

## Poetry.

## "THAT'S SO."

We may talk of our enlightened civilization,  
But according to the records of the times,  
We are living in an age and generation,  
Which punishes only poor men for their crimes.  
For the pampered sons of wealth are too illustrious

And high life criminals have such winning ways  
They are always bound to go unwhipped of justice,  
For they never hang a rich man, now-a-days.

Oh yes! That's so,  
They never hang a man of wealth or note,  
But always when the gallows gets a victim,  
'Tis some poor wretch, who "wears a ragged coat."

Now the country's full of greedy speculators,  
With their swindling combinations of every kind,  
But they call mechanics dangerous agitators,  
When for their rights these honest men combine.

Then rich capitalists at once cry out, "Oh gracious!  
We must punish these rascals for conspiracy.  
What!—a strike for wages? Isn't it audacious?  
Why, they all deserve the Penitentiary,"

Oh yes! That's the way,  
They talk of sending poor men to Sing-Sing,  
For combining to uphold the laws of Labor,  
But it's all right with their swindling Wall street rings.

Yes, it's all right with their gentlemen rogue civilians.  
Their Erie Railroads, Goulds, and Tammany Tweeds,  
Who steal vast sums representing many millions,  
But are never brought to justice for their deeds.

Yes, it's thus the rich can steal, and when detected,  
All they've got to say is, "Let's have peace."  
Then compromise, and be again respected.  
Thus with what they steal, they purchase their release.

Oh yes! That's so,  
But let some poor outcast, his hand outstretch,  
And just touch the value even of a penny,  
And how quick a Felon's doom o'ertakes the wretch.

Yes, our Merchant Princes and Stock-jobbing Brokers,  
Our manufacturing Lords and Railroad Kings,  
May meet to plot and scheme as fellow-workers,  
To corner trade, by monopolies and rings.

"But oh! Those vile Trades Unions of mechanics,"  
How capital curses; how it fumes and frets;  
When honest Labor claims by power organic,  
Just compensation, while it groans and sweats.

Oh yes! That's so,  
Then a hue and a cry is raised on every hand,  
And Labor Leagues denounced as Communistic.  
And Labor strikes, the ruin of the land.

—Coopers' Journal.

## Tales and Sketches.

## THE BROTHERS.

## CHAPTER V.

'Tis a dark tale, darkly finished.

It were vain to attempt to picture the horror of the scene which presented itself to her bewildered gaze, when, disturbed in some pleasant employ by an unusual stir in the court-yard, Gioletta sprang gaily from the hall, where she had been sitting with her kind friend, the mistress of the mansion, and to her question inquiring the cause, receiving nought but dead silence from the thronging menials, pressed onward towards the portal, and there stood, as if spell-bound by the appalling spectacle. A crowd hung over the bier on which was borne the lifeless body of her young lover; but she saw nought but one object—that cold, rigid, set face, whose latest glance had been one of beaming affection, but which now gave no sympathy to the wild and piercing shriek that broke from her lips, as, springing forward, she cried, "It is he! Giovanni! Giovanni!" and in the next moment fell back in unconsciousness, the crimson blood gushing in a torrent from her quivering mouth.

A frantic outburst of grief relieved that agony too great for endurance which followed the first careful disclosures of the dreadful event to the stricken mother, who was borne quickly away from the immediate scene; but there were those who doubted the sanity of the grand duke's mind, as, with form erect, and lip and brow curved as though they defied the inward torture, he gave, in calm yet unfamiliar tones, the necessary orders for the discovery of the murderer, and led the way as the bier at his command was conveyed into a dark inner apartment, the key of which he always retained.

In the meanwhile, Garcia had reached a small but well-known inn, in the heart of the city, where he had that morning made an appointment to meet several gay youths of his acquaintance, and when, concealed from the paternal eye, they often gave way to excesses of which their parents little dreamt. Several glasses of wine were swallowed in rapid succession before his nerves grew firm and his manner collected; but just as he had attained seeming composure, a retainer of the grand duke rode at full gallop to the door of the tavern, and rushing in, revealed, in broken and half-articulate accents, the dreadful fate which had befallen his young master, adding,

"I have been searching for you in every direction, and it was only by chance that I suspected you might be here, and hurried on to seek you."

Garcia turned livid as death with the appalling surmises, but although his frame shook and his features were convulsed as he mounted his horse, none of his thoughtless associates suspected the cause, but all expressed their sympathy in his sudden bereavement. On reaching the court-yard of the palace, he found all the servants gathered in close groups, their countenances expressive of horror and astonishment; and almost unobserved by them, he entered the mansion, his head drooping on his breast, and his whole demeanor telling of deep and sudden sorrow.

For some hours the murderer paced the spacious apartment allotted to his use, trying to bring himself to the task of appearing before his stern father, who, as he learned, was seated silent and spell-bound beside the bier on which reposed the heir of his princely estate. Of his mother he needed not to ask, for although thick tapestries and stucco walls separated him from the chamber which she occupied, yet his sensitive ear often caught the echo of her wild cries and passionate despair; and once he started with horror when he heard these thrilling inquiries—"Who could have done this dark deed? Who could have killed my beautiful first-born, my gentle Giovanni?" Of Gioletta he dared not even think.

The midnight clock struck twelve—that hour fraught with solemnity even to the most thoughtless—when Garcia was aroused from his stupor by the entrance of a servant, who whispered that his master, the grand duke, summoned him to the "iron chamber"—for so the apartment was called. Garcia's frame shook as he received the message, but recovering his air of stern grief, he motioned the domestic away, and with stately but irregular steps, took the passage that led to the above mentioned chamber. It seemed to him that some strange and mysterious tragedy was to be enacted, and he the principal personage therein; yet, though his eye was wild and deep-sunken, he reached the portal to meet his father's fixed gaze without the least blanching of color, and stood there silently till the duke, with a look that spoke volumes, bade him approach the spot where stood a table covered with a dark drapery, and gleaming with the light from numerous tapers.

"Draw that aside," he muttered, in hollow tones.

Garcia mechanically obeyed, and a bloody sheet was next revealed.

"'Tis thy brother's blood?" murmured the wretched father, lifting the horrid covering and disclosing the dead form beneath. "Look here—look here!" he almost shrieked aloud; "blood calls for blood, and from a father's hand?"

Garcia's eyes closed with the first glance which he took within that coffin: and yet there was nothing terrible in the sight; it was only sad—for Giovanni's young face looked placid as that of childhood; his soft silken hair fell in rich masses from his delicate and blue veined forehead; the pencilled lashes lay like slumber upon his marble cheek, and his fingers were clasped as though he had fallen into the lap of repose with some innocent prayer yet lingering on his lips. There was nothing fearful in his aspect, yet the murderer shook with that one hurried glance, and as he fell cowering at his father's feet, pale as his victim, he murmured, in faltering tones, "Father, father, whom do you suspect? Not me—surely not me!"

"Base boy!" exclaimed Cosmo, "why need you ask?" and leaning over the youth he drew from his side the jewelled dagger which had spilt his brother's blood, and which (unforeseen tell-tale!) was now red with the life-stream. "Twas thyself!" he hissed aloud in the youth's ear; and as Garcia started up in horror at the discovery, the wretched parent fell on his knees, exclaiming, in agonizing tones, "Great God! grant me the strength to do an act of justice!" then with the phrensy of paternal feeling, he snatched Garcia to his bosom, overwhelmed him with kisses and caresses, entreated Heaven to have mercy on the soul of this, his most sinful son, and before the terrified youth could free himself from his parent's maddened embrace, that parent, as if suddenly prompted to the dread act, thrust him backwards, turned away his face, nerved his relaxing arm, and stabbed him through the heart.

Years passed away, after the rehearsal of this brief, but well-authenticated drama of life, and amid the splendor of his ancestral palace, the Grand Duke de Medici still resided, a stranger to remorse, and glorying in his act as the execution of a righteous judgment. His wife, the childless and heart-broken duchess, had long before reposed in an honorable niche among her kindred dead. The youthful Gioletta had sought refuge from a vain and weary world within the walls of a neighboring convent, where, "supported by the very power of sorrow," she lived on for a few years, haunted by only one dark remembrance, and then slept beneath its peaceful sod. But, absorbed in schemes of ambition, no one would have imagined that the grand duke ever recalled the above fearful incidents, till it was discovered that each succeeding anniversary of that day was spent in prayer and fasting, and each midnight found him ever keeping vigil on that spot of death and murder, the gloomy "iron chamber."

THE END.

## A WIFE THROUGH A MISTAKE.

It was towards the close of December that I stepped from the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamer at Southampton.

Protracted service with my regiment on the hot plains of Hindostan had made me a stranger to most of the friends of my youth.

For me there was no domestic hearth; no cheerful circle to make me a sharer of its joys; no mistletoe under which I would be permitted to snatch the sweet kiss of Christmas.

In my ruminations I sometimes almost regretted the leave of absence that had afforded an opportunity for my return. Better, I thought, to have staid among my jovial companions sticking pigs in the jungle or swinging in a grass hammock, with a hookah between my teeth.

As I wended my way toward the old club, I entertained a faint hope—it was indeed only a glimmer of hope—that I might find some fellow as miserable as myself.

It was not reasonable, I allow, to expect that anyone could be quite so friendless as to have no family fireside at which to enjoy the coming holiday.

I could scarcely, at all events, fail to fall in with some old acquaintance who would smoke a cigar with me.

"Any letters for Captain Fleetwynd?" I asked of the club janitor.

"Captain Fleetwynd! Yes sir. One by the last delivery. Long time since we have seen you here, sir."

Entering the club and throwing myself on an ottoman I opened the letter and read it.

Its contents changed the tenor of my thoughts. From being a miserable dog I became comparatively happy.

It was, in fact, an invitation to dine on Christmas day with my old friend Harry Blount.

At the time designated I was on the platform of the Euston Square terminus, equipped with travelling bag and ticket.

As the train proceeded, I relapsed into reverie, indulging in dreams of the past in which the vision of golden-haired girls with ripe ruby lips waiting patiently to be kissed under the mistletoe made their appearance, whilst a premonition presented itself that the heart which had withstood the charmers of India, yielding to the mystic influence of the season, became enslaved to some maid of the colder English climate.

Precisely at the hour indicated by the timetable I reached the station.

Stepping on the platform and sauntering along, I was presently accosted by a footman in livery, somewhat more portentious in appearance than any of the group of servants from which he stepped forth.

"Mr. Fleetwynd?" inquired the man.

"Yes," I replied, but not without noticing the omission of my military title, though the man might have been carelessly instructed and have forgotten it.

"The carriage, sir."

And he pointed to a carriage and pair drawn up outside the railings, with a coachman weighing at least a quarter of a ton on the box.

"Harry must have prospered," thought I, as I stepped in and sank in the soft morocco cushions. "At all events this must be his father's equipage, and I suppose I am to be taken to the Squire's house."

I had never, however, been there. My acquaintance with the Blount family was confined to Harry himself—a college friendship interrupted by my being suddenly called out to service in India.

The renewal of that friendship at this time seemed opportune.

I was aware that my friend had a sister of whom rumor spoke some pretty things. Was she still unmarried, and still disengaged? If so, there might be a chance of my renouncing single blessedness.

As the fancy flitted across my mind I pulled off my travelling-cap, passed my fingers through my still unsilvered curls, gazed on my sun-embrowned visage reflected on the plateglass of the carriage windows, and gave an additional twirl to my moustaches.

Had been nearly an hour on the road.

Kingscote Park was further than I had anticipated.

The evening was pitchy dark, all that was visible being the trees and hedges bordering the road.

There was frost upon the foliage, and the sparkling hoar gave forth its myriads of glittering coruscations.

At length the carriage stopped, a massive gate swung on its hinges, and the carriage swept by two trellised lodges.

Five minutes on a soft gravelled drive, and then a winding sweep through copsewood, and the carriage drew up at the doors of a noble mansion.

Several other carriages were taking their departure, having delivered their freights on the steps of the portico.

I was almost immediately consigned into the hands of a portly servant, by whom I was conducted into a large chamber with all the appearances of a luxurious sleeping apartment.

Adjoining was the dressing-closet into which my bag was carried.

"Your room, Mr. Fleetwynd," said the man on entering. "Dinner at seven o'clock."

I arranged my toilet with due care, and after ringing the bell and descending, was

led along a magnificent corridor, a wide door was then flung open, and I was announced.

A large company was present in the drawing-room. There was the usual pause of embarrassment when an unfamiliar name is announced—unfamiliar, at least to most of the company; but this I expected to be terminated by Harry rushing forward and taking me by the hand.

Instead of this, I was approached by a portly white-haired gentleman, who, after offering me his congratulations on my return from India, led me up to his equally venerable wife.

My eyes at the moment glanced on a young lady standing near her, radiant in beauty.

"My daughter, Mr. Fleetwynd," were the next words that fell upon my ear, and I was standing face to face with this tall, blue-eyed, golden-haired girl, just such a one as I expected the sister of Harry Blount would be.

I was about asking after my friend Harry, still speculating as to the cause of his non-appearance, when this was explained by the old gentleman himself.

"I am sorry, Mr. Fleetwynd, that my son is not here. He will not be with us to dinner, but we may expect him over the wine. An awkward accident happened to a friend of his in the hunting field, and he has ridden over to see what can be done. He left a thousand apologies for his absence, and has left Emily here to take care of you until his return."

The smile with which Emily received the avowal removed any regret that I might have felt at the absence of her brother, and I did not feel much sorrow for the accident that had befallen the sportsman—a displaced shoulder, as I was told.

I was introduced to several of the guests, some bearing titles, still as plain Mr. Fleetwynd. Additional guests arriving, a similar process was gone through with them, till the stentorian voice of the butler announced "dinner served," and we filed off into the dining-room, Emily taking me in charge as her father jocularly phrased it.

Long before we came to the champagne I was as much a captive to her charms as any of her admirers.

She was, indeed, a splendid specimen of English beauty of the most aristocratic type.

The dinner was served in a style of extreme elegance. The choicest wines soon thawed the ceremonious air that had hung over the company, and the conversation soon became more general and unrestrained.

I was a little surprised to hear our host spoken of as Sir William, not having been aware that the father of Harry Blount was a knight.

What most surprised me, however, was the very great attention I was receiving, not only from my pretty partner, but from Sir William himself, and his stately wife. The more distinguished of the company were lavish of pleasant speech, and I might have fancied myself the honored guest of the occasion. My introductions were thoroughly correct, and no doubt my friend Harry had spoken well of me, and to this I might attribute the quick intimacy that had sprung up between myself and his sister. I felt grateful to him for this, though I would have preferred that the consideration paid me should have been more spontaneous.

Dinner was at length ended, the desert was spread out, the bon-bons were being pulled, when suddenly there came a change over the festive scene. Sir William was about rising to propose the usual toast of the Christmas dinner when the butler entered and slipped a card into his hand, accompanying the act with a whisper. Why the card of a gentleman, probably waiting outside, should bring a cloud over the late smiling face of our host was not easy to explain. Had it anything to do with the unfortunate Nimrod with the displaced shoulder?

"Ladies and gentlemen," said our host, rising to his feet, "permit me to leave you for a moment. Please fill your glasses and make merry till my return."

Saying this, he strode toward the door, casting on me as he did so a threatening look which seemed to comprehend me and his daughter Emily.

"What the deuce does it mean?" was the reflection I made to myself, whilst others seemed engaged in a similar speculation. Although glasses were filled afresh and an effort made to keep up the conversation, it proved a failure, and the effort was succeeded by a death-like silence. It was a relief to all when Sir William returned, though I was somewhat embarrassed when he took a stand at the opposite side of the table, and fixed his eyes on me as though I were to be made answerable for the late accident.

"Is your name Fleetwynd?" he asked in a tone of austerity bordering on insult.

"My name is Fleetwynd."

"Jasper Fleetwynd, of Her Majesty's Civil Service, late resident in Madras?"

"No. Francis Fleetwynd, of Her Majesty's army, late serving in the Presidency of Bombay."

"Permit me to ask, sir, how you came to be here?"

"By invitation from your son."

"From my son? This is very strange. Allow me to say, sir, that I have some difficulty in giving credence to your statement. My son, gentlemen," he added to his astonished guests, "had invited an old acquaintance, of whom you have all been present with me at our Christmas

By a strange accident he has been delayed, but he is now outside. Who Captain Fleetwynd may require some explanation, and I hope, sir, for your own sake, you will be able to furnish it."

I need hardly say that I was quite as much astonished at this speech as any one around the table. I was shocked sufficiently to feel confused. At the same time I was comforted by perceiving that there was one who did not, as might have been expected, shrink from me in abhorrence. In the eyes of Emily I read something that spoke of sympathy.

"Sir William," I said, rising to my feet and preparing to vacate the place I had hitherto held, I regret very much the misapprehension that has occurred, and which I confess, I am unable to explain. I am, as I have said, Captain Fleetwynd, of H. M. —th Regiment, and if your son were here—"

"He is here," said a tall youth who at that moment entered the room accompanied by a much shorter man of pale bilious complexion, whom I at once recognized as the very unsocial passenger on board the steamer, but whose name I had never heard. "He is here, and, I am sorry to say, sir, has no remembrance of ever having met you before, much less give you the invitation you speak of."

I was now in a position to be tied by a couple of straws.

What could it mean? Where was young Harry—Harry Blount? The sprout I saw before me bore not the slightest resemblance to him. I had certainly received an invitation from Harry Blount, his family crest was upon the note that conveyed it; I had come as per invitation; had been received with great cordiality by, as I supposed, his father.

How long, but for a happy incident, my awkward dilemma would have been prolonged I am unable to say. From the dark looks around me I argued that I stood a fair chance of being pronounced a swindler. I was about entering on my version of the matter, when a whirl of wheels grated on the ground outside, and almost immediately, the door being still open, a voice was heard exchanging speech with the butler in the hall. A moment after the butler made his appearance, placing a second card in the hands of Sir William.

"Mr. Harry Blount," mechanically uttered our host, receding from the card. "Who would have expected him at this hour? I invited him to dinner to-day, but he expected a friend from London. Tell him to step in and join us over a glass of wine."

"Blount, Blount!" exclaimed my fellow passenger on the steamer, "that was the gentleman to whose house I was taken, having mistaken his carriage for yours, Sir William. Not a bad fellow, by the way. But for his politeness and his dog-cart I might be still on the high-road instead of here."

"Mr. Harry Blount!" cried Sir William holding out his hand. "Happy to see you sir; better late than never!"

"Thanks," answered my college acquaintance as he entered the room, "I hope the ladies will pardon this intrusion; but, if I mistake not, you have a guest here who by right belongs to me. You and I, Sir William, appear to have made an exchange by the stupidity of our servants. Do you chance to have a gentleman among you, by name Captain Francis Fleetwynd?"

"We have," answered Sir William. "And now that we know Captain Fleetwynd to be a friend of yours, we have only to beg of him that he will not allow you to carry him off. I am ready to apologise for the incivility that has arisen out of misapprehension. Come Mr. Blount ask your friend to forgive us. Look around and see whether it will not be worth while to stay for a kiss under the mistletoe."

"In the teeth of such a challenge as that, Sir William, I would be sorry to rob you of a guest who, I am sure, would not thank me for transferring him from such a genial atmosphere. What say you Frank?"

"That you have given a very correct interpretation to my sentiments."

"Thanks!" exclaimed Sir William. "Thanks Captain Fleetwynd for your frank forgiveness. And now ladies and gentlemen may I beg you to fill your glasses and drink a toast I am about to propose: 'Equal honor to the guest who is here by mistake as to him who has come by invitation.'"

As might have been expected, the incident, from its very *bizarre*, had the effect of exciting the hilarity of the company, and a merrier Christmas party could not have been found that night in all England.

There may have been exceptions—a few individuals who did not share in the general joy—and one perhaps should be mentioned—my namesake of the cadaverous complexion. I could see he was far from satisfied with the part that he had been made to play in the little comedy of errors, and more than once I caught him glancing at myself in a way anything but friendly. I soon discovered the clue to this unspoken hostility in the fact that the charming Emily was designed to be his partner throughout the evening—he being reputed to be as rich as a rajah, the possessor of vast Indian estates, and of whole bushels of rupees. But before evening was over I discovered, or fancied, what made that Christmas the happiest of my life—that Jasper Fleetwynd had arrived too late and that Francis Fleetwynd had forestalled him! The fancy proved to be well-founded, for, despite some slight opposition on the part of Sir Wil-