

Poetry.

THE TRUE MECHANIC.

BY MARY A. DENISON.

"Yonder he goes, with steady tread,
Tolling for his daily bread,
While the city is hushed—
Sleeves unrolled and cheeks health-flushed;
O! the strong mechanic!
The sinewy-armed mechanic!

With broad chest swelling to the stroke
Of the hammer, against the lusty oak,
Driving the plane with a hearty will,
Whistling or carolling—never still,
But ever in labor doing His will,
Who loves the noble mechanic.

Desolate hearth-stones, and want and shame
Of the allies of earth-born fame:
But to hew the rock from the flouting cone,
And to change to blessings the flinty stone,
These do the mechanic,
The sinewy-armed mechanic.

Giving his babes what God gave him,
Force of muscle and vigor of limb,
Scorning the fear that his boys shall be
The paupered weaklings of luxury,
Obedient to fair nurseries for morn to see,
The straight-back, true mechanic.

But mind, I speak of the real thing,
Not of the kind who shout and sing,
And smoke at taverns, and curse abroad,
And who care for neither themselves or God,
But the true, the earnest mechanic,
The pure, whole-souled mechanic.

The man who polishes heart and mind,
While he frames the window and shapes the blind,
And utters his thoughts with an honest tongue,
That is set as true as his hinges are hung,
He is the nobleman among
The noble band of mechanics.

God the Maker, I reverent say,
He is a worker by night and day,
Framer of skies and builder of hills,
Measuring worlds by the space He fills,
He is the Master mechanic.

Making a palace of every star,
Fashioning out of the air a car
For the sun to speed on his royal way,
Over the fire-white track of day;
For God has labored—labors away:
Take cheer, then, brother mechanic.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER II.

The old country Squire was a peculiar character; he was peculiar in his ideas, his actions, his speech and his dress. He belonged to the old school of political economists, which unfortunately for our country has very few representatives. The old Squire believed in making laws for the whole people, and not for a certain privileged few. He believed that our laws should be so framed and administered that they would tend to better advancement of the vast toiling masses, and the greater glory of the nation. If he had "his way," he often exclaimed, the country would soon be unrivaled in prosperity and greatness. His views on the theory and practice of government, though in the main correct, were somewhat utopian and visionary; not because these views or opinions were based on false premises, but because of the cupidity and perversion of humanity.

Squire Stanly was a fair representative of the sturdy, honest, intelligent farmer of fifteen and twenty years ago. No wonder his appearance struck young master Richard as being what he termed, funny.

He was dressed in a suit of brown homespun, his coat reaching almost to his heels and buttoned clear up to his chin; around his neck in many folds there wound a huge home-made comforter, on his grey locks there sat a coon-skin cap of gigantic proportions, from the sides of which pieces of the material as large as a man's hand projected down over the ears, and were fastened under the chin with a leather strap; on his hands were woolen mittens, covered with black fox skin and lined with flannel. They resembled monstrous boxing gloves, or diminutive globes of hair into which his hands were thrust; on his feet were thick-soled cow-hide boots. Thus apparelled Squire Stanly strode into the morning room of the old farm house.

He greeted the occupants in a warm hearty manner. He divested himself of his mammoth cap, huge comforter and globular mittens, and then proceeded to business. The deed was soon signed, and that matter disposed of, the old Squire was disposed to be talkative.

"Mrs. Arbyght," he exclaimed, "how in the name of goodness did you ever conclude to sell the old farm?"

Mrs. Arbyght was pained and puzzled, but the Squire did not wait for an answer, he continued almost in the same breath.

"Forty years ago your father and myself came from Massachusetts and settled in this place. It was then an unbroken, trackless wilderness. We built log cabins, but we had many a tough struggle, not alone with the bears, wolves and the old giants of the forest, but with hunger and cold also. But we con-

quered, we triumphed; yes, by gad we did," and the old Squire brought his ponderous fist down upon the table with terrible vehemence.

"Where did you go to market, or obtain your stock of provisions?" asked Richard Arbyght.

"Market! ha, ha, ha! Well that is good. Why, my good fellow, there was no market within thirty miles of us, and no roads or means of going there. We found our way through the woods by barking the trees. But it is all over now, and here we have as fine an agricultural and grazing country as can be found in northern Pennsylvania."

The Squire always delighted in a recital of his early trials and struggles; but to Mrs. Arbyght the story was anything but interesting or now, she therefore adroitly managed to turn the conversation by asking if there was any news in Silverville.

"News, why bless your soul, my dear, lots of it, lots of it! There is always any quantity and variety of news floating around up there, but whether true or false I will not say," he put in parenthetically. "But, ma'am, I am sorry to say there is some very sad, sad, serious news; yes, devilish sad," and the old man's voice sank almost to a husky whisper.

"Why?" exclaimed both husband and wife with an alarmed and startled look, "what is the matter, Squire?"

"The wild cats again, blast them, blast them. The country is ruined, the people beggared, and hideous famine is again in his element, all because a few thieves would be rich at the expense of the honest hard working sons of toil," and the words issued through his clinched teeth with appalling emphasis.

"The wild cats!" put in Mrs. Arbyght, more alarmed and startled than ever. "Why, Squire Stanly, what do you mean?"

"Well, ma'am, I don't mean your ferocious wild cat of the woods. By gad, I but wish it were only as bad as that. They don't come to you in the guise of humanity. They are your enemies, and you know it, and are prepared to meet them. But the others come to you as friends and proposed benefactors, but in an unguarded moment they clutch your throat, they, vampire-like, suck your very hearts' blood, they rob your children and steal your substance, craze your brain, drive you to despair, and finally end your worse than Prometheus tortures by sinking you into the cold clammy, dishonored grave of the bankrupt and debtor. What do I mean?" thundered the old man as he sprang to his feet, "I mean,"—down came his fist with greater force than ever—"I mean wild-cat banks: that's what I mean, Mrs. Arbyght," and he sank into his chair nearly exhausted with emotion and spasmodic rage.

"Ah, I heard, or read in one of the papers that a financial crisis was apprehended, but I did not expect it so soon," exclaimed Mr. Arbyght.

"But," said the Squire, "it has come, and a sad, sad coming it has proved to many a poor man in my neighborhood," and again the old man's voice became husky, with emotion.

"How so?" asked Mrs. Arbyght.

"Well, you see," said the Squire, "during the last two weeks nearly all the stock for sale, surplus grain, butter and other farm produce has been bought and sent out of the country, by drovers and speculators from adjoining States, all of which was paid for in New Jersey money, and now comes the intelligence that this money is worthless. The banks have failed, and half the farmers in the country are hopelessly, irretrievably ruined. These bank notes were professedly based on specie, but the banks issued five or ten times more dollars in notes than they had dollars in specie in their vaults. These notes they disposed of to speculators and usurers, who threw them upon the country, bought stock and other productions of our labor for them. Then the usurers and speculators, according to previously arranged plans, advanced discounts and interests, and a rush on the banks and collapse of the hollow frands were the result. The bankers, speculators and usurers have made a fortune, but the poor farmers and mechanics are beggared."

"But can't this wholesale robbery be stopped by law," exclaimed Mrs. Arbyght.

"Most undoubtedly it can. If I had my way it would be stopped. But we have no law, at least no righteous laws governing money."

"Why, how would you mend the matter?" asked Richard.

"Well, sir, if I had the power, I would make Uncle Sam the sole and only banker, in and for the nation, and I would base my currency on the whole material wealth of the country, and then we would have a national, permanent and uniform circulating medium. A dollar would be a dollar wherever you went. Discounts would be unknown, bankers unnecessary, periodic financial collapses and crises unheard of, and speculators would have to work or starve."

"I dare say you are right, but we must be moving, or we will keep Mr. Morris waiting until his patience is strained."

Squire Stanly rehabited himself, and was soon ready for the road. Richard after a hasty farewell and a parting kiss from his wife and children, set out with him.

Richard Arbyght's mission to Silverville on this occasion, was to make the transfer of the property, and receive the cash therefor. He was also to receive payment for, and take up certain notes and mortgages due the estate and himself, amounting in all to about five thousand dollars.

Silverville was reached about twelve o'clock, but Mr. Morris, the purchaser, had not yet arrived, nor did he put in an appearance until three o'clock in the afternoon. He explained his absence by saying that he was detained by a dinner party given to an impecunious nephew of his, who that day started for the West to make his fortune. This delay forced Richard Arbyght to remain in Silverville until nearly dark.

Silverville was even then an old and somewhat dilapidated village of straggling wooden buildings, thrown together promiscuously, without any apparent pretensions to order or design. The principal part of the village was on the crest of a hill, which gradually sloped on both sides for about a mile, when the bottom of the valley, or valleys, was reached, and two other incipient mountains loomed up beyond. Running east and west, across these hills and valleys, ran the principal street in Silverville. Running north from the village, ran two main roads, about three-quarters of a mile apart, converging about two miles beyond the town, becoming one highway for a mile or so, when they again diverged.

As the shades of sable night were rapidly settling down upon the village, Richard Arbyght might be seen, mounted on a stout farm horse, and moving briskly along the more westerly of the roads mentioned. About the same time, another horseman emerged from the shadow of the old village school house, which stood on the upper or eastern road, along which he urged his horse at a frightful rate. He cast two or three rapid furtive glances at Richard Arbyght, but he was soon lost in the thick timber that skirted the road.

The road on which Richard Arbyght was travelling towards home, encountered a deep forest half a mile to the north of the village through which it ran for about a mile and a half, or to the point where the two roads mentioned converged. The mind of Richard Arbyght, as he journeyed homeward, was filled with loving thoughts of his wife and babes, and the future home and colossal fortune he was to make for them in the great West. But a shade swept across his handsome countenance as he thought of the twenty thousand dollars on his person. What if anything should happen? The idea frenzied and maddened him. He clutched the cash with one hand, with the other opened his holsters and examined his pistols. It was now pitchy dark, and Richard had already advanced far into the forest. Just before the road emerged from the wood, there was a small hill known to the farmers as the Summit, at the foot of which, on the village side, there was a slight dip or depression in the road. As Richard neared this spot he noticed, or rather outlined, a horseman coming down the hill at a pretty rapid pace; he could also hear the horse blowing fearfully. His first impression was that some poor neighbor was sick, and that the horseman approaching him was going to Silverville for a physician. He had hardly time to form a second opinion before they met, just at the foot of the hill. The stranger did not slacken his speed; he came directly toward Richard, who, to avoid a collision, turned his horse's head to one side. In passing, the stranger suddenly checked his steed, caught the bridle rein of Richard's horse, and came to a sudden halt, at the same instant presenting an ugly looking pistol, with the fearful words, "Your money or your life." Richard Arbyght was no coward, but this unexpected, sudden attack took him completely by surprise. The robber thrust his pistol up to the face of his victim and repeated his command. By this time Richard Arbyght was himself again, and dashing the weapon of his assailant aside with his left hand, he, at the same instant, with his right hand drew his own and snapped it in the very teeth of the robber. But, horrors! it missed fire. But the bare act, its quickness and boldness disconcerted the robber, and he recoiled upon his saddle, and before he recovered Richard drew his other pistol. But horror upon horrors! that also missed fire.

The robber now burst into a loud and forced laugh, and said, "Do you think I was fool enough to attack you, knowing you to be armed? Oh no, I was too old for that. I fixed them shooting irons when your horse was in the stable at Silverville. Come, sir, you had better deliver gracefully and handsomely."

"Curses on you; do you think I am going to rob my wife and babes? The money is not mine, it is theirs; only three thousand dollars of it are mine; you can take that, but my wife's property I can not, will not give you."

"Why, man, you are a fool; I will have it and your life too, if you don't hand it over in ten seconds."

"Fiend, robber, murderer, incarnate devil, I know you now; take that, and that," and Richard Arbyght leaned forward and dealt his assailant two powerful blows in the face and head with the pistol he held in his hand, then giving the reins a powerful jerk, he loosened it from his grasp, and dashed away. But alas! it did not avail, for just then a ball from the robber's pistol struck him between the shoulders, and passed clear through his body. The assassin's horse being much faster than the farm steed, Richard Arbyght was overtaken before he reached the crest of the hill. Here a fierce struggle ensued. Richard Arbyght, buoyed up with the thoughts of his wife and children, fought like a tiger, or a dying grizzly bear. In the struggle, both men were unhorsed. But the wounded man was fast sinking; he knew he could not live; his only hope

was to kill the assassin, and thereby save his wife's property, as he knew it would be found on his person, hence he fought with the madness of desperation. But when he saw or felt that hope was rapidly dying within him, he again begged for mercy, and prayed that his wife and children's inheritance would be spared them, but the assassin would not hear him. Then he offered half of it.

"Oh!" he prayed, "for the love of heaven, of God and his holy saints and angels, leave my wife and children one-half of it; just one-half of it; for my sake, theirs, for God's sake."

But he dealt with a fiend, with a heart of iron. When he saw that his prayers were of no avail, he summoned all his remaining power for a final effort. He caught the murderer and robber in a deadly embrace, and together they rolled over and over on the road. At last, he seized the assassin by the throat and held him with the grip of a Hercules. He gasped for breath, and then turned black in the face. But the superhuman exertions put forth by Richard Arbyght in his dying moments, hastened the exit of the vital spark, and his hold on the robber's throat gradually relaxed as his strength failed him, which the robber perceiving made a desperate lunge and cast Richard Arbyght off, apparently dead. The assassin then struggled to his feet, and after supporting himself against an old stump by the roadside for a moment or two to gain breath, he approached the body of his victim with a malignant, fiendish, exultant scowl; but when he saw the pale face of Richard Arbyght turned toward him with a fixed and stony stare of mingled supplicating entreaty and firm, unrelenting, stubborn resistance, his craven heart was appalled; his cowardly nature became paralyzed with fear; his body involuntarily recoiled; his teeth chattered, and his whole frame tottered on his trembling limbs. The rumbling sound of a waggon was heard in the distance. The approach of new danger brought the murderer to a realization of his position. Again, quaking with fear, he advanced towards his victim. He bent low over him, but could detect no signs of life; then, thrusting his hand between his outer and inner coats, he drew forth the well-filled wallet. With trembling fingers he opened it, to be sure he was right, and being convinced, he conveyed it to his own murderous breast. The sound of approaching wheels was now quite distinct. Making one desperate effort, the murderer dragged the body of his victim into the underbrush, and then, with a horrid imprecation, dashed down the road up which he first advanced. A moment afterwards a heavy lumber waggon passed in the same direction.

The wound received by Richard Arbyght, though necessarily mortal, would not produce immediate death. His subsequent struggle for his wife's property and children's inheritance hastened that end. Still, when left by the assassin he was not dead. What was supposed to be death was a heavy faint or deadly stupor, caused by loss of blood and over physical and mental exertions, from which he was aroused by being rudely thrown or dragged into the underbrush. The first gleam of reason that came back to his clouded brain, induced an act that plainly proved what thought was apparently in his mind when life and reason momentarily left him. The act was characteristic of the man. He thought not of himself. He knew he could not live. His whole soul was centred in those whom he so fondly, devotedly, unselfishly loved, and for whom he had so valiantly fought.

He thrust his hand into his breast pocket, but the treasure was not there, it was gone, and well he knew where. A look of utter hopelessness, pitying, heart-rending sadness spread over his pale face. Stretched on the cold earth, his body writhed with agony and despair, but the tortures of his body were bliss compared with those of his mind. His soul was being crushed with a weight greater than ten thousand earths.

"My God! Oh! my God!" he exclaimed, "Why hast thou permitted this fearful calamity to fall upon me. My wife and children, oh, merciful Heavens, what will become of them! Oh, God, as thou hast permitted them to be robbed of the treasures of this earth, and of their only protector, take, oh take them 'neath thy fostering care, and be thou a treasure and a protector to them."

The spring of life was fast drying up. The last words were uttered in a whisper. The soul of Richard Arbyght was soon to wing its flight to that realm of undefinable, unfathomable mysteriousness of which mortals have such a dread awe-inspiring conception. His soul already stood upon the last portal of its clay-built tenement. But not yet; God in his inscrutable wisdom, shot a single thought into the soul of Richard Arbyght, before he permitted it to sunder its connection with its mortal brother. A contented smile stole over the dying man's face. He roused himself from his dying lethargy, and raising his body on his left elbow, with his right hand he drew forth a large diary, and horizontally across the page where he found the pencil, he began to trace some hard characters. He had scarcely traced ten letters when his elbow bent under the weight of his body, his eye became glazed and vacant, a shiver ran through his entire frame, and his teeth set firmly together. Was it death? No, not yet. His hand clutched upon the diary, and as a man writing with closed eyes he traced the remaining letters that represented his thought on the open page. A happy smile now stole over him, his lips opened, and one word issued therefrom—

Irene, and all was over, for with the last cadence of that word, in life so sweet to him, his soul passed from his body. Irene was his all, his soul, and with the enunciation of the word he delivered it up to his Maker. It went home on the glinting rays of the gentle moon, which at that instant burst through the thick clouds which hovered over the earth.

The same pale-faced moon glanced upon the upturned face of the dead, but, as if horrified by the terrible spectacle, she quickly hid her sorrowing face behind a scowling cloud, and the dead was alone.

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAP. X.—Continued.—Raising the Supplies.

From the day that Mohamed had failed in his engagements towards the King of Castile, the fierce Morisca had lost all the empire she had so industriously labored to obtain over the mind of her lover. Harassed as he was by danger and anxiety, Don Pedro could not forget Rachel; her image seemed to cling to the heart of this unfortunate prince like the shadow to a body. In imagination he followed her to the house of Samuel, and pictured to himself the minutest details of the secluded life she led. He sought to recall the sound of her voice, the expression of her countenance, and the words she addressed to him. He was restless and irritable, and her absence seemed to have created a void and a desert around him. He was so absorbed at times in his reflection that, when aroused from his reverie, he failed to recognise the countenance of his dearest friends. The presence of Aixa was particularly distasteful to him, nay, sometimes intolerable, for it was she who had driven away Rachel, and he revenged himself with overwhelming her with alternate complaints and reproaches.

Aixa observed all these symptoms of a violent attachment which she easily comprehended, and she foresaw that the rival whom she had despised and insulted might humble her in her turn. She well knew the irritable, violent, passionate, but generous disposition of Don Pedro, and that she had nothing to hope from him since his love was extinguished, and she saw, therefore, but one way of avoiding the humiliation she dreaded, which was to get Rachel removed entirely out of the way. So, on seeing the grief and perplexity of Samuel, she resolved immediately to profit by it, and to make his paternal fears subservient to her purpose.

"Really, I pity you, my good Samuel," said she to him. "The king has been indeed unmerciful, but your entreaties have quite touched my heart."

The Jew, who perfectly knew the feelings of the favorite, appeared quite astonished at this avowal. She continued: "I wish to render you a signal service, and prove to you that I commiserate your grief. Do you really wish to withdraw your daughter from the dangerous regards of the king?"

"Have you not heard me, Madam," answered the Jew.

"Well, I can aid you in realizing your wish. Trust to me the task of watching over Rachel, and I swear to you she shall never see the king."

The Jew trembled from head to foot, and exclaimed, "Trust my daughter to you, madam, who hate her!"

"I only hate her in Seville," returned the favorite; "but if you confide her to me, I will have her privately conveyed to Granada by some of the most devoted of my father's guards. This night they shall come to your house for her."

"But can I accompany her? Will you permit me to depart with her?" asked the suspicious Jew.

"Impossible!" replied the favorite in a low tone. The king would quickly divine our secret. Rachel must live secluded at Granada, unknown to every one, until I can recall her to Seville, where her presence is indispensable; for great events are in preparation. Ought you not to watch over your brethren and your treasures, since the king is determined, either by fair means or by force, to dip his hands into those coffers, which he believes to be full of doubloons and marabolins."

"What do you advise me to do?" said Samuel, with a mistrustful air.

"To obey the orders of Don Pedro," answered Aixa, in a yet lower tone. "To-night assemble the inhabitants of the Jewry at your house, and rely on my promises. I will come myself and instruct you how to avoid the danger that threatens you."

"Oh! if you do not deceive me," exclaimed the Jew, "I shall owe you eternal gratitude."

"But you know what I exact in return for this service," returned Aixa.

"Come this night, noble lady," said the treasurer, solemnly; "you will find all my brethren assembled at my house to hear you, and my daughter ready to follow your faithful guards."

"It is well; you may now return to the Jewry," replied the favorite.

They separated, and Samuel Ben Levi took the road to the Jew's quarter of the city, quite overcome by the different emotions he had so lately experienced.