

## Poetry.

## KING LABOR.

The wizard, King Labor, walked over the land,  
And the spade for a sceptre he bore,  
And each step he took left an Eden behind,  
While the desert untamed frowned before.  
He levelled huge mountains and blasted the  
rock,

Where for ages vast treasures lay hid,  
And showed Heaven the coffer where Earth  
stored her wealth,

And laughed loud as he shattered the lid.  
Then shout, toilers, shout, we need no king on  
earth,

But the king whose large, generous hand,  
Has scattered bright gold over mountain and  
plain,

And whose taxes are wrung from the land.

I marked every step the magic king took,  
Till he bounded the wide-spreading plain,  
And I marked how the eye of God followed  
his path,

While the heavens sang a glad some refrain.  
And this was its burden—"There's plenty for  
all ;

Look abroad in the light of the day,  
And view the corn challenge the sickle and  
scythe

With its lances well poised for the fray."

The harvest well garnered—Till's heralds went  
forth,

Their speed by Good Humor increased,  
And they said to each child of the universe,  
"Come,

And let none be shut out from the feast!"  
"Come, come," said King Labor, "Earth's  
treasures are mine,

Bid the tyrants of earth to beware ;  
Their bride may be Death, if they court  
Famine's hand,  
For still there's the Sword of Despair!"

## IF YOU WOULD BE MASTER.

BY ALEXANDRE M'LACHLAN.

O life is a struggle, a battle at best!  
A journey in which there's no haven of rest,  
And craggy and steep is the path you must  
tread,

If you would be master and sit at the head.

The gods had their battles, they fought for  
their thrones!

They mounted not there without struggles and  
groans ;

And so the frail mortal must soar above dread,  
If he would be master and sit at the head.

Be humble and lowly, be upright and brave,  
Be often the servant, but never the slave ;  
Submit to be bullied, but never be led,  
If you would be master and sit at the head.

The laws of creation insist on respect,  
Believe in the virtues of cause and effect ;  
Trust only in truth and you'll ne'er be misled,  
If you would be master and sit at the head.

Renounce all deception, all cunning and lies,  
Let truth be the pinion on which you would  
rise ;

Believe all deception is rotten and dead,  
If you would be master and sit at the head.

O life is a struggle, a battle at best!  
A journey in which there's no haven of rest,  
And craggy and steep is the path you must  
tread,  
If you would be master and sit at the head.

## Tales and Sketches.

## THE JAWS OF DEATH.

"And may God have mercy on your soul!"  
These—the closing words of the sentence of  
death which had been pronounced upon me—  
were the only ones I heard from the time  
when, by order of the officer, I stood up to re-  
ceive the judgment of the law. The court-  
room was crowded almost beyond its capacity,  
and all ages, sexes and conditions of life were  
represented in that throng. The dock was  
situated so that about two-thirds of the room  
came within the range of my vision—the other  
portion, including the gallery above, I had  
noticed when I came in. During each and  
every day of my protracted trial the crowd of  
curiosity had been large, but now it seemed  
reduced. What thoughts and emotions filled  
and agitated my mind for a short time I sat  
there on that hard and cruel seat! In all that  
mass of living beings there was not one who  
could partake of that knowledge which was  
restricted to me alone—the knowledge of my  
innocence. All, from the evidence on the  
trial, and the verdict of the jury, from the  
statements and deductions of the newspapers,  
from a thousand other causes which operate  
on a populace excited by the commission of a  
great crime in their midst, and whose convic-  
tions are already half made up by the arrest  
of somebody, all was sure of my guilt. From  
the time I had made the acquaintance of him  
for whose bloody deeds I was condemned to  
suffer, the hand of Fate had lain heavily upon  
me. The man—therefore a stranger—had  
one month ago so worked upon my frank and  
unsuspecting nature, had so insidiously and  
artfully opened my heart and crept therein,  
that within two hours of our meeting we were  
pledging and repledging our eternal friendship  
in bottles of wine. All this alone.

In twenty-four hours afterwards I was taken  
to prison, there to remain until in due time I  
should be brought to the bar of the court to  
answer for the murder of a citizen. The  
forms of justice (I was told) must be observed,  
for as to my conviction there was no earthly  
doubt. The following report from a paper  
shows why such was the general opinion:

"Our usually quiet town was last night the  
scene of one of the most brutal murders on  
record. At twelve o'clock a cry of pain, fol-  
lowed by the report of a pistol, was heard  
near the southeast toll-gate. The few people  
that were in the neighborhood hurried to the  
spot, and beheld prone on the ground the life-  
less form of one of our wealthiest and most  
respected citizens, David Elborne, Esq. A  
pistol-shot through the head, from which the  
blood poured out freely, and his rifled pockets  
told that he had been cruelly assassinated and  
robbed. Search was immediately instituted  
for the murderer, and he was soon afterwards  
found secreted under a shed near the scene of  
the dreadful deed, with an empty pistol in his  
hand, blood on his person, and the watch of  
the deceased in his pocket. His face was  
livid with fear when detected, and his at-  
tempted explanation of the condition in which  
he was found was a mass of contractions. He  
had a hearing before the Justice and was  
committed to prison. The name of the villain  
is Leonard Manor. Let speedy justice be  
meted out to him."

At the above, as a recital of facts, was true,  
but the statement that I, Leonard Manor,  
was the author of the crime, was untrue. But  
a mightily and strongly forged chain of cir-  
cumstantial evidence was bound around me,  
which I was unable to break, and my counsel,  
Mr. Cook, met with his first defeat as a crimi-  
nal practitioner. The only witness that could  
rebut the violent presumption of my guilt and  
disprove what had been brought against me,  
was not to be found: made way with, no  
doubt, by him. And there I sat alone in that  
dock and felt what no man can describe. Pro-  
test my innocence I might, and swear it with  
all vehemence of an earnest soul; but I would  
be either laughed at for my audacity, or  
whistled down as a feigned lunatic. Oh, God!  
what it is to be falsely judged! To have an  
iron wall between your self-consciousness and  
the belief of the outer world! To see yourself  
crowded into the grave by the torrent of  
popular fury, and yet have that in your  
bosom which might roll back the tide and save  
you could it but reach out beyond the narrow  
circle in which it is confined! Oh, what is  
physical strength to the power of this internal  
sense in such an hour as this! How willing-  
ly would I have bartered the best gifts of na-  
ture if those around me could have partaken  
of this feeling and know what I knew. The  
mercy of the Almighty seemed a meaningless  
thing. But He could not break His law, even  
to save the life of one of His creatures from  
an unjust death!

The closing word of the sentence which  
doomed me to the scaffold awoke me from  
these reflections. I sank to my seat, as a sigh  
of relief, like the groan of some unearthly  
monster, went up from the multitude in the  
court room, followed by a subdued hum which  
no succeeded to the silence which had hereto-  
fore reigned. The people began to move out,  
speaking to each other and smiling, pleased  
that the end was as they wished and believed  
it would be. Oh, how more than ever, then,  
the silent and helpless savior in my bosom  
struggled in its bounds in one desperate effort  
to go out and become absorbed in the thoughts  
of others! But all in vain; my heart sickened,  
and the pall of despair was upon me, as I sub-  
mitted myself to the officers who were to re-  
turn me to the goal.

The court room was in the second story of  
the building, and was reached from the out-  
side by a more than ordinarily steep flight of  
steps of gray stone, about twenty-four in num-  
ber. As I emerged from the front door at the  
top of these steps, a bright, piercing ray of  
sun met me full in the face. Dazzled for an  
instant I stopped, and then stepped forward  
again. But I missed the step-stone, and, un-  
able to recover myself, fell headlong down the  
way.

I sat on a low, rough couch in the darkest,  
damp, dungeon of the goal. To the cold  
iron gyves which shackled my legs at the  
ankles was attached a chain of like metal, of,  
perhaps, four feet in length, terminating at a  
ring on the bottom of the cell. My hands  
were free, and with them I rubbed my eyes  
as one who hopes thereby to make them do  
their duty better. I could have but a faint  
view of the interior of my apartment, as the  
only light that reached it was between the  
two bars of a small opening which served as a  
window, situated in an oblique direction from  
where I sat, and apparently about seven feet  
from the ground. A confused and shapeless  
idea of something awful that had happened,  
weighed upon me. What it was I could not  
determine—my situation, clad in a con-  
vict's garb and bound in chains, did not strike  
me with any kind of feeling akin to surprise.  
I barely noticed it—so demoralized was my  
mental organization—and impotent of thought.  
It was in this stupid state I sat, when a noise  
broke upon my ear, coming, as it seemed,  
from immediately in front of me. I peered  
in that direction, but could not see anything,  
yet the noise, which was a commingling of  
a grating and a rumbling sound, continued.  
Presently it ceased, and the figure of a man  
began to define itself before my view. Nearer

it came toward me, when—oh, heaven!—the  
form and features of him fell upon my gaze.

Then it was that I saw all, knew all, felt  
all, remembered all. A stream of memories  
came rushing in upon me like a torrent. That  
man's presence drove the clouds away and all  
was clear. Here I was, condemned as a felon,  
but before me stood the felon himself. Moved  
by the impulse which this sudden discovery  
inspired I essayed to strike the wretch, but  
my arm refused to obey the bidding of my  
will; a paralysis seemed to have seized me.  
An attempt to speak met with not much bet-  
ter success, and nothing but a whisper, scarce-  
ly audible to myself, escaped my lips. He  
now advanced, and, taking a seat beside me  
on the cot, spoke:

"Manor, you know your old friend and  
companion, Sargin? I found you, and am  
come to condole with you."  
The tone with which he uttered these  
words, and the sarcastic smile with which  
he accompanied them, chilled me through.  
How I could have crushed him! He con-  
tinued:

"Crime is a science, Manor. Its perfect  
practice is an art, and, like all other arts, it  
requires instruments. You have been a good  
one. I used you in my little operation against  
old Elborne, and it was a perfect success. You  
were caught with the blood of your—my vic-  
tim, still hot upon you, the smoke of your  
my shot, was not yet out of the pistol-cham-  
ber. I tell you, Manor, it was a grand triumph  
of art. It is a pity you could not live to aid  
in future successes of mine, you're too good a  
glove to be thrown away—I must have more  
out of you before you die—by Jove, you shall  
live!"

Throughout this address I sat with down-  
cast face, feeling how utterly miserable and  
forsaken of God I was. At the word "live,"  
I raised my eyes and looked at him. His small,  
snaky eyes glistened like diamonds, and a sar-  
donic smile played over his features.

"Yes—live," he said, "and go with me. I  
have cheated justice—why not serve injustice  
the same way, for the time at least. You are  
bound to be hung sometime, and I am bound  
to die peacefully; but we will postpone both  
events as long as possible. My art being  
perfect, my resources are, of course, inex-  
haustible."

Before I was aware of it he was manipulat-  
ing my fetters, and in a short time he told  
me to rise. This second effort at moving was  
successful, and I walked several paces from  
my bed, free from the irons. In this new state  
my revengeful feelings, wonderful as it seems,  
entirely disappeared. He appeared again as  
a friend, and I reproached myself for ever  
having thought ill of him.

"We will go out as I came in," said Sargin;  
and divesting himself of an extra coat which  
he had on, he threw it over my shoulders and  
led me, as he expressed, "to freedom and  
of usefulness."

I have an indistinct recollection of passing  
through shadowy corridors, up and down  
steps, through narrow doors, and over walls,  
and a clear idea of surroundings did not pos-  
sess me until I found that we were plodding  
through the dust of a country road, with no  
sign of a human habitation before us, and the  
town sinking out of sight in the dim distance  
behind us. As I looked at my companion, as  
we were walking along, I felt as one fascinated  
by one he knows to be a villain.

We proceeded in silence for some time,  
when Sargin called my attention to a riderless  
horse standing near the fence at the right of  
the road before us. As we approached an  
other object met our eyes—a well-dressed man  
lay on the ground before us, groaning with  
pain. In a faint tone he told us that, seized  
with a vertigo, he had fallen from his horse,  
and, being unable to rise, feared that he had  
broken some bones. Sargin directed me to  
sit down and support the gentleman's head  
upon my lap while he made an examination.  
When I had done this, he quickly took every-  
thing the man had upon his person, including  
a costly watch and a plerotic purse, and  
placed them in his pockets. While we were  
looking in astonishment at this bold proceed-  
ing, Sargin drew from his boot a long, mur-  
derous-looking knife, and plunged it into the  
bosom of the helpless traveller! The blood  
spouted into my face, and my person seemed,  
almost in a twinkling, to be deluged with  
 gore. Before I could regain my feet, Sargin,  
with the most unearthly yell I ever heard,  
leaped upon the horse and disappeared. What  
a situation was here—oh, cursed fate! Com-  
pletely lost in a sea of bewilderment, I cannot  
say how long I might have stood looking al-  
ternately at the bloody corpse before me, and  
my equally bloody self, did not the chattering  
hoofs behind me arouse me. I turned and  
saw a mob of horsemen bearing down in the  
direction I stood. Leaving a few to take  
charge of the unfortunate wayfarer, the rest  
turned in the direction whence they came,  
first having secured me on one of the horses.

Fleet as the wind we pushed forward, until  
a sort of dizziness seized me, and I felt as if  
I was being whirled through some wild and aw-  
ful dream, and yet with just enough consci-  
ousness to know that there was a basis of re-  
ality to it all.

All at once we halted on the bank of fire,  
which shot up a million forked tongues of  
lurid flame. A heavy black cloud hung all  
around, and the air was dense with a sulphur-  
ous odor. A dreadful mad-house noise re-  
sounded in my ears, and I thought that here  
was Tophet, and I was to be a victim to the  
insatiate Moloch. A muffled bell tolled one

stroke like an echo from a tomb, on my right,  
and, looking up, my eyes met a black-draped  
gallows which reared its hideous form into  
the air. No time was allowed me to contem-  
plate this new feature, even had I been so in-  
clined, for I was instantly taken charge of by  
a pair of hangmen and placed on the scaffold.  
The rope was placed around my neck, and the  
stillness which took the place of the walking  
to and fro on the scaffold, told me that I  
stood there alone! I muttered a prayer, but  
before a dozen syllables were uttered, all that  
was substantial beneath me gave way, and I  
dropped suddenly in a direct line downward;  
a piercing pain ran like a dagger through my  
head; everything grew dark and red, and  
purple and white, by turns—until, after what  
seemed an age of agony, my feet touched  
something, a momentary light flashed upon  
me, and in a syncope, I lost all thought and  
memory and feeling.

A murmur of voices crept upon upon my  
ear, and slowly and gradually I revived. I  
opened my eyes and found myself in the com-  
pany of several people, some of whom were  
rubbing my hands, others administering res-  
tatives, and all, more or less, contributing  
to my restoration. As my senses returned, I  
saw that I was in a strange room and sitting  
by a window. Out of that window I looked,  
and—great heaven!—what a spectacle met  
my eye! It was the yard of a prison, and  
pendant therein, from the cross-beam of a  
gallows, hung the lifeless body of Sargin!  
The sight at once recalled all the memories of  
the past; but there was a hiatus which was  
yet to be explained. It was done so by a  
kind attendant, who informed me that my  
fall at the court-house steps nearly deprived  
me of life, and did deprive me of reason—that  
after a brief incarceration in my cell it was  
thought best to place me under medication,  
and I was removed to the hospital department  
of the prison—that while there the criminality  
of Sargin, the author of the murder for which  
I had been condemned, was discovered through  
the appearance of my missing witness, some  
unguarded expression of Sargin himself during  
a debauch in a neighboring village, and other  
circumstances which had come to light since  
my trial—that he was tried and condemned,  
and made a confession, in which he stated he  
had administered a narcotic portion to me,  
pushed me under the shed, and then after  
waylaying Mr. Elborne, and taking a large  
amount of money from his person, had placed  
the watch and pistol on me, smeared me with  
blood, and then escaped; that he gave poison  
to a cabman who was cognizant of how and  
by whom I was placed under the shed. The  
cabman was my missing witness, and his re-  
covery from the drug, although he was for  
some time in a state of insensibility, and on  
the verge of death, was the main cause of my  
salvation. That, following the opinion of  
one of the medical board attached to the  
prison, I was placed at the window, in the  
belief that the sight of my would-be destroyer  
in the hands of the law would have a benefi-  
cial effect. That when he mounted the  
scaffold, I looked calmly and vacantly at him,  
but when the drop fell I swooned. As I re-  
vived, there was evident indications of the  
much-wished-for change, and when, with a  
clearer understanding, I looked upon the  
dangling body of the villain, it was complete,  
and reason resumed its reign. I returned to  
my home to recuperate my physical health,  
and it is in the pleasant days of convalescence  
that I commit to paper and give to the world  
this recital of my entrance into and exit from  
"the jaws of death."

## THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER.

BY EMERALD.

"Congratulate me, for I am going to be  
married."

"What! you are going to commit matri-  
mony?"

"Yes, so farewell to club parties, cham-  
pagne suppers, and all other bachelor sports.  
I am going to marry and settle down—have  
a nice brown stone front of my own—and when  
the day's business is finished, I can go home  
yes, home, Tom—sit down to tea, and have a  
pretty little wife do the honors of the evening.  
What do you think of the picture? Hadn't  
you better invest?"

"This is all very nice, but it takes money  
to live like you expect to, and, to tell the  
truth, I was not aware that you were  
wealthy."

"I have felt the inconvenience of being poor  
for a long time, but that, with me, is a thing  
of the past. I am fortunate enough to love  
and be loved by one who is rich."

"Lucky man!"

"More than lucky. She is an only child,  
and as handsome as she is rich."

"You wouldn't mind telling a fellow her  
name?"

"I do not object to tell you, my dear boy,  
for it was you who first introduced me to Miss  
Effie St. Clair."

"You do not expect to marry Effie St.  
Clair?"

"Providence permitting, I do. I have her  
consent."

"And I have her father's?"

"You are jesting, Tom?"

"It is as true as that my name is Tom El-  
wood. Effie's father promised me her hand  
when she became of age, and to-day is her

eighteenth birthday. We have been fast friends  
for many years. I am sorry that a woman  
should step between us."

"It would not be the first time a woman  
has made friends sworn enemies. But I trust  
it will not be so with us. Shall we let the  
lady decide?"

"That is fair. We will talk no more of it  
to-night."

"Here is a letter Mr. St. Clair handed me  
this evening, as I came away; he was very  
anxious that it should be delivered to you to-  
night."

"It is rather late to go to St. Clair's, but  
it is business of importance, he says in the  
letter, and I will go."

"Remember the contract," said Lew Shel-  
don, as I closed the door between us.

I promised, and started toward the banker's  
residence.

"It must be business of importance, or he  
would not request my presence at this late  
hour," I said to myself, as I buttoned my  
coat around me, and started out in the storm.

Why Mr. St. Clair had always taken such a  
deep interest in me was something I could  
not fathom; he had a few thousand dollars of  
mine, with permission to use it where it would  
bring me the most income. Perhaps he thought,  
as I often had, that this money, with what he  
would bequeath to Effie, would enable his  
daughter and myself to marry and enjoy the  
comforts of wealth.

"And this is Effie's eighteenth birthday;  
this, then, must be the business of importance  
he mentioned in his letter."

But she was promised to another, and Lew  
Sheldon was a noble-hearted fellow. We had  
been friends for many years; he had not a  
dollar—I had a few thousand; and, did I  
choose to play the villain, now was my turn.  
Effie's father was on my side, and, if she chose  
to act contrary to his wishes, he could cut her  
off without a dollar; but what would I gain  
by it? If I lost Effie, I lost all.

"I will keep my promise to Sheldon, come  
what will," I said, as I pulled the bell of Mr.  
St. Clair's residence.

"Step right into the library. Mr. St. Clair  
is waiting for you," said the colored servant,  
as he opened the door.

"Well, Tom, you have come at last," said  
Mr. St. Clair, shaking my hand and offering  
me an easy chair.

"Yes, I am here—a little the worse for the  
stormy night."

"Put more coal on the grate," said the  
banker, addressing the servant, "then close  
the door and leave us."

We were alone.

"Cash was paid on a thousand dollar check  
last week," said the banker, drawing his chair  
close to mine, and talking in a whisper. "The  
check had my signature—which was forged.  
I have offered a reward of five hundred dollars  
for the arrest of the forger, and before morn-  
ing, Lew Sheldon will be charged with the  
crime."

"What! you do not mean to say that Lew  
Sheldon would be guilty of forgery?" I said,  
springing up, and speaking in a tone that  
could be heard in all parts of the house.

"Be calm, sir," said the banker, beckon-  
ing me to be seated. "That remains to be seen.  
The detective says he has evidence enough  
to convict him. Blank checks have been found  
on his person, which resemble those that we  
presented at the bank. Ah! these detectives  
are very sharp—very sharp!" And he shook  
his head with an air of satisfaction.

"Be careful, Mr. St. Clair, or the detec-  
tives will get the start of you, old as you are  
said I."

"Detectives get the best of me? Oh, no,  
that is impossible! Had I been cashier  
stead of president of the bank, one thousand  
dollars would never have been paid out of  
forged note."

"Poor Lew Sheldon! I will be the last  
to think him guilty," I said, turning toward the  
banker.

"If he is innocent, he can prove it to  
world-to-morrow; if guilty, he will pay de-  
ly for his crime. But enough of this, I  
not send for you to talk of the forgery. You  
know that this is Effie's eighteenth birth-  
day—the day I promised you her hand. When  
you are married, I will give you a position  
in the bank; this house shall be yours. In  
turn I ask a home with you."

"Mr. St. Clair" I said, "it would be well  
to obtain your daughter's consent before pre-  
paring for the future. I have asked for her  
hand—it was refused—and I was told frankly  
that she did not love me."

"Do not think of love, young man," said  
the banker. "Marriage is a business con-  
tract—wealth and position first—love a se-  
condary consideration. Discard the thought  
of marrying for love. I will see Effie—she  
not dare to act contrary to my wishes."

"Mr. St. Clair—"

Before I could finish the sentence, Mr.  
St. Clair stepped into the room. She  
a tall, handsome girl, just budding into  
manhood. Oh, hadn't I only won her love!  
Alas! I had not.

Poor girl! she had been weeping, and  
pale blue eyes glistened with tears; she  
heard of the misfortune of her lover.  
"Why does my daughter weep?" said  
St. Clair, in a consoling voice. "Effie,  
is your birthday—it should be a day of  
rejoicing, not of sorrow. Cheer up, my dear  
I have promised you a birthday present—  
house and two thousand a year are yours  
you accept the hand of Thomas Elwood."