

Poetry.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Better than grandeur, better than gold,
Than rank and title a thousand fold,
Is a healthy body, and a mind at ease,
And simple pleasures that always please;
A heart that can feel for a neighbor's woe,
And share his joy with a genial glow,
With sympathies large enough to unfold
All men as brothers, are better than gold.

Better than gold is conscience clear,
Though toiling for bread in an humble sphere,
Doubly blest with content and health,
Untired by lust and cares of wealth,
Lowly living and lofty thought,
And an ennobled poor man's cot,
For mind or morals, or nature's plan,
Are the genuine test of a gentleman.

Better than gold is the sweet repose
Of the sons of toil when their labors close;
Better than gold is the poor man's sleep,
And the balm that drops on his slumbers deep;
Bring sleeping draughts to the downy bed,
Where luxury pillows the aching head;
His simpler opiate labor decies
A shorter road to the land of dreams.

Better than gold is a thinking mind,
That in a realm of books can find
A treasure surpassing Australian ore,
And live with the great and good of yore,
The sage's lore and the poet's lay,
The glories of empires past away,
The world's great dream will thus unfold,
And yield a pleasure better than gold.

Better than gold is a peaceful home,
Where all the fabled charities come,
The shrine of love and the heaven of life,
Hallowed by mother, sister or wife;
However humble the home may be,
The blessings that never were bought or sold,
And centre there are better than gold.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER III.

Evening—dining room in the old farm house; occupants, Mrs. Arbyght, Master Richard and the baby. The table was spread for supper. A cheerful fire sparkled and dancingly glowed on the hearth. The illuminator of other days, the inevitable candle, threw a faint light on animate and inanimate. The old dark, time-stained, oak-paneled walls and ceiling gave the room a sombre appearance, which was more than relieved by the ashen floor of almost alabaster whiteness, and the radiant floods of golden light emitted from the old-fashioned hearth.

Master Richard occasionally ran to the window, mounted a chair and peered into the murky outer darkness. Mrs. Arbyght's face wore a solicitous, anxious, expectant look. Her quick ear caught the slightest sound. Still he, for whom they lovingly waited, came not. The old pillar-like New England clock, in the adjoining room, struck ten, eleven and twelve, as the hours rolled slowly, very slowly, away. Still he came not. The clock struck one; the fire was dying out on the hearth. Near the table sat Mrs. Arbyght, pale and sad; her lips quiveringly moved as if in prayer. The sleeping baby was in her arms, and upon the little unconscious dreamer her eyes rested almost constantly, showing by the depth of the gaze how close her heart was knit to that of the child. Master Richard had climbed into a great carved oaken arm-chair, and in deep sleep remained oblivious to all external surroundings. The clock struck two. Mrs. Arbyght's head inclined upon her breast. Exhausted nature could hold out no longer; she dropped into a fitful sleep.

Three hours later, in the grayish dawn of morning, three men returned from Silvertown, after a night of bacchanalian debaucheries, stopped on the very spot on which Richard Arbyght was murdered, to debate some vexed question that arose during the night's revelries, and on which they were unable to agree. While disputing and arguing, their attention was directed to the blood on the road, and other marked evidences of the previous night's struggle. In examining the traces of the conflict, the body of the murdered man was discovered and recognized. A short consultation was held. It was resolved that one should guard the body, another should endeavour to secure a conveyance of some kind, to bring it home, and the other should go ahead and break the intelligence to the stricken, bereaved wife. The man who was left to guard the body noticed, as soon as the others had left, the open diary in the hand of the murdered man; he stooped and picked it up rather quickly. In doing so, however, a leaf remained in the clenched hand wrenched from the book. This leaf, with no little effort, he recovered; he glanced over it hastily, then muttered audibly, "Surely the blood of the murdered cries to heaven for vengeance; you are tracked, my dear fellow, and will pay dearly for this." Suddenly a new thought seemed to be born within him; he glanced eagerly around, and as he heard a wagon approaching, he thrust the torn leaf into his vest pocket.

The party to whom was deputed the task of securing a vehicle to convey the body home, met a man with an ordinary one-horse market

wagon, going to Silvertown, whom he easily persuaded to undertake the charitable task. The body was carefully placed in the wagon, and with heavy hearts they started for the old farm house. They soon overtook the third party, who had started ahead, and they all went on together.

With a sudden start, Mrs. Arbyght awoke from a horrid dream, in which she saw her husband, pale as death, flying from a person whom she recollected having seen on several occasions, and who now appeared to be closely pursuing her husband with a menacing look. In his right hand she saw a pistol, she thought, or dreamed, she rushed to the door to let her husband in, when his pursuer fired, and Richard fell dead at her feet. Horribly frightened she awoke. Large drops of perspiration stood upon her face; she gazed wildly around; the rising sun was streaming into the room; the candle was just expiring in a flickering glimmer; the fire was out, otherwise the room was just as when she went asleep. The sound of approaching wheels broke upon her ear—she starts—a cold tremor ran through her frame. The sound came nearer and nearer, but every gyration of the wheels seem to roll an ever increasing weight upon her heart. The wheels stopped. The sound ceased. She rose to her feet. The door swung open, and four men entered, bearing the most of all she valued on earth between them. She staggered forward, involuntarily dropped the baby, threw her hands upward, uttered a piercing scream and sank, an inanimate mass upon the floor.

CHAPTER IV.

We will draw a veil over the next three years that elapsed since the incidents narrated in the last chapter transpired. The sorrowful heart-broken widow would have died the day her husband's body was brought home, but for her children. She tried hard to live for them; all the love of her warm gushing heart centered in them; they were her only hope, all else was burned out of her young life. But how would she support them? This was a serious, perplexing question. She wrote to Richard's father a full account of the affair. A few weeks afterwards a letter was received from her mother-in-law, stating that Mr. Arbyght had also gone the way of all flesh. The last financial panic completely ruined his business, which so preyed upon the old man's mind as to induce temporary insanity and death. The letter closed by saying "they were ruined—beggared." Mrs. Arbyght was hard pressed. To work she was unable, means she had none. Mr. Morris, the purchaser of the farm, was to move in immediately.

Despair seized the stricken widow. But when all failed, noble old Squire Stanly came to her assistance, and offered her and her children such as he had. The kind generous offer was gladly accepted. Many efforts were made to bring the murderer of Richard Arbyght to justice, but all without avail; no clue could be found, not even a suspicion could be fastened upon any body. But "murder will out"—we shall see.

Mrs. Arbyght pined daily. She never recovered from the shock; and notwithstanding she desired to live for her children's sake, she gradually sank into life everlasting. Three years from the day her husband was buried, she was laid beside him in the old village churchyard. The children were now orphaned and alone, indeed.

Shortly after the death of Mrs. Arbyght, a lady on a visit to Mrs. Morris, was passing through Silvertown, and seeing little Bertha Arbyght, now three years and six months old, took a strange fancy to the child. She ascertained the little girl's history, and then waited upon the old squire, with whom she had the following colloquy:

"Squire, I understand you have a little orphaned girl under your care."

"Yes, madam, and a beautiful creature she is; vivacious, good-natured and wise beyond her years."

"Of that I am convinced," said madam, "as I have seen her, but," she added, "I see you have a household of children, and I think you might give Bertha to me. I will raise her respectfully, give her an education, make her a lady—in a word adopt her. You can consult Mr. Morris as to my antecedents and standing."

"My dear madam," said the squire, "your offer is certainly a liberal one, and no doubt it would be better for the child. I will talk to Master Richard about the matter, and will also see Mr. Morris, and will let you know the result in a few days."

"I am ever so much obliged to you, Squire, indeed I am," said madam, as she bowed herself out.

Madam's standing and antecedents were found to be all that could be well desired. The old squire consented, though with some misgivings, and the child was taken from the arms of her weeping brother, and carried to her new home some four hundred miles distant.

When one year had rolled over, and Richard was expecting to see his sister as per agreement, the squire received a kind and polite note from madam, saying that Bertha had just died from a severe attack of the croup. Enclosed in the letter was a locket that Bertha had worn since she was six months old. The locket was for Richard. To our young hero this was a severe blow, and although but nine years old, he felt it keenly. He felt that now

he was entirely alone in the cold, wide world. It was many a day before the color came back to his cheek, the fire to his eye or joy to his young heart, and he was comforted only by a triple loss and bereavement. However, he rallied and ultimately regained his accustomed sprightliness of movement and hilarity of spirit.

In summer the boy worked on the farm for the old squire, and in winter he went to the village school. He was quick at everything in the line of common school studies, but he especially appeared to have a heaven-born gift for mathematics. He was also of a very philosophical and inquiring turn of mind. The distinction which the teacher made in the scholars puzzled him amazingly. He could not understand why the teacher should treat some of the boys with more deference than others. He especially noticed that dress and assumed social prominence had much to do in shaping the instructor's predilections. He had frequent conversations with the old squire on these matters, but the old man's answer that "these things were the natural and legitimate outgrowth of a morbidly false and iniquitously wrong system of society, founded on barbarous principles, and fostered and maintained by partial one-sided legislation," did not satisfy his youthful thirst for information concerning causes which his pure, unbiased notions of justice could not comprehend.

The fancied difference in the social position of the school boys and the neighbors of the village, was also a constant theme of enquiring thought to the boy. He could not understand why one man, outside his acquired superexcellence of mind, should be any better than another; and not being any better, naturally or of himself, it was a mystery to the boy why he should be any better cared for, or possess more of the comforts and good things of the world than his fellow-man.

In his fourteenth year, his thirst for knowledge assumed quite a violent aspect; he devoured everything of a literary nature that came in his way. He wished to study algebra, philosophy, rhetoric, geometry, and the other higher sciences, which tend to expand and beautify the mind; but his aspirations were checked by his inability to procure suitable text-books—and to add to his humiliation and despair, he saw boys of only mediocre intellect and passable or questionable morals, sent by their parents to a neighboring college to receive a classical or finished education.

Although the boy was inured from childhood to patient endurance, and calm resignation to his hard, inexorable fate; still this matter chafed him continually. It was, to his young inquiring brain, an habitual and constant source of vexatious thought. It so preyed upon his mind that he became morose and gloomy. He finally broached the subject to the Squire.

The old man counseled fortitude, resignation and perseverance.

"But," said the boy, "I don't understand this educational system. Why should one class of citizens be educated, while another class are kept in hopeless ignorance?"

"Well, my boy, it don't seem right. No, by gad, it don't; but then you see one class are able to educate their children, and make of them ornaments to society, while the other class are not."

"Oh! I know that full well; but, Squire, is it right or just? that's what I would like to know."

"Why," said the Squire, after some hesitation, "I don't hardly think it is just or right. It is manifestly unjust, but I can't hardly see how the evil may be remedied."

"But," said Richard, "I can."

"YOU CAN!" exclaimed the old man, almost startled out of his seat. "Come, come, my boy," he said, after his surprise subsided, "you astonish me—yes, by gad you do. Well, well! You can see a remedy, can you; well let's hear it, boy, let's hear it."

Richard paused and remained meditatively silent.

"Out with it lad, out with it lad," said the Squire.

"Well," said Richard, "does not the prosperity, stability and perpetuity of any nation of freemen depend upon the wisdom and intelligence of its citizens?"

"Certainly it does, my boy."

"And ignorance and depravity are always connected with a despotism—that is among the masses of the people?"

"Your historical knowledge is not at fault," said the Squire, now thoroughly interested.

"Well, then," said Richard, "to preserve a republic like ours free and intact, it requires a grand national education."

"That I admit," said the Squire.

"Then can you not see," said the youthful statesman, "that to fit every child in the land, who is one day destined to become a pillar of the Nation, for the patriotic and conscientious discharge of the duties of citizens and electors, should be, and is the great paramount duty of the State. A far-reaching, far-seeing, and sound generous statesmanship would make education, in all its phases, gratuitous to every child in the land; and, what's more, compel these children to acquire such an education as would fit them for the responsible duties of citizens of a great and free republic; besides, all the colleges, academies, graded schools, and universities, should be controlled by the State, and should be free to all who wished to avail themselves of a higher or more classical training. By such an educa-

tional system, our republic would, in time, rival that described by Plato."

The old man had nothing to say. He remained in deep thought for a while, then looked long and earnestly at the boy. He finally said—

"Well, my good lad, of one thing I am certain, under such a system you would not long remain an obscure village boy; you are an embryo Jefferson, you are, by gad you are," and the old man hobbled out of the room.

When Richard was fifteen years of age, the old Squire informed him that it was very essential he should learn a trade of some kind. To himself was given the choice of deciding what trade he should follow. The boy thought over the matter a few days and finally decided he would be a cooper.

Arrangements were accordingly made with the village cooper, and a few days afterwards Richard was regularly installed in the shop, and began to take his first lessons in the mysteries of the craft. He did not leave the old Squire's roof, neither did he forget his studies. He went to school the following winter, but he found the village master unable to any longer lead him, so he was thrown entirely upon his own resources as far as education was concerned.

He learned the various branches of the trade very rapidly; he took an active interest in it, and was especially fond of excelling in skilled and superior workmanship.

At the end of two years he was master of nearly half a dozen different branches of the craft. At the age of seventeen he secured a teacher's certificate, and for the next three years he taught school during the winter months and worked at his trade in the summer.

Richard Arbyght reached the age of twenty. He was fully six feet tall, but straight as a gun-barrel, prominent cheek bones, quarthy complexion, rather slender but lithe, sinewy and strong, with a quick, elastic movement, and fiery dark eye. His countenance was open and expressive, his demeanor dignified and grave, his mind inquisitive, his heart brave but sympathetic. Strictly speaking, he could not be accounted handsome or graceful, but his every look and movement gave assurance of the greatness and goodness of that noblest attribute of man—SOUL.

The great war of the rebellion burst upon the nation, like a hurricane from Hades. Richard Arbyght shouldered a musket and joined the ranks of his country's defenders. By bravery and heroism, by merit and close application to duty, he raised himself from private to Lieutenant-Colonel.

After the close of the war, he again found himself pacing the streets of Silvertown, but with heavy heart and oppressed mind. The old Squire and his wife, who had so long been father and mother to him, were no more. The scenes of his childhood he cared for no longer. The village looked desolate. He stood upon its streets alone; alone in the boundless waste of wickedness, selfishness and depravity, termed the world, utterly, wretchedly alone. He determined to seek other scenes, where, perhaps, he would forget his sorrows and his sufferings; at least, every house-top, street, tree or person he saw or met, would not continually remind him of them. He placed a suitable monument over the grave of his parents, and then left the village forever.

His first object was to secure a position in which mental rather than physical labor would be required; but after a three months' fruitless search, he gave it up in despair. He found that friends and influence had more to do in procuring such positions than real merit, or fitness, or adaptability for the place.

Having grown heartily tired of perambulating the country, he concluded to purchase a set of tools and go to work at the trade. This resolve he put into immediate execution.

He worked about eighteen months in the city of Philadelphia, but could never accustom himself to the place or the people. He had an instinctive horror of aimless, nomadic wanderings; he wished to locate permanently, but could not believe Philadelphia was the place. Chicago often occurred to him—even in his dreams an invisible something appeared to urge him on to that city; a shadowy form seemed to beckon him on, and somehow he often believed the shadow was a substance.

He tried hard to combat this feeling, but without avail. The attractive power of that invisible something in the western city became greater and greater, until it became irresistible, so much so that Richard Arbyght found himself in the far-famed city of Chicago three years after the date of his discharge from the army.

CHAPTER V.

A low-sized man, with dull, greyish eyes, a dirty sallow complexion and slightly hooked nose, habited in a brown sack coat, not remarkable for the nicety of its cut and rather the worse for wear, with trowsers that were possibly once white, and a very limp felt hat, might be seen rapidly striding up and down the raised platform on the inside of the Michigan Southern Depot in Chicago when the morning train came to a final stop.

The passengers poured out of the cars and surged in a steady stream toward the street entrance, among them Richard Arbyght, who began to experience a new sensation; he found himself in a strange city, with no previously defined plan of action to guide his movements; he was undecided whether to go, or what to do; he was like a mariner in mid ocean, bereft of compass, with overhead a clouded sky.

He neither appeared nor felt amiable. Detaching himself from the crowd, he strode down the platform in a sullen meditative mood; in turning at the far end, he came face to face with the seedy individual above described. A half suppressed exclamation burst involuntarily from the lips of the latter, but Richard, wrapped deeply in the solitude of his own thoughts, heeded it not, nor did he notice the fellow, or the startled look which his own unexpected presence undoubtedly occasioned. When Richard reached the upper end of the depot he passed out into the street, entered an omnibus, giving directions to be driven to a hotel on Washington Street, where he engaged temporary quarters, intending to remain only until such time as he became permanently located. Being weary and tired, he immediately sought his room for the purpose of obtaining a few hours' rest before exploring the city; but he was scarcely ten minutes in the room before there was a knock at the door, which he opened.

"What do you want?" he asked, gruffly enough, of the porter, who stood eyeing him in blank and silent wonder.

"Tha-a-ares a gentleman below that wishes to see you," stammered the porter, with a significant grin, giving the word in italics a peculiar emphasis.

"A gentleman wishes to see me, did you say?"

"Yes, sir."

"Impossible," exclaimed Richard. "I am an entire stranger in the city!"

"Perhaps you are and perhaps you arn't," returned the boy, with a curious leer.

The look, rather than the remark, roused Richard's ire, which, however, found vent in a terrible scowl.

"Well?" said the porter.

"Well, why don't you show him up? Why do you stare at me as if I was a seven-headed murderer?"

"Perhaps you are," muttered the boy, as he fled from the door.

"Well, this is queer, singularly queer," soliloquized Richard, after the porter had left. "I am not cognizant of a single acquaintance in this city. I never saw a man who said he was from Chicago, and here I am scarcely half an hour in the city before I have a caller. It's strange, wonderfully strange."

"Here's the gentleman," interrupted the porter, as he threw the door open, emphasizing the word in the same peculiar manner.

Young Arbyght looked up and saw the man whom we described at the opening of this chapter. Each shrank from the other. Richard knew not why he recoiled at the sight of the fellow, but he felt as if in the midst of a pestilence.

"Pardon me, sir, for obtruding myself upon you, but I saw you at the depot, and your face very forcibly reminded me of one I saw a long time ago, and in whom I was much interested, so I took the liberty of calling upon you to ascertain if my surmises were correct. I hope, sir, you will not consider it an intrusion," he added, with a propitiatory wink, and ingratiating smile.

"Might I ask whom I have the honor of addressing?" asked Richard.

"Oh, certainly, sir. I am Jack Terwillager, at your service."

"Jack Terwillager," exclaimed Richard, with measured slowness. "I think I have heard that name before. Let me see; did you,?" he pursued, "ever live in Silvertown, Pa.?"

Mr. Terwillager gave a sudden start and his sallow face changed to an ugly pallid color.

Richard noticed the change and eyed him keenly.

"No—I did not," said the gentlemanly Mr. Terwillager, with a shade of hesitancy in the tone. "I was never in Pennsylvania," he added, with more firmness and deliberation.

"But why do you ask?" he continued.

"Merely because the name sounds familiar. A man called Jack Terwillager worked for my father about twenty-one years ago."

Mr. Terwillager jumped up, snatched his hat and incontinently rushed from the room, exclaiming in an audible whisper, "'tis him, 'tis him."

Richard was rooted to the spot with surprise and astonishment. What did it all mean? The operations of the human mind are generally eccentric and spasmodic. At times an idea or thought will flash unexpectedly through the brain; the spectre of buried thoughts will oft rise unbidden before us; and again, when perhaps we most need or desire the mind to act in a certain direction, it fails us. Memory, the divinest attribute of the mind, has ever been coquetish. She will frequently bring before us, painfully vivid, things we would rather she had left in lethean oblivion; and again, when we most desire her aid, she is very apt to treacherously mislead us or fail us altogether.

It was thus with Richard Arbyght, for while he was confronted by the veritable Jack Terwillager, the thought of his murdered father never entered his mind, but his seedy looking visitor had barely made his unceremonious and unexpected exit ere the idea that he was most undoubtedly in some way connected with his father's death, shot like a Jovian bolt through his soul. He rushed down stairs, but Terwillager had left the hotel unnoticed. Richard went out into the streets, but his visitor could no where be seen. Had he vanished into thin air he could not have disappeared more suddenly and effectually, as far as leaving no traces of the direction in which he went behind. Richard interrogated the clerks and porters,