

## Poetry.

## THE SONG OF THE FORGE.

Clang, clang! the massive anvils ring;  
Clang, clang! a hundred hammers swing;  
Like the thunder-rattle of a tropic sky,  
The mighty blows still multiply,—  
Clang, clang!  
Say, brothers of the dusky brow,  
What are your strong arms forging now?

Clang, clang!—we forge the couler now,—  
The couler of the kindly plough.  
Kind Providence, bless our toil!  
May its broad furrows still unbind  
To genial rains, to sun and wind,  
The most benignant soil!

Clang, clang!—our couler's course shall be  
On many a sweet and sheltered lea,  
By many a streamlet's silver tide;  
Amidst the song of morning birds,  
Amidst the low of sauntering herds,  
Amidst soft breezes, which do stray  
Through woodbine hedges and sweet May,  
Along the green hill's side.

When regal Autumn's bounteous hand  
With wide-spread glory clothes the land,—  
When to the valleys, from the brow  
Of each resplendent slope, is rolled  
A ruddy sea of living gold,—  
We bless, we bless the plough.

Clang, clang!—again, my mates, what grows  
Beneath the hammer's potent blows?  
Clank, clank!—we forge the giant chain,  
Which bears the gallant vessel's train  
Midst stormy winds and adverse tides;  
Scoured by this, the good ship braves  
The rocky roundhead, and the waves  
Which thunder on her sides.

Anxious no more, the merchant sees  
The mist drive dark before the breeze,  
The storm-cloud on the hill;  
Calmly he rests,—though far away,  
In boisterous climes, his vessel lay,—  
Reliant on our skill.

Say on what sands these links shall sleep,  
Fathoms beneath the solemn deep?  
By Africa's pestilential shore;  
By many an iceberg, lone and hoar;  
By many a balmy western isle,  
Basking in spring's perpetual smile;  
By stormy Labrador.

Say, shall they feel the vessel reel,  
When to the battery's deadly peal  
The crashing broadside makes reply;  
Or else, as at the glorious Nile,  
Hold grappling ships, that strive the while  
For death or victory?

Hurrah!—clang, clang!—once more, what glows,  
Dark brothers of the forge, beneath  
The iron teinpest of your blows,  
The furnace's red breath?

Clang, clang!—a burning torrent, clear  
And brilliant of bright sparks, is poured  
Around, and up in the dusky air,  
As our hammers forge the sword.

The sword! a name of dread; yet when  
Upon the freeman's thigh 'tis bound,—  
While for his altar and his hearth,  
While for the land that gave him birth,  
The war drums roll, the trumpets sound,—  
How sacred is it then!

Whenever for the truth and right  
It flashes in the van of fight,—  
Whether in some wild mountain pass,  
As that where fell Leonidas;  
Or on some sterile plain and stern,  
A Marston, or a Bannockburn;  
Or amidst crags and bursting hills;  
The Switzer's Alps, gray Tyrol's hills;  
Or as, when sunk the Armada's pride,  
It gleamed above the stormy tide,—  
Still, still, whene'er the battle word  
Is liberty, when men do stand  
For justice and their native land—  
Then Heaven bless the sword!

## Tales and Sketches.

## THE OTHER SIDE.

## NEW TRADES' UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Bertha noticed his mood, and moved down upon him with serried columns of anxiety and sympathy—curiosity was held in the rear as a reserve. The flanked foe, clad in an armor of glancing evasion, warded off the shot and shell of inquiry that rained upon him incessantly for full five minutes. However, a return shot from Richard—leaving the city—fired from the gun of equivocation, got him safely out of the difficulty.

They had a long talk. Bertha learned her new name, and was not displeased with it, although she said that dropping "Grace" seemed like losing a very dear and very old friend. Still she was pleased with the idea that nothing of her lived life would remain, that no magic spell of name would ever awaken even the cadence of an echo from the hence to be forgotten past of her former life. "Of this sweet name I will make a monumental slab, and with it close the tomb in which lies the past of my young life," she said sadly, very sadly, as some sweet thoughts of times gone by rose momentarily before her. She was reconciled to his near departure from the city by a promise that he would soon send for her, and in some strange city and among strange scenes they could begin a new life. While they were yet enjoyably talking, and romantically planning like young lovers, the distant muffled sound of carriage wheels in rapid motion, on an unpaved street, broke upon their senses. Bertha listened; the sound grew nearer and louder, then grew slower and fainter. Bertha became agitated.

The carriage stopped. A sound, half snort, half neigh—Bertha grasped her brother's arm, shook and trembled like a reed in the wind above each cheek a fiery red spot glowed in a face as white as virgin snow. Her lips opened and a sound that seemed born in the air—not uttered by mortal—resolved itself into "Jesus!" The gate opened, a man's step was heard on the walk. The red spots faded from Bertha's face and left it as pale and colourless as the waning moon after sunrise. The door opened and Mrs. Soolfire introduced Paul Geldamo into the room.

"Found at last," he exclaimed, with a seraphic smile in his clear blue eye, love's celestial fire glorifying his handsome face.

Bertha still held her brother by the arm, but she had stood straight up; stood gracefully firm, stood there with a dignified impressiveness of personality, with a majestic loftiness of mien and grandeur of stateliness that might be termed Cleopatraian. She bowed with easy grace, but her face remained as calmly impassive as a marble Madonna. And yet she loved this man with a love as silently pure as the dew of heaven, with a love that knew no death, no end, that was sponge-like in its nature and infinite in its receptiveness. But a baleful blast from Mammon's hell had rudely swept away all hope of the fruition of that love, and she now wept over it as a smouldering golgotha of withered, blighted hopes. Her individuality was not affected by the change, except that it was idealized and purified. She was too unselfish to expect Paul to keep his plighted word, knowing, as she did, that he would incur the odium and scorn of the gold worshippers and the wrath of one of their high priests—his father—by so doing. True love cares not for self; the love of a child for a toy seen in a shop window is the love of many—the love of possession, but it is not real love. Bertha could not give her love to Paul and give him trials and toils with it. She preferred that both their hearts should be thrown into the hopper of caste, as thousands before have been, and there crushed and mashed to trituration by the giant stones of money and position. But Paul was not so ethereal in his views. He came to comfort her and assure her that no change in her social status, no vicissitude of life or mutation of time could affect his love; but when he saw the change had extended to Bertha's individuality, a great cloud of grief fell upon his soul, and dropping into a chair he covered his face with his hands and merely said, "O Grace!" but the words seemed torn, wrenched from a bleeding heart. They had such an effect upon Richard that he left the room at once. She tried to detain him, but he said in a very emphatic, determined whisper, "Sister, you are cruel," as he tore himself away.

Alone. In Cupid's syntax, duality is always in the singular number, hence alone in this case is not misapplied.

A long silence—the seconds of love are either evanescently short or interminably long. In this instance they were long. A plain gold ring on the little finger of Paul's left hand broke the spell. It was a present from Bertha, innocently given, but now it did yeoman service. It mutely appealed to the statueque girl; it silently told its tale of constancy and love; it brought tears to her eyes and a sobbing "Paul" to her lips; it dissolved her passive rigidity; it set great streams of mellifluous sympathy loose—and a weak and trembling girl fell into the arms of a trembling man.

The invincible winged God had triumphed. The interview was a long, and in some respects an unhappy one. Paul begged, pleaded, protested, moaned and wept, but Bertha was unyieldingly inexorable, and would agree to but one condition, which was that he should not see her again for one year, and if at the end of that time his love remained unchanged, she would marry him, come what might, and, if necessary, work and toil for him as he had sworn to work and toil for her.

Richard bade his sister an affectionate adieu, and at the gate found Paul, of whom he also wished to take leave, but Paul insisted on driving him to the depot. Richard was not quite ready to start, so Paul drove him to Madame Yudall's, where he took leave of him regretfully and sorrowfully.

"Oh, by the way," he said, turning back, "have you any relatives in this part of the country?"

Richard replied that he feared not. His grandfather and grandmother had lived in the city and had died there, but although he had diligently inquired and searched, he could not discover their graves or any trace of their only daughter, his father's sister. He could not say whether she was dead or not, but he feared such was the case since nothing could be heard concerning her.

Paul was gone. The force of his inquiry did not occur to Richard for some time afterwards. Arbyght wrote a letter to the union, which he mailed.

Across the Illinois prairie that night, cleaving the thick gloom as cleaves the air the eagle descending upon its prey, shot a thing of life, yet inanimate, leaving a long trail of fire and smoke in its wake—a falling star skimming the horizontal earth. Carried along in the impetuous, rushing, thundering embrace of this obedient but Jovian-powered child of creating, life-sustaining Labor, was one of Labor's noblest sons—Richard Arbyght. The creator fleeing from the creature, the parent hounded and driven off the premises by the unnatural child.

## CHAPTER XIX.

One morning, two or three days after Arbyght's departure from the city, three workmen entered Relvason's office. Workmen? Yes. There is that on the face of the harrowed, which tells its tale of toil, a tongueless, but for all a subtle revelation that speaks to the heart. There is that peculiar look, a blending of age and youth, by some termed "a young old look," a dull, oppressive, heavy expression, seen only on those who toil ten hours or more per day. It is a look that tells a sad tale of undue physical exertion, overwrought muscle. It is the slow, sluggish, obtuse expressive that increasing, deadening, burdensome fatigue ever stamps upon the features of man, woman or child. Any person who labors ten hours per day at hard work, has the word "toil" written upon his forehead as plainly as the number or mark of the beast mentioned in the apocalypse, so plainly that it could be read were the man clad in the royal garments of a king. Oh! the melancholy pathos, the soul-rending anguish seen on the brow of many that toil, is simply indescribable—unutterable. The fictitious accessories of rags or poverty-stricken hovels is not needed here. Every lineament of the face speaks volumes of wretchedness, volumes of despair and woe. How many men daily walk our streets who are to the artist's eye a truer, better picture of modern life than the best works of Titian, Reynolds, Rubens or Van-dyke were of the life of their times? And again, how many roll through our streets a la Geldamo, who luxuriate in themselves a similitude of the luxurious, effeminate rottenness that sapped the foundation of historic Rome?

"Mr. Relvason, we are a committee, appointed by the union, to respectfully lay before you and the other employers a proposition, which that body has, in justice to itself, deemed it necessary to make." So spoke Henry Trustgood, and by acquiescence so spoke John McFlynn and Oscar Wood, the balance of the committee.

"You are what?" queried Relvason with rising ire, in a sharp, peremptory voice.

"A committee, sir," replied the man deferentially.

"And by what authority?" Air despotic, tone autocrat.

"The union," answered Trustgood respectfully, but with firmness.

"Don't know such a party," said Relvason, curtly, contemptuously, and he turned to his desk with a rudeness observable only in the apish Lord Shoddy or Count Startup.

The committee stared at each other. This was a rebuff they did not expect. They were thrown into an insuperable difficulty—embarrassingly confounded, and knew not what to do next.

Nothing will nonplus a man so readily and completely as to have the person he is addressing rudely or disdainfully turn away.

The committee saw that there was nothing left them but to go, and go they did. They had not gone far before Spindle hailed them. They returned to the office, when Relvason said with a savage sneer:

"Men, I will give you some advice. The sooner you emigrate, the better for yourselves, you are not wanted in the city," and again faced his desk with vulgar abruptness.

"Mr. Relvason, we are free agents, sole and rightful sovereigns of our own acts, persons and accountabilities, and no man's dictum do we fear." 'Twas McFlynn that spoke.

Relvason faced round, but the committee were gone.

They then visited the other employers, and in each case met with the same or nearly the same reception. Strange? No. The employers had a union and acted in concert.

Next day the men quietly left the shops, and either remained at home or sought work elsewhere. Three days went by; no change. Most of the men were already engaged in such work as presented itself. The employers became uneasy. The busy season was already upon them, and demand was pressing. They sought some of the men, but their every question was answered, "See the committee, we have no jurisdiction in the matter." One easy-going man, who it was thought could be weaned from duty, replied to a long string of questions in a way that astonished his logical reasoners and would-be capturers. "We do not deny your right to refuse to treat with our committee; that is your privilege," he said, "but," he continued, "we have an inalienable right to combine and appoint that committee, and if we choose to treat only through such committee, that is our privilege. We deny you no right legitimately yours; we simply insist upon rights legitimately ours. It is an employer's unquestionable province to say how much he shall give for labor; but is also labor's unquestionable province to say for how much it shall be sold, how sold and how paid. Let us illustrate. There is a question of dispute between two powers, for instance, on a point of international law. Now, either nation has a right to appoint a commission to confer with the other on the point in dispute, but neither power is bound to recognize or treat with the commission appointed by the other. Still they do so because it is a wise national policy, because civilization and enlightenment are opposed to war and bloodshed. And although you are not compelled to treat with our committee, that does not invalidate our right to appoint the committee and to in no other manner treat with you; and do you not think it would be better to recognize in us a *de facto* body with which to

treat, than to continue this commercial war?"

The employers thought so finally, and resolved to see the committee and learn what demand was to be made.

"Weekly cash payments and the right to use their money as it seemed to them best," was the request of the men.

It was flatly, insultingly refused. The industrial internecine war continued. It should have never commenced, and would not had not causes that once led to a war in high, empyrial heaven superinduced it—the blasphemous attempt of the creature to dictate to the Creator.

The men conscious of their supremely predominant right to control their own acts and persons, in matters unlawful, refused to work except under conditions in consonance with their conceptions of justice. They, at the same time, conceded to the employers unrestrained liberty, an equal sovereign prerogative to obtain other hands should they choose to do so. And such they attempted, by advertisement, by more liberal and generous offers than their own men respectfully asked as a human, divine right. Still they failed most signally. A lull now occurred in the strife, a presageful, ominous calm. Three days of "masterly inactivity." Ah! the crash. Every man who had left the shops and who had secured other work, some from the city, others from private corporations, were one morning, summarily discharged without warning or explanation. Why? Because they had endeavored to be better men and make of their children, ere they reached maturity, better and stronger pillars of state. How? Simply enough. A resolution of the Board of Trade, of which many of the employers were members, and some manipulatory ring shuffling, by a corrupt mercenary City Council, of which Relvason was a member, did the business, did it effectually. Had this result been the effect of an invocatory prayer to the Prince of Darkness, by a convocation of devils, it could not appear in the eyes of just men more heinous, hideous, more despotically, cruelly inhuman, more mercilessly savagely, barbarous; or, had it been the effect of the magical incantation of witchcraft it could not more thoroughly dishearten the men.

The second week of the difficulty ended very gloomily for the cause of right.

The morning after his departure from Chicago, Richard found himself in the flourishing city of Milwaukee. "Here," he said to himself, "I may live in peace, as there are no impeditives obstacles to living honestly before me." He secured work readily, and was fully settled early in the afternoon. He then bethought himself of some letters he had received the evening previous, but which he had not time to read. Among them was one that exerted upon his turbulent soul a peculiar demulcent effect. He trembled and glowed as he read:

Dear Sir: Your note reached me a few moments ago. I need not say that it filled me with astonishment; I was stupified with amazement and I might add delight; not alone do I rejoice to learn that my dearest and best friend has found a brother, but that she has found one so eminently worthy of her, and found him at a time she most needed fraternal protection. I must say that I was much pained by your ungenerous reference to the difference in our social positions. In all the essential elements of true greatness your sister is my superior, and I am selfish enough to desire a continuance of our former friendship. Inform me where and when I can see her, and oblige  
VIDA GELDAMO.

P. S. I am a prophetess. You are going to leave the city. Perhaps 'tis well, but 'twere better to conciliate an enemy, or, failing in failing, fight him in his own territory.  
V. G.

As minute particles of iron fly, adhere and cling to a magnet, so every attribute of Richard's soul flew to and centered in this note. He pored over it, read it a dozen times, kissed it rapturously, read it again and again, and the more he read and kissed it, the higher rose, in his estimation, the writer. She was all goodness, all loveliness—an angel.

Goethe, in his autobiography, says that the first propensity to love in an uncorrupted youth takes altogether a spiritual direction. It was so with Richard; he could see nothing but beauty and goodness in her he loved; but he paid dearly for indulging in these joyous transports, and the depth of his pain was in exact proportion to the height of his ecstatic fight. One moment in heaven would add infinite tortures—the pain of loss—to the damned soul, and when the utter, absolute hopelessness of his passion swept across the mind of Richard Arbyght his pain was inconceivably great indeed.

As his body lay in deep sleep that night his wakeful soul sought its affinity. The man sped through dreamland without regard to time, speed or distance. He finally stood in the centre of an apparently boundless but sea-girt plain; the earth and sky seemed to meet in a coronal line, broken only in the east, where mountainous irregularities, surpassing anything seen on earth, great curvilinear, isolated peaks, towering precipitously, threw long lines of shadows across the plain. Through the plain, swiftly ran a deep, broad river, cutting it into two unequal divisions. The plain on both sides of the river was inhabited, but strange to say the smaller division was densely populated, uncomfortably packed with suffering, starving mortals, while in the larger division there were comparatively few people, who seemed to enjoy life in palatial splendor, in a realm of enchanted wealth and unbounded luxury. Richard walked down to the river,

and looked across. The first object that riveted his attention was Vida Geldamo, who seemed to be earnestly looking toward the side on which he stood. An uncontrollable desire to cross the dark river now took possession of him, but to attempt it was death. The expanse of water was wide and the current was swift, almost a rapid. There was a regular boat that plied between the two shores, but he was told that to insure a transit he must have the usual passport—gold. Very few went over and fewer came back, and those that did come back had no choice in the matter. How to cross that river was a problem that now perplexed his mind. Passport he could not obtain, although he was told it mattered not how it was procured, whether stolen or fished from the feculence of fraud and wrong, or even secured at the expense of a smoking holocaust of blood, all that was required was that it should be of solid, real gold and of sufficient weight. But he had no gold, nor would he steal or murder to get it; hence the boat transit was abandoned. Going closer to the bank he observed that the water was many feet below the level of the plain, but from stratifications of evident mechanical origin noticeable on the descending bank, he concluded that the river had once been much wider and deeper, and contained a larger volume of water than at present, and that it was evidently fast drying up. He wandered far up the bank, thinking that like all rivers it would grow narrower towards its source, and perhaps a point might be reached where a passage might be safely effected, but he was disappointed; it preserved a uniform width and swiftness at every point he approached; still he perseveringly pursued his course towards the head, if head this mysterious river had. The shadows of the sugar loaf mountains grew broader and darker as he neared them. He reached their bases, passed through gorge-like valleys and deep canons, then into an open space where he beheld a spectacle that startled him. The sight was unspcakably, incomprehensibly grand, a vision that inspired awe and worship rather than admiration. Two towering chains of precipitous mountains, whose peaks were swathed in eternal snows, abruptly terminated in the open space some ninety miles apart, and extending back convergently until they met about ninety miles from the opening. These mountain chains were more than five miles high, and the V like valley they once formed was once a vast field or block of ice, over four miles thick—the concerted accumulations of over sixty centuries. It was called the ice of ignorance and barbarism, but a mighty stationary orb hung in the western heavens, called the sun of education, had already made fearful inroads in this icy world. For many years its steady perpetual rays of effulgent heat, with dissolving effect, shone on the congealed mass, and over one-half of it had already disappeared. The heat of education's sun was growing stronger and stronger, and the ice was melting away more and more rapidly. The film of inevitable dissolution was upon it; great fissures were everywhere discernible; and this was the head, the last and final source of the river of distinction, that by its dividing line made two worlds of one. Streams, creeks, and runnels, fed by the dissolving ice, fed the river that the dreamer essayed in vain to cross. He now retraced his steps, returning through the canons and gorges, passing under the shade of the tall, curvilinear mountains, back into the wide plain. But a great change had taken place in the river; it was almost dry. The boat that monopolized and held the exclusive right to cross or recross its dark bosom was now grounded and deserted. The dreamer again looked across the now nearly empty channel and again he saw her, standing where he first beheld her, but as he looked she advanced towards him. Filled with inexpressible joy he started to meet her. Nearer and nearer they came; more and more distinct grew the features of each, and in the middle of the dry channel they fell into each other's arms in a burst of mutual rapture. The temporary torpidity of his senses began to give way; the faculties of the mind gradually emerged from a quiescent state, his slumberous eyelids slowly opened and in wakeful moments the sad conviction burst upon him that his blissful vision was a dream.

(To be Continued.)

CARVING DONE HERE.—Bob — is a wag of the practical sort, and last Thanksgiving, having been swindled into purchasing a goose of whose age "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," determined to have revenge out of somebody. So on the morrow he took the "Saviour of Rome" under his arm (after having carefully wrapped it up) and proceeding until he came to a sign of "carving done here." A gentle smile rippled over his placid countenance as he entered and inquired for the boss. He presented himself, and Bob gravely asked if he did all kinds of carving.

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Then," said Bob, "I'd like to have you carve this goose, for I tried an hour yesterday and couldn't."

Whether the goose was ever dissected, Bob has some doubts, but is certain he never went down stairs so quickly in his life.

"If you can't keep awake," said a parson to one of his hearers, "when you feel drowsy why don't you take a pinch of snuff?"—"I think," was the shrewd reply, "the snuff should be put into the sermon."