

Poetry.

ONLY ONE OF THE WORKING CLASS.

Only one of the working class! Why do you fear to speak? No flush of shame will mantle her brow, Or deepen the rose on her cheek, Only one of the working girls Whose daily life is toil; Who envy not the rich man's wealth, Or covet the fruitful soil.

You may speak to her, she is woman true, Though one of an humble sphere: She is proud of the work her hand can do, Proud of the place she will fill here; You may speak to her in earnest tone, But not in a trifling mood; She is good as they of wealthy birth, And pure as they of gentle blood.

Only one of the working class! Since when is labor shame? How many there are who entered its ranks To high on the scroll of fame? Only one of the working class! What taint is on the name! We each have work in life to do, Be it of hand or brain.

The sweat of thy brow shall earn thy bread, Henceforth shalt thou toil! No tree shall bear thee fruitful yield, Except thou till the soil. And they, who first His guests had been, Began their life of toil.

If they who once held station high, And with it honored name— Could stoop to work, should you or I, Their children, think it shame? Labor, to us, is God's best boon, Though given as punishment. For were this earth a place of rest, Heaven would be but discontent.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

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

CHAPTER XXIII.

The prudish reader may think that this gentle being, tender as the "leaves of hope," and pure and spotless as angels in thought, went beyond certain despotic, conventional bounds; but what sight more holy, more beautiful, freer from the grossness of human nature, than the first appearance of genuine love—the budding, nascent affection of a young, gentle, confiding, virgin soul? "I am an ungrateful wretch, I admit, as Paul has been to see me," he said, a little humbly, apologetically. "How is your friend and fellow victim?" asked Vida. "The doctor thinks better of his case to-day; but why victims?" "Oh! Paul has given me his view of the matter, and I believe with him that you are the victims of a synd of wretches, assassins, murderers! If I were a man I would be even with them; the cowardly, cold-blooded villains," and her eyes flashed defiant lightning. Suddenly she blushed, and said quickly: "I'm a goose, a feather-head, a fool—excuse me, Mr. Arbyght; but I think it a real mean, atrocious, abominable act."

were guileless, pure, unallied, unfettered by conventional restraints, unclogged by inextricable social customs; for hours she would sit beside his cot, her hand gently clasped in his, while they, like prattling children, talked, like angels loved. Every look was mutual bliss, every tone and gesture of one was rapture to the other. "Like echo, sending back sweet music fraught With twice the aerial sweetness it had brought." But the spell was rudely broken; greed, revenge, jealousy, furnished the the engine, of parental supervision with a strong motor, and down came the trip-hammer of authority, destroying the bright crystal cup of Cupid, spilling that sparkling, vivifying, sweeter nectar than ever by Olympian gods was sipped, and leaving two thirsty souls in the parching desert of separation. Impotent man! bid the endless thread of time to cease uncoiling, or backward wind on its eternal spool, bid the white, mild moon her changing phases drop, bid all nature, and nature's God, and immutable laws reverse, but attempt not to dry up, with the strongest, fiercest heat of opposition's fire, the perennial spring of genuine love. Vain the attempt, and more foolish than vain; opposition is the purest oxygen to the flame of love, but we anticipate. Relvason, during the past week discovered that Calumet Avenue was one of the pleasantest drives in the city, and he might be seen rolling past the hospital in gaudy splendor, once or twice a day, his face uncommonly close to the glass-door of the carriage. Twice he saw Vida and Mary enter, or leave the hospital. He felt confident that Vida visited Arbyght, but to enable him to convince others, whose fertility of imagination was not equal to his own, he hired a non-Union man, whom Richard had on several occasions befriended, to watch the hospital, and enter and ask to see Arbyght immediately after Vida was seen going in. This mean piece of diabolism succeeded admirably. The man called, inquired for Arbyght, and was shown in. Richard received him kindly, and thanked him warmly for calling, but after he left, Vida said she felt sure he was a spy. A woman in love is all eyes and intuition. When Vida Geldamo left the hospital, that afternoon, she carried with her a heart like lead, and when she reached home, she ran to her room and cried as if her little heart would break, and yet, if she were asked why her tears flowed so copiously, it is extremely doubtful if she could give a satisfactory answer. That evening, as Vida was wearily reclining on Paul's shoulder, her father came into the room with a quick, nervous step, and a strange glitter in his eyes, a noticeable paleness in the lips. Vida trembled slightly and turned very pale. She had never before seen that white, compressed lip, that stern, unrelenting look—Mr. Geldamo was ever a kind, indulgent parent—and she knew that something unusual had occurred. He sat down, and an oppressive silence ensued; five minutes elapsed—"Vida, my child!" "Well, papa," and she glided towards him, and knelt on a little foot-stool covered with delicate velvet carpet, and looked with pitiful tenderness into his hard face. "Mr. Allsoud called to see me this afternoon." "Did he, papa?" (pale.) "And he made a formal demand for your hand." "Oh, papa!" (paler.) "And, now, child, what have you to say?" "That Mr. Allsoud is not a gentleman!" The nostril dilated and the eye flashed. "Why, Vida! What can you mean?" "He has already proposed to me, and I rejected his offer, and he knows I would sooner die than willingly marry him." "Not marry him, Vida?" "Never!" "But it is my wish, child." "Oh, papa! you would not have me marry a man I could neither love nor respect—a man I despise?" "Nonsense, child; you know not what you say. Love is an ephemeral dream, a fleeting shadow, an unreal illusion, and respect will always come with marriage; Mr. Allsoud is quite wealthy, respectably connected, and loves you devotedly." "But, dear papa, what are wealth and connections when contrasted with happiness and contentment? I do not love him; I hate him, papa." "Stuff, child; you would learn to love your husband in time." "I never could love Mr. Allsoud," she said, speaking quite slowly and deliberately. "Why not, pray?" (sharply.) "Because"—(a word frequently used by women; its meaning is very vague, ambiguous and indefinite.) "Because?" He repeated the word quickly, interrogatively, and then continued satirically: "Does the 'because' mean that there is another attachment?" "It does, papa," she answered, turning very red. "Oh, ho! and, pray, why has this matter been veiled from my observation?" (ire rising.) "Dear papa, he is poor, and I feared you would be angry." (redder.) "So you are ashamed of him?" "Ashamed of him!" she reiterated, with burning cheek, and eyes darting pale fire. "I am proud of him. He is as much All-

sound's superior as you are, dear papa; he is honorable, brave, manly, independent; he is my superior; there is nobody like him. And oh! papa, I love him so much," and she burst into a great flood of tears, clasped her father's knees, and sobbed with convulsive violence, then his stern heart seemed to relent, for he tried to calm and soothe her. "I did not think it had gone that far," he said reprovingly, but softly. "Oh! you don't know how I love him; it will kill me if you part us," she answered, in accents of deepest anguish. Then Paul, who had, until now, remained silent, came forward and said: "Father, let us reason the matter. Now, it seems to me that Mr. Arbyght is a more desirable alliance than Mr. Allsoud. The latter has money, it is true, but he has little else than money, while the former, though lacking money, has an inexhaustible fund of mental wealth, business ability and tact, physical stamina, and not a little experience. Give him the same chance that you often give entire strangers, at the request of some supposed friend, and in a few years even you will be proud of him. Why, father, who are our rising business men? Are they not the hardy, sturdy sons of farmers and hard working mechanics? And they invariably succeed, while those who inherit fortunes very frequently die in poverty and want. They are not fit for business; they can boast neither muscular nor mental prowess; they are puny, lanky, miserable imitations of man, and dissipation, finical feminine frivolity, are about the only things in which they excel." "My son, you have drawn quite a flattering picture of yourself." "Oh! but you seem to forget that your father was a New England mechanic, and my mother was an Illinois farmer's daughter. I do not lay any claim to the honor you would have me assume." Mr. Geldamo was on the wrong side of the argumentative fence, and he knew it, but, as it is usual in such cases, the knowledge only served still further to provoke him. "Paul, your remarks are anything but filial or respectful. Have I not toiled late and early for you both, watched over you in infancy and youth? You have been my constant care these twenty years, and is this the return you make me? An upstart, a fortune seeker, cunningly steals my daughter's love, and now she cares not so much for her poor old father as to respect his wishes. But I have a father's rights, and I will enforce them. Vida, you shall never marry this man with my consent, and if you marry him contrary to my will I shall discard you, disown you, curse—" "Oh, papa! dear papa! don't say that; I will never marry without your consent; I will never marry at all. I can never love but him; kill me, but do not curse me; kill me, but do not say an unkind word of him. You do not know him—" "I will see him this very evening," and he stood up as if to depart; then she threw her arms around his neck and clung to him, kissed him, and almost shrieked: "Don't go now, you are angry, and if you plant a dagger in his soul it will kill me, for in heart, soul—everything—we are one." Her bosom rose high, then spasmodically fell, her arms loosened their hold and dropped heavily by her side, her eyes closed, her head fell back upon his arm, her beautiful, luxurious hair uncoiled and fell like a sheet of gold to the carpet. Spin swiftly, oh, Time! thy impalpable, unseen thread freighted so heavily with visible, palpable sorrows; speed on! thy fleeting moments are stings now; nor in her maiden soul is felt the barbed point of unreasonable, implacable command; the heart, of gold the slave, forever deaf to love or mercy's wailing cry, is powerless now for a few brief moments. Gold has no heart, otherwise, as personified in Mr. Geldamo, it had relented, melted at the sight. The white, upturned face, the sightless eyeballs, mutely but earnestly pleaded, begged for the affinity, the sine qua non of the unconscious, inanimate suppliant. But the unyielding father, though moved to tears, in his heart relented not. His daughter wed worth without wealth? Perish the thought! We baseless wealth without an atom of worth? Yes, gladly, willingly. (To be Continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR, The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Edward, the Black Prince.

Beside a grey mule, with fine and slender legs, and mane curiously plaited, rode two men who wore the robe with a red badge and the horned cap, which distinguished the Jews. As soon as the oldest of these horsemen could feel assured that the noise of the horses' steps and the exclamations of the excited crowd would prevent his words being heard by those around him, he bent his head towards the young woman who rode the grey mule, and whispered, "Imprudent maiden, have you so soon forgotten the admonitions of your father, and the advice of our friend Zedekiah?" "Pardon me, my father," answered the young Jewess, "but the audacity of that man, who dared to threaten with his whi—"

old Samuel, hastily, putting his finger on his mouth and casting around him looks that betrayed all the uneasiness of his soul. "What would you say, my father?" continued Rachel, in a voice choked by sighs. "Certainly I have suffered severely: I have met with insult; and I thought I had nothing more to learn—but I was deceived. The agony I have just felt in recognising, under those tatters, the valiant lord who loved me—for it was certainly he; my eyes cannot have been deceived, my ears cannot have forgotten the sound of that voice that moves my whole heart—this agony, indeed, is beyond my strength." "Rachel," said Ben Levi, coldly, "another imprudence, like that you have just committed, and we are lost." "Why did you not leave me in Castile?" answered the young girl; "Deborah, who loves me with the tenderness of a mother, would have watched over me, and with her, at least, I could have wept." "Abandon you, poor child!" answered Samuel. "To have left you in Castile would have been to bury you in your grave." "Heavens! what have I done to these men?" murmured the Jewess, sorrowfully. Zedekiah, in his turn, leaning towards Rachel, whispered harshly, "You have loved him whom Castile cursed." "And I love him still, Zedekiah," said Rachel, proudly. The procession had just arrived before the gates of the convent of St. Andrew, where the Prince of Wales usually held his court, and a buoy movement immediately took place. The Bishop of Segovia and the Spanish noblemen dismounted, and pages-carrying flambeaux introduced them to the English prince, who awaited them in the council chamber. As to Tom Burdett, having only followed the escort of the ambassador to avoid sleeping in the open air, as soon as he came to an inn of pretty good appearance, he had judiciously stopped there. Edward, Prince of Wales, was seated in an arm-chair covered with silver brocade. This heró, who was the first warrior of his time, had gained his knightly spurs on the field of Cressy, when only sixteen years of age. He was commonly known by the name of the Black Prince, and is so designated in history, because he always fought in black armour, mounted on a black charger. On the present occasion he wore a short, violet-coloured mantle, bordered with ermine; the cross of St. George shone on his breast, and the ostrich plume, his birthright as Prince of Wales, waved over his broad wide forehead, already wrinkled by reflection. At his side stood his lords and counsellors, among whom the famous Sir John Chandos, Matthew Gournay, Robert Knowles, and William Felton were most distinguished. The herald of the palace announced the ambassador from Castile in a loud voice, and Augustin Gudiel appeared on the threshold of the door, where his companions stopped. After bowing profoundly, he was about to kneel before Edward, who hastened to raise him; but that no one might misconstrue this act of deference, that all might know it was offered to the prelate and not to the envoy, "I congratulate the Count of Trastamara," said he, aloud, "at having chosen for his ambassador a minister of Heaven. The sacred character with which you are invested, Sir Bishop, induces me to hope that you come on an errand of peace and reconciliation." The address of the Prince of Wales visibly disconcerted the Bishop of Segovia; but he hastened to reply. "Most high and puissant prince, I come in the name of my master, Don Enrique, King of Castile and Leon." "Sir Bishop," interrupted the prince, "I recognise no other King of Castile and Leon than Don Pedro, my ally." "Don Pedro is no longer King of Castile," resumed Gudiel, with affected calmness, "Thanks to the Almighty for having in his mercy delivered that country from so terrible a master, whom she had styled 'Don Pedro the Cruel.'" "I am aware that those whom he has punished for their crimes and treasons, have called him 'The Cruel,'" said Edward, in a severe tone; "but those whom he saved from wrong and oppression, have also bestowed on him the surname of 'The Just.'" "He was the persecutor and executioner of his subjects, and not their protector, for he condemned without judgment, and struck blindly," returned the bishop. "Have you, then, come to Bordeaux to prefer these grave accusations against your king, pious bishop?" asked Edward, whose pale countenance became flushed and animated. "I must inform you of the truth, Sir Prince, since you appear to be unacquainted with it," returned Gudiel, boldly. "Don Pedro has abused his power. He has put to death Blanche of Bourbon, his lawful wife; the Queen Leonora of Arragon, sister of King Alphonso, his father; Donna Juanna, and Donna Isabella de Lara, daughters of Don Juan Nunez, Lord of Biscay; his cousin, Donna Blanche de Villena, and other noble dames, so that he might inherit their lands." A murmur of indignation circulated among the ranks of the lords; the prince repressed it by a look. "The recital of these murders," he said, "might furnish an appropriate subject for the songs of wandering minstrels; but the counsellors of a prince ought not to allow themselves to be influenced by idle tales and fables. I shall require incontrovertible proof

of these enormities with which you charge my brave ally." But the bishop, seeing the effect produced on the minds of the barons by his accusations resumed, in a loud and confident tone: "Who, will dare deny the murder of Don Fadrique, Grand-master of St. James? Of Don Martin Gil, Lord of Albuquerque, and many other knights who were the stay and prop of the kingdom? In short, has not Don Pedro publicly usurped the rights of the pope and the prelates?" "But these intestine dissensions only concern the Castilians," remarked Edward. "It was for them alone to defend their cause if it was just and loyal. By what right has Don Enrique required the aid and assistance of a French captain, our enemy, Bertrand Duguesclin? By what right has he opened the Pyrennees to an army of adventurers and free-booting strangers? But, it is not Castile that has revolted against Don Pedro—that cries for vengeance against him. It is France that demands from him an account of the death of Blanche of Bourbon. It is France that has dethroned him. It is not Don Enrique who has conquered his brother, but the Breton Duguesclin. Spain is now a province of Charles the Fifth. In dethroning my ally, Don Pedro, Duguesclin has thrown down the gauntlet, and I must pick it up. Don Enrique has given me a challenge that I should be a coward to refuse. It is I whom the King of France has wished to brave and reach, and not daring to try in Aquitaine to take his revenge for Cressy and Poitiers, he takes it in Castile. Masters of Spain, the French will not fail, if they see me put up with the insult, and abandon my ally, to condemn the Black Prince, before whom, until now, they have always retreated. In this conduct I recognise the cautious policy, which has procured for Charles the Fifth the surname of 'The Wise.' And now that Don Enrique is conqueror, he sends you to me to induce me to forget the insult which he has put upon me, in holding at naught my alliance with his brother, and to lull my suspicions by vain promises and protestations of friendship. But I am not the dupe of all this intrigue. I will not remain conquered and humiliated in the person of my ally. But before judging the King of Castile with the same severity as you his subject, worthy bishop, I will hear his defence. Tell then, the Count of Trastamara, that if Don Pedro can acquit himself in my eyes of the crimes laid to his charge, I will be faithful to my duty and alliance with the king to whom I promised assistance and protection. I will make his guilty subjects, who have dared to condemn the right of their legitimate sovereign, return to their allegiance." This proud speech, which revealed the jealousy of the English policy against the encroachments of French influence, completely disconcerted the Bishop of Segovia, notwithstanding his ability, for he saw the deep impression it had made on the lords. Yet for all this, he did not lose courage, but immediately resumed, "Believe me, my lord, the Castilians have not merited the reproach of guilt; they have long suffered the most cruel oppression. Many have defended their king against the foreign freebooters, although it seems he fled without coming to battle with Duguesclin." "That is to say, you accuse Don Pedro of cowardice," interrupted the prince, bitterly. "What king or knight would dare stand and firmly await the bulldog of Brittany? Yet behold, Sir Bishop, one of my counsellors, Sir John Chandos, who overcame that redoubtable champion, and even took him prisoner." Augustin regarded with some curiosity this robust captain, whose cool prudence, equalled his heroic valour; then he audaciously continued, "But it is not Bertrand himself who has conquered Don Pedro, my lord, it is Heaven who has hurled him from the throne, and driven him from the kingdom by the voice of His ministers. Until the moment that he put the finishing stroke to his iniquities by his inordinate passion for a Jewess, for which the excommunication of the Church was fulminated against him, Don Pedro had preserved many partisans and devoted adherents. Castile might yet have forgotten his faults, and been the grave of the White Companions. But when Heaven itself pronounced his sentence, Don Pedro was immediately abandoned, and had no other resource than flight. The new sovereign, Don Enrique, unwilling that the Prince of Wales should cease to be the ally of the King of Castile, deputed me to bring the testimonials of his loyal friendship." "He then made a sign to one of the Castilian knights, Juan de Haro, to advance. The former favourite of Don Pedro obeyed, and laid on the council-table a small box of sandal wood, which the prelate hastened to open." The lords and barons were astonished at the sight of a magnificent rosary, every bead of which was formed of precious stones, pearls, rubies, topazes, and emeralds. Presenting this splendid rosary to the Prince of Wales, Gudiel said, "Don Enrique had hoped, my lord, that you would accept this pledge of his loyal devotion. He has won it on his breast ever since the day on which he was crowned king at Calahorra." But Prince Edward, who did not possess that spirit of rapacious cupidity so common among the knights of his time, and who, in his chivalric generosity, often distributed his share of booty from the pillage of cities among his men-at-arms, did not exhibit any emotion; his pale countenance remained unmoved, and regarding the rosary with a sort of melancholy