

Poetry.

THE AGUE.

Once upon an evening bleary,
While I sat me dreaming dreary,
In the sunshine thinking over
Things that passed in days of yore;
While I nodded nearly sleeping,
Gently there came something creeping,
Creeping upward from the floor;
"Tis a cooling breeze," I muttered,
"From the regions 'neath the floor;
Only this and nothing more."

Ah! distinctly I remember,
It was in that wet September,
When the earth and every member
Of creation that it bore,
Had for weeks and months been soaking
In the meagrest, most provoking
Foggy rain that, without joking,
We had ever seen before.
So I knew it must be very
Cold and damp beneath the floor,
Very cold beneath the floor.

So I sat me, nearly napping,
In the sunshine, stretching, gapping,
With a feeling quite delighted
With the breeze beneath the floor,
Till I feel me growing colder,
And the stretching waxing bolder,
And myself now feeling older,
Older than I felt before;
Feeling that my joints were stiffer
Than they were in days of yore,
Stiffer than they'd been before.

All along my back, the creeping
Soon gave place to rustling, leaping,
As if countless frozen demons
Had concluded to explore
All the cavities—the varmits—
"Twixt me and my nether garments,
Through my boots into the floor;
Then I found myself a shaking,
Gently shaking more and more,
Every moment more and more.

'Twas the ague: and it shook me
Into heavy clothes, and took me
Shaking to the kitchen, every
Place where there was warmth in store.
Shaking till the china rattled,
Shaking till the mortals battled:
Shaking, and with all my warming
Feeling colder than before;
Shaking till it had exhausted
All its powers to shake me more,
Till it could not shake me more.

Then it rested till the morrow,
When it comes with all the horror
That it had the face to borrow,
Shaking, shaking as before.
And from that day in September—
Day which I shall long remember—
It has made diurnal visits,
Shaking, shaking, oh! so sore:
Shaking off my boots, and shaking
Me to bed, if nothing more,
Fully this, if nothing more.

And to-day the swallows fitting
Round the cottage, see me sitting
Moodyly within the sunshine
Just inside my silent door.
Waiting for the ague, seeming
Like a man forever dreaming;
And the sunlight on me streaming
Casts no shadow on the floor;
For I am too thin and sallow
To make shadows on the floor—
Nary a shadow any more.

MAJOR BOB DUFF.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

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

CHAPTER XXIII.

"Mary, where is the morning paper?" asked Vida Geldamo, looking into the sitting-room, where Mary Marmane was busily dusting.

"Paul has taken it away, I believe," answered the girl, in a subdued voice and slightly averted head.

"But they have papers at the office," she returned, in a doubtful tone.

"That may be, but I am sure he carried it away, for I saw him fold it up and put it in his pocket," said Mary, going to the far end of the room, where she began re-arranging articles of furniture, which she had already placed in appropriate order.

"He never did so, heretofore," she said musingly, "and just the morning I most desired to read the musical and theatrical news; it's abominable provoking," and she stamped her little foot quite impatiently, then broke into a clear ringing laugh, as she disappeared through the door into the drawing rooms.

"She will hear it soon enough, poor dear," said Mary, in soothing soliloquy, when she found herself alone, "and yet she may not care; it's hard to tell; but I am certain she is in love, and surely she don't care for that *All-sound*;" thus softly whispered the girl to herself. Mary was certain her young mistress

was in love. One woman can detect this sentiment, or passion, in another, not only sooner than a man, but really before the person affected is herself aware of the presence of the sweet conqueror.

Mary Marmane was a country girl, but one that could hold her own with her city cousins, as far as beauty of form and feature were concerned. She was strong, robust, though not *embonpoint*. She had a meek expression, a bewitching mouth, a fresh, healthy bloom in her cheeks, which were full, but far from coarse; her neck was simply a column of Parian marble, and her arms resembled smaller but not more shapely columns of the same material; add to this, an entangled mass of fine, brownish-red hair (her own), a grayish, hazel eye, and you have a type of the unassuming beauty, that blooms, fades and dies, oft times unappreciated, in our rural towns and villages. To Vida Geldamo, Mary was more companion than maid; when out, she always walked with her mistress, not behind her, and she more frequently advised than obeyed. In a word, although these two occupied vastly different positions, still they were intimate friends, and had very few secrets that were not common property between them. There were two causes for this: Vida's mother had been dead some years, and the young lady naturally felt the need of a constant companion of her own sex, in whom to confide, and on whom to lean; and, again, in her goodness of heart, purity of motive, and generous, liberal ideas, and conceptions of humanity, she could never, and never did, believe that the possession of money made the heart warmer, truer, or the soul purer; she argued that it had, on the contrary, a debasing effect upon most people.

As the afternoon wore away, Vida became quite restless, she went from one room to another, from the piano to her sewing, and then to a book, which she dropped in a moment, sighed heavily, went again to the piano, rattled over the keys a few times, sighed again, then ran to the sitting-room door and petulantly called Mary. The girl answered, and went to her directly. Vida was in the bay window. "Sit down," she said, pointing to a seat beside her. Mary sat down; a silence ensued. Vida seemed very thoughtful; there was about her an air of refined, dignified displeasure. Presently the gate opened—ha! she flushed up at once, turned quickly and looked out; Paul was coming up the steps of the glais; the color left her cheek, and a look of keen disappointment swept over her face.

"Why don't he come?" she ended the question abruptly, looked confusedly at Mary, the rising crimson growing into a deeper red and extending over the whole face.

"Whom do you expect?" said the other tenderly, but with wonderful sang-froid.

Vida colored deeply, looked down, and seemed perplexed.

Paul came in, sat down in the window facing Vida and Mary. The former was gazing intently into the street, and seemed hardly aware of her brother's presence.

"Has Richard been here this afternoon?" queried Paul, in a tone of affected but rather doubtful indifference.

"We have not seen him," answered Vida, a trifle pettishly, still gazing through the window.

"He promised to come, did he not?"

"Men never fulfil their promises," she returned, a little spitefully.

"Why so sweeping in your charge, sister? He may have been prevented by some unforeseen circumstance; perhaps an accident, or—"

"An accident," she interruptingly repeated, with alarming emphasis, as she faced around sharply and gazed searchingly in his face.

"Why, Vida, suppose he did meet with an accident, what would that be to you? Such things happen every day."

"Paul"—there was an immensity of reproach in the tone—"is he not our cousin; did he not save your life and mine?"

"Well, now sister, you know I am incapable of ingratitude, so pray spare me those reproaches," he said chidingly but good humoredly.

"Did you see him?" Mary put the question plump; there was an assuring look in her eye. Vida seemed pleased and much relieved. It was the very question she would liked to have asked.

When Pope wrote
"Some secret truths, from learned pride concealed,
To maids alone, and children are revealed,"

he uttered one of those immortal truths that poets, under the impulse of a sort of divine intuition, frequently give to the world.

"I have seen him; it is nothing," he replied in answer to Mary's question.

"Then there has been an accident,"—and turning to Mary she continued sharply—"and you knew it."

"Oh! don't blame me, it was Paul's fault," pleaded Mary, coaxingly.

"Yes, it was my fault, I admit, but the worst is over and now I will tell you all about it, and then Paul gave a full and clear account of the whole affair; but when he described the falling of the old building, and the finding of the mangled men, Vida hid her face in Mary's bosom, did so involuntarily, as if she would veil from her sight the horrible spectacle.

"It is quite evident and clear to my mind," said Paul, in ending the horrible recital, "that the employers and another party whom I might mention, had a hand in this business; that building never fell except by the agency of some force, at present beneath the surface of my observation."

"The cowardly wretches," whispered Vida and Mary in the same breath.

"Jealousy is invariably cowardly, and of all things on earth, capital is the most jealous of its claimed privileges," answered Paul, rising to go.

"But," said Vida, retaining him by a look, "what other party could have an interest in injuring these men?"

Paul went close to her, and said in an undertone:

"Allsoud is Relvason's tool."

"Are you sure?" said Vida, opening her eyes very wide.

"I am positive," he replied, with a slow, assured emphasis.

Paul left.

The story Vida had just heard shocked her, grated harshly on her tender nerves, bewildered her senses to a certain extent, but the reaction thawed her reserve, and it all ended in a flood of tears, and a closer knit friendship between her and Mary, as there was now another secret, common property between them.

Richard spent a restless day and night. The fracture and luxations were not exactly painful, but his entire body was as sore and aching as if he had been pounded several hours with a mallet. Towards noon he became impatient, and asked one of the Sisters if he could not have some morphine or chloral, or an anodyne or sedative of some kind. The good Sister looked at him kindly, with great, mild, liquid eyes, and spoke soothingly, sympathetically, but very decidedly. She said, "We never give sedatives unless by the doctor's orders. Physicians themselves, disagree about the *modus curandi* of these remedial agents, and it is not yet clearly ascertained whether their beneficial results are produced by primordial action on the heart, or by a prior influence on the nervous system, and for that reason we never use them except under competent medical direction and superintendence."

Richard did not fully understand the import of this explanation, but he felt she must be right and silently acquiesced.

About three o'clock the doctor came and went straight to Oscar, whom he found still unconscious, but his pulse was high, his mouth dry, respiration hurried and cheek flushed, breathing stertorous.

"Fever, brain or nervous, or both," grunted the physician, then turning to Arbyght, he said suddenly, abruptly:

"Has this young man been addicted to the use of fermented liquors, strong tea or coffee, or the use of tobacco?"

"No, sir," replied Richard, "he has lived a singularly abstemious life, and with peculiar pertinacity he eschewed all the articles you have mentioned."

"Been given to any other excesses?" sedulously pursued the doctor, as if continuing his former interrogatories.

"Not to my knowledge; his moral life is without a blemish."

"Sprightly, cheerful temperament?"

"Unusually so."

"Then he will recover."

"Are you confident of that?" asked Richard, now all ardent, expectancy.

"The mind and body act upon each other reciprocally," resumed the doctor, taking no notice of the pointed question, "and health in one promotes health in the other, or aids it to recover from an unwonted shock, and the mental discipline practised by this person, will aid him wonderfully in this emergency; and then his nervous system not being shattered or enfeebled by nerve destroyers, is in a condition to do him good service; therefore, I think that with care and attention the chances are favorable, at least for the physical system."

"Why, Doctor, you don't mean—?"

"Young man, you are extremely question-ary," broke in the doctor, with an evasive, interruptive laughing frown.

Before he left, Richard asked him for a sedative.

"No, sir, shan't have it," he replied roughly, but continued in an explanatory and milder tone: "nervous system severely strained, shocked, shattered—uncertain how it would act. You must be careful, sir; remember that if this other victim had been given to excesses of any kind he would have been dead by this time. The nervous system is the controlling, the governing power of the entire animal mechanism, and in your present state a sedative might irritate, not allay," and the doctor strode out of the ward, and in the physician's room he wrote prescriptions and gave directions for the treatment of his patients, as he called Arbyght and Wood.

They were well cared for, carefully and tenderly nursed by two Sisters, who were specially detailed to attend them alone, and be constantly near them.

This hospital is pleasantly situated in the most beautiful and fashionable part of the city, and quite close to the lake—three blocks. There is no distinction on account of sect, color or condition in receiving patients; rich, poor, high, low—all are welcome.

On the second day, in the forenoon, Richard fell into a deep reverie. The mind first wandered excitedly in an exalted, wild and extravagant region of thought or imagination, "but thereof came in the end despondency and madness," and in Bunyan's "slough of Despond," the sleepless dreamer writhed and struggled in mental anguish, unbearable, awful. His father's cruel death; his mother's untimely end; his sister's blighted hopes, and his own hard lot rose like ghosts of departed sor-

rows to vex and haunt him. Then Vida Geldamo rose before his rapturous vision at the beck of fancy's magical wand, and hidden deep in diaphanous, luminous loveliness, she seemed at once the soul and dispenser of joy eternal—eternally remote.

Presently there were light steps heard on the hard matting running through the aisle of the ward. Richard gave a start; his heart began a violent thumping, and looking up he saw Vida quite close to his cot. He flushed all over at once; his eyes darted quick glances of pleasure, joy, love.

"Oh! Mr. Arbyght, what a sad accident! I hope you are better to-day?" There was a subdued ring of pleasure in her voice, and a silent, pleased look in her eye.

"I feel much better now," he replied, radiant with suppressed happiness. "It is so kind and good of you to come; I thought this morning I was friendless, alone," he continued in a sort of delicious, ecstatic trance, gazing at her with moist eyes, a heavenly smile playing round the tremulous mouth.

"Friendless? how cruel of you to think so," she replied softly, but very reproachfully.

"Why, what a thoughtless fellow I am, to be sure, to keep you standing all this time," he said, pointing to a plain, cane-bottomed chair beside the cot, which he attempted to move a little further off; but she gracefully took the chair and sat down quite close to him—companionably close. The act sent the sufferer to heaven at once, where perhaps the performer of the act was before him, as it was she blushed like a June rose and looked supremely happy.

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XXIII.—The Excommunication.

Rachel dared not cast a look on Don Pedro, who, uneasy at seeing her approach the bishop and talk with him in a low voice, now regarded her with a sort of stupor, as passing before him, she went and joined his foster-brothers. When he found that she did not even turn her head towards him, seized with desperation, he exclaimed, "Where art thou going, Rachel!" in so heart-rending a voice, that the Jewess stopped as if her feet had been rooted to the ground; but on an imperious sign from the bishop, she continued her way.

Don Pedro shuddered and staggered as if he would have fallen; he essayed to spring towards her, but could not make a single step. "Rachel!" cried he, in a hollow voice. The Jewess, however, continued to pass on.

Augustin Gudiel then said to him with a triumphant air, "You see, Don Pedro, that woman for whom you have ruined yourself, deserts you like all the others. Let this be a lesson for your pride, and submit to the orders of the Church."

The unfortunate king, who thought himself deceived by some enchantment, interrupted the revengeful prelate, crying, in a menacing voice, "What charm, what witchcraft hast thou employed to deceive that credulous soul? For thou must have deceived her. Rachel was the light of my existence. For her I forgot misfortune, ruin, and shame, and she abandons me, cold and indifferent, deaf to my voice, to join my enemies. Fool that I was to rest my strength on her heart, to regard her love as my shield, to believe that the arms of a woman would open to hide the head of a proscribed! Oh! how her smile belied her!"

"Is not woman made up of vanity and caprice," replied the bishop. "Probably when you were powerful, she was sincere in her professions; at present the golden clouds that dazzled her have disappeared. It is sweet to love when love is a joy, a pastime; but when it becomes a constant pain and anguish, the heart wearies as the flower fades under the blast of the storm. Imitate your mistress, Don Pedro, and her abandonment will be your salvation. Swear never to see her again—to forget her—to drive her image from your thoughts, and your former friends will return to defend you. I myself will forget the insult I received at your hands, if you will perform an act of penance."

Don Pedro interrupted him by a burst of contemptuous laughter. "What are thy promises to me," said he, scornfully; "what matters the return of those traitors. Forget Rachel!—I!—thou knowest not what it is to love."

"So, then, you avow your unworthy weakness!" exclaimed Augustin Gudiel. "King of Castile, disdained by a Jewess, do you no longer feel in your heart one throb of noble pride? She disowns you, and you have not the courage to disown her in your turn. Like a fearful debased slave, you are ready to kiss the hand that smites you."

But Don Pedro heard not these aggravating words; broken down, annihilated, he sorrowfully regarded Rachel who had just approached Paloma.

The old nurse fixed her fierce looks on the Jewess, and repulsed her with a gesture of anger and contempt at the moment the poor girl was about to speak to her. "Avant, daughter of Samuel," said she, in a voice trembling with grief and indignation.

The Jewess bent down her head to hide the tears that filled her eyes; she appeared to

hesitate an instant, then turning towards two priests, who, at a sign from the bishop, had followed her, she murmured, "Lead me out of the castle, sire."

The two priests hastened to accompany her, in order to protect her from the insults of the mob.

Don Pedro, who seemed paralysed by a sorrowful stupor, only looked towards Rachel. When he saw her disappear he uttered a loud shriek, and would have followed her footsteps, but Don Fernand de Castro and Diego Lopez stopped him. The king cast on them a reproachful look, but he had been so enfeebled by the shock he had just experienced, that, yielding like an infant, he fell again into their arms, saying, in a broken voice, "I will see her again, I will see her again."

"Take care," said the Bishop of Segovia, "if you persist in your wanderings, all these knights shall take up arms against you. This castle shall no longer serve for an asylum."

"I will not drive my royal guest from the Castle of Lugo," said Don Fernand de Castro, haughtily. "The cause that drew on him the anger of the Church no longer exists; Don Pedro is for ever separated from the Jewess. He is not at this moment in a state to answer your question, Sir Bishop. I am guaranteed that he will soon repent of his passion for that heartless woman. Let all those who wish to seek fortune at the court of Don Enrique, freely depart; but the knights who wish to remain faithful to their king, let them unite with me to defend him."

The Galician nobles and the sons of Paloma directly ranged themselves around Don Fernand; while the companions of the bishop grouped themselves around him, the priests and monks dispersing themselves in the greatest confusion.

Augustin Gudiel perceiving the change that the departure of Rachel had effected in the minds of many of the knights, immediately cried out, "The Church has a horror of blood. We have faith in the word of Don Fernand; we summon the king his master to appear, in three months, at our tribunal." Then making a sign to his partisans to give place, he walked solemnly away, while the abbots and priors endeavoured to restore the order of the procession which had been so rudely broken.

When the last monk had disappeared under the gate of the tower, Don Pedro turned towards Diego Lopez like a man just aroused from a long and painful dream, saying, in a tone of grief, "Where is Rachel?" His whole body trembled, a burning fever raged in his veins, delirium seized him, and for eight days, during which his old nurse never left him for an instant, he hung suspended between life and death.

The ninth day he began to recover his reason, but still suffered under extreme debility. As his strength returned, he felt such a profound horror for the spot where his mistress had quitted him, that after naming Don Fernand de Castro, lieutenant of the kingdoms of Leon and Galicia, as a reward for his loyalty, he departed with his foster-brothers, in order to ask an asylum of his ally, the King of Portugal, who was then at his castle of Vallada, near Santarem.

When Don Pedro arrived at Corache, on the left bank of the Guadiana, a Portuguese nobleman announced to him, on the part of his master, that he could not receive him at Santarem, nor afford him an asylum in Portugal.

Don Pedro heard the message with a gloomy air, without answering a word. Remaining then alone with his foster-brothers, he took some gold double castillians out of his purse, and threw them over the roof of the house where he had stopped.

Diego Lopez looked at them with surprise, and said to him, "Why not give that gold to some one among your poor servants, sire rather than sow it thus in an inhospitable land?"

"Yes, I sow now," said the king, with a fierce smile, "but one day I will come back and reap."

Diego Lopez was silent. Don Pedro then directed his steps towards Corunna, where he met an envoy from the Black Prince, inviting him to go to England, on a visit to King Edward, promising him beforehand the most favourable reception.

The king embarked the same day for Bordeaux, accompanied by his foster-brothers.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Edward, the Black Prince.

Day was closing in, and the curfew-bell had just tolled, when the sergeant-at-arms, who commanded the guard at one of the gates of Bordeaux, came out of a small armoury built in the thickness of the city walls, followed by a dozen English archers; he was going to relieve the sentinels who watched on the ramparts. The warden took from their nail the heavy keys, and directed his steps towards the gate, which, according to orders, it was his duty to shut at the close of day. He was an old English trooper who had fought valiantly in his time, but whose corpulence had so increased with age, that, despairing of being able in future to get into any armour, he had been induced to solicit, as a last resource, the charge of one of the city gates. Being unable to forget the martial habits he had contracted in his youth, he was accustomed, in the exercise of his civil functions, to regard as an enemy, and to treat as such, whoever ventured to demand admission when the hour for closing had arrived. It was a subject of diversion for him to close the gate a second before the