

Poetry.

MY LITTLE LABORER.

A tiny man, with fingers soft and tender
As any lady's fair;
Sweet eyes of blue, a form both frail and slender,
And curls of sunny hair,
A household toy, a fragile thing of beauty—
Yet with each rising sun
Begins his round of toil—a solemn duty.
That must be daily done.

To-day he's building castle, house, and tower,
With wondrous art and skill,
Or labors with his hammer by the hour,
With strong, determined will,
Anon with loaded little cart he's plying
A brisk and driving trade;
Again with thoughtful, earnest brow, is trying
Some book's dark lore to read.

Now, laden like some little beast of burden,
He drags himself along,
And now his lonely little voice is heard in
Boisterous shout and song—
Another hour is spent in busy toiling
With hoop and top and ball—
And with a patience that's never failing,
He tries and conquers all.

But sleep at last o'ertakes my little rover,
And on his mother's breast,
Joys thrown aside, the day's hard labor over,
He sinks to quiet rest;
And as I fold him to my bosom, sleeping,
I think, "mid gathering tears,
Of what the distant future may be keeping
As work for manhood's years.

Must he, with toil his daily bread be earning,
In the world's busy mart,
Life's busy lessons every day be learning,
With patient, struggling heart?
Or shall my little architect be building
Some monument of fame,
On which, in letters bright with glory's gilding,
The world may read his name?

Perhaps some humble, lowly occupation
But shared with sweet content:
Perhaps a life in loftier, prouder station,
In selfish pleasure spent,
Perchance these little feet may cross the portal
Of learning's lofty fame,
His life work be to scatter truths immortal
Among the souls of men!

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Your name is Arbyght, I think?"
"You surmise correctly."
"Then, I have no work for you."
Richard passed on his way, wondering, as he went, why the man placed so much stress upon the word "you." He wondered still more, when, at the next shop, he was greeted with the same question and answer. At the third shop, the scene varied slightly—result the same, no work for him. At the third shop, the kaleidoscope of that day's experience presented a semi-civilized scene; he was ordered off the premises. What did it all mean? Was he being made the victim of some horrible plot? He half realized that it must be so, but why? what had he done? Aimed and strove to be a better man, and counseled others to do likewise—endeavored to find a path by which he, and myriads of multitudes, could escape from the hideous, clammy embrace of Satan's best earthly agent—poverty. Was this a crime? It seemed so. But, no, he would not believe it. Man was not so base. The old poet, who talked about ingratitude causing countless millions to mourn, went too far, said too much. Richard went to the next shop; yes, he could have work. No inquisitorial reference to his name or history; no insulting refusal. He thanked the man, and, promising to be back soon, he left the shop, reproving himself for having, even in thought, accused his neighbor of conspiring to prevent him from making an honest living. As he reached the street, he saw Relvason entering the shop by a side-door; his horse was hitched to a post near the curbstone. The son of toil passed on—no uncharitable, unchristian thought in his mind. He had not proceeded far before he became conscious of being followed.

"Hi! hi! Mister! I say!"
"Why, what's the matter?" said Richard, in surprise, as, turning around, he beheld the man of whom he had just secured work, running towards him, as if he were being pursued by Tam O'Shanter's ghost—
"You need not come," gasped the man, well nigh out of breath; "I—I don't think I want any more hands."
"All right, my man," responded Richard, gaily; "I see how it is; there's a hound upon my track; the hound has bitten you—he is mad, mad of tyranny; you are infected." Old Scotia's Bard was right, after all; perhaps, being himself a workman, he wrote from experience, rather than inspiration, or might not the former be an incentive to the latter.

The search for employment was continued until late in the afternoon, and in every instance proved abortive. Every employer appeared to know him, appeared to anticipate his coming, appeared to take pleasure, in not only refusing, but insulting him.

He turned his steps toward home—home! he had none, and in his misery, that thought came with the rest—added to his sorrow,

helped to fill his heart with an unutterable sadness.

"Shall I leave the city?" he asked himself, as pensively he wandered on. A great gust of wind swept down from the tall chimneys of the tall houses, soured with a sullen roar through the tall trees and passed down the street, sounding back a hollow wave-like echo, that seemed to answer the question, "No! no! no!" Richard started, then laughed at the idea of the spirit of a departed sound conveying any intelligible thought.

At Madam Yndall's he found, waiting for him, a man who introduced himself as Alexander Fargood. He was a rather large man, though very elastic of movement, with a profusion of good nature, jollity and humor, bubbling all over his face, and finding vent at the corners of his eyes and mouth.

"Being a stranger, no doubt you are surprised at my visit."

"Were the stars to collide and the earth lose her satellite or deviate from her orbit, it would not be a matter of surprise to me after this day's experience," said Richard, a little spitefully, as the bitter recollections of the morning and afternoon flitted through his mind.

"I don't doubt it; I am well aware of the conspiracy to drive you out of the city—was asked to participate."

"And you?"

"Refused, most decidedly."

"Thank God, that there is at least one man in the city, too much man to turn hound."

"Are you familiar with domestic work?"

"Perfectly."

"I need such a hand; could I command you?"

"You can; not only my services, but my thanks."

"When would it be agreeable to you to begin?"

"At any time; at your pleasure."

"To-morrow, then," said Mr. Fargood, as he took his leave. Richard soliloquized, aloud to himself, as he watched the retreating figure lose itself in the interminable crowd. "The sun will soon be down; I have not regretted it. Relvason has not driven or frayed me from the city; I will remain maugre the hounds."

For the next ten days, the leviathan was comatose, made no visible movement; but he plotted, plotted, plotted, and the pool grew still muddier, fouler, slimier.

Half an hour after Fargood's departure, Richard, agreeably to promise, stood at the door of Soolfire cottage. Grace received him kindly, joyfully. He also felt a secret joy at again meeting the brave little martyr.

"Oh! I am so glad you came; I am so happy; I am going to work, and earn my own living; I never knew what real genuine happiness was until now, except—that is." Her whole face became suddenly suffused with a delicate red; the divinest of blushes passed rapidly over every visible portion of her person, and was as rapidly succeeded by the sickly hue of wan despair.

"It would be a blank, sad life, indeed, that experienced not some moments of real happiness," suggested Richard, in an earnest effort to relieve her embarrassment.

She recovered quickly, and continued as if nothing had occurred.

"Except a few fleeting moments that are past, never more to be recalled (voice low, and and plaintive). I am to begin work to-morrow (brightening up). I am going to be independent; I am going to give music lessons, and Mrs. Soolfire says she can secure all the sewing I wish to attend to. Oh! I am so delighted, and I know I'll be happier than the grandest heiress to whom honors and compliments were ever paid."

Richard extended his congratulations, but said he was fearful lest her enthusiasm pictured to her imagination attainments beyond the scope of her strength.

Mrs. Soolfire dropped in—accidentally of course—and in the course of her remarks, intimated that poor Grace had been cooped up in the house for two long, long days. Richard, acting upon this palpable hint, asked Grace if she would honor him with her company for a walk. She, at first, was disposed to look unfavorably upon the proposition, but, on second thought, left the room, returning in a few minutes, equipped for the street.

The evening was calm and beautiful, the air was laden with a dry, but deliciously soft mistiness, a glimmering azure halo circled the horizon like a corona, the god of day was sinking behind his Occidental veil, throwing back upon the heavens, o'er the crest of a castellated cloud, myriad millions of spear-like rays. Indian summer was nigh. Richard, whom rural training made a close observer of astronomical and meteorological phenomena, said he smelt its approach in the air. They involuntarily passed into Madison Avenue, and were enjoying a very agreeable promenade, at least Richard was. Grace was quite reserved, notwithstanding the quaint humor and loquacity of her companion. But his humor and loquaciousness were not of an order calculated to relieve or soothe an oppressed sorrow laden mind. From earliest boyhood, he was overshadowed by a great, gloomy, never absent, sorrow; his whole nature became so thoroughly imbued with it, that his language, though copious and at times eloquent, was generally tinged with a sombre sadness, and his humor, also, copious, was marred by sarcasm and bitterness.

Grace, who, for some time, had been silent

and busy with her own thoughts, was suddenly startled by a sweet, silvery voice,
"Good evening, Grace."
"Good evening, Miss Geldamo."
She returned, nervously, but she turned not toward the speaker; she hurried forward rather suddenly; the person addressed as Miss Geldamo, stood still and gazed after her with a look of inexpressible astonishment.

Grace expressed a desire to return home immediately.

"Miss Soolfire, with me your slightest wish is law." His tone and manner gave no evidence of surprise on his part, nor did he appear to notice in the least what had just occurred. They crossed the street, entered another, and turned towards Soolfire cottage.

"Mr. Arbyght," (breaking a long silence), "on the avenue we have just left, reside many with whom, a few days ago, I was on terms of intimacy. Since then, however, things have changed. Our paths hereafter must be widely divergent. I am now a stray splinter, clipped by fate from the great rock of caste, and hurled far into the valley of toil. I don't regret the change, but though poor, I am too proud to have it appear that I wished or cared to continue any relation or association formed in the past, no matter how sacrificial the surrender may be. There may be some among them who regard position as I do, and my opinion in that direction has not been formed since my voluntary change of fortune or condition in life. I never had much respect for assumed social prominence, or any society elevation whatever, not built upon the superstructure of genuine moral, social and industrial worth and merit. Still, I would not continue these associations, even at their urgent solicitation, for fear my action should be misconstrued, and a motive other than friendship ascribed to it."

Her companion, while differing from her in some of the points advanced, was nevertheless of the opinion, that by acting as she proposed, she displayed an admirable, heroic, Spartan spirit.

"But who is this Miss Geldamo?" he casually asked.

"Vida Geldamo is a banker's daughter, and the dearest, sweetest girl that ever lived."

Richard had seen her, and although he said nothing further on the subject, yet he thought even then, that Grace was about right.

Soolfire cottage was at last reached.

A few minutes later Richard reached Madam Yndall's. The sun had been down some time, but the hounded workman had not regretted having refused to sell himself to a fellow-worm.

When the news of his discharge became noised among the men, it created an intense excitement, which was fearfully aggravated when it was known that he was discharged for having exercised the rights of a freeman. A special meeting was called, and amidst the wildest enthusiasm a resolution was introduced to call out all of Relvason's men until justice was done an injured and aggrieved member.

It was with the greatest difficulty that Richard prevailed upon them to let the matter rest. He argued that he had secured work from a better, infinitely better, and more honorable man; that he would not again work for Relvason, even if he was reinstated; that he was opposed to precipitating men of families into difficulty when there was no occasion for it; that it was better that one man should suffer and hundreds be spared; that he did not regard it good unionism for one man to throw a hundred men out of employment, and stop their children's supply of bread, simply to gratify a feeling against a man for whom he would not work were he permitted to do so; that it would be time enough to resort to such desperate measures when it became evident that Relvason intended to victimize others as he had him. "But," he continued, "in conclusion, I am grieved to say this trouble was caused by a traitor, (profound sensation.) I know him—saw him go to Relvason's shop—by the merest accident I saw him—immediately after our last meeting. He is in the room now. Yet I will not name him. He has a wife and four children. For their sakes I will spare him. They are innocent of his guilt and should not suffer for his crime. After he leaves this hall to-night let him remain away and he is spared; but should he again abuse or trespass upon our patience he will be exposed."

CHAPTER XV.

The relations between Fargood and Arbyght were consummated by the prompt appearance of the latter at the agreed upon time, and more and more harmonious, closer and closer, they grew during all the successive days of their continuance. The workman was active, vigilant and provident of the employer's interest. He labored, if not with the same zest, at least with the same assiduity and care as if he were both employer and workman. His conduct towards Mr. Fargood was on all occasions straightforward, manly, independent; while the latter, in just appreciation of his services honestly given, and sterling worth as a workman, paid him willingly and voluntarily even more than that upon which they had mutually agreed. The bearing of the employer was never that of a master. Trusting to Arbyght's honesty and honor, he left him entirely to himself after having once signified what he wished to have done. There was no impudent, supercilious surveillance, no impudent domineering bossism manifested by Mr. Fargood in his dealings with those whom he employed. In a word, the relations exist-

ing between these two men were pre-eminently those that should ever exist between all employers and employees: MUTUAL OR RECIPROCAL INDEPENDENCE AND DEPENDENCE.

One day there stopped before Fargood's place of business a magnificent, magnificently mounted carriage, drawn by a magnificent pair of magnificently caparisoned horses. On the outside front of the carriage, high perched, erect and stately, appeared a living breathing automaton, enveloped in a dark brown tight-fitting cassock looking coat, covered with an unusual number of unusually large and unusually bright brass buttons crested with an unusually large G. The lower limbs of the automaton were encased in sheaths of the same material reaching a little below the knee, where instead of ending abruptly, the sheaths doubled back on each other, then downward again, forming a telescopic looking protuberance, that much resembled a moistly developed ring bone, or the flange where a shaft is spliced or joined. On this development, and extending about six inches above it, were rows of unusually large ivory buttons, also crested with the large G. Add to this a pair of highly polished boots, a pair of buckskin gauntlets and a very high silk hat, hooped with a very high or wide band, clasped by a very large G shaped steel buckle, from which seemed to issue with abrupt spontaneity a variegated feather, and you have, gentle reader, an imperfect, but not exaggerated picture of the liveried nonentity so frequently seen of late in the free streets of the free cities of free America. The whole equipage before us, though considered magnificent by the so-called elite or recherche portion of our incipient aristocracy, was nevertheless extravagantly outre and meretriciously gaudy—a rolling "column of cash."

The liveried encased man, descended from his high pedestal, with painful stateliness, and with a pompous swagger walked into the shop and asked for the proprietor.

"I am the man you seek; what can I do for you?" said Mr. Fargood, coming from the far end of the building.

"Mr. Geldamo wishes to see you at once," replied the liveried-shackled servant with a demonstrative air.

"Who the devil is Mr. Geldamo?" retorted Fargood, piqued at the fellow's impudence.

"My master, sir," he replied quickly, with a triumphant look and self-congratulating tone; the look and tone seeming to indicate, that because of his connection with so great a man as Geldamo, even though the connection was that of menial, he was still a man to be respected and envied.

"Well, where is your master?"

"In his carriage, sir," replied the servant opening the door, and disclosing the pageant. Fargood moved toward the door; the servant preceded him to the carriage, the door of which he opened, when Mr. Geldamo leaving forward filled with his head and the upper part of his body, the opening—fitted into it—giving the side of the carriage the appearance of a large ebony framed picture.

In appearance and movement Mr. Geldamo was the very apotheosis of dignity. He was a tall spare man, always dressed in immaculate black, his head was long and very full above the ears, his face deeply furrowed but senatorial and majestic. The sockets of his eyes were large, arching and projecting, the eye had a peculiar greedy lustre, and the whole man whether moving, standing or sitting, seemed "a walking column of cash"; everything about him breathed an odor of money, and every person and thing with which he came in contact, he measured by a golden standard, by the rule of three—money, rent, interest.

His business with Mr. Fargood was speedily dispatched. In addition to being a prominent banker, he was also a wholesale importer of choice wines and other spirits, and as some of the packages in his storeroom were in a leaky condition, he wished Mr. Fargood would send a competent man to restore them to their original capabilities. To this request Fargood promised compliance. After which the picture gracefully dropped out of its ebony frame, back into its padded cushioned seat; the door was carefully closed by the stage clad knight of the stable, who then mounted to his pedestal on high, assumed his automaton dignity, grasped the reins, and the carriage rolled away.

Next morning Arbyght appeared at the Geldamo warehouse, and began operations upon the recalcitrant casks. On the following day, in the afternoon, Mr. Geldamo sought the workman, and asked him if he would go up to his residence for a few hours and see after the condition of some superior wine that was stored in his cellar. Richard said it was immaterial whether he worked at the store or at his residence. A few hours afterwards he was driven to the residence of the great banker, which he found in many respects to closely resemble its owner, especially in the summing up; for, as a whole, it appeared a "column of cash" in repose.

Parallel with the street or avenue ran a massive spear-pointed iron fence, rising from a foundation of solid cut stone. Behind this fence the land sloped upward, like the glacis of a fort, forming a level plateau or terrace, about four feet above the banquette, from the centre of which the building shot skyward with stately, gorgeous beauty. In shape, the principal body of the building was rectangular, but its form when finished could hardly be classified, owing to the numerous wings and projections that issued from its sides. The

wall were built of Ohio stone, beautifully finished, the heavy bracketed cornices and the upper story of the campanile were of wood, the roof slate. The general architectural style was the modern Italian. The campanile was artistically embellished and decorated, and rose high above the roofs from the angle formed by the main building and the wing or projection in which the dining room was located. The first story of the campanile was used as a sleeping apartment, the next as a sort of belvedere. In passing through the street gate, Richard saw a man on the top of the tower or campanile adjusting a flag staff, but being lost in wonder at the chaste, classical architectural beauty of the great man's residence, he paid but little attention to the man on the roof of the campanile. However, duty soon put an end to his ecstasies over pediments, cornices, grand archways, vestibules and porticoes, and from the contemplation of these things he passed it to the cellars of the mansion and began contemplations of an entirely different nature. And while he was busily employed in the lowest story of the grand mansion, a scene was being enacted almost directly over his head that we shall take the liberty of unveiling to our readers.

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XVI.—The Subterranean Passage.

The next morning, at about eight o'clock, ten Breton adventurers, unarmed, and in a pitiful plight, traversed on foot a road leading from the camp of Don Enrique in Seville, when they perceived, behind the slender foliage of some olive trees, an inn, which they entered for the purpose of taking some refreshment. A wrinkled old woman, who combined the offices of waiter and scullion, seeing the newcomers in so deplorable a state, hesitated to bring them the wine they called for, as she doubted their ability to pay for it.

Happily the host, who was a native of France, recognised these poor men as his countrymen, and he immediately brought a large stone jug of wine, which he placed on the table around which the Bretons were sitting.

"I hope," said he, placing himself with a well-filled goblet beside the others, "that you will not refuse me the pleasure of emptying a bumper with my good and brave neighbours of the Duchy of Brittany. I was born in the good city of Angers, my father was James Bouchard, master rope-maker."

"Welcome, heartily," replied Richard, the eldest of the adventurers, who regarded their host with looks of curiosity, and they sat closer to each other in order to make room for the master of the house.

The latter, who was one of the best, was also one of the most talkative men in the world, and, moreover, one of the most inquisitive; he took a seat in the midst of his guests.

"Do you know," he resumed, "how imprudent you are to wander so far from the camp? For besiegers as you are, you might easily be surprised by the citizens, who are always on the watch from the top of the ramparts." And with his finger he pointed out to them the walls of Seville.

"Be easy on our account, most vigilant host," answered Richard, with a smile, "for we do not intend to give the Spaniards the trouble of running after us. What say you, George?"

"Undoubtedly," said George, without discontinuing his duties as butler, which he filled to the general satisfaction; "for we are going to enter Seville this very day."

"Going to enter Seville?" repeated the host, stupefied. "Oh! then you reckon on taking the royal city, you ten; and yet without arms. But unhappy men, you will be taken yourselves, and—"

"Hung," interrupted Richard. "Morbless! we know it; since we go there with that intention."

And he raised his goblet to his lips, whilst his host, on the contrary, set his on the table, with a comical look of puzzled anxiety.

"What! you are going to get yourselves hung?" said he, more and more surprised.

"Truly, sir," said Richard, gravely. "Only eight days since we were all ten made prisoners, in consequence of a sharp sortie made by the Saracens who defended the gate of Jaen."

"Prisoners!" repeated the host, regarding the prisoners with an air of the utmost commiseration.

"But the famine, which has begun to reduce even the bulk of the priests of Seville, does not allow them to keep useless mouths any longer. Yesterday they released the major part of their prisoners on parole, that they might seek the means of redeeming themselves; only they warned them that they would hang, without mercy, those who should return without the amount of their ransom."

"Then it is probable, that many among them will not hurry themselves to carry it back," said the host. "But as to you, my brave fellows, have you not been able to raise the sum required for your ransom?"

"I believe we are far from the amount," replied Richard, loosing from his belt a small leather bag, the contents of which he emptied on the table: "here are the proceeds of our joint receipts during the day that has been