

Poetry.

STAND BY THE UNION.

TUNE—"The Good Shive Wine."

Stand by the Union! all through the land
The sons of toil are waking;
Join heart to heart, and hand to hand,
The rusted chains of bondage breaking.

CHORUS.

For the poor man is weak, though his cause
be right,
But the weak grow strong when they all unite.

Stand by the Union! Labor's hope!
One fibre is light as a feather;
But the twisted strands of the good ship's rope,
Dely the rage of wind and weather.

CHORUS.—And the poor man, &c.

Stand by the Union—the friend of all—
Who dare to befriend each other;
Respond like men to the Union's call—
He helps who helps his brother.

CHORUS.—For the poor man, &c.

Stand by the Union!—the great may frown;
We'll be their serfs no longer;
Though they are strong who tread us down,
The God-given rights of man are stronger.

CHORUS.—For the poor man, &c.

Stand by the Union; firm and true,
We are bound to conquer though it;
We mean to win for toil its due,
And we're the proper laids to do it.

CHORUS.—For the poor man, &c.

Stand by the Union—onward we march
For defence and not defiance;
Our trusty chief is Joseph Arch,
In right and union our reliance.

CHORUS.—For the poor man, &c.

Stand by the Union—stick to it now,
With a strength no power can sever;
We've put our hands with a will to the plough,
We'll never look back, boys, nor ever!

CHORUS.—For the poor man, &c.

—Laborers Union Chronicle.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Terwillager said, "I found that paper in the right hand of my murdered master. My first thought was justice to the family, but then the devil entered me and I concluded to make Reivason pay a good round sum for it. For many years I failed to find him, and when I finally succeeded, I found he was a tough customer. He paid me a thousand dollars on three several occasions, and about eighteen months ago I drew on him for another thousand, of which more than half was counterfeit, for the passage of which I was forced to fly from the city. But I returned a few days ago and demanded three thousand dollars. I made the demand the morning following his encounter with the son of his victim, and so terrified him by threatening to go to Arbyght, that he promised to comply, and appointed a rendezvous, whither I was going at the time I was attacked. Why I was not killed outright and the paper taken, is a matter of surprise to me."

"I think I can account for it," said the Sergeant; "we must have entered the tunnel about the time you encountered the assassins, and as we were running, they no doubt heard us coming and the fear of capture or detection drove them from their uncompleted task."

"I think you are right," he replied. "I did hear some one following me, and the fellows did seem half inclined to let me pass."

"Do you think Reivason employed those men?"

"I am sure of it; I knew I was followed and dogged, but he must have had nearly a dozen men after me, as I eluded two gangs and thought there could be no more, hence I was off my guard when attacked."

About ten o'clock the following morning Soolfire and Mr. Lansper called upon Richard, whom they found in a very brown study.

"Why, Arbyght, what's up now?"

"Well, Sergeant, the truth of the matter is, I feel like a man who had suddenly gained a prize for which he had struggled long and hard, but who finds that actual possession detracts very materially from the pleasure, which he expected to derive from that for which he so assiduously labored. Now that Reivason is really in my power, half my vindictiveness and desire for revenge has left me. In fact I am at a loss how to proceed. Justice must be done. But can I insist upon justice without seeming revengeful?"

"My dear fellow, you must not trouble yourself about these abstract points of justice. Take time to think it over. Besides, Reivason has fled."

"Fled?" with emphatic, exclamatory interrogativeness.

"There, there, be cool. Justice has, in a measure, been satisfied. Fearing he would take alarm, should he hear of Terwillager's escape and recovery, I called upon our friend Lansper, an early hour this morning and we had a consultation on the matter, and concluded to act for you, but without you. We feared your impetuosity would injure you, financially at least. We called upon Reivason before seven o'clock, and for a time we had a squally, boisterous interview, but when he learned the extent of our information and the evidence we could produce, he became very tractable indeed. I never saw so humble a

man—was willing to do anything to save his neck. Our terms were sixty thousand dollars, and no positive guarantee that his neck would be saved. He gumbled some about the interest, but we told him that at a compound rate the original principal would have reached, by this time, the hundreds, and he should be satisfied if let off among the tons, or at simple rates. He finally paid the amount demanded, and then left the city very hurriedly, I assure you. So you can think the matter over for a few days, and if you then think his life will be any satisfaction to you, or to outraged justice, you can move against him, but I think you will punish him more by permitting him to live. His conscience will kill him eventually. His life now is a slow, lingering, tortured death. No man ever suffered a living death, and by inches died on the rack of conscience more acutely, than Reivason now dies though he lives."

"Sergeant, I believe you are right," stammered Richard, "but how will I ever, how can I ever adequately repay you for all you have done for me? You have indeed been to me a true friend," and then the strong man really burst into tears as he grasped the hand of the rough, but kind and noble hearted Sergeant.

The visitors left shortly afterwards, and Richard was alone. He sat, pondered, and thought, and meditated for a long time. He could hardly realize the turn affairs had taken. The poet who said that "Grief treads upon the heels of pleasure," might have adapted his line to Richard's case, by saying "Joy treads on the heels of grief." When an unselfish man or woman is in the ecstasy of happiness, he or she, as the case may be, generally desires to make others happy also. That afternoon Richard found himself approaching Geldamo Cottage. Vida saw him and ran out to the gate to meet him. Her beaming face, sparkling eyes, and bewitching, smiling mouth, gave unmistakable evidence of the joy and pleasure his appearance excited.

"Oh, I am so glad you come. I wanted to see you ever so badly, and papa wants to see you too. He wants you to forgive him. He is real sorry, and, of course, you will, for my sake, dear Richard," and she glanced up to him so lovingly, so innocently, so tenderly, that had she asked for his life, she might have received it at that moment.

"I have nothing to forgive, but have much for which I should ask forgiveness. For instance, for having dared to love you, my own dear Vida."

"Now, now; I won't hear another word—we will quarrel. I forbid you to ever approach that subject again," and she raised a tiny finger, which she shook very deprecatingly. By this time they had reached the parlor, and Mr. Geldamo came forward and warmly welcomed him; and formally gave him his daughter's hand. There were mutual congratulations, mutual self-condemnations, mutual forgiveness, mutual happiness. Richard remained all the afternoon, and was never so happy in his life. Vida sang and played and talked as only a girl in love can. And this was but the beginning of the many pleasant, happy days they enjoyed together. Before he left he told her about his change in fortune.

"Are you not glad?" he asked, taking both her hands in his own.

"If it makes you any happier, I am indeed glad, but I would not care for the wealth of the world, unless it added to our mutual enjoyment. But I will tell you a great secret," and she looked very wise and demure. "I was not going to tell you until (red)—until we (redder)—were—"

"Married," smiled Richard, as he drew her lovingly to him, and reverently kissed her glowing cheek.

"Yes, I was going to keep it a secret until then, because I feared it would disturb you, but I think it will not scare you or make you feel badly now. Now listen. The secret is this: we are not so poor as papa first thought we would be, and he has promised to buy us a nice house and furnish it comfortably, and then he proposes to have you and Paul go into business, and perhaps, in time, we might be able to rebuild the old home as formerly, and be all happy there together."

Richard was unable to answer for some little time.

"I know not what to say, Vida. I have, indeed, suffered much, but I could endure the torture of a thousand such lives, were I certain they would end in such heavenly sunshine as this. But where is Paul?"

"Could you not guess," she asked by way of answering, but she smiled so archly, and looked so mischievously, that Richard responded promptly—

"At Elgin."

"Shrewdly guessed. I have had a long letter from Bertha, and I am dying to see her, and am going down as soon as Paul returns."

Richard was now almost a daily visitor at the Geldamo Cottage. Time flew quickly, unheeded by, and the course of love flowed smoothly and grew stronger as it flowed, and as time sped on.

New Year's came, and Richard and Vida, Paul and Bertha were married. A double wedding took place at the Cottage. A short tour East, and the happy couples returned, and settled down to the unromantic realities of every day life.

The winter passed, spring and summer came and went, and autumn again came round. As Richard returned home one evening, Vida met him with a lovely smile, but there were tears in her eyes.

"What is it, love?" he asked in alarm.

"Poor Mary—I am so glad too, but here, read the letter yourself. I know you will be glad to hear from Oscar."

Richard took the letter, which proved to be long, full of love and affection. At the end he found this postscript:

P. S.—Next Tuesday is the anniversary of Amy's death, and Oscar and I are going to strew the grave with wild prairie flowers. We will take the baby along, too. It is four weeks old now, and is the dearest, sweetest little piece of humanity you ever saw. We called it Amy. It looks just as she looked when I first saw her. Poor Amy! I often wonder if she is not continually hovering near us, she loved us so well.

M. W.

But little remains to be told. Reivason did not leave the city in the manner he expected. The morning he fled, he was found near one of the depots, a raving maniac, and is now in the Jacksonville Asylum, in the incurable ward—hopelessly insane.

Spindle forfeited bail and fled. Miller died of mania a potu, remorse of conscience having driven him deeper and deeper into hopeless inebriation. Cassio Miller is now the adopted child of Richard Arbyght. Mahoney left the city and reports says the country. Sergeant Soolfire was liberally rewarded by Arbyght, and is as ever his staunch and true friend. Mr. Fargoood prospers, and is revered and respected by his men. Unionism flourishes in the city, and through its agency workingmen are fast becoming more thoughtful, more industrious, more temperate, and are making fearful strides in mental and moral worth and social elevation.

Arbyght and Geldamo are among the most promising merchants in Chicago. They employ a great number of men, whom they treat as business and social equals, pay well, and in turn have their work performed better and more satisfactorily than any other men in the city. Their workmen are ever prompt, ever diligent and provident, taking interest in their employers' welfare as in their own.

And now, kind reader, the last scene closes; and as we make our last obeisance to our vast audience of readers, we fancy we hear the applause of some, the hisses of others; and finally we fancy we see the silent, thoughtful faces of many as the curtain drops.

THE END.

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XL.—Rachel's Prison.

Rachel observed that her father having renounced her, he would no longer desire to save her life; but Burdett related the interview between Samuel and Barrillard, adding, "Write but two words on this parchment, and you shall again behold Don Pedro."

"Of what use!" said she, pushing away the parchment, "I am unable to write, my hand trembles with fever; besides, I will not take advantage of my father's weakness—I will not deprive him of his wealth to prolong for a few days the life of a miserable being, who already feels the hand of death on her heart."

"Cease this foolish resistance," interrupted the furious Late Comer, "if you do not wish to prove my evil genius. Come write; a few words will suffice; and, if your hand fails you, I will guide it."

"To take away the golden table from my father would be to deprive him of life," replied Rachel; "I will not do it."

"Do you understand me, madam?" exclaimed Burdett, striking his fist on the table; "I order you to write."

"And I," she replied, in a calm slow voice, "declare to you that I will not write."

In vain did the ferocious adventurer storm and threaten, hardly restraining himself from using violence; while Esau, in the tree, could with difficulty stifle his emotion; Rachel, though trembling and shaking with weakness, steadily persisted in her refusal.

Again Burdett asked Rachel to write, but she made no reply, and, overwhelming her with imprecations and curses, he was preparing to leave her, when he was arrested by the sound of a horse approaching rapidly.

He ran hastily to the window, and perceived a horseman coming up the hill; the rider dismounted, secured his horse, and, boldly crossing the ravine, knocked loudly at the door.

While waiting for it to be opened, the stranger raised his visor, when both Burdett and Esau recognised in him Bertrand Dugesclin.

The English knight cursed the arrival of this unlucky visitor, while Esau, on the contrary, rejoiced at it, immediately forming the resolution of acquainting the Breton of the scene he had just witnessed within the house. But while he was considering how he should execute this project, the Late Comer had audaciously opened the door to admit Dugesclin, whom he welcomed with much seeming hospitality.

Bertrand, thunderstruck at finding himself so suddenly confronted with his ancient enemy, received the overtures of the latter with jealous suspicion; but beguiled by the apparent frankness of the perfidious Late Comer, he was prevailed on to enter, observing as he did so, that he was exhausted with hunger and fatigue.

"You are hungry," said Burdett, suppressing his joy at hearing that declaration, "well, you shall partake our frugal fare. Ascend

thou, comrade, you will find an acquaintance above."

"You are not then alone, sir," said the Breton.

"No," said Burdett, drily, "this is the pleasant asylum that I have chosen for Madam Rachel, to secure her from the pursuit of Don Pedro."

"Oh, it is not I who will denounce you to the king for this treason," replied Bertrand, smiling, "but I am little used to converse with ladies, and I fear that I shall not be very welcome."

"Rachel will give a hearty reception to my guest, sir; ascend, I will prepare our hermit's repast, and then rejoice you."

Dugesclin, whose suspicions were entirely dissipated, tranquilly ascended the staircase; and no sooner had he reached the top, then Burdett sprang out of the tower, and double-locked the door. Then, as Dugesclin, to Rachel's astonishment, entered the room, the Late Comer shouted from the court-yard, "My good guest, Sir Bertrand, you will acknowledge that I am not a jealous husband; I leave the virtuous lady of the Atalaya with an adventurous and courteous warrior, who may save her from death, if he can."

Dugesclin, enraged at finding himself thus entrapped, vowed, if he escaped, to kill Burdett like a dog.

"Bah!" returned the latter; "if I return in a few days, I am certain you will have forgotten all." So saying, he mounted his horse and galloped off.

Bertrand, confounded at the departure of the Late Comer, could not suppress his vexation. "Liberated only yesterday from the Golden Tower," he exclaimed, "and thus to come to-day and thrust myself into this den, truly it is tempting misfortune." But, turning from the window, his eye fell on Rachel, lying on her bed of leaves, pale and motionless.

The kind heart of the stout Breton was touched at that piteous sight. "What did I say?" he resumed, "on the contrary, it is fortunate I came here, for this poor woman must doubtless have died in this villainous tower without succor, and I may be able to save her. Courage, madam," he continued, pressing Rachel's hand, "I know better how to fight than to talk to a lady, but, please God, I will get you out of this culture's nest."

Rachel faintly besought him to leave her to her fate, as she felt death approaching, and had no wish to escape; but Dugesclin insisted that the thought of rescuing her would alone give him resolution to attempt their deliverance. "Besides," added he, "how can I abandon a dying woman?—one, too," he added, as he recognised her, "to whom I owe my life; for when, disguised as a miller, I entered the Alcazar, you recognised, but did not betray me."

While he was speaking, Rachel, exhausted by fever and weakness, fell back fainting on the bed. Bertrand ran to her, and feared at first that she was really dead; but presently she murmured, "Water, water, for mercy's sake!"

"Oh, ask me for my blood!" exclaimed Dugesclin, in despair; "there is not a drop of water in the Atalaya." And a tear trembled in the eye of the rough warrior. "Oh, I shall see her die in my arms!" murmured he.

"If you feel pity for me, Sir Bertrand," said Rachel, in a voice so low and feeble that he was obliged to kneel down to catch her words, "if you would see me die in peace, grant me my last prayer."

"By St. Ives, madam," he replied, "I can refuse you nothing that will not blench the honor of a knight. But do not despair; your sufferings make me feel like a woman, but I will save you in spite of yourself."

"Do not think about me," she answered; "but if you escape from this den, promise me to go and find Don Pedro."

"Don Pedro, madam!" said the Breton, with a gesture of surprise. "If it is only to carry the king a farewell message, I will go; but do not expect to make me forget the hatred to the tyrant. I have sworn to serve the cause of Don Enrique."

Rachel felt a momentary accession of strength in pleading for her lover, and answered all Dugesclin's charges against him with the excuses and justification of her affectionate nature; so that Bertrand, struck with so much devotion, said at length, "Madam, since you wish it, although it will cost me much, I will see the king. 'What shall I tell him?'"

"You will tell him!" said she, with a sorrowful smile, "that you saw me die; that my last word, my last thought, my last breath, were all for him." Then pressing the hand of the good knight to her lips, she added, "You will tell him, in short, that I have kissed your hand, that, armed with lance or sword, it may never turn against him."

Dugesclin trembled with emotion. "What you ask of me, Rachel, is impossible," said he. "Oh, I know you will never cease to be the enemy of Don Pedro," she answered; "but promise me at least, while I have power to hear you, that you will not kill him with your own hand; that if you deprive him of his throne, you will not strike the vanquished king, but endeavor to obtain security for his life, even at the price of exile or imprisonment."

The Breton captain regarded her with anxiety, and hesitated before he answered; at length he said, "Live, then, Rachel; on that condition depends the fulfilment of your wish. I have a debt to pay you, madam; I owe you

my life, and I swear to you that the life of Don Pedro shall be sacred to me as long as you are living. The man who is so nobly beloved must deserve to live; but if you die, madam, I shall regard myself as released from my oath."

Rachel trembled as much with joy as through weakness; it seemed to her that the promise of Dugesclin had rendered her lover invulnerable. "In that case, sir," she answered, "I will live—I desire life. You have made a coward of me, for now I am afraid of death."

"Your words encourage me," returned Dugesclin, "and now to work." He then hastily descended the staircase, to seek the means of escape.

The door of the tower was of massive oak, lined with sheet iron, which was fastened with enormous nails to the wood. Bertrand seized the bolts, and made violent but ineffectual efforts to shake the door. Then wrenching off one of the bolts, he tried to loosen the hinges; but, after working for some time, he found his strength so exhausted by his incredible exertions, added to the thirst that now began to torment him, that, when he would have resumed his work, the instrument fell from his hands.

With much difficulty he dragged himself upstairs where Rachel lay, her loud and painful breathing betraying the violence of the fever. He fell heavily on a stool by the window, and a profound stupor benumbed his whole frame. The miasma of the Huerta had begun its work on the strong rough knight, whom it spared no more than it did the weak and delicate Rachel.

Meanwhile, Esau had not been idle. As soon as the Late Comer departed, the leper slipped down the tree, and, mounting the horse of Dugesclin, sprang in pursuit.

The knight turned his head on hearing the gallop of a horse in that solitude, and stopped, terrified at the frightful aspect of his pursuer.

"Thanks, brave captain," cried Esau, "wait for me; I am anxious to engage with a warrior who had muzzled the building of Brittany, and who, like a true miscreant, returns from torturing a dying woman."

Burdett involuntarily shuddered at the approach of the leper, who, with his matted hair twisted into long cords, and his eyes flaming like lighted brands, resembled some hideous monster more than a human being. Suddenly, a fearful shriek escaped him, and, leaning forward, he spurred his horse, and fled like the wind.

Esau, standing upright in the stirrup, followed so closely on his enemy that the latter already heard the loud panting of the leper, and, in a voice that betrayed his terror, he exclaimed, "What dost thou want of me, miserable leper?"

"The keys of the Atalaya," answered Esau, checking his steed for an instant to fetch breath.

"Come then and drag them from me," said the Late Comer.

"Patience, thou torturer of women," replied Esau; "I am not yet tired. Ah, thou art afraid to struggle with me. Thou art a courageous knight, truly, Tom Burdett." Then thinking his cloak impeded his course, he stripped himself of that wretched covering, and appeared naked to the waist. "I am now habited in my best armour for combat," he exclaimed.

The Late Comer cast a hasty glance behind him, but, dismayed at the hideous appearance of the leper, he uttered a cry of horror, and crouched down on his horse's mane. Esau stretched out his hand to seize him by the folds of his cloak, which was blown far behind him by the wind; and thus they pursued their headlong course, till, coming to an angle of the Guadalquivir, the horse of Esau stumbled and fell.

Burdett, thinking himself saved, shouted triumphantly, and imprudently slackened the pace of his palfrey. The leper rose painfully, without uttering a word, and tottered towards his mocking enemy, who still laughed, and set him at defiance; when Esau, by a sudden spring, succeeded in jumping on the crupper, and hugging Burdett in his arms, tried to overthrow him.

Locked as in a vice, the adventurer attempted in vain to use his sword, but after prodigious efforts, he drew the keys of the Atalaya from his pocket, and threw them into the Guadalquivir, close to where a fisherman was coasting in his boat, crying, "Go now, and seek them at the bottom of the river, cursed leper!"

Mad with rage, Esau drew a long knife from his girdle, and struck Burdett on the breast, but the blade broke against his coat of mail. The horse suddenly reared, then fell backwards, and rolled over the two riders.

After much exertion, Esau succeeded in rising; he extricated himself from the horse, and pressed his knee on the Late Comer, who, terrified at seeing himself completely in the power of that dreaded enemy, cried for mercy. Esau pressed one hand on the lips of the fallen knight to stifle his cries, and with the other sought his poniard.

At this moment the horse regained his feet, and resumed its furious course, dragging after it the miserable Burdett, whose foot was caught in the stirrup.

Esau then approached the spot where the Late Comer had cast away the keys, and questioned the fisherman if he had seen them. "Not only have I seen them," answered the man, "but I have fished them out of the water