

Poetry.

THEY ARE TOILING FOR ME.

No lord of a manor, or owner of lands,
Nor yet of huge factories, with thousands of hands,
I've never a ship, craft, on this or that sea,
Yet millions of workmen are toiling for me.

The quarryman suiting his drill through the day,
The barfooted brickmaker shaping his clay,
The forester plying his axe to the tree,
Are drilling, and moulding, and chopping for me.

The miner half stifled a mile under ground,
The diver exploring where plummet may sound,
The sailor hard striving to weather the lee,
Are mining, and searching, and sailing for me.

The soldier slow pacing his beat through the night,
The pilot long watching for glimmer of light,
The watchman pursuing the rogues as they flee,
Are pacing, and watching, and running for me.

The engineer speeding with dash and with sweep,
The printer arranging his types while I sleep,
The telegraph worker while tapping his key,
Are speeding, and printing, and flashing for me.

The farmer slow turning the dark furrowed plain
Or reaping and threshing the plump golden grain,
The miller with measure out-scooping his foe,
Are ploughing, and threshing, and grinding for me.

The carpenter busy with chisel and plane,
The mason on scaffold, or down in the drain,
The sneaky blacksmith with hoof on his knee,
Are planing, and building, and shoeing for me.

The spinner and weaver in chattering mill,
The seamstress in attic so dismal and chill,
The kitchen girl serving so bithely the tea,
Are spinning, and weaving, and serving for me.

There's little I eat, there's nothing I wear,
But what's been a burden for some one to bear,
Though most of my workmen I never shall see,
I hereby give thanks for their labors for me.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The hours flew by with ceaseless, wingless flight. Two days came and went; another came and brought an Aurora Borealis of radiating, bright, gladsome joys to Richard Arbyght. It was visiting day.

The day began to wane; the slanting rays of the western sun came in through the long, narrow windows, crept noiselessly along the floor, reached the cot, crept up the iron supports, crept slowly along the snow-white counterpane—reached his face. He sighed wearily, heavily, moved uneasily. At last a step was heard coming down the aisle; he looked up and saw—not the daughter—the father. An eternity of misery shot through his soul in an instant, and left an unnaturally old look on his face.

"It is common rumor that you are paying your addresses to Miss Geldamo; is it true?" he said, after a cold, formal greeting.

Richard looked uneasily restless, and hesitated before he replied.

"I have an uncontrollable attachment to Miss Geldamo; to be frank with you, sir, I love her deeply, madly; but I never mentioned my love to her."

"But you know that Miss Geldamo reciprocates this love?"

"I have been foolish enough to think so."

"And dishonorable enough to encourage it?"

"I have yet to learn that a pure, unselfish love for a woman is dishonorable," he replied sharply, then continued in a milder tone: "You are her father, and I will pocket the insult."

"But you are no match for my daughter."

"She is too good for any man; but, sir, I might some day be her equal in a worldly sense, and in your estimation a desirable match."

"And you would have her wait until you can make a fortune, and by so doing seriously compromise her future prospects, in case you failed?"

"Your remarks are bitter, but I feel they are just, in the light you view them; but, although I do not say you are mercenary, yet does it not look as if you were putting your daughter up to the highest bidder? If she would be willing to wait for me, I would strive hard for her sake."

Geldamo winced under this rebuke, but was otherwise unmoved.

"Mr. Arbyght, our views on this matter, I see, will not coincide, therefore I must exercise a parent's prerogative. It may be a painful duty, but it must be done; this matter must drop where it is; it must end here; you are never to see Miss Geldamo again; never to speak to her or be ought to her than an utter stranger. This is her father's wish, and I trust you are honorable enough to respect it."

The doom of death ne'er unjustly fell on convicted innocence with more stunning force or greater pain than these words fell on Richard Arbyght. His pride alone prevented him from breaking down completely.

"Mr. Geldamo, if it is Vida's wish that I should never see or speak to her again, that wish shall be regarded with religious awe; but should we ever meet, and should she choose to recognize me, no power on earth will pre-

vent me from speaking to her, obeying her, loving her," and sick and sore at heart, he hid his face in the folds of the counterpane.

For two days he busied himself grave-digging, and then Mary Marmano came alone. At sight of her his face brightened. She did not have much to say, and her stay was quite short. When she rose to leave she handed him a little white envelope, and before he recovered from his surprise she was gone. At sight of the superscription he quivered, all over. Enclosed in the envelope was a note, with this quotation from Scott, delicately penned, but evidently with a trembling hand:

"The rose is sweetest washed with morning-dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears."

"Light always follows darkness; hope on, hope ever. Sincerely, but devotedly,
"VIDA GELDAMO."

Richard Arbyght resolved to live; he substituted castle-building for grave-digging, and was happier. It was now nearly three weeks since the catastrophe, and already he was able to be around. His young, healthy blood, and strong, vigorous constitution, coupled with the idealized serenity of mind produced by his love for Vida, were powerful, remedial, recuperative agents, and in four weeks he was again at work in a new shop that McFlynn and Trustgood had, in the meantime, secured and fitted up.

When the fever reached the second stage, Oscar began to mutter incoherently, rave wildly, and on several occasions terrified the good sister that attended him by the horrible pictures his delirium painted. These wanderings usually increased with the exacerbations of fever. For five weeks he remained suspended between life and death, standing, as it were, in the land of life, but touching the gloomy shores of the dead. The crisis was finally safely passed, and the patient began to recover bodily strength, but still he failed to recognize even Arbyght. The doctor, for the first few weeks, examined his eye every day, and always turned away with a look that spoke volumes, were it rightly interpreted. One day Arbyght called and found Oscar sleeping quietly. He sat down beside the cot, and watched him eagerly. Presently he awoke and looked at Arbyght with a fixed, stony stare. "Oh!" said Richard in a joyous tone, "dear Oscar, I am so glad you are getting better."

"Who are you?"

"Who am I? Why, Oscar, don't you know me?"

"You are a shark without fins," and the glassy, expressionless eye turned full upon him; a sharp pang darted through Arbyght's heart—he covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud.

Oscar Wood was a maniac.

Ah! Alvan Relvason, your work was well done! Heartless, conscienceless, Alvan Relvason.

"Ho! Arbyght, you here?"

He looked up and saw the Doctor.

"Would to God I had never been here, anywhere." The Doctor nodded gravely, and proceeded to examine his patient.

"Well, my good man, how do you feel to-day?" he asked kindly.

"The son of Atlas would be in heaven but for the sharks," he replied, with the same stony stare.

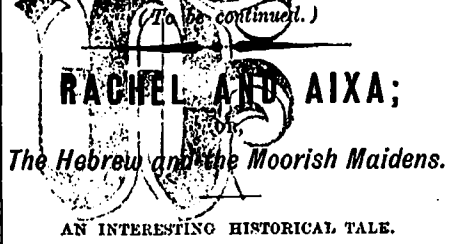
"Is there any hope, Doctor?" whispered Richard, a husky gurgle in his throat. The Doctor shook his head, pondered a moment or two, and replied:

"Doubtful, but he is young, and nature may in time overcome it, or his insanity may assume a phase from which the mind might be aroused by some powerful physical shock. The contusion on the skull was the primary cause of it, although it was aggravated by the terrible derangement of the nervous system and the fever that followed. It is truly a sad case."

"He has some singular vagaries," continued the Doctor; "he believes that he is the son of Atlas, and he has an instinctive dread of sharks."

But these illusions, or vagaries, as the Doctor termed them, might be hypothetically accounted for. The past was not completely obliterated, and memory still existed, but the compass in which it now revolved was, compared with its former sphere, what the glass aquarium is to the fish taken from the boundless ocean. It may be asked what these things had to do with the positive illusions of the maniac. Much—simply this: Atlas has ever been symbolical of labor, and a faint glimmering of this fact undoubtedly retained a hold in his mind, when the past was so nearly blotted out, but owing to the narrow circle in which memory operated, the glimmering idea was imperfectly formed; and in the same manner, sharks, being cowardly, voracious, treacherous, may have been associated in the same mind as typical of the majority of capitalists, and being firmly fixed, it probably survived the general chaotic state of mind that followed the crash. It should not be forgotten that all speculations on lunacy, these included, are more or less conjectural. As soon as Oscar's strength would warrant, he was removed to the State Insane Asylum at Jacksonville, a beautiful town in a broad expanse of prairie, about twenty-two miles north of Springfield. There now devolved upon Arbyght the saddest task of his whole life—writing an account of the dreadful occurrence to Oscar's mother and sister. What effect the intelligence had will be in due time revealed.

The letter contained a check for three hundred dollars, the joint contributions of all the upper members.



CHAPTER XXV.—An Old Friend sent to Prison.

Four o'clock had just struck, and day had begun to dawn, when the good citizens of Bordeaux were awakened in a fright by an unusual noise. Numerous cavalcades, parties from different quarters of the city, noisily traversed the streets in a gallop. Some of the most courageous arose in haste, but contented themselves with cautiously unfastening their windows, so as not to attract the attention of the passers-by. As to the others, and they were the major part, they prudently barricaded their doors. They imagined that during their sleep the French had come to retake the city from the English. One of the windows of the inn, however, noisily opened, and a man, half dressed, wrapped in a large cloak, appeared on the wooden balcony that ornamented the front of the house. This man, holding a large naked sword in his hand, leaned over the balustrade, and began to curse against these nocturnal rioters, who, under the plea that they could not sleep themselves, did not care how they interrupted the sleep of others.

The people in the neighbourhood who had not yet ventured to show their noses, electrified by the determined air of the guest of the Golden Shield, then opened their windows, and mingled their shrill and discordant cries with the vigorous tones of the man in the balcony.

"It is nothing but some drunken people or thieves pursued by the city archers," said one. "And if I did not fear catching cold by this villainous north wind, they should find whom they had to talk to."

"By St. George," cried the man with the drawn sword in his turn, in a thundering voice, calling to a horseman who was passing at full gallop, "make your nag go at a less noisy pace, or I will shower on your head all the flower-pots on this balcony!"

He to whom this menace was addressed continued to advance, being unable to stop his horse, but as soon as he could master it, he retraced his steps, and stepping in front of the balcony, "I thought some one spoke to me," said he, tranquilly, casting his looks around.

At this question, so simple in itself, all the heads of the neighbourhood immediately disappeared, and the windows closed as if by enchantment, with the exception, however, of that in the inn.

"It is I," replied the man in the balcony, without hesitation, "and I repeat, if you continue to disturb my rest, I am determined to see if your skull is proof against these miserable flower-pots."

"Unfortunately, I have no flower-pots at hand, and therefore cannot return the compliment; but if you will come down into the street, you shall make acquaintance with a wrist that has already acquired some fame in Guyenne."

These words were received with a loud shout of laughter by the guest of the Golden Shield, who exclaimed, "Bravo! Robert Knowles!"

"Ah! my knight of the flower-pots, are you Captain Burdett?" cried the young man, laughing in his turn.

"In flesh, bone, and sword, my dear Robert," said the other.

"I was very far from thinking you lodged at the Golden Shield," resumed Robert Knowles; "where the deuce do you come from?"

"From the farther end of Andalusia," replied Burdett, "this very night; and I was just beginning to sleep, for the first time these ten days, merely to avoid losing the habit, when you took the precaution of so delicately awakening me."

"I hope you will pardon me," pleaded Robert.

"I am delighted that you have thus procured me the pleasure of seeing you again some hours earlier," answered Tom Burdett. "But now, Robert, explain to me the cause of this nocturnal disturbance."

"It is very simple," returned Knowles. "The Prince of Wales has invited all his lords and knights to hunt the stag with him this morning, in the forest of Larnac, and it is who will make his horse gallop the fastest to the monastery of St. Andrew."

"A stag hunt!" exclaimed Burdett; "if you are my friend, Robert, you will not go without me. This will be an excellent opportunity to appear again before the prince."

"Hasten, then, for time presses," replied the other.

"I only ask time to put on my clothes, and my coat-of-mail. Not to lose time, awaken the innkeeper, and order him to saddle my horse."

Sir Robert Knowles in reply dismounted, and directing his steps to the gate of the inn, seized the knocker, and gave sundry raps, with a force that justified the eulogium he had just before pronounced on his wrist.

Excited by curiosity, some of the citizens, who heard the two champions laughing and talking familiarly, instead of engaging in a desperate combat, of which they had hoped to have been peaceable spectators, began gradually to peep out.

The landlord at length opened the door, grumbling all the while like a heathen at the fellow who had disturbed his sleep. But when he saw the gold-spurs of a knight, shining, the honest man observed a respectful silence, and hastened to obey the orders of Burdett, who told him to saddle his horse quickly, while he, to curb his impatience, would empty a flask of old wine with his friend.

Thanks to the zeal with which the voice and manners of the jovial captain never failed to inspire his inferiors, the host soon came to announce that his horse was ready, and the two friends were not long before they were in their saddles. Robert Knowles started first, and Burdett was about to follow him, when his host placed himself before his steed in a humble attitude, holding his cap in one hand, and stretching the other towards him in a very significant manner.

"Ah!" said Burdett, "I understand; you are about to indulge in a bad habit, to which innkeepers are too often inclined. Depend on my word, your score shall be settled on my return."

"Alas! your word does not inspire me with any doubt, brave sir," replied the host, and then he added, in an under-tone, "on the loss of my money." Then he continued aloud,

"But a pledge is preferable security, and there is nothing offensive in that. The day before yesterday two young men came to lodge at my inn, and as they had not a farthing in their pockets to pay their expenses, for they had absconded from the paternal roof in search of adventures, one of them left me a greyhound, which, for vigour and fleetness is not to be surpassed, the other, a hawk of the Norwegian breed, that he had brought up himself."

"And didst thou not blush at thus despoiling these poor young gentlemen?" exclaimed Burdett, who had listened attentively to the recital.

"But I am ready to return them their dog and their hawk as soon as they pay me their account," answered the host. "I am an honest man, sir, only a pledge, you see, always tranquilises the mind, and makes one easy. I will show them to you," he added, as he precipitately re-entered the lower room, and an instant after returned, carrying on his wrist a superb hawk, whose curved beak visibly annoyed him, and to the legs of which were attached little silver bells. In the other hand he drew, by a leash, a greyhound admirably formed, whose skin was a pearl grey.

"What say you to this hawk, sir?" demanded the host; "is it not an excellent pledge?"

"But if its owner does not return, this beautiful bird can be of no use to thee, unless thou reckonest on roasting it for thy guests," said Burdett.

"No, no, I shall do better with it than that, for our high and mighty lady, the Princess of Wales, to whom one fault only is attributed, that of being passionately fond of hawking, will buy this beautiful hawk of me at its weight in gold."

"Yes, it is a prize worthy a princess," said Burdett, examining it with the critical eye of an experienced falconer. "But let us see if it has been well trained, if it answers to the call." At the same time he gave a shrill whistle, and the hawk immediately flew from the wrist of the astonished host on to the broad shoulder of the captain.

"Ah, the brave bird!" said the captain. "It is truly of a good breed, and does not like to perch except on a noble place."

"Well, sir, did I speak falsely?" cried the innkeeper, caressing the greyhound, which began to growl and pull its leash, in order to go and fawn on Burdett.

"Certainly not," replied the latter, "and that greyhound also seems to me too fierce and too cunning to remain idly crouching on the hearth-stone of a wretched inn."

"For all that, the hawk and dog will both remain here until their masters have paid me their account," said the good man, rubbing his hands merrily.

Tom Burdett smiled. "Thou art wrong," he said, "to think of treating a greyhound like a blind man's dog. If thou dost not take care, this greyhound will play thee some wicked turn. What name did his master give him?"

"He called him Roland," answered the host, simply.

"Well, Roland, if thou wouldst take a little exercise to-day, leave that follow, and come with me," cried the captain, giving the hand of the innkeeper that held the cord attached to the dog's collar, a violent blow with his whip.

The poor man uttered a cry of surprise and pain, and let go the cord, to which the greyhound at the same time gave a violent shake; but the innkeeper, not altogether losing his presence of mind, threw himself almost immediately before the captain's steed, vowing that the latter should compensate him for the assault.

"I shall do nothing of the sort," replied Burdett, bursting with laughter; "but in revenge I will borrow this hawk and dog to complete my hunting equipage. Now give me a free passage."

"Never!" roared the innkeeper, grinding his teeth.

"So much the worse for thee," replied the freebooter, and raising his whip with an imperious gesture, "Ho! Roland," cried he, "seize the rascal by the throat, and make him bite the dust."

The dog did not lose so good an opportunity of proving to his new master what a brilliant education he had received, and flew on the unlucky innkeeper with such fury, that by the shock he upset him.

"Quarter, quarter!" cried the poor man, in a hoarse voice, for, feeling the fangs of the greyhound, he thought his last hour had arrived; "I permit thee to go, Roland; lead him with you to all the furies, sir."

The fierce and cheating Late Comer laughed heartily at seeing his creditor struggling so disadvantageously against his unexpected adversary; but fearing to push the joke too far, he called Roland off, and with difficulty made him let go, though not without some blows of the whip. He then departed at full gallop, the hawk on his shoulder, and followed by the greyhound.

In the meanwhile, the unfortunate citizen got up, bruised, bleeding, covered with dirt, and furious with rage, fear, and shame.

The city had settled down to its ordinary stillness, and the noise was concentrated in the large court-yard of the monastery of St. Andrew, where the lords invited to accompany the hunt arrived in crowds, to whom Robert Knowles announced the return of the captain of freebooters.

When Burdett arrived with his tattered cloak, his hawk and greyhound, before the gates of the monastery; the archers on guard shouted to him not to advance any farther; the captain, however, paid no attention to their notice, but urged his horse into the yard, while the archers followed in pursuit, and two of them seized the bridle of his horse, when two persons of grave and formal air advanced towards them, whom Tom Burdett recognised as the Marshal Sir Stephen Codrington and Sir Guiscard d'Angle.

"Well, worthy barons," said the captain, "is this then the reception that the Prince of Wales gives to one of his most faithful followers? I hope you will recognise your companion in war, Tom Burdett, and that you will order these men to let go, and thus spare me the trouble of giving them a lesson in courtesy."

"Sir Captain, we recognise you perfectly," replied Sir Stephen Codrington, "but our orders are imperative. Those knights who are designated to take part in the chase, can enter the monastery this morning."

"Nevertheless, Sir Stephen, I do not think you will pretend to drive me away like a beggar, now that I have passed the sentinel."

"No, certainly; we shall not have occasion to do that," replied the Marshal of Aquitaine politely, "for you are, indeed, too faithful a servant not to depart without delay of your own accord."

"Take care, noble marshal," exclaimed the Late Comer, ferociously; "if you push me to extremity, some misfortune will happen."

"To whom pray, sir?" asked Sir Stephen, ironically. "To him who enforces the authority of Prince Edward, or to him who defies it?"

"That is a challenge," vociferated the captain, proceeding to draw his sword from its scabbard, but the archers, on a sign from Sir Guiscard d'Angle, came forward to remove him.

This incident had attracted a curious circle around the disputants; the lords, squires, and even the varlets of the hunt had collected and formed a compact group. Every one raised his voice, either to support the marshal or to pity Burdett, and to say that he did not deserve such harsh treatment. The noise, at length, reached the ears of the Prince of Wales, who sent one of his pages to inquire the cause. The young man, by an imperious sign, imposed silence on every one, and said to Sir Stephen, "My Lord Edward desires to know the author of all this disturbance."

"It is I," replied the captain, boldly, before the marshal had time to speak. "Fair sir, go and tell the prince that these noble barons wish to prevent his poor vassal, Tom Burdett, his liege man from Wales, from getting near him, after an absence of several months. Tell him that if it is his will that I should be ejected from the door of the monastery of St. Andrew, I will make no resistance; but at least I beg he will accept this greyhound, too valuable to belong to a simple knight. Carry also to thy noble mistress, the Princess of Wales, this Norwegian hawk, which will surprise her by its exploits."

The page smiled, and telling the captain not to stir, and to await the answer of the prince, he returned, carrying with him the dog and the hawk.

Tom Burdett was not deceived in his expectations. The Black Prince and his consort were both passionately fond of the chase, and when they saw the two beautiful animals which the Late Comer had sent to them, they could not restrain an exclamation of delight and admiration.

The page was ordered to introduce Captain Burdett immediately, who was thus able to maintain his ground to the confusion of the Marshal of Aquitaine, and casting the bridle of his horse to the squire of Robert Knowles, he followed his youthful conductor. The latter led him into an immense hall, the walls of which were covered with weapons, offensive and defensive; in the middle was an oak table, curiously carved, and covered with