the old lawyer left his work, and, putting on his hat, left his office by the back door, and walked across the common to join them. To be sure, he took no part in their sport, and only stood under the tree to watch the proceedings; but before he went back to his writing, the ofild had another great red apple, bigger this time than both her chubby fists together. motion. "Your little girl is quite safe," he said, went back to his writing, the child had another great red apple, bigger this time than both her chubby fists together.

And so between these people a sort of half-familiar acquaintance sprung up, which gradually became to Simon Smallplece so pleasant and agreeable, that at last, whenever the workman and his niece falled to appear on the pleasant afternoons, the lawyer would experience a shade of disappointment. Unconsciously to himself, the attrition with the innocent nature of the child was rubbing off some of the hard protuberances of selfishness and uncharity upon his own character. Somehow he could not think of this little one and his own daughter, who was once a child, too, at the same time, (and when one was present in bit mind, and the many allows the collection of the work of the words and the same time, and when one was present in bit mind.

asked Simon, half-incredulously.

"Always, if you wish it, father."

"The hand of the Lord is in it," cried he, catching up Daisy in his arms. "I is this little one who has prepared the staight"
And who can say that Simon Smallpiece's legacy was not better than gold
or silver, since it brought him a new

A Remarkable Boy.

collection, may be, or a wandering tender thought, floating about like a thistle-down, seeking some place to rest upon, touched Mrs. Gray's heart at the moment; she remembered the strange feeling long afterward, and she patted little Ben's bright hair, as she gave him the money and said he was a good child.

Then little Ben went into the newspaper office, to wait for the 5 o'clock edition. It would have fared badly with him then, though, only for Pat Hagans, for the young rufflans of newspoys, seeing he was a new boy, and a mr Little-Ben, the Newsboy. Some months ago, or a year ago, may be it was—I have forgotten just how long, for I don't remember time and leasons very well—two people were long, for I don't remember time and seasons very well—two people were walking down street one day. A big, burly newsboy, very rough-looking, very drity and uncombed he was, walked slowly along, just before the two people, crying, in a hoarse, brazen voice:

"Yer's yer evening pippers, 5 o'clock

"Yer's yer evening pippers, 5 o clock e—dish—ing!"
Just as hundreds of rough-looking uncombed newsboys do, every day. But a few feet behind the big boy, another boy, a little one, was walking timidly. He was the merest mite of a little boy, not more than seven years old. I think, and small of his age, too. He was a fragile-looking little fellow, with a pale face and slender little hands. His hair was combed and curled carefully, in was combed and curied carefully, in long yellow curls, almost like a girl's. None but a mother's hand can comb and curl a boy's hair just that way, I

have noticed.

The small boy had a few papers under his arm, trying to hold them as the big boy held his. And when the big boy sung out his cry, "evening papers—5 o'clock e—dish—ing!" in his pers—5 o'clock e—dish—ing!" In the loud, rough voice, he would turn immediately around to the little one, and nod diately around to the little one, and nod chrouragingly, and tell him:
"Now, you say it, Baby."
Then the pale little fellow, with the long, yellow curls, would take up his cry, faintly and feebly, and try to say it in his weak, childish quaver. Somehow it made one feel queer about the throat to hear that poor little voice.

The leave how was tenching the small

throat to hear that poor little voice.

The large boy was teaching the small one how to be a newsboy. Next afternoon the two boys had another rehearsal, and the next, and that time the little boy ventured to cross the street, and go down the other side, faintly and timidly echoing the cry of his big, rough friend opposite. Hundreds of cross the street have natived the two Lam rough friend opposite. Hundreds of people must have noticed the two, I am sure.

The small boy was little Ben.

I have not much saving faith in the race of newsboys, as a general thing. I am afraid that, in spite of Sunday-schools and night-schools, and savings-boyle and even newsboys' homes, they

emain a class of the most deprayed ittle wretches under the sun. I know should be so myself in their place. It s not their fault. It is the fault of the parbarous civilization which turns chillren out of their cradles to earn their dren out of their cradies to earn their living. Learned doctors say that the moral faculties, being the highest endowment of human nature, are therefore the very last to be developed. And that is why children are mostly such unmerciful, cruel little heathens, and winds and torture such other and steal pinch and torture each other, and steal, and tell lies, and have to have ideas of

right and wrong educated into them, so to speak. So that it is not until children approach manhood and wochildren approach manhood and wo-manhood that they begin to be truth-ful and honest and tender-hearted. In-deed, I have known even full grown men and women who did not seem to have any very vivid ideas of right and wrong, not yet being fully developed mentally. So when cruel necessity lays the burden of bearded men on the shoulders of weak children, we cannot expect ders of weak children, we cannot expect anything else of them than they will be miniature sharpers and wicked little wretches. But I never meant to preach. I only meant to tell the simple and sorrowful story of little Ben. It is a true story, too. If I could have made it up myself, God knows I would have given it a different ending!

used to watch him carefully across the street. Little Ben learned more of the big world than he ever thought was to be known; more than was good for a child to know, perhaps. He used to look at the fine carriages and wonder whether he could ever sell papers enough to buy a carriage. He wondered what he could do when he was a man. He would not be a newspaper editor, he thought because editors were all so cross it a different ending!

He was a newsboy, as I told you.

Not one of the angel-kind either. He
sometimes said words, little as he was,
which would have shocked you, I am
afraid, if you had heard them. And I
know the only reason in the world why
he did not knock down the big boys
who used to kick and cuff him when
he went to take his turn in the row of a different ending!

hay be the newspaper office, was sim-Patsey Hagnas did it for him, and Pat-sey was the bully of the newsboys, the roughest, toughest, most reckless of them all, the hardest case in town, who

them all, the hardest case in town, who always slept rolled up in an old blanket on the floor and who knew how to swear when he was two years old. Patsey trained Little Ben to be a newsboy, and called him his baby. So Patsey had a soft spot in his hard heart after all. after all.

Ben was the smallest newsboy you ever saw. Such a little, little mite of a fellow he was, that you wondered how he could sell papers at all, and how any mother could trust him out of her sight. Fine ladies said sometimes that it was a pity such a pretty child should be a newsboy, and that his mother surely did not care much for him, letting him run about the streets so in constant danger of being knocked down and killed. If he were their boy he shouldn't do it for anything. For little Ben was a very pretty child, with his siender hands and long golden curls. How was it? Did not, his mother care for her child? Aye she did; for he was the only comfort she had in the world. Her only comfort and her only child. Little Ben had a father, but he might better have had no father. This father was a poor, pitiful wreck of humanity, fallen so low that I think scarcely the angels of Heaven could have reached him in the depth of degradation to which he had sunk!

I am sure nobody except an angel could have reached him, away down in the pool of slime and filth which was all over him. For no beast is so beastiy as a human beast.

Time was when this weak, bad man after all.

Ben was the smallest newsboy you

a human beast.

Time was when this weak, bad man Time was when this weak, bad man had been well to do in the world, and respectable, and had friends. But it must have been always in him to be weak and bad, or he would not have fallen so easily when temptation came. An old tradition, which tells how the angels fell from Paradise, says that the thread which drew them into evil "was" read which drew them into evil "was thread which drew them into evil "was at first as thin as a cobweb, but they did not resist, and it grew strong as a cable." So with little Ben's father. He did not resist the cobweb at first, and now the cable bound him hand and foot, and left him no power, nor even the wish, ever to rise again in this world. With the father of little Ben we have nothing more to do.

Tailoriana; or Scintiliations from the Shop-board. No. 7.

It might naturally be supposed that substances of such opposite characters as those which constitute the specific Hagans, for the young rufflans of newsboys, seeing he was a new boy, and a green one, fell upon the poor child and began to beat and cuff him savagely. But another wandering tender thought, floating about like a thistledown, must have touched and rested upon the heart of Pat Hagans at that moment. For just as a big bad boy had struck poor Ben and made blin erv burly Pat Hainder any under any circumstances, produce a scintillation; but not so. We have seen the time and the place, when they would have "atruck fire," the moment they came in contact, unless prevented by that "discretion which is the better part of valor." Before we proceed any gans roared out:

"Dry that up, rot yer! Yer dassent lick a boy of yer size, nohow?"

From that time big Pat Hagans was the champion of little Ben. He educated him to be a newsboy, as I told you; taught him how to make change, how to "jaw back" when the boys "sassed" him, and also how to "slide off on his Ben and made him cry, burly Pat Ha-

that "discretion withen is the better part of valor." Before we proceed any further, however, it might be necessary to say something in regard to the significance of the terms employed in our title, without offering the least apology for the terms themselves; because they belong to the technology of the craft, and to have employed others, would only have beclouded our subject, besides being foreign to the general sentiment of the shop-board. When we have occasion to mention the name of Satan, or the Devil, we shall do so without any compunction, and not "beat about the bush," by using such terms as "Old-boy," or "Bad-man," or "Old-nick," or the many other titles applied to his "Plutonian Majesty;" and it is even so in this case. We did not originate these terms; we found them in the universally acknowledged vocabulary of the profession when we took our initiatory in it; and they are still in it, alat you also now to "side on on his ear," at proper times, too.

That very first night Pat's "baby" sold every one of his papers: And that night little Ben and his mother had only support though Ben world soin very one of his mother had sonic supper; though Ben wondered what made his mother ery again, as they sat down to eat, and hold him so tight in her arms, and kiss him again and again. He thought it was a little unreasonable in a woman to cry when she had plenty of bread and milk.

Maybe the angels had brought little Ben and his mother their supper after all. But Patsey Hagans was the only angel directly visible in the case, and I am doubtful he was rather a dirty-looking angel, chewing tobacco, and smoking a stump-pipe as he did. And I'm postively certain nobbdy would have let him into a Sunday-School Tableau as an anof the profession when we take out in-titatory in it; and they are still in it, al-though we must confess that the muta-tions of time and circumstances have, in many places, rendered them almost

FLINT, was a term applied to tha lass of journeymen-tailors who 'sticklers' for the best prices for into a Sunday-School Tableau as an angel. Nevertheless, for all his patched under no circumstances would work be-low the "bill of prices" which had been established by the society in any town or city—not even if it involved the neowers and toessticking out of his boots trowers and toeseticking out of his boots, he was just as much of a protecting spirit to little Ben as if he had worn the orthodox white cotton gown and goose wings. Under wing of this guardian angel, then, little Ben had almost no trouble. Only once after the first week was he tormented at all, and that was when an envious newshov becessity of their "trampling" to another place in the midst of Winter, and without a sixpence in their pockets. Wha out a sixpence in their pockets. Whatever may have been his profligacy, of his short-comings in other respects, the week was he tormented at all, and may was when an envious newsboy began to beat him, because Ben had sold out all his papers, while the other boy had not. But angel Pat was at hand in less than no time, and made the spiteful Journal boy see such stars that he didn't dare say boo to Ben after that. That was the last that ever the his short-comings in other respects, the flint was "as true as steel" in this. He was invulnerable, and "hard as a flint,"

was a common comparison, when s ing of any of this class. The Flint avowed himself the porter of the honor, the glory, and the dignity of the trade, and so far as mainthat he didn't dare say boo to Ben after that. That was the last that ever the boys troubled him. He was little, so helpless and harmless, that by and by his spirit of pity and gentleness toward him, began to develop itself, even among the merciless, outcast newsboys. They came to be so kind and chivalrous toward him that not a boy of them all would go near little Ben's beat, not a boy of them would take a customer from him. I am glad to write that of them. They were glad to remember it, too, after that happened which did happen. of the prices was concerned, his taining the prices was concerned, ins claims in this respect, were indisputable. In some instances, however, it may have seemed that he carried his point of honor to an extreme not appreciable by the world, outside of the circle of his profession, for he would install the profession, have "layed" over a infinitely rather have "played single job for a whole week, for single job for a whole week, for which he obtained five dollars, than to have made three, within the same period, at four dollars and ninety-five cents each. Such is the force of early habits of thinking on this subject, that we could not, even now, condemn him for his preference; because, he professed to act from principle, and not from expediency—from an unswerving faith to the com-They were glad to remember it, too, after that happened which did happen. So for months that weak little boy earned supper for himself and his mother. People were very kind to him mostly. Ladies and gentlemen bought papers of the pretty golden-haired child, even when they did not want them. Car-drivers often slacked up a little when they saw him coming, so he might climb on safely, and the big policemen

from an unswerving faith to pact between him and his chips," and not from self-interest alone and if, whilst thus honoring the trade when they saw mind the big policemen used to watch him carefully across the street. Little Ben learned more of the big world than he ever thought was to be known; more than was good for a child to know, perhaps. He used to the interest of the worker involved, we know of no character more trustworthy, as a custodian of the interests of the working people that the interests of the working people that the interests of the working people that the interest of the working people that the first saw that the same than the same trustworthy. ing their consistency in "sticking to the bill." had many weaknesses in oth er respects. Of course there were many exceptions, but as a general thing, they were very convivial—had their rigid shop-rules—their "Free-and-Easy," and

oredit of either, yet the time was, when they would mutually have delighted in nothing so much as knowing that either had had their "thumbs smashed," or party received some other injury, by which they would have been unable to work at talloring. This state of hostilwork at tanoning. In state of nown ity, of course, was suicidal to their own ultimate interests, for it prevented that union, through which alone any class of mechanics can expect to maintain their rights, and not become the cringing subjects of domineering and exactigh thy recreant gizzard thou dung, monster, you've "cabbaged" my life. their rights, and not become the crings ing subjects of domineering and exacting employers. It is very certain that the Flints—if they could have had their way—would have prevented any man from usurping the business of a Tailor, who had not been bred to it, by the service of a regular apprenticeship. It is just as certain too, that when and where they had the power in their hands, they did not always exercise it judiciously, and this perhaps, more than any combiand this perhaps, more than any combi-nation against them, was the means by which they ultimately lost their pristing nfluence.
The "bad feeling" between Flints and

The "bad leeling" between The man and pungs, is represented by the quotation at the head of this article; and these exclamations are theatrically put into the mouths of a pair of these worthies, by some caricaturist, who illustrates a dualistic combat between them, the one the moutins of a pair of direct who illustrates a by some caricaturist, who illustrates a dualistic combat between them, the one armed with a "yard-stick" and the other with a "jap board," wherein the Dung is "run through" by the Flint.

Neither of these classes of men seemed the recognize the necessity of a harmon. Neither of these classes of the section to recognize the necessity of a harmonious union for the sake of a common end; nor did they acknowledge the mutal relation which ought to exist between employer and employee. That relation is even now, looked upon—and often acted upon—as antagonistic, than which iere could not possibly be a greater er there could not possibly be a greater er-ror. The employer is just as dependent on the employee as the employee is on the employer—not any less so, not any more so—and so long as this relation is not understood—not carried out in all its principles, so long will there be a con-flict between the interests of the two. There are relations between the employ-

er and the public from whom he receive his patronage, and there are relations between the employee and his family, to whom he is under obligations, all of which should be duly considered in their which should be duly considered in their intercourse with each other. Where the employee makes demands upon the employer, or executes his work in such a manner as to conflict with the interests of the public, he inflicts an injury upon his employer which must ultimately i act upon himself; and on the other hand, where the employer makes dehand, where the employer makes de-mands upon the employee which con-flict with the interest of his family, he is standing in his own light, for he pro-vokes those combinations, which the weak are always compelled to resort to, to protect themselves against the en-croachments of the strong. There is therefore no state of independence; but on the contrary, they are mutually de-pendent upon each other, and the sooner they discover and act on this relation, the sooner a state of harmony between pendent upon each other, and the sooner they discover and act on this relation, the sooner a state of harmony between them will exist. Then, there will be no occasion for such artificial classes as Flints and Dungs, which are only the antagonistic adjuncts of a barbarous age in tailoring. The rapid revolutions of time and trade are fast obliterating these protect distinctions although it is not

ient distinctions, although it is not clear that a much better state of things has yet succeeded; but, these are prob-lems, which we must look to the future to successfully solve. GRANTELLUS. Rugby School.

How it was Ruined.
In a London letter to the Cincinnati
Commercial Moneure D. Conway writes
as follows:
As an inter-Section 1. The control of the contro as iollows:

As an instance of how utterly dependent a school, and particularly an English school, generally is on the force of rigid a single man, one has only to look at the downfall of Rugby. I need not in-

planation, however, and the payment of the society, the next verning, both were restored to the service of the society of the

have him caught up and compelled to main-tain me and his child, as I am his lawful wedded wife and have the certificate of marthe Radicals in State Convention: h. They demand of the Legislature, the immediate passage of an act calling a State Convention to revise and amend the Constitution for the purpose, among other olition of the Column Vendom things, of . Abolishing and prohibiting special legis-

Remoditions of the Column Vendome,
PARIS, Tuesday evening, May 16, vin
Boulogne, May 17, Morning.—There was a
tremendous scene at the fall of the Column
Vendome, at half-past they clock this
afternoon. The fall was announced for two
clock, and all the balconies in the P. acc
Vendome were thronged with ladies. Rues
de la Paix and Casticines. lation;
Sectring the election of all State officers
by the people;
Establishing a judicial system that will
make justice prompt and sure; make justice prompt and sure;
And providing for the passage of general,
laws that shall so encourage industrial enterprise, that Pennsylvania shall be enabled Vencome were trioned where crowd in the pairs and Castiglione were crowd. Three bands of music arrived while workmen were engaged in chipping base of the column. M. Abadie next all the States.

2. They demand of Congress that the credit of the nation shall be faithfully maintained; home industry encouraged and protected; an adequate civil service system established for regulating appoint ments to office; taxes reduced to the lowest possible limit consistent with the steady, but not too rapid extinction of the national debt; the honor of the Republic sustained. rived and inspected the windlass. The ex-citement was intense. M. Rechtefort nex-appeared and the people crowded around him; giving him loud cheers. Soon all arrangements were completed, and the cable stretched and tightened, the column stoot firm, the windless broke and the pulley lew. Into the six and then descended, strikng a salior and wounding him. After this accident, M. Abadia declared of disapprobation went through the crowd.
At twenty minutes past five o'clock the
cable was again stretched for the work of
demolition. Suddenly to the surprise of
the spectators, the vast column moved and
swayed. It next swept magnificently swayed. It look sweet magnetic down, bursting into fragments as it struck the earth. It fell lengthwise in the Rue de la Paix, exactly on the manure cushion prepared for it, splintoring with a dulk heavy, lumbering sound, while a thick cloud of dust and crushed and powdered la Paix, exactly on the manure cusmon prepared for it, splintoring with a dull, heavy, lumbering sound, white a thick cloud of dust and crushed and powdered masonry rose in the air.

The crowd, as soon as the column fell, gave tremendous shouts of "Vive la Commune," and the bands played the Marseil laise hymn. When the dust cleared away there lay the glorious column shattered to these its broaze and masonry in two and which has resulted in the first two years of his administration in reducing the national debt over two hundred millions, and in curtailing the taxes to the extent of eighty millions anually. They commend, also, the similar policy which has prevailed under Republican rule in Ponnsylvania, resulting in paying off the war debt of three and a half millions; reducing the State debt from forty to thirty millions; and in abolishing the State tax on real estate. It is to the fact that both the State and nation have been in Republican hands, we owe the accomplishment of such gratifying results; and it is to the continuance of that party in power, the people must alone look for the continuance of this policy. The return of the Democrats to power in either State or nation, must inevitably be attended with a return to extravagance masses together in the middle, and the statue of the Emperor, several feet from one end of the column, with the head

can end of the column, who worked off.

The crowd rushed forward to collect fragments as relics, and the Guards were unable to resist the rush. Next the orators their speeches, indulging in the country. The was the Emperor himself. This is the story of the

our industry has thriven and our people been made prosperous.

5. That in the judgment of this Convention, the time has come when the State tax on personal estate may be safely abolished, and the other taxes, imposed by State laws may also prudently be reduced without injury to the credit of the Commonwealth.

6. That an indication of what the people may fear from a return of the Democratic party to mover, we point to the criminal destruction of the Column Vendome—a monument which should have been protected and cherished by all parties, whether republican or monarchical, as not only commemorating the glorious deeds of Frenchmen, but as a great work of art, which cannot readily be replaced.—Herald may fear from a return of the Democratic party to power, we point to the criminal waste of the time and money of the people by the present Democratic majority of the State Senate. The Legislature has been now nearly five months in session, and is not yet nearly through with its legitimate business, owing to the obstructive policy of this majority. In all this time scarcely a single measure of public interest has been perfected; and the time has been wasted in their efforts to force on our State an unjust apportionment, and to break down the WIFE MURDER IN NEW YORK. Man Throws his Wife out of a Third-Story Window. A terrible wife-murder was perpetrate

in the tenement-house 133 Roade street, about 11 o'clock hast night. For the past year, on the third floor of the house in the rear, have resided William Rudd and his wife Margaret. Rudd is a native of Norfolk, England, 39 years of age, and a sallor by profession, but has for six or seven years been employed as porter by the drygoods firm of E. N. Taylor, 101 Franklin the work of the reart. egistry law against illegal voting, that hey might thereby pave the way to their eturn to power through violence and raud.
7. We commend to the support of the people of the State the candidates we have his day nominated for State officers. They people of the State the candidates we have this day nominated for State officers. They are honest, capable, and faithful to the Constitution, and in every way worthy of the public confidence. We ask for their election, as an endorsement of the State and National administrations, as an approval of the time-honored principles of the Republican party, which we re-affirm in their nomination, and as a fitting rebuke to the Democratic party for its destructive National policy; for its adherence to the side of violence and wrong in the South; and for the spirit it has betrayed in the Senato of this State this Winter—where it has made everything bend to the promotion of partisan interests, defeated the holding of a State Couvention to amend our Constitution, and in every though the state of the

We take the following from the New Jorsey Journal, published at Elizabethport:

"The most pitlable object in human shape in these parts is George Bertrot, whose parents live at No. 203 Court street, in what used to be called the 'yellow tavern.' He was born bilind and so deformed that he can neither sit, stand, nor crawl; and at least one-half of his joints appear to be discated. He is 10 years old, and so near a skeleton that his bones almost protrude through the skire. He jies in a cradle all the time, on his, back, and about all the motion that he is able to make is to throw his head on one side and the other, which he he had on one side and the other, which he had on one side and the other, which he had on one side and the other, which he cone the cradle rocking. The only word he is able to say is 'Ma,' so feeble is his intellect caused by daily fits. His breast is concave instead of convex, and his feet and legs are so drawn up under him that his whole frame occupies but a small space. His weight apparently is not over thirty pounds. His screams, when these fits come on, are so terrific that he can be heard all owned by a tist to him?"