

Poetry.

RALLY SONS OF LABOR, ROUND HER BANNER!

(AIR—"Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching.")

The following lines were sung on the occasion of the recent mass meeting in Edinburgh, to agitate for the repeal of the Criminal Law Amendment Act:—

Come sound the drum and fife, lads! awake the merry horn!

Let harmony in every breast abound. All hail with joy and gladness the dawning of the morn

That see us ranked on Labor's battle-ground.

Rally, Sons of Labor, round her banner! Never, by our manhood, will we yield. While we draw the breath of life, We will struggle in the strife, Till the Acts of vile Oppression are repealed.

What has raised to highest glory the country of our birth,

But the hardy working brain and horny hand?

Then why should honest Labor be trampled to the earth

By the proud and haughty rulers of the land?

Rally, Sons of Labor, round her banner! etc.

There's a gulf between each class that grows wider day by day,

And a tyranny that's hateful to endure;

There's a law to shield the rich, let the rich say what they may,

And a law to crush the working poor.

Rally, Sons of Labor, round her banner! etc.

By the spirits of our sires, we'll resist with all our might

The rigorous enactments made for slaves;

And our ground we will maintain, and we'll conquer in the fight,

Or our enemies shall triumph o'er our graves.

Rally, Sons of Labor, round her banner, etc.

Right onward we are marching, with justice in the van,

Demanding rights that freemen well may claim;

And the cause we will uphold of the British Workingman,—

All honor and bright glory to the name!

Rally, Sons of Labor, round her banner! etc.

Then sound the drum and fife, lads! awake the merry horn!

Let harmony in every breast abound.

All hail with joy and gladness the dawning of the morn

That see us ranked on Labor's battle-ground.

Rally, Sons of Labor, round her banner! etc.

Tales and Sketches.

THE ROYAL SISTERS-IN-LAW.

AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

CHAPTER IV.

Francis and Mary, together with the royal household, were awaiting the carriage which was to convey them to the Louvre, where the young king was to make his first appearance as sovereign. The timid Francis paced the gallery in nervous excitement, while his sympathizing queen walked at his side. His rapid strides soon separated them from their attendants, when Mary laid her hand on his arm, saying, "Be composed, Francis; you will meet no strangers."

"No," said the new king, perceiving he was alone with his consort—no, my Mary; I think I could face strangers bravely. It is in meeting my own people and my own nobles that I fear—my people, to whom I owe solemn duties which I feel incompetent to discharge; and my nobles, who know and note my incapacity. Think you it is a light thing, Mary, for an inexperienced youth, like your poor husband, to mount the throne, an essay to govern Navarre, or D'Aumale, or all the host of nobles whose stalwart frames surround the throne, whose restless, active minds outplot my own—will they not scorn their puerile king, even while they bend the knee? Will they long submit to a rule they despise?"

"Hush, Francis! I will not listen to such mournful questions. These men are graver than my young liege, and can boast the wisdom which experience brings; but where can be found more kingly qualities than your goodness of heart, your kindly benevolence, your love of justice, your sense of right, your—"

"Stop," my Mary, said the king, impressing a kiss on the lovely lips now so eloquent with his praises; "you are inventing as many virtues for Francis II. as adorned the character of his illustrious namesake. I shall soon hear those sweet lips pronounce an eulogy on my valor and powers in arms."

"Not so; I have done with praises," laughed Mary. "And now, I shall entertain your majesty with a catalogue of faults. First, you are too humble."

"Now look," cried he, "how my only virtue plays deserter, and swells the frightful array against me!"

"Then you are too submissive, which is childish; and too timid and shrinking, which is womanly; and too fond of solitude, which benefits a hermit rather than a king; and—"

Mary paused in her raillery, as she observed a tear glisten in the eye of her husband; and throwing her arms around him, she added, with playful fondness. "And all these faults resolve themselves into one, which is, non-appreciation of your own noble nature. In the breast of Francis beats the only traitorous heart in France! and I must detect and punish it now, lest it betray him hereafter. I say to you now, my beloved, have confidence in yourself."

While the young sovereigns conversed thus, Catharine de Medicis walked the adjoining gallery, with her wild passions writhing like a nest of vipers in her heart. She, proud, ambitious, and aspiring, had gloried in her position as queen during the reign of Henry; and at his death, she grieved less for the husband of her bosom than the pomp and power which he had conferred upon her, and which passed away with him. It was a galling reflection that her successor was one who had grown from childhood under her eye and authority; one who had sat at her feet and revered her behests up to the moment when the sceptre passed from her grasp, and the fair protegee assumed the seat of the dethroned queen. Could she, she asked herself, submit to the rule of one from whom she was accustomed to exact obedience, in the very Court where she had ruled supreme? Could she endure to shine a star of lesser magnitude in the galaxy which had gloried most in her beams? These bitter thoughts tormented the brain of the dethroned, engendering for her rival a deadly hate—a hate which, like a simoom, withered and shrivelled the kindlier feelings of her heart like summer flowers—a hate which called aloud for sacrifice, which overcame a mother's love for her first born, and bade her thirst for his immolation—a hate which was not destined to be for ever impotent.

The carriage was announced, and the royal party proceeded as far as the staircase before the absence of the queen dowager was observed. A gentleman in waiting returned in search of Catherine, whom he found so lost in her own reflections as to be unconscious of the departure of her party. Francis and Mary drew back as she approached, to accord to the queen mother the precedence which had hitherto been her right, and Catherine swept onward to the first stair. Suddenly she started, as though a serpent lay in her path, then raised her malignant eyes to Mary, saying, "Pass on, madam; it is your turn now."

The young queen felt the covert bitterness of her mother-in-law's words; but, bowing her acquiescence, she and her royal consort led the way to the carriage. At its steps she paused; and, turning to Catherine, who ill deserved such gentle amiability, said, "After you, dear madam, if you please."

Touched by the respectful tenderness of her manner, Catherine accepted her courtesy; the carriage rolled away to the Louvre, and in a short time Mary Stuart made her debut as Queen of France.

And now the destiny of Mary Stuart had reached its culminating glory. Queen of France and Scotland—the one the land of her birth and ancestry, the other of her love and adoption—her presumptive to the crown of England, then, as now, one of the most powerful kingdoms of Europe—fate seemed delighting to invest the fair young girl with the might and majesty of unexampled power. No less a favorite of Nature than of Fortune, the triumphs of the woman equalled those of the queen. Her varied intellectual gifts, her carefully cultivated accomplishments, commanded more than the respect or admiration of men; while her queenly grace and wondrous loveliness elicited from all the rapturous homage which valor was wont to pay to beauty in those chivalric days.

But the meridian once passed, the sun must descend, and the day that dawns with brightest promise too often ends in clouds and storm.

The virtues which Mary attributed to her husband, and which she fondly hoped a manlier confidence in himself might make apparent, were destined to be undeveloped. A short reign of a year and a half was all that was permitted the young sovereign; and Francis II. sank into the tomb, leaving no memento on the minds of men save having been the husband of the most remarkable woman of the age.

We do not injustice to the monstrous heart of Catherine de Medicis to say that she was elated by the death of her first-born. The only obstacle in the way of her ambition was removed; and the widowed Mary descended from the throne, while Catherine (as regent during the minority of her next son) regained the position of which she had been deprived for a season.

Mary mourned the loss of a husband to whom she was tenderly attached, with all the abandonment of a young heart to its first grief; but the sorrow of the wife provoked the malice of the mother. She who rejoiced in the death of her son could not endure the tears which were shed to his memory. They seemed not merely a tribute to the dead, but a reproach to the living. So many methods did the queen regent pursue to annoy the royal mourner, that many felt that France,

the beloved home of her childhood, could be no more an asylum for her. She turned her weeping eyes to the cold hills of Scotland, and resolved to seek the land which still acknowledged her as queen. But the rude spirits of her native land frowned uninvitingly upon her; her recent bereavement still filled her heart with woe; and the memories of pleasures for ever passed were lights which served more clearly to reveal her present desolation. Sadly, and with prophetic fearfulness, she bade adieu to France, and commenced that troubled pilgrimage which found no rest this side of heaven.

The history of Mary Stuart has become a fireside tale. Her joyless after-life, beset by vexations and misfortunes, without one point on which the mind can repose, saying, "Here she found peace"—the faults or follies which those trials engendered—are familiar to all. And we may well imagine that the block seemed to her a fitting as well as welcome permination of a career so sadly disastrous.

CHAPTER V.

And now our hopes, like morning stars, Have one by one died out.—ANON.

Thus the hopes which glimmered through the despair of Elizabeth banished. The ministry of France was too well aware of the advantages resulting from the projected union to permit it to be abandoned. Even had the marriage been as distasteful to her country as it was to herself, matters had proceeded too far for either party to retract with safety or honor, and the unwilling bride was borne to Toledo to meet her lord.

Philip, anxious to make a favorable impression on his bride, adorned himself with more than ordinary care. His short mantle, falling from the left shoulder, was gathered in folds under the right arm, and displayed to the best advantage his small but prepossessing person. The various orders which he wore were partially concealed by this becoming vesture; but the collar and upper part of his doublet blazed with their broidity of jewels. His long beard and curling moustache were combed and redolent with choicest perfumes and on his head he wore a hat peculiar to the times, from which drooped a single white plume. The haughty severity of his countenance filled the timid princess with terror; and she gazed on him with the shrinking aspect of a frightened child.

"Ha!" said Philip after a moment's pause, during which the young girl's aversion for her bridegroom was apparent, "so you already see my gray hairs!"

She did not hazard a reply; and Philip, with a vanity which belongs to age as well as youth, was piqued to find that a girl of sixteen would not at first sight fall in love with his yellow face.

The royal marriage was celebrated with the usual ceremonies; and Elizabeth performed her painful part with the air of one in a dream one whose spirit was leading another life in some far-off realms of fancy, away from the poor frame still endowed with consciousness.

But turning from the altar, the air grew rare around her—filled with an indescribable something fraught with sweet associations and happy memories; those mysterious sympathies which, quicker than the sluggish senses, announce to the spirit the presence of its beloved. Then the wandering mind of the lady returned; and the downcast eyes, glancing rapidly and eagerly around, rested for a moment on the form they sought.

Leaning against a column, with his mantle folded on his bosom, and his whole attitude eloquent of sorrow, stood the lover. His fine eyes were bent on hers with the melancholy of despairing passion, and as she encountered their thrilling gaze, her head reeled and her footsteps faltered.

"Tremble not, lady mine," said the royal bridegroom. "On, on—to the door; the queen needs air!"

Queen! Yes, her fate was sealed, and she was now a queen.

And thus they met who had parted in happiness and hope, believing that their next meeting would unite their loving hearts for ever—thus they met with an impassable gulf between them.

Impassable, Elizabeth well knew it to be, and she roused her broken spirit, endowing it with womanly fortitude to grapple with her fate. She felt that she was now the wife of Philip—the Queen of Spain. She felt, too, that she was the daughter of a kingly line; and animated by the heroic blood of her race, she resolved that neither her ancient lineage, her exalted station, nor her womanly pride should be dishonored.

Don Carlos still frequented his father's court, and, for a season, hung upon the footsteps of his father's queen; but lip, cheek, and eye had grown obedient to her purpose, and Carlos watched vainly for a token that he was still beloved. In all the trying positions in which the queen was placed, she bore herself with a gentle dignity that won the respect and love of all beholders.

When the sweet images of happiness and love which woman cherishes, are stricken from her heart, she mourns, indeed, in anguish over her broken idols, but bows in sad submission to the great Iococlast. But, when the projects which the plotting brain of man has nurtured, are overthrown by a mightier Disposer of events, his spirit rises in fierce though impotent rebellion against the hand which swept across his path in desolation. Thus was it

with Carlos. His restless mind was filled with projects to amend or avenge his lot. He would strive against obstacles, struggle with impossibilities, and baffle fate itself.

The Queen of Spain sat by her open window, gazing in vacant listlessness upon the gorgeous evening sky. Her bloom had waned in Spain; but her beauty was more witching than ever—as the soft beaming of the moon in meridian surpasses in loveliness the flush of her red rising. The pale, pure face, the ethereal figure, were such as might have graced a vision; and the gaze almost feared to see such fragile loveliness dissolve in air.

A rustling amid the arras, caused her to turn her head; but the apartment, with the exception of herself, seemed tenantless.

Again the hangings stirred, parted, and Carlos was at her feet.

"You forget yourself, Don Carlos," said the queen. "I pray you leave me!"

"Not until I have told you all my love—no, that I have told you long ago—but not until I teach you a portion of my suffering. Oh, Elizabeth, to see my bride torn from my arms and worn upon the bosom of another, and that other her and my oppressor! it is more than man can bear, and I will not bear it!"

"Hush! hush!" said the affrighted queen.

"To be thwarted in the love of my youth, the only pure and holy passion of my heart," continued Carlos; "to feel my wrongs closing around me, in a line of fire, until the elements of bitterness and hatred seethe within my bosom like the accursed lake; to bear all this in smiling silence, as though I cared not—is not for me. I will speak, though half the kingdom listen—ay, and I will strike, though half the kingdom bleed!"

"Don Carlos, listen to me."

She laid her hand upon his arm to command attention, and bent her gaze down into the depth of his fierce eyes. Like an enraged lion tamed by a fearless human glance, he arose and stood in silence.

"Listen," she repeated, "for a moment, and then this subject must be dismissed for ever. Whatever my sufferings may have been, I have striven to bear them. My duties are clear to me, and I am resolved to fulfil them. The wife I would have been to you; had Heaven so willed it, I shall endeavor to be to your father. In the meantime, here her voice faltered, "if you ever loved me, throw no obstacles in a path already somewhat rugged. Learn to endure; and remember that, whatever the Princess of France may have been to you, the Queen of Spain is nothing. Leave me now, and seek me not again."

The fierce Spaniard gazed upon her with surprise. She stood so calm, so mild, so passionless, he marvelled at the spell in the few words she had spoken. Whatever it might be, the strong man was powerless to resist it; and lifting his plumed hat from the floor, he turned away. When he reached the door, he turned again to look upon the treasure he had lost. Her soft eyes met his, full of peaceful light. He groaned aloud, "Oh! Elizabeth!" and was gone.

Then came her hour of pain and passion. The heart her strong will had curbed so well in his presence throbbed fearfully now. She clasped her small hands to her side, and breathed in short, quick gasps, as though body and soul were parting. But her hour had not yet come.

There are glorious records of holy men beset by dangers and temptation, who have held fast and firm their faith 'mid fiery tortures, and gone to their reward. The strong resolves of mind, unshaken by the weakness of the flesh to which it is allied, are, indeed, sublime. Less exalted, perhaps, but scarcely less heroic, are the more secret struggles of woman when she listens to the pleadings of the passion she had inspired, sees the strong agony of the man she loves, yet falters not in her path of duty, turns not aside to speak one dangerous word of love or soothing. She, too, has made a mighty sacrifice; she, too, will meet her reward.

Don Carlos retired from the presence of the queen with the fierceness of his passions allayed. Her resolute words had fallen like oil on troubled waters; but, in the solitude of his apartment, his reflections on all that had passed added fuel to the flame. He paced backwards and forwards like an enraged tiger, muttering vows of vengeance as he walked.

"So good, so beautiful, so true! and lost to me! How has my heart been robbed! But I will yet recover my own; or, failing in that, I will have vengeance! Thank Heaven, he has not only played the tyrant to me, but to his people. Their wrongs are my strength; for they chafe as I do, and pant for revenge. The Netherlands are ripe for revolt, and only wait for a leader." He paused a moment, as though weighing the consequences of some important step; then striking his breast resolutely, said—"Their leader is here!"

Having examined the lock of curious construction attached to his door, he closed and secured it; then examining his pistols, he placed them, with a small dagger, beneath his pillow, and retired to rest.

The precautions of the prince were by no means unnecessary, for Philip was aware of Carlos's angry feelings towards himself. He also knew that Don Carlos had been intriguing with the most disaffected of his subjects for the purpose of dethroning him; and the king was not a man who would allow even his only son to escape unpunished.

About midnight, Don Carlos was awakened by feeling both arms grasped tightly. He opened his eyes; but all was dark. He essay-

ed to rise, but found himself held firmly down. Suddenly, a stream of light fell through the apartment, revealing to the unfortunate prince the nature and number of his assailants. Around his head, he recognised the officers of the Inquisition; behind them were the Prince D'Eboli and Ruy de Gomez, favorites of his father, and foes of himself; and in their midst stood the king himself. At the command of his father, Carlos arose, and, looking for his clothes, perceived they had been removed, and a suit of mourning substituted.

"What!" he cried, "am I condemned already?"

He was with difficulty arrayed in the obnoxious garments; but resistance to superior numbers was unavailing; and, in this sombre dress he was borne to the prison of the Inquisition.

To the tender mercies of this tribunal did King Philip abandon his only child; bidding "the fathers" forget "the dignity of his birth, the splendor of his rank the authority he bore in the monarchy," and deal with him as with the meanest of his subjects. The prince had been so unfortunate as to excite the wrath of "the fathers" by pronouncing an eulogium upon Calvin and Luther, of which they had complained to the king; it is, therefore, probable that this exhortation of Philip was not requisite to insure severity.

CHAPTER VI.

In the apartment which had witnessed the intrusion of Don Carlos, Elizabeth lay upon her couch; while near her sat a tall fine-looking woman, with her embroidery in her hand. The lady suspended her work, and leaned upon the frame, as though her mind was filled with other images, to the exclusion of fruits and flowers; and ever and anon her eyes grew moist and dim. She quietly wiped the tears away, and continued musing until her dark eyes filled again.

"Aunt," said Elizabeth—for it was the Duchess of Savoy she addressed—"what new grief is in store for me? I well know the old sorrows cannot move you thus."

"I was thinking of the King of Spain."

"What of him?" questioned the queen.

"He is childless."

"What?" gasped Elizabeth. "Don Carlos—have they murdered him?"

"I know not, dearest," said the duchess, kissing tenderly the brow of her niece; "but be calm, and I will tell you the rumors which are abroad. Some men say he was basely murdered by the emissaries of the king; others accused him boldly of conspiring against the crown, and legalise the deed under the name of 'execution.'"

"But Philip—what says he?"

"The king asserted that he was the victim of disease; and professes to be in the deepest affliction on account of the loss of his heir."

"False hypocrite!"

The duchess was silent for several minutes, that Elizabeth might regain her self-control. Finding her calm an silent, she besought her to rise.

"No, aunt," she answered faintly, covering her face as she spoke; "I cannot rise now."

"The king may expect to see you, under the circumstances," suggested the duchess; for she desired that the feelings of her niece, so sedulously mastered and concealed, should not be betrayed now.

"Excuse me to him. I cannot see him."

Her shuddering frame and pallid features convinced the duchess that the appearance of Elizabeth would betray rather than conceal her secret, and she urged her no further.

"Poor child," murmured the sympathizing Margaret; "she has struggled with a great grief and endured long; no marvel her strength fails her in this terrible catastrophe."

Thank Heaven, humanity cannot endure for ever! The heroic spirit of Elizabeth had wrestled bravely with its woes, but the fragile frame was exhausted by the contest. In two months more, another heir was born to Spain, and the grave closed kindly over the broken heart of Elizabeth.

THE END.

JANET'S FORTUNE.

"And when I die I shall leave my fortune to the one who will use it to the very best advantage," said Grandma Leeds, smiling from beneath her spectacles to the young girls around her.

"Your fortune, grandma? What will it be? That old basket, with its horrid yarn and needles, and the never-ending knitting work? If so, you need not leave it with me. Janet will use it to a far better advantage than I could."

"Yes, Lettie, you are right; and I'm sure I don't want it, either. H'm, what a fortune to be sure!"

"I'll accept it, grandma, and prize it, if you will only add your sweet, contented disposition. It would be a fortune which none of us need despise."

Janet Leeds was the youngest of the family, and the plainest. She had a sweet, fresh face, and tender eyes; but those paled into ugliness before Lettie's black orbs and shining curls, and the blonde loveliness of belle Margaret. So she settled back like a modest violet in the chimney-corner, and waited on grandmas, or assisted the maid in the house-work.

Once in a while she ventured out to a party