

Poetry.

"THIS YEAR—NEXT YEAR."

This year—next year—some time—never
Gay did she tell;
Rosa leaf after rose leaf ever
Eddied round and fell.

This year—no she blushed demurely;
That would be too soon;
He could wait a little surely;
'Tis already June.

Next year—that's almost too hurried,
Laughingly, said she;
For when once a girl is married
She no more is free

Some time—that is vague; long waiting
Many a trouble brings;
'Tis delaying and debating,
Love might use his wings.

Never—word of evil omen;
And she sighed, high-ho!
'Tis the least lot for women,
Lone through life to go.

Next year—early in the May-time,
Was to be the day;
Looked she sweetly toward that gay time,
Gleaming far away.

Never—fair with bridal flowers
Came that merry spring;
Ere those bright and radiant hours,
She had taken wing.

This year—hearts are bound by sorrow,
Next year—some forget;
Some time—comes that golden morrow
Never—earth saw yet.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

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Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A dinner party. Very few people appreciate the importance of dinners; one over-estimate it. It is said that Napoleon, because of having dined too hurriedly, lost the battles of Borodino and Leipzig. This is certainly a fearful warning to men in whose keeping the destinies of nations and states have been confided. These persons should take more time and should not forget that not only material but intellectual life and vigor depend on good digestion. With poor insignificant toilers who are oftentimes compelled to swallow their dinners in bulk, it does not make so much difference. No weighty problems of state require solution at their hands; no intricate plans of campaigns or strategical offensive and defensive movements are mapped out by them. Then what difference does it make whether they digest their dinners properly or not; none whatever; their mission is toil, unceasing toil, and if they do become dyspeptic, and if the race deteriorates, degenerates, dies out, what of it? This, in effect, is the argument of capitalists. But modern dinners in high life are a great institution. Financial plans are matured, banks and railroads projected, and other schemes concocted, during the post-prandial wine drinking. Official patronage, intrigue, love, politics are discussed; friendships formed, and schemes of power, fame and ambition hatched at the dinner table. So it will be seen that the significance and importance attaching to those gatherings cannot be well over-estimated.

The mighty Relvason was to give a dinner party. Invitations were sent to various other Greats and Mighties, and were all, of course, unequivocally accepted, for if there is anything your modern capitalist really enjoys it is a good dinner. Money never flies off the goodness of his animality; they are of that class "whose God is their belly and whose glory is their shame," as St. Paul expressed it.

In making up his dinner party Relvason did not follow the rule of Brillat-Savarin, that in numbers it should not be less than the Graces, nor more than the Muses. He went on the principle that if a small party was an enjoyable affair, a large one was proportionately more so, and besides he was a man that supposed the more noise he made in the world the greater his claim to fame and popularity.

The prandial day arrived, and in the afternoon little knots of gamins and grown persons of both sexes began to congregate on the corners in the vicinity and opposite the great Relvason mansion. They had assembled through mere curiosity, or from that morbid love of seeing some thing out of the ordinary course of events, that seems to inhere so strangely in humanity. They did not dream they were paying homage to wealth, and yet in a certain sense they were. The gaudy equipages, the liveried grooms, the dashing tolets or the occupants of the carriages were a wonderful sight to these poor people. Even the debris of Brussels that extended from the curb stone into the hall, or that the dainty shoes dislodged by ungainly feet, might not be soiled, came in for a share of the open-mouthed admiration. And yet these capital

worshippers never once dreamed that the money they foolishly expended on show, frivolity, gew-gaws and ever-dying phoenix fashion came directly from the proceeds of their own toil. Neither did they dream that the costly dinner soon to be served in the grande mansion, instead of being eaten in the sweat of the eaters' faces, was to be eaten in the sweat of the faces of themselves, for if a man does not work, and hence does not fulfil the Divine command of eating his bread in the sweat of his face, he certainly eats the bread of others if he eats at all. And who gourmandize more than those who ignore work and despise those who do work? Surely the world has left the path of Deity and seems traveling at a galloping pace in the broad highway of Mammon.

All the invited guests having arrived, dinner was announced, and Mr. Relvason rising gave his arm to Mrs. Erie, a visitor from New York, and bowing as gracefully as he knew how, led the way to the dining-room. He was followed by Mr. Stockbank and lady (wife), Hon. Peter Oleum and lady, Hon. Legallaw and lady, Mr. M. D. Squills and lady, Mr. H. Packer and lady, Mr. Bishop and lady, besides several other Hon. and Messrs. of lesser note. The fat, plump hostess and Mr. G. Speculator brought up the rear. The dining-room was large and spacious, the floor was richly carpeted, the table oval, the chairs had slanting backs, and each lady was furnished with a very soft foot-stool. The appointments of the table could scarcely be said to be "delicately elegant," but they were sumptuous and recherche, it had a sort of unapproachable immaculateness about it. There was an abundance of solid silverware, and antique picturesque benitain glass, there were queer old fashioned jars, rare china vases and statuettes, artificial and real flowers in profusion, rare paintings and chromos on the wall, and many other efforts at ornamentation calculated to satisfy every other taste as well as the gastronomic, except one. There were no books visible in this room, or any other room of the Relvason mansion. A house without books is like a body without soul, and this may possibly account for the lack of sympathy and fine feeling in the Relvason family.

The dinner was served up a la Russe, a decided improvement on the old fashion of serving dinners, as it is really perplexing to a man to see all his dinner before him and have to carve, help others, and talk and eat at the same time. This old way was cumbersome, and besides it suggested the idea of work, and our modern money columns have such a horror of work that a new method of dining was invented or borrowed, and hence the a la Russe, "the poetry of dining," came into universal fashion with the Downtowns.

In the dinner a la Russe no eatables or dishes appear on the table when the guests are first seated, but dish after dish follows each other as if by magic, as soon as the signal is given, and the gourmand has nothing to do but eat and be happy.

"Have you heard of these trade unions?" queried Relvason of Mrs. G. Speculator.

"No thank you, I don't wish any; I have a horror of strange dishes. Are they good?" she innocently asked.

"Why, my dear," said Mr. Speculator, looking up, "they are revolutionists."

"Oh my sakes! another war; when did it begin?"

"My dear, there is no war," mildly answered the spouse. "These are working people who engage in strikes."

"Well, I hope they won't strike each other very hard; if there is anything I hate it is fighting, it is so vulgar you know."

Mr. Speculator wiped his face with his napkin, and then stuck or tucked a corner of it between his collar and neck, letting the rest dangle down over his breast.

"I see, my dear, that you never heard of these troublesome fellows; well, they ain't worth bother in on 's level about anyway."

"These people are becoming unusually audacious, I believe," said Mr. H. Packer, adjusting his napkin in a button hole of his coat.

"They are indeed," replied Relvason.

"Why don't you arrest and punish them?" asked Mrs. Erie.

"Oh! they don't directly violate any law," replied Spindle, from the lower end of the table.

"But they murder law and order, like Falstaff murdered sleep," persisted Mrs. Erie.

"She means Macduff," whispered Mrs. Hon. Legallaw to her lord.

"Macbeth, my dear, Macbeth," he replied in an undertone.

"But what do they want?" put in Mrs. H. Packer.

"More wages, less hours of work, more home comforts, education, respectability, and I don't know what not," again answered Spindle from the end of the table.

"Well, I should like to know! Why, what possible use could they make of these things? I am sure I never had any learning, and I don't want any; then why should they?"

Mrs. H. Packer certainly regarded this argument conclusive and unanswerable, as she triumphantly looked around the table for an approval of her logic.

"They are very selfish, unreasonable creatures," said Mr. H. Packer. "When I first went into the butchering business I had no money worth mentioning, but I done remarkably well, and doubled and even trebled my little capital every year, and would you believe it, just as I was about getting a good start my men were unreasonable enough to demand

more wages. You see they have no heart. I would not care so much now, but at that time it was so ungrateful of them to try to set me back."

"Every one of them should be gillotened," said the Hon. Mrs. Peter Oleum.

Mrs. Legallaw looked at her husband and smiled incredulously.

"Guillotined, my dear," he whispered in an undertone.

"If we had a Robespierre like they had in Italy the country would soon be rid of them," continued the Hon. Mrs. P. Oleum.

"France, my dear Hon. Mrs. Peter Oleum, was the scene of Robespierre's actions, I believe," suggested Mr. Legallaw.

"Oh, it does not make any difference," returned the Hon. Mrs. Peter Oleum, "France and Italy are one, the Rocky Mountains are the only barrier between them."

"The Alps," whispered Mrs. Legallaw, giving her lord a nudge.

"Yes, my dear," he smiled approvingly.

The dinner lasted a long time, but it did come to an end. The ladies rose and swept grandly out of the room, leaving the gentlemen to sip their wine, and they sipped and drank and toasted success to capitalists, confusion to unions and punishment and disgrace to their leaders. They drank quite freely, Relvason particularly. For the last ten minutes the host's head inclined on his breast, and his eyes seemed closed. Presently he sprang from his seat, overturned his chair, and came near doing the same with the table. "It's a lie, a lie," he roared as he clutched desperately at the air, his teeth set and his eyes glaring like the orbs of a tiger. "Its mine, I made it all honestly, legitimately—all mine. Away! avant! you minions of hell, juggled vision of distempered fancy begone; its mine, all mine. Horrible phantoms, mocking spectral shadows, you lie. Off! hence damnable shade of unreal substance. You would have me fancy blood where no blood be, you would fasten guilt on the spotless garment of innocence. Off! hence I say, my brain burns. Slave of Belial, greatest in Hades cavernous depths, I defy thee; its a lie, a lie."

His limbs became rigid, his tongue refused to move, he gasped and fell heavily forward on the table. All was now confusion and excitement. The ladies rushed into the room and were about to scream, but Mr. M. D. Squills waved them back, and said it was nothing but a slight attack of mania a potu.

"Oh, no, its not that," exclaimed Mrs. Relvason, "its a sort of fit that comes on very suddenly."

The man fairly bounded on the floor, beat the air with his hands and kicked furious y. Three or four of the men pounced upon him and held him firmly. They tried to unbutton his collar after tearing off the necktie, but the windpipe was so inflated that the collar seemed as tight on his neck as a hoop on a cask, and it was only by main force that it was torn off. The man's struggles grew less violent, his face began to whiten, his pulse began to sink, and soon he lay motionless on the carpet, whence he was carried to his room. The prandial guests departed very expeditiously, and left the great mansion to its unconscious, conscience-racked-owner and terror-stricken family.

Relvason was not seen again for a week.

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—The Rescue.

The Prince of Wales shrugged his shoulders, as he replied, "You defend this Jewess with so much ardour, that you really lead me to believe that which Augustin Gudiel related to us of your indulgence towards that race of usurers and extortioners."

"A race of usurers!" repeated Don Pedro. "Is it thus by a word you judge and proscribe a whole people. To believe you, one must conclude that all the followers of Moses have sordid hearts and rapacious hands; that the golden calf is their only god; that they serve Christians only for the purpose of deceiving and robbing them; and that we should have no more pity for them than for mad dogs. Yet, if even at the risk of your anger, good cousin, I protect this Jewess, it is because she has done for me what probably the most heroic Christian woman would have hesitated to do. Brought up to hate those of our religion, and knowing that her brethren had conspired to surprise and seize me to Don Enrique, she had such a horror of their dastardly duplicity, that she revealed the treason to me, and saved me from the snare. She did not think that crime ceased to be such because it was committed by the people of her tribe against a Christian. She did not inquire my form of worship before venturing her life to save mine. A loyal instinct spoke in her heart, and she obeyed the inward voice. Yet from her birth she had lived shut up in her father's house in the Jewry of Seville, like a nun in her cell, and knew nothing of the world but what the prejudices of her tribe had taught her."

"Ah, now I understand why you shield her, Don Pedro," said the Black Prince, with a sarcastic air. "That young Jewess is Ben Levi's daughter, whose extraordinary beauty

we have all heard so much exalted; but I thought you had already recompensed her devotion by proclaiming her mistress and queen of your Alcazar."

Don Pedro trembled, his lips became pallid with the strong effort he made to suppress his anger, and to avoid answering this provoking irony with the bitter scorn he felt. To hear his love for Rachel insulted without the power of immediately chastising the offender, was receiving a gauntlet of defiance that he dared not pick up; but he thought on the smile that would light up the brow of Don Enrique at the news of his rupture with Edward, and he constrained himself to reply calmly, "Sir Prince, you deceive yourself if you imagine that the proscribed and fugitive Don Pedro, dazzled and exalted by the splendour that surrounds him, has already forgotten that his throne is suspended at the point of your sword. No; it is not anger that urges me to reply. Augustin Gudiel told you truly, I loved the daughter of Samuel with a profound and devoted affection; but on that day when the last of my vassals, my most trusted servants abandoned me, then, when I still reckoned on the fidelity of one who would be a never-failing shelter for my heart, Rachel deserted me like the rest. Had a thunderbolt suddenly paralysed me I should not have suffered more. I love her no longer, for contempt has taken possession of my heart to the same extent as love before occupied it. I knew not what had become of her, and see her again here for the first time since that fatal day. Had I met her elsewhere in my path, I should have turned my eyes aside, and my tongue would not have pronounced her name; but I repeat, I love justice above all things. It would be unworthy of me basely to revenge myself now that I see her pursued by brutal fanatics. Alone and without help, innocent and unprotected, I defend her. Although in an unhappy hour she abandoned me, yet I will not requite it by abandoning her."

Rachel, intoxicated with joy and surprise, fixed her large bright eyes on Don Pedro. It was still the same noble, generous, and devoted heart, and he could believe her treacherous!—he could doubt her truth! Oh, how little he knew her!

A rumour now spread in the church among the knights and barons. They were irritated at the obstinacy of the King of Castile, and one of them, Sir John Chandos, having, in whispers, consulted his principal companions, advanced towards the Prince of Wales, and said to him, "My lord, this public scandal has lasted too long. None of your knights are disposed to sacrifice their lives and those of their vassals for the lover of a Jewess. If Don Pedro persists in his insane passion, we all hold ourselves released from our engagements towards him."

Edward then took a sudden decision; "You have heard the declaration of the most illustrious of your defenders, good cousin," said he to the king, quickly, "take care not to cool the ardour of these barons who have embraced your cause. Do not give your accusers any advantage over you. Do not sacrifice the interest of your throne to the caprices of an insensate passion."

"Do you, then, a loyal knight, wish me to deliver the poor girl who saved me, to the outrages of these ruffians who would sport with her agony?" exclaimed Don Pedro.

"No," said Edward, with dignity, "all I ask is, that you consent to separate yourself from her for ever; and that you induce her to accept the conditions I shall impose on her for her welfare. Please to accompany me into the sacristy, where I will hold a council with my English lords and the barons of Guyenne. Your resolution will determine ours; in a few minutes we shall know whether the Bishop of Bordeaux is to bless our banners for the approaching contest, or whether we are to return our swords to their scabbards."

"You are the ruler of my fate, Sir Prince," replied the king, sorrowfully. Then, after ordering the pages to lead the young Jewess into the sacristy, Edward said to Sir John Chandos, "Follow us with your companions; I am going to declare to Don Pedro the conditions on which we will espouse his cause. Such a debate ought not to take place under this holy roof."

Sir John Chandos and other nobles hastened to follow the two allies, and a death like silence reigned in the church.

CHAPTER XXIX.—Love's Sacrifice.

Don Pedro had scarcely entered the sacristy, than, taking the hand of Rachel, he said to the Prince of Wales, "In order to spare the daughter of Ben Levi all humiliation and pain, I consent to everything."

"Good cousin," answered Edward, in a loud firm voice, "it is not by fire or sword that a dethroned monarch can recover his lost crown. His power is better defended by stout hearts than by strong citadels. Gain hearts, then, before you think of gaining battles. The Christians of Spain have been horrified at your love for a Jewess; this love degrades you in their eyes, and makes religion Don Enrique's most powerful auxiliary. I tell you, with all the frankness of my soul, that if you are tired of seeing revolt and sedition scattered like firebrands throughout your kingdom, you must discontinue all connection with that woman, and the people of her race."

Don Pedro turned his eyes towards Rachel, with secret anguish; but she did not see him, for she stood immovable, with her head bent down, like a culprit, before her judges. She

appeared, in fact, to feel, that she was before the tribunal that was to decide her fate.

"Daughter of Samuel," continued the Black Prince, "if you really love Don Pedro, if you have any regard for the honour and for one of your king, if you wish him to return glorious and triumphant into Castile you must renounce him for ever. An insurmountable barrier must be raised between you; this is the pledge we demand before shedding our blood for him."

"Renounce him for ever!" exclaimed Rachel, trembling; "never more to see him—never more to hear him—never to be permitted to look at him, from a distance even, on days of festivity and joy. Alas! for me, he will then be as one that is dead—what shall I care for life at such a price! But let it cost me what it may. I will obey your royal highness," added she, falling at the feet of Edward; "for, while my heart beats, Don Pedro will be uppermost in my thoughts. I will pray for him; I shall hear toll of his noble deeds; and I shall be happy. What your highness commands, I will do."

"I shall require a strange and cruel sacrifice from you," said Edward, hesitating; "it is to abjure your religion, and become a Christian."

"A Christian!" repeated Rachel, thunder-struck. "A Christian! What, disown my God! Blaspheme the faith of my mother! Disown the God to whom my mother taught me to lip my childish prayers! Oh, it is horrible! You know not how renegades are despised. How will you believe my oaths, when my mouth shall be polluted by abjuration?" She paused, and then added, hesitatingly, "Yet, for Don Pedro's sake, I will turn Christian. The Christians will despise me, but you will pardon Don Pedro for having loved me. The Jews will hate and curse me as a living opprobrium, but your swords will restore Castile to Don Pedro; and I shall be happy."

She uttered all these incoherent words in so weak, so plaintive, and so stifled a voice, that even the proud barons themselves were moved.

"And, when I shall have become a Christian," added she, bitterly, "I will bury myself in the shade of a cloister, and will hide there my repentance and my tears."

"Absence ill cures such deep-rooted love," observed the Prince of Wales; "and the doors of a cloister sometimes re-open."

"What more, then, do you exact?" demanded Rachel, with a vague foreboding of terror. She thought she had already reached the summit of anguish; the cloister, at least in her idea, was the peace of the grave; there she could slowly sink into the tomb, absorbed in the thought of Don Pedro.

The king regarded her with eager and ardent looks. She had never appeared so beautiful to him before, notwithstanding her deathlike paleness. In spite of the repeated proofs she had given him of her love and fidelity, jealousy with its iron fangs had always tormented his heart; so he welcomed with joy the idea of a cloister. There, at least, he should have no rival but the saints in the heart of the lovely Jewess; she would never see any other man; she would remain pure from every touch, from all flattery, and from all profane regards.

Edward continued, "I must find a man sufficiently charmed by your beauty, sufficiently touched by your repentance to forget the past, and place himself as a barrier between the new Christian and Don Pedro. If you marry, the care of his honour would be a guarantee to us for the future."

The king uttered an exclamation of rage. The bewildered Rachel regarded the Black Prince with an expression of deep despair, and a swerved him in so low a tone as to be heard by him alone.

"Your highness is indeed cruel," she said! "the wretches in the street would only have tortured my body, but you increase my soul—you break my heart. Do you think I can disown my love and banish it with a breath, like the scathed leaf that falls from the autumnal tree. Marry one of your knights! What, while my lips only know how to pronounce one name; while my thoughts, my dreams, the throbbings of my heart, my whole existence, belong to Don Pedro. Oh, it is a monstrous idea my lord! But, happen what may," she added, "I have promised to obey." Then, as if the effort had exhausted all her strength and courage, she extended her hand for support.

Don Pedro advanced a step towards her, but the young girl stopped him by a supplicating gesture, and he dared approach no nearer. He saw the necessity for that painful sacrifice, but he had not the heroism to accomplish it. He tried to persuade himself that this marriage would not take place; that no man would dare to brave his vengeance; that Rachel would find some means of flight; and a thousand other foolish ideas.

In the meanwhile Edward, taking the hand of the Jewess, whose beauty the barons could not help admiring, said to the latter, "My lords and gentlemen, this young girl is going to abjure her accursed faith. She is henceforward placed under my guardianship and protection. The knight who will forget the faults of Rachel, and remember only the generosity of her heart, and her heroic devotion; the knight who will accept her for a wife shall receive for her dowry an estate from my fields in the principality of Wales, and may confidently reckon on our constant favour."

The words of the prince were followed by the profoundest silence. Among the adventurous captains there was undoubtedly more