

Poetry.

GOD BLESS THE WORKING MAN.

BY C. BELLA FOX.

Ye hardy sons of honest toil,
Be earnest, brave and true,
The building of this great world
Is left for you to do.
Your lots may be the humblest ones,
And you must work and plan,
But is your labor not your gain?
God bless the working man!

We owe our architectural domes,
And all our cities' pride,
The letters of a hundred lands,
Our thrifty fields, beside
The various implements of art
Ere since the world began,
To Labor's energetic sons—
God bless the working man!

Behold the sons of luxury,
Whose hands are soft and fair,
Whose hearts bear off the weight of sin
Instead of busy care,
And see them oft in spotless cloth,
A feeble, helpless clan,
While sons of toil are brave and strong,
God bless the working man!

Ah, it is those who sow and reap,
And plough the stubborn sod,
That know what sweet contentment is
And gratitude to God,
And those who bear the anvil high,
Or wield the ready pen,
Or build, or mold, or lift the ad—
God bless the working man!

All that our nation is to-day
We owe to laboring men—
Our sires who turned our stony lands
The golden fields of grain.
They reared our cities and our towns,
And led the warrior van—
And best of all, they loosed our chains,
God bless the working man!

Our presidents were laboring men,
With mind and muscle strong—
Our greatest authors wrote for bread,
And deemed it nothing wrong.
Your walks may be in lowly life,
But do the best you can,
'Tis no disgrace to humbly toil.
God bless the working man!

O, ye who labor day by day,
Be ever strong of heart,
Ye're building up a mighty world,
And yours the better part.
What matter though your hands be rough,
Your faces brown with tan,
In heaven, all stains are washed away.
God bless the working man!

—Coopers' Journal.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.
Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XXII.

Soon the proximate streets began to resound and quake, convulsively tremble, as the ponderous fire engines, with heavy force, momentarily, loudly rattled over the hard, rough pavement; they were closely followed by the lighter but not less noisy hose carts, and hook and ladder trucks; and the incessant, startling clang of their warning gongs, rose tumultuously, mingled with the "horrid discord," which freighted the still air with a harsh din of thunderous sound that appalled the homeward and sinward bound alike; that roused, from slumberous repose, each habitant for squares around.

But there was no fire.

Already a great and constantly augmenting crowd surged and pressed upon the ruins; first among those present, were Trustgood and McFlynn, and from their bloodless lips and trembling tongues it was ascertained that two men were buried beneath the bricks and timbers of the old building.

It was dark, but the silent, fleecy snow had ceased to fall, and at a short distance the dimly outlined human forms that flitted hurriedly "to and fro," and intermingled like untwistable coils of invisible wool, seemed or looked like moving, palpable shadows; and high above, towered in ghastly grimness, one solitary standing wall, which, like an immovable, shadowy sentinel, calmly looked upon the debris and the excited mass of rational but confused beings, that gazed in almost speechless horror upon each other and upon the ruins.

Hark! a low groan, evidently from a man in great pain, issues from the depths of the rubbish. Hundreds of necks stretched involuntarily forward to catch the slightest sound:

"Oscar! Oscar! 'Ye gods, he makes no breath.' O-s-c-a-r. Oh God!" came up from 'neath the debris, in a hollow, unnaturally pitiful voice.

"Stand back, men, stand back, I say," thundered a small, wiry man, elbowing his way through the crowd.

He was dressed in a fireman's uniform, and spoke in a manner that commanded respect and obedience.

The crowd opened, pressed back, and made way for the Chief. He cast a rapid glance over the scene.

Trustgood, with considerable effort, forced his way through the wall of packed humanity, approached the Chief, and said:

"For God's sake, sir, do something, there's—"

"Help—h-e-l-p," came up from the ruins in the same unnatural, hollow voice, but more pitiful, fainter, distressful.

"Why, you blockheads, there's a man beneath these timbers," said the Chief, raising his trumpet; he then gave a few sharp, quick commands, and in less than five minutes over thirty firemen and one hundred citizens were engaged in removing the bricks and shattered timbers.

The night, which until now was pitchy dark, began to brighten perceptibly; high in the zenith a silvery streak of light seemed to burst through the dark mass of nimbus cloud that canopied the earth with a living obscurity. The streak grew brighter and broader; the nimbus cloud grew fleecy and transparent, then became cirro-stratus or mackerel cloud, which, in turn, resolved itself into cumulus, which floated off pyramidally, leaving a wide belt of blue sky, through which the white, eternally voiceless moon sailed, on, on in peaceful, silent, majestic grandeur. The palpable shadows now became substances, that threw in all directions impalpable, unreal, constantly changing adumbrations. Aided by the light so lavishly diffused by the mild, great eye of Night, the men worked faster and more methodically; the flat roof was soon removed, then a great mass of mortar and brick magically disappeared, then the upper or third floor began to melt away before the persistent strokes of many axes and the giant force of many willing hands. Tightly wedged between a portion of the second floor and a large wooden girder that supported the joists of the third floor, they found Richard Arbyght. With considerable effort, the girder was pried up a few inches, and the mangled workman drawn out and carried a few rods beyond the ruins. Arbyght was found quite close to the bed-room door; his first thought, when he felt the building giving way, was Oscar, and his first movement was towards him.

A great number of broken splintered joists, scantling and boards were now very carefully, but expeditiously, removed from the spot where Oscar, or Oscar's body, was supposed to be; as yet no sound, no groan—not even an evidence of labored breathing, indicated that life would be found in the gentle, natural, amiable Oscar Wood. At last all the rubbish was removed from that particular spot, but no bed, no Oscar could be seen. Paralyzing terror seized McFlynn and Trustgood as the conviction grew in their minds that Oscar was carried down by the thousands of falling bricks, and buried 'neath the inky waters of the sedimentary, pestilential looking river; many of the others came to the same conclusion, but the Chief seemed disposed to think that under a great heap of bricks, mortar, and a large part of the roof that lay piled up near the center of the street, the body would be found. His opinion was based upon the fact that the joists of the floors ran parallel to the river and toward the street, and hence the floors in falling inclined toward the street and not toward the river. This view seemed probable, and the men set to work again, and soon discovered various articles of furniture belonging to the room.

Encouraged by these signs they persevered, and presently evidences of the bed were presented, then the bed itself, and beside it the maimed, mutilated, inanimate body of poor Oscar, his night clothes rent and torn, his entire body covered with dripping gore, his flesh and limbs hacked, lacerated, covered with jagged, gaping wounds from which the hot blood oozed or ran in little purple, purling streams.

"O piteous spectacle! O most bloody sight!"

The body was tenderly placed on a strong sheet, and four men, taking each a corner of the sheet, carried the mangled Oscar and placed him beside the other victim, who was being examined by Dr. Rauchman, a neighboring physician of some note, who had been summoned by one of the men. As soon as the improvised stretcher came up, Arbyght roughly ordered the Doctor to leave him and attend to the other.

The M.D. bent low over the prostrate Oscar; he pressed softly with his thumb upon the radial artery at the wrist, then shook his head and placed his ear close to the breast, when directly his eye brightened; faint, feeble, but regular respirations could be detected.

"Well, Doctor?" groaned Arbyght, but there was a world of eagerness and solicitude in the tone.

"Alive, no more," grunted the Esculapian comforter.

"Will he survive it?" again ventured the questioner in a voice and manner that plainly showed he feared, dreaded the answer.

"Possibly—doubtful," was the rough but truthful reply.

Under the Doctor's immediate direction two stretchers were quickly made of sheets and narrow pieces of splintered board, and on these the two victims were carried to the nearest hospital, that of the Sisters of Mercy, on Calumet Avenue. On the way thither, a reportorial attache of one of the leading dailies, pushed through the crowd and approached the stretcher on which Arbyght was borne, and rained fast upon him a plethora of questions.

"How did it occur? Do you think there was foul play? Was it purely accidental? Was the building substantial and safe? When did you first notice it giving way, where were you at the time, and what, if any, were the

premonitory indications of the fall?" are a few of the questions propounded by this snatcher of tritles, seeker after items, facts, humor, incident and hearsay.

Arbyght was suffering excruciatingly and hardly comprehended the purport of the questionary attack that was made upon him. Looking vaguely at the reporter, he, perhaps unmeaningly, at least hazily, repeated Job's question: "Canst thou draw out Leviathan with a hook?"

The force of this biblical question did not seem to strike the reporter at an understandable angle. He stared blankly at Arbyght and said, "You don't seem to comprehend me," to which the workman responded:

"There is no power on earth that can be compared with him, still his hope shall fail him, and in the sight of all he shall be cast down."

Again the reporter regarded him with fixed, wide-open, but expressionless eyes.

"What can you mean? What do you mean? Whom can you mean?"

"Capital, Sir, the power of money," broke in the other, and thereby put an end to another interminable string of questions.

And that was all the reporter learned from Richard Arbyght.

The melancholy procession shortly afterwards reached the hospital, a large magnificent building, rising three stories above the basement, built of pressed brick and trimmed with stone, one hundred and fifty feet front—the main building rectangular in shape, with two wings running back eighty feet from each side end, enclosing on three sides a large court yard used by convalescents, the main building and wings being surmounted by ornate, beautiful, artistically finished French roofs. Dr. Rauchman being one of the regular attending physicians attached to the hospital, had no difficulty in obtaining cots for his patients in the right wing of the building. Some of the Sisters busied themselves in preparing the cots, while others brought lint and bandages in vast quantities, warm water, and soft fine sponges. Soon all things were in order, and the doctor began an examination of young Oscar. Passing his hand slowly over the lower extremities, he ejaculated monosyllabic answers to questions apparently arising in his own mind:

"Violent contusion; tegument and muscle badly bruised—ha! fracture; simple longitudinal fracture of the femur—*extra capsular*—annular attachment of capsule not affected; trochanter slightly detached." Then passing the hand over the body he continued: "Fracture of third and fourth ribs; pleurisy or pneumothorax probable; compound fracture of sternum—not dangerous; compound contusion; abrasion of cellular tissue—bad bruise; fracture of clavicle—oblique; severe contusion to skull—dangerous brain fever likely—*bad case*."

He then had the body washed, and with the aid of two assistants carefully, but tenderly, set the fractured bones and secured them in their places by multitudes of pasteboard splints and innumerable yards of bandage. The contusions and bruises were also seen after, washed with lotions and properly dressed, a few drops of brandy were administered at intervals during the operation, but the patient remained unconscious, motionless in muscle and feature during the diagnosis, bone-setting and wound-dressing. When through, the doctor again bent over the body and gladly noticed that the respirations were, if anything, somewhat louder and stronger.

"Now, Sir, we will diagnosticate your case," he said, turning to Richard, who was by this time scarcely able to speak.

A strong stimulant was administered and the examination began.

"Fracture of the patella, right knee; no—simple luxation—not dangerous; ha! traverse fracture of tibia, left foot; compound dislocation of fibula—serious. Let us see (passing up the body), some bad bruises; a few insignificant contusions. Oh! you need not make your will just yet. A few weeks rest will do you good. You need rest and must take it now; so be thankful you escaped so luckily."

"I am not thankful, sir," said Richard demurely.

"Not thankful?"

"No, how can I rejoice or congratulate myself, and poor Oscar, whom we all loved, so badly injured? *Will he live, Doctor?*"

The first words of the answer were spoken regretfully, accusingly, the last softly, the question pleadingly, and ere he ceased great tears started from his eyes and chased each other rapidly down his blanched cheeks.

All present were deeply, profoundly moved.

"Will you have an anesthetic before we set the bones?" asked the doctor in a choky voice.

"The operation can not be more painful than what I have already suffered; go ahead," he replied moodily.

He endured the acuminate torture without a murmur, like an Indian at the stake.

Careful, particular instructions were then given concerning Oscar, and shortly afterwards the doctor left.

It was now past midnight. A night of horrors ended—expanded, brightened into a day no less horrible, no less gloomy to two of labor's martyrs—money's victims. And what shall we say of those two longing souls to whom fair, pure, gentle Oscar was such a mine of happiness, contentment, wealth? Day by day will they look for his weekly installment of words of cheer and comfort, as well as something more substantial but not less welcome, and day after day will disappointment's chill

freeze their expectant desire. Day will merge and darken into night, and night will open into day; weeks of bitterest unlooked-for anguish will pass down the ceaseless, endless chain of time, but no tidings of the absent loved one will reach that pair, tortured by doubts, a prey to cruel, chapping uncertainties, haunted by indecision, and paralyzed by gnawing suspense. But the doubts, uncertainties and suspense will disappear like a black cloud and unfold—Oh, God! an eclipsed sun!

The morning papers gave a cursory account of the catastrophe, dwelling mostly on the loss sustained by the owner of the old building, and the probable causes of its fall. Architects and builders were mildly flagellated—the general verdict being that the building fell because it was unable to stand, at least that was the concocreted pith of all remarks on the subject. The several newspaper accounts of the affair, ended with the seemingly unimportant item that two workmen, whose names were given, were more or less injured by the fall. Under our capital system of civilization, human life, especially the life of a toiler, is of less account, cheaper than it was under the feudal or slave system. This is a marked characteristic of a society graded by a cash qualification; a society whose individual members stand, in effect, upon a column of mercury the base or bulb of which seems to be affected by the variations of the profit and loss account of the individual at the apex; should the credit side of the account increase, the individual will shoot up in the social scale proportionally, but should the debtor side increase, he drops in the same ratio. The death of a workman never affects the profit and loss account of a capitalist under the free wages system—under the slave system it did—hence it is that the loss of a horse is regarded as a greater bereavement, by a capitalist of our day, than the loss of every laborer in his employ. Such is the unholy, uncharitable, unjust, iniquitous, rapacious, devouring, insatiable system of Self; such is the defensive and offensive antagonistic civilization of modern times. God's image is being continually discounted, to swell to grander, vaster limits, idle, irresponsible, non-producing, but universally respected, appreciated capital.

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XXIII.—The Excommunication.

All the men-at-arms who were kneeling on the ramparts rose and prepared to lower the drawbridge.

"I forbid you!" exclaimed Don Pedro. "Are the orders of the bishop to be obeyed, good mother?" asked Diego Lopez, of Paloma, "or must our companions be prevented from betraying the king?"

But after the menace of the Bishop Augustin, the old nurse convulsively trembled, and looked at Don Pedro with her eyes swimming in tears. This stoical woman, who had never feared for herself, seemed, for the first time in her life, a prey to consternation and despair. In fact, poor Paloma, who carried her faith and devotion to fanaticism, who prided herself on being born of old Christian blood, who had imbibed all the superstitious belief of her time and country, had been struck, as by a thunderbolt, by the solemn imprecation of the Bishop of Segovia.

"Oh, Heaven!" exclaimed she, joining her hands, wrinkled with age, "must I choose between thee and the child whom my breast has nourished! Pedro, why dost thou draw on thyself the anger of Heaven!—thou smilest, but it is a terrible thing to feel the weight of the Divine displeasure."

The men-at-arms moved towards the gate of the tower. The bishop seeing the foster-brothers of the king, together with Fernando de Castro and Mens Rodriguez, still remain immovable, cried out to them again, "Knights and vassals did you not hear me?"

The old nurse approached the king, and seizing one of his hands, she said, "I entreat you, Pedro, to humble yourself before Heaven; there is no shame in bending before the sovereign of the universe. What are we in His eyes? A handful of dust! It would be impious pride not to submit to His decree."

"We will not resist the bishop," added Lopez, in a gloomy voice, "but we will defend our brother, the king, if they dare to lay hands on him."

Don Pedro still remained silent.

"Open the gates," repeated Augustin Gudiel, in a thundering voice.

"Sir King," said Ruy the mower, "we cannot prevent these poor creatures from obeying without risking their eternal salvation. Forgive us, therefore, if we remain neutral."

Rachel also entreated the king to yield to the proud bishop.

Turning towards his foster-brothers, Don Pedro said, "While the defenders of the Castle of Lugo are opening the gates, obey, at least, my last orders, which are to bring hither cups and flasks of Xeres wine."

Pierce Neige and Ruy immediately left the platform to obey the king's command.

The drawbridge was then lowered, and the portcullis raised.

Augustin Gudiel was surrounded by ables and priors, whose mitres, crosses, and stoles

sparkled in the sunshine. They ranged themselves around the coffin and sang the hymn for the dying, while the bells carried by the monks tolled a funeral knell.

Pierce Neige now returned with Ruy to the platform, carrying the cups and flasks that the king had sent them for.

"Sir Bishop," then said Don Pedro, with a forced smile, "will thou accept the hospitality I offer thee in my last castle? Will thou drink with me to the long life and happy reign of thy new master, Don Enrique the usurper? I invite thee to my funeral repast."

The bishop advanced covered with his dalmatica. "It is no longer a time to jest, wicked king," answered he, "think rather of repenting. See to what the habit of sin has led you. Your sword is nailed to its scabbard, your hand is paralysed, your proud forehead is bowed to the dust, your servants have deserted you in dread and terror. Where now are your arsenals, your treasurers, your armies, your executioners? You can no longer claim the asylum of the altar, which is open to the vilest criminals. The Church has cast you from her bosom."

Don Pedro threw a hasty glance around the platform. He reflected an instant and inquired with less haughtiness, "Of what crimes then does Holy Church accuse me?"

"Of what crimes!" exclaimed Augustin Gudiel, with fanatical indignation. "Do you ask of what crimes? Have you not laid hands on a minister of God, on Don Manrique, Archbishop of Toledo?"

"It is true," replied the king, "he had betrayed me, but—"

"But," interrupted the fiery prelate, "you had not the right to retaliate; besides, did you not insult me before the Alcazar a few weeks past? Did not your knights kill your brother, the Grand-master of St. James?"

"It is true," said Don Pedro, turning pale, "that death was merited; yet, if I could have prevented it—" The word died on his trembling lips, he only added, in a hollow voice, "Proud—"

"Have you not favoured the Jews and the Moors, while you have loaded the Christians with taxes?" asked the bishop. "In short, have you not defiled yourself by communion with a Jewish sorceress, who, under your protection, dares appear before us even here, and who has undoubtedly fascinated you by some diabolical charm?" Saying this, he pointed towards Rachel, who fell on her knees, while a deafening clamour rose in the midst of the crowd.

"Even hadst thou uttered the truth, Sir Bishop," replied Don Pedro, with assumed mildness, "are there no means of clearing myself from these imputed crimes? By some sacrifice cannot I disarm the anger of the Church? Is she not as merciful as the God whom she serves?"

"Trifle not with the name of God," said Gudiel; "think not to deceive me by feigned humility."

But Don Pedro, persisting in the character he had imposed on himself, continued: "If I should offer to the cathedral of Segovia the thirty-six quintals of gold, and the precious stones, that my treasurer, Martin Janez, has transported to Tavira by my order—"

"Do you dare to tempt God by promises that are insulting?" replied the bishop. "The gifts of the impious cannot be acceptable to the Lord. Besides the treasures of which you speak are yours no longer. When you fled from Seville, your Genoese admiral descended the Guadalquivir, and sailed with a fair wind towards the coast of Portugal. He chased the vessel that carried Martin Janez and his thirty-six quintals of gold, and overtook him in the waters of Tavira, where he captured him without trouble."

"There are then two traitors more," said Don Pedro, much depressed, "for Janez had doubtless agreed with the Genoese to allow himself to be taken so easily. So I am thus despoiled of everything, and cannot purchase my pardon."

"We do not sell the clemency of Heaven," said the bishop, in a severe tone.

The king could not restrain a smile of contempt as he replied, "People do not sell to those whose purses are empty. Thus, then, pious bishop, even should I sincerely repent, you cannot open any way of salvation to me?"

This question singularly embarrassed the bishop. He changed colour, for as the devoted friend of the Count of Trastamar, he feared to offer Don Pedro the means of regaining his influence over a great portion of the people that surrounded him; but reckoning on the inflexible pride of the king, he arrogantly answered, "Your crimes are great and numerous. To obtain pardon for them, you must submit to a striking public penance; you must engage to come bare-footed, with a rope round your neck, and implore the indulgence of the Church."

"And if I consent to this?" asked Don Pedro, in a loud voice.

This unexpected proposition made a deep impression on the crowd, through which ran a murmur of joy. The king rose in their opinion immediately; all looks were directed towards him with pity. By this concession he defeated the hatred of Augustin Gudiel, who had not expected to find the proud Don Pedro publicly lower himself with so much humility.

In the meanwhile the bishop smiled at the thought of this humiliation so readily acceded to, and he continued, with less harshness, "If there be good faith in your promises—if you are ready to swear to break off all com-