

Poetry.

DESERTED.

All alone in the gloaming
In the silent, cheerless room,
With hope nigh dying with sorrow—
Will he not ever come?

A pale face, patient, and careworn,
Grey on the curly head,
No tears on the drooping lashes,
'Tis years since they were shed!

The brown dried spray of the ivy,
Pats on the window pane,
She starts with passionate longing—
Ah! he has come again!

She flies to the window, trembling,
Her white dress rustle and gleams,—
She is used to the fiend disappointment,
Returns to the twilight, and dreams.

Dreams of her beauty and girlhood,
Dreams of her love for his sake;
The thin, white hands fall listless,
The heart burns, but will not break!

Darkness is gathering round her,
She sits in the deepening gloom—
When a silent shadow has stolen
Into the little room.

No voice is heard in the stillness,
The darkness has not fled,—
The wanderer clasps to his bosom
The form of a maiden—dead.

DAISY.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XXV.

It was in the month of March that Vida and her father left for New Orleans. Raw, gusty, implacable, boisterous March weather. Mud, churned and kneaded by hundreds of vehicles, horses and pedestrians, one day, and next day rough jagged, frozen streets. To-day cold, raw, drizzling rain, dense atmosphere, mud-splashed, mire-coated animals, bedraggled garments, and general discomfort; to-morrow cold, piercing wind, slippy walks, and awful impassable thoroughfares. Such is March weather in central United States.

Vida was, at first, glad to leave the city, as lately life had been unbearable in it, but she soon found that thwarted love made life an uncheered gloom to the spirit, no matter where the body was located. It was at first a passing relief to both mind and body, to pass rapidly from the variable, disagreeable climate of the north, to the genial, warm clime. As the train approached the Crescent City evidences of a tropical land everywhere met her gaze. The fields were green and velvety, the trees had begun to leaf, and the farmer had commenced the season's work. Closer to the city they passed through vast swamps abounding in tall trees, the limbs and branches of which were so profusely covered with a whitish gray moss (an article of commerce) that they appeared like venerable bearded giants. Alligators abound in these swamps and could be seen from the car windows, sunning themselves on old logs and on the banks of stagnant pools. The appearance of the city was also a novelty to Vida. Its European characteristics—narrow streets, antique houses, gardens enclosed by high walls, curious tile roofs—eaves toward the street, board blinds and doors opening right on the banquettes, its variety of people and their strange customs, the cosmopolitan sociality of the city, the strange phenomena of the water running from the river and not toward it, and the apparent rising of the sun in the west, were matters of comment and surprise for a few days. And as her mind was busily employed in the contemplation of these things, it served to separate her soul from its great sorrow and she actually seemed to slowly recover. But this did not last long. The novelty of strange sights and scenery soon wore away, and then the reaction left her in a far worse state than before. This seems to be equally true of all mortals who seek to bury the past in the maddening hazy whirl of evanescent joys. Better endure our sorrows stoically, or employ the mind and body so actively in some useful pursuit that no time will be left to think of them, than to endeavor to bury them in the oblivion of pleasurable dissipation, even though it be legitimate. No matter how often we enter the corpse of the past in the grave of pleasure, its ghost will rise and haunt us with greater terror and mocking fury.

Vida was taken suddenly ill. An eminent physician was called in, and after an examination and reportorial questioning of the father, he began to talk about cerebral excitement and nervous derangement, but gave no definite opinion on the case,—it is extremely doubtful whether he understood the case, Mr. Geldamo came to that conclusion, and to expedite matters he gave the M.D. a confidential history of the whole affair, and then the famed Esculapius adjusted his glasses, looked wise, and

solemnly pronounced it a hopeless case, as far as material medicinal agents were concerned. "Nothing," he said, "but the immediate presence of Arbyght could effect a cure." This was bitter news to the great Geldamo. He pondered and studied, and thought over it a long time. At last he came to a conclusion which was somewhat hastened by the fact that Vida was growing worse every succeeding hour. He telegraphed for Arbyght, who obeyed the summons and came on without delay.

He arrived in the city without any knowledge of its hotel accommodations, and when a long string of houses were shrieked at him by a chorus of Porters, he hap-hazardly selected the St. Charles, and was soon 'neath the shadow of that mammoth structure. He passed through a sort of vestibule from which two broad stairs led up to the office, one of which he mounted and was soon registered, and anon ascended another stair to his room. In passing along a spacious hall he noticed the door of a suit of rooms slightly ajar, but not heeding the circumstance he walked on.

"Richard! Richard!"
Man, stop, you are called.
"Richard! Richard!"

Are you deaf? Do you not hear? Do you not recognize the voice? Yes, he knew it well, stood for a moment rooted to the spot, and listed to the faint, thick, incoherent mutterings that issued from the room. Presently the door opened wider and Mr. Geldamo stood on the threshold looking very haggard and worn. Seeing Arbyght he bowed coldly, but invited him in. He followed the father into the chamber—stood before the sight that was there—advanced to the bedside—sat down and groaned aloud; and as he took in his own the white skeleton hand that lay on the white coverlet, the tears gushed into his eyes. Although the father's heart was bitter and festering with impotent rage, still he was moved not a little at this manifestation of Arbyght's deep and genuine devotion for his daughter. The listless hand remained in his grasp for some time, but it thrilled to his touch no more, at least not perceptibly. The doctor came shortly afterwards and left a prescription. When questioned he said there were no signs of a break in the fever, and it might be days before anything definite could be premised. After he left, Arbyght sat long and sadly gazed at the partly closed eye, the parted, blackened, shrunken lips, the burning cheeks, the hollow temples and the beautifully moulded white forehead of the fever-racked sufferer.

For five days he was almost constantly by the bedside. The doctor came often, but for the first four days he could detect no change for the better, although Arbyght was positive that such a change had taken place. On the fifth day he became pompous, and with a very lofty air condescended to admit the incipient appearance of a perceptible change, which he was glad to see was for the better. He now thought that the fever might break at any time. This result he has attributed to the last prescription, which he said was very efficacious, almost infallibly so.

Yes, very efficacious, indeed! The good doctor did not wish to admit, although he knew it, that his medicine had a powerful aid in Arbyght whose almost continual presence in the room assisted nature in her battle against the fever. That hand which clasped hers so often and so long, would, were she in health, send thrilling currents to her soul; nor was it wholly powerless now as a remedial agent. And then his great amount of nervous force, power and vitality, a portion of which was communicated to her by every touch of the hand, every gentle pressure on the forehead, served nature in the struggle. And again, the magnetic influence that united, surrounded their souls—made them one in responsive unison, acted strongly on each by continual proximity, and he being healthy, vigorous, strong, slowly, imperceptibly, but surely, imparted to her a portion of his own physical nature. Add to this the soothing effect his presence undoubtedly had upon her spirit, even though unconscious, and is it any wonder the doctor's medicine proved efficacious?

Next morning when the father entered the room he found Vida sleeping quietly, and breathing easily, with a very remarkable change in her features. Arbyght was by the bedside.

"The worst is over," he whispered, bending over the bed, and gazing intently at the sleeper.

"It is," responded the other; but before any further conversation passed the creole nurse drove them both out of the room for daring to speak at that juncture.

That afternoon, as the western sun was streaming through the Venetian blinds, Vida woke up, restored to reason and relieved of fever. At first she gazed around in a sort of dreamy vacancy; finally, her eyes rested upon a figure, whose back was towards her, and who was, apparently, intently watching some object in the street below.

"Papa! I feel better now. I must have had a good sleep, and, oh! Papa, I dreamed that he was here. The figure at the window turned quickly round and advanced towards the bed. It was Richard Arbyght.

"Dear Vida, he is here."
She uttered no exclamation—spoke not a word. She lifted her two emaciated hands, she looked steadily at him with mild, swimming eyes—her bosom rose, and respiration seemed temporarily checked. He took the

outstretched hands, pressed them tenderly, bent over and kissed her pale cheek, wondrous softly for a man. Her bony fingers closed tightly on his hands, and gently drawing him towards her, she kissed him in return, and then her tongue loosened, and she murmured sweetly:

"The world is bright again."

All of Arbyght's sorrows—the past of his dark, cheerless life seemed blotted out, atoned for, by that first kiss of love, which was "as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread." Arbyght's eyes melted, his entire frame quivered, and his heart seemed a spring of ethereal fire, that sent ravishing currents of the same celestial heat through every vein of his body. Well might Marlowe say:

"Sweet Helen! make me immortal with a kiss;
Her lips suck forth my soul; see, where it flies."

"When did you arrive?" she asked after he became seated.

"A week ago."

"A week ago?" she repeated, incredulously, "and where have you been all this time?" she continued, reprovingly.

"You have been very ill," he answered soothingly, "and have been unconscious nearly two weeks. I have been here ever since I came to the city; but, there now, you must not talk any more to-day—to-morrow you will be stronger." Again she gazed at him with those mild, swimming eyes, long and earnestly, but soon they closed and she dropped into a peaceful slumber, and from that hour she gained physical strength so rapidly that the doctor pronounced her out of danger three days afterwards. Then Mr. Geldamo began to plot and carry out the scheme he formed when he concluded to send for Arbyght. He told Richard that he long contemplated an European tour, and now he thought Vida would be benefited very materially by the change of air and surroundings. He would be absent, he said, about a year, or perhaps more, and if by that time Arbyght gave promise of being able to give Vida a home equal to her station in life, there would be no obstacle in the way of their union, but he wanted no formal betrothal in the meantime. Richard must first prove his capability of making a home, and after that all the assistance he required would be furnished him. Arbyght felt sure of his ultimate success, as his prospects in Chicago were bright and flattering, but still he feared Geldamo was only fighting against time. However, he thanked him kindly, and assured him he would prove worthy of the honor he was doing him. To Vida, Mr. Geldamo related his conversation with Richard—not substantially as it occurred; he added much, to brighten the picture; he told her she could love the workman as much as she pleased, and after they returned to Chicago, if he was found worthy of her, they would be speedily married. Under these circumstances both the lovers felt confident and cheerful, and their parting was less severe than it would otherwise have been, as they knew what was before them, and both determined to do their duty—Richard to love and labor, Vida to love, pray and wait.

Richard Arbyght returned to Chicago, and the next ocean steamer carried Vida and her father to the Old World.

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—The Rescue.

The following morning at about ten o'clock, Don Pedro, mounted on the barbed steed of the Prince of Wales, quitted the monastery of St. Andrews, followed by a brilliant retinue. Edward wished to take the left of the king, but his charger beginning to prance, and refusing to go forward, the king said, courteously, "Take the right, sir, for your horse seems to perceive that he is not in his proper place." The prince smiled, but refused to comply with the request of his ally; and no other incident marked the progress of the procession until it arrived at the door of the church in which mass was to be celebrated.

At the same hour, a man of sallow complexion, who by his coarse cloth cloak, naked feet, and furtive glances might have been easily recognised as a poor peasant, advanced cautiously through the most unfrequented streets of the city, endeavouring to avoid the curious regards of the passers-by.

He walked on for nearly an hour, during which he met only boisterous young revellers, whose noisy gaiety, contrasting with his own misery, grieved his breaking heart; or grave and prudent citizens, who, seeing him stop irresolutely, hastened on lest he should ask alms of them. Two or three compassionate women murmured, in passing, "May Heaven help you, poor man;" but no one put his hand in his purse to relieve the silent suppliant.

The unfortunate man began to despair, when he perceived at the turning of the street three churchmen mounted on mules. It was Augustin Gudiel, accompanied by two monks, who came out of the residence of Sir Stephen Codrington.

"My good sire," said Daniel, in a supplicating voice, "in the name of Heaven take pity on me."

The bishop cast a stern look on the being

who humbly bent before him, and continued to advance, making him a sign to go away without further importuning him.

Daniel then repeated his entreaty in a yet more supplicating tone.

"How dare this beggar stop the passage," said the bishop; and, spurring his mule forward, he thrust the poor fellow aside, so violently that he threw him on the stones. They then all three continued their way without ever looking behind.

At that moment, a young woman whose large veil covered her figure, half wrapped in a similar of persian silk, came out of an inn adjoining the mansion of the Marshal of Aquitaine, followed by a black slave. She was undoubtedly going to the baths, but when she heard the cry uttered by Daniel, whose face was bleeding, she ran towards him without hesitation, and throwing her long veil behind her, so as to be more free in her movements, she stooped over the beggar, and, without speaking, set about staunching the blood that flowed from his wound. Then, from a velvet purse that hung at her waistband, she took three or four florins and slipped them quietly into the hand of the poor man.

At the shout of joy which Daniel gave on seeing the glittering coin, Augustin turned his head, and a cry in turn escaped him; for the charity of the poor girl had betrayed her, and he recognised the daughter of Samuel Ben Levi.

"Oh thanks, thanks, noble lady!" exclaimed the peasant, kissing the hem of her robe with the fervour of a devotee. "May you who have pity on my distress be for ever blessed." Then seizing the white hand of the Jewess, he pressed it between his hard hands, and bathed it with his tears.

Rachel, embarrassed by his fervent expressions of acknowledgment, was desirous of getting away from the crowd, who were in ecstasies at her generosity, when the harsh voice of the Bishop of Segovia suddenly changed the face of affairs.

"Fellow," he cried, after approaching the group, "throw down the money which the tempter has slipped into thy hand, and which will burn thee like the fires of purgatory, for that girl who has dared to humiliate a Christian by her alms, comes from a race cursed by everybody. She is a Jewess, although her robe is not, according to the edicts, esculcheoned with the scarlet mark."

A shout of horror and aversion immediately circulated among the mob. Daniel himself hastily withdrew his hand; and after looking with a bewildered eye, first at the bishop and then at Rachel, he slowly, as if with regret, let the bright florins roll on the ground. Rachel, dismayed, threw her veil again over her face and fled; but the implacable voice of Augustin pursued her like a curse.

"Bring back that woman, either willingly or by force," he exclaimed, showing Daniel the young girl who had saved herself with the swiftness of a frightened doe, for the group had opened before her; "what fearest thou, stupid fellow, why dost thou remain crouched on the ground like a cripple, instead of obeying me. Let what will happen, if she resist thee and thou art compelled to employ force, thou wilt have merited well of Heaven."

"Alas, Sir Bishop," answered the cast-down peasant, in whom the remains of gratitude yet struggled against the submission which the sacred character of Gudiel imposed on him, "I have neither the strength nor the courage to lay violent hands on that generous young girl; for in the noble city of Bordeaux, where I have begged since morning, one friendly hand alone was extended towards me—it was hers."

"The hand of a Jewess," said Augustin, contemptuously.

In the midst of the crowd, that tumultuously pressed round the bishop and the peasant, some voices timidly rose in favour of the Jewess.

"Florins are florins come whence they may," said a man.

"The freebooters pillage Jews as well as Christians, and make feasts with their gold without shame," said another.

"The barons borrow florins from Jews without caring for the red mark," added a third.

"Am I then in a country of infidels!" exclaimed Gudiel, loudly; and, as all eyes lowered before his sparkling look, he continued, "do you forget that the decrees impose on all the race of those people who trafficed in the blood of our Saviour, the obligation of wearing a degrading badge, so that we might not be exposed to the pollution of their touch? Do you forget that every Christian who meets a Jew in his path without that sign, has a right to kill him without pity."

"True, true, death to the Jewess," cried out several voices; the anger of the crowd beginning to be excited by the harangue of Gudiel.

"On pain of eternal perdition," resumed the bishop, imperiously, "I command thee to bring this girl to me, and, if she will not come voluntarily, to drag her by force."

Fearful of offending the Church dignity, Daniel pursued Rachel, and the crowd followed Daniel, uttering furious cries.

Daniel, in his eagerness, was much in advance; and, exerting all his strength, he traversed the distance, that yet separated him from the fugitive, with surprising rapidity. "Stop, Jewess," cried he, "thou shalt not escape me."

At hearing this menace Rachel turned round, and said to him, in a supplicating

voice, "Friend, wilt thou not in thy turn have pity on me?"

The space in front of a church which Rachel had reached, was at that moment crowded with pages, squires, and servants, who kept the horses of their masters tied to trees, the leaves of which shaded the church porch. On hearing the noise of the mob that pursued Rachel, all turned their heads; and, when they saw the young girl fall to the earth, a sentiment of pity and indignation possessed them.

A young page of the Black Prince immediately sprang towards her, and, seizing her in his arms, he hastily carried her under the grand portal, his companions making way for him; then, placing her on the holy slab, he exclaimed, "Sanctuary, sanctuary!"

"Enter the church quickly," said the page to her; "these fellows dare not pursue you into the sacred edifice. Were you a condemned criminal, your person becomes inviolate against every one from the moment your foot touches the sanctuary. Besides, you can request the protection of my lord, the Prince of Wales, and his knights, who will not suffer a woman to be insulted in their presence."

But Rachel ventured not to enter the imposing Christian edifice. She stood as if nailed to the threshold.

In the meanwhile, the mob, whose vociferations had ceased on seeing the boldness of the young page, no sooner perceived the indecision of their intended victim, than they took fresh courage.

"Look," said Daniel, "the accused is afraid to enter the nave; she fears the roof will fall on her head; that the pavement of the holy place will open and swallow her as a punishment for her sacrilege."

"We must not suffer her to pollute the church with her presence," said another; "let us drag her from the portal of the church."

At the moment when the bishop was about to descend from the altar to bless the standards, and when the Prince of Wales, on bonded knee, was presenting to him the banner of England unfurled, Daniel, with five or six of the most determined fellows, precipitated themselves on Rachel, vociferating their cry of death.

The ceremony was interrupted by this tumult, and all looks were directed with the liveliest apprehension towards that dismayed woman, who saw nothing in the whole church but the altar, on which a gigantic silver crucifix was elevated, and who heard only the savage yells made by the boors at some paces from her.

All the assistants were silent, awaiting the explanation of this strange scene.

"What means this disorder!" exclaimed Edward of Wales, indignantly.

In the meanwhile, Rachel had reached the choir, without any one attempting to obstruct her, and at last fell on the steps of the altar, which she embraced in her extended arms, murmuring, in a stifled voice, "Grace, grace, in the name of your God of peace and mercy."

The fellows stopped at the entrance to the choir; Daniel alone dared to follow the poor girl to the foot of the altar.

"Woman!" said the Bishop of Bordeaux, in a mild voice, "why do you bring trouble and scandal into the sanctuary, in presence of these illustrious lords and noble ladies?"

She raised her eyes wildly, and, encouraged by the venerable countenance of the prelate, she said, in a tremulous voice, "Holy man, is not the church of Christ a place of refuge?"

"Under this roof the greatest criminal is protected from human vengeance," said the bishop. "The traitor and the murderer have more than once found herein a secure refuge. The Church remembers that our Saviour redeemed all sinners with his blood, and she opens her merciful bosom in order to afford them time to repent."

"I am then saved," sighed Rachel, rising towards the image of Christ a look sparkling with gratitude.

"No," replied the hoarse voice of Daniel; and the half-naked peasant advanced, forgetting the danger he should incur, if recognised, and with his rough hands tore the veil of the shrinking girl.

"Retire, wretch!" cried the Black Prince to him.

"I will not go out alone from the church defiled by the presence of that woman," replied Daniel; "the church cannot be a place of refuge for a Jewess."

"A Jewess!" repeated the bishop and the prince, with a gesture of surprise and contempt. "Take her hence, fellow," added Edward coolly; while all the barons and knights smiled contemptuously.

Don Pedro had felt his heart leap on hearing the voice of Rachel. He had recognised her at her entrance into the choir, and the passion which he had endeavoured to stifle under dreams of ambition and vengeance, the passion which had accompanied him in his misery, which neither hunger, destitution, nor humiliation had enabled him to overcome, that passion now rekindled more ardently than ever in his wounded soul. He was sorely tempted to quit his royal stall, and throw himself on that ferocious peasant and prostrate him at Rachel's feet. His face had become pale as death, his lips quivered with a convulsive and threatening smile, yet he succeeded in suppressing the beatings of his heart, and forced himself to remain passive.

"Come, follow me," said Daniel, to the poor maiden.

The hands of the young Jewess were torn