

Poetry.

RALLYING SONG.

Craftsmen who have suffered long,
Bear up, bide ye, till you're strong;
Then, for battle against the wrong,
Strike for liberty!

Why should the image of our God
Be oppressed by unjust laws?
Corporations, will ye pause?
Why this tyranny?

Why our shops securely guard,
Windows graced by iron bars,
"No admittance" on our doors!
Is this Liberty?

From early morn till late at night,
Subject to despotic spito;
By sullen looks they would us fright
To do their drudgery.

Two day's work, instead of one,
Is often from the workman wrung;
While capital, upon its throne,
Scorns his misery.

Browbeat, sneered at, trampled down,
Hapless workman, fettered, bound;
Could worse slavery be found
In antiquity?

O! suffering craftsmen, while ye can
Join ye our Unions, make a stand;
Help drive oppression from our land,
O! strive for Liberty!

We'll trust in God and in his might,
Boldly enter on the fight;
Resist the wrong, and hail the right,
And hope for Liberty!

—Machinists and Blacksmiths' Journal.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

King Capital sat on his throne of state,
Each feature distorted with rage and hate,
For Labor had broken the chains which bound
His will to the lords of the underground,
He starts from his throne with a look of despair,
Gives vent to a curse, then mutters a prayer
That some one would rise in Herculean might
To conquer the legions who battle for right.
"Crush the vile rabble!" he cries, with a frown;
"Kings of the money bags, trample them down;
See how they roll on, like the waves of the sea,
With their banners unfurled—undaunted and free.

Power of our gold! we must rise to the fight,
Or yield us at once to their cause and their might.

Not content with the power they've gained in the land,

They must be seated in Parliament—besom in hand.

A demagogic rule—by the weight of my pen,
Wealth must not bow down to a rabble of men.
Like a whirlwind, they sweep from us profits immense,

Prating of justice, manhood, and sense.
And now they must have the Imperial ton,
In fancy they dream that the battle is won.

The Imperial—bah! 'tis but rubbish and pelf;
All must give place to Imperial self.
King Bruce he has joined in the ranks of our foes;

By granting their wishes he adds to our woes,
To be paid for the propping, and paid for the coal,

Good Lord! they will rob us of body and soul.
'Tis useless to argue, for we cannot agree,
They want to be happy, they wish to be free.
Freedom, ye dogs! is reserved for your betters,
Who are learned in science, in arts, and in letters.

Ye must not aspire to be scholars, ye see,
But content ye with knowing your A B and C.
Awake, my colleagues, and think of your woes,
Scatter destruction in the midst of the foe.
King Halliday rides in the van of the fight,
But surely with gold we can trample on right.
On, on to the combat! my yellow boys brave,
Give their rights to the wind, and their justice a grave."—English paper.

Tales and Sketches.

BLANCHE DE NOUVILLE.

With so many useful Jesuits at hand it is not to be supposed that the noble governor would want the means of accomplishing any project which required no weightier instruments than crafty words; and so it is not surprising that, in a very short time from the conception of the plan, he had effected the betrothal of his daughter and the young favorite of the king.

Blanche had certainly no right to complain (and she did not) at her fortunes. She was told that, with the monarch's sanction, her hand had been sought by a handsome and gallant youth, whom any lady at the Court of France would be proud to win; and her eyes sparkled with gratified vanity when informed that her lover was all impatience till he had crossed the water and laid his now full-blossoming honors at her feet. And her pleasure was in no wise lessened by the whisper that this most favored of favorites would soon assume the viceroyship of New France. Why should the Lady Blanche object to a crown? On whose brow would it sit more gracefully? The heart of the proud beauty fluttered with its budding dreams, while she blushed and smiled, and turned away to the study of diamonds, and ermine, and courtly ceremonies. What change then had come over the fair lady that the mention of the Chevalier de Croye

should take the smile from her lip and the sunshine from her eyes? Why did she draw her veil closer while listening to the animated praises bestowed upon him by her father, and think the little ride of thirty minutes, during which he formed the topic of conversation, so very very long? And why did she return with pale cheek and sad heart to weep away the evening in the darkness of her own chamber? Wouldst know the why, kind reader?

Years had passed since Blanche de Nouvelle, a careless, light-hearted child, dwelling in one of those old chateaux scattered over France, was allowed to wander at will about the pleasant valleys in her own immediate neighborhood, and amuse herself by gathering flowers, or otherwise giving bright wings to the lagging days. On one occasion she stood by the side of a miniature lake, regarding, with earnest eyes, a beautiful cluster of azalias, drooping so far over it as almost to kill the ripples, and although beyond her reach.

"If Angelique were but here," thought the child, kneeling upon the little knoll, and clinging with one hand to the branches of the shrubs, while she stretched the other forward, as far as it would reach—"if Angelique were but here—but no, no, I shall have it in a minute, just a minute more; I almost touched the straw."

Clinging to a root with her little feet, her pretty arm twined around the branches, and one dimpled hand extended, till it could scarcely be distinguished from the rose blossoms, she had already, in imagination, secured her treasure, when her slight support gave way, and she was precipitated into the water. Poor little Blanche, she was wofully frightened, and might have been drowned, but for a laughing-eyed youth who chanced to be passing, who, though he told her afterwards that she was just fit to be queen of the naiads, and ought to have a palace "down deep in the tide," plunged in and brought her, dripping like a water-lily, to the shore. And Blanche sobbed and nestled in his bosom, like a frightened bird; as though that had been the only place of safety for her. And so what could the stranger do but soothe her, and twine the mischievous blossoms amid her golden curls, and tell her with what surprise he had seen the sparkling water closing above her, because he had thought her a bright fairy, sunning herself upon the bough. After that Blanche chose her play-ground on the marge of the little lake oftener than anywhere else, but the stranger never came back. Sometimes, even when she had crossed the ocean, and made her home in the wilderness, a handsome, well-remembered face would bend over her in her dreams, and a low earnest voice would speak soothingly to her; sometimes, even in daylight, she would have visions of dark eyes, warm with admiration; and finely curved lips, dropping wild words which, though addressed to a child's comprehension, had something in them worth recalling; but it was like all other things connected with childhood, a shadowy memory held sacred.

About a week after the Lady Blanche had expressed her acceptance of the proposals of the Chevalier de Croye, an incident occurred which made her quite forget the existence of her courtly suitor. Rambling with Pere Vaillant about the island of Hochelaga, they encountered a youthful hunter whose glance and voice haunted the lady all the evening after. And with good reason; for the stranger recognised with pleased surprise his metamorphosed naiad, and many were the pleasant sayings and witty repartees that followed, all of which carried a deeper meaning to both than their lightness warranted. And after, they met again and again (with the tacit approval of Pere Vaillant, though he seemed to be strangely blind to any result which might follow it), till the days began to seem long to Blanche not brightened by this meeting. And once—it was on a rare evening, eloquent with moonlight—the holy father courteously admitted this same stranger to a seat beneath the silken canopy of the lady's batteau, and sat down beside him completely wrapped in a holy reverie, while Marie slept at her mistress's feet. Ah! that was a memorable evening to Blanche. There was not one sound astir to throw even the weight of a rose-leaf's fluttering upon the low thrilling music of the stranger's voice as it stole into her heart; so the rich tones melted there and left an incense which should have been kept burning for him for ever. And Blanche returned to her own apartment, and to delicious musings. Earth and sky seemed to her to have robed themselves anew; not a leaf fluttered, and not a bird spread a wing as they had moved before.

The gay spirited girl had grown quiet and thoughtful, moving like one in a dream—a rich, heartfelt dream, of whose fragility we are half-conscious, and dare not raise a finger lest we should awake ourselves. She yielded to it unreservedly, for it had crept upon her unguarded spirit unawares, and hovered there in the garb of an angel; and she forgot her betrothed, forgot her father, forgot ambition, glory, everything but the tones, and glances, and words of the stranger, Philippe. How could Blanche conceive that there was wrong or danger in aught which seemed to carry so much of heaven with it? But this evening she had been awakened from her long sleep; and it seemed to her that a pall of blackness had been suddenly spread over her love-lit horizon. When Marie left her, she flung herself upon her couch in perfect abandon; her loosened hair mantling her shoulders, and then-forming itself into little golden waves and creeping among the heavy folds of her

riding dress; her chest heaving, and even her small hands, as they were clasped above her head, quivering with the agitation which she made no effort to control. Suddenly a soft, low strain of music swept up from the garden—softer than a sigh, and so low that Marie, had she been beside her mistress, would scarce have heard it; but its first faintest murmur reached the ear of the Lady Blanche. She raised her head from the pile of velvet cushions, and pushing back the clustering hair, suspended even her breathing while she listened. Then starting from the couch, she hastily gathered up her bright curls and wreathed them in a knot behind, substituted a lighter robe for her cumbersome riding-dress, tied the silken girdle, and clasped the little mantle at the throat; all with a steady, though eager hand, in strange keeping with the helpless wretchedness of the present moment. There was something almost like a smile on her face as she sprang lightly to the door. But here she paused. For a moment she dallied with the latch; and then burying her young face in her hands, yielded to another burst of tears. Quivering in every limb she stood, till sinking to a half-crouching posture upon the floor, she sobbed, "I cannot—oh! I cannot tell him to go for ever!"

Again a low, sorrowful breathing stole up from the garden, as though the sensitive chords were communing with those stirring within the bosom of Blanche de Nouvelle.

"Mary, mother, support me!" exclaimed Blanche, in a tone of touching helplessness, and prostrating herself before an image of the Virgin, till her forehead rested on the cold marble pedestal. "I am weak and erring—oh! do not let me break my father's heart!"

Long and fervently did the lady pray. Finally, rising and pressing a crucifix to her lips, she dropped it back into her bosom, murmuring—"I have strength for it now; and, casting another grateful glance up at the face of the Virgin, she glided from the room. A lamp burned dimly in the narrow hall, painting fantastic figures on the floor and ceiling, with shadowy shapes chasing always after them; but, though Blanche started once or twice, and peered eagerly into the gloom, she gave them no further attention. As she opened the door of a large empty apartment beyond, the sound of a footfall struck distinctly upon her ear, and she drew back, pulling her mantle closely about her, and covering in the dense darkness. It was not repeated; and, finally, gathering more courage, she hurried on, as though fleeing from the hollow echo of her own light footsteps, and gaining the door beyond, descended a small flight of steps into the open air. Again the low earnest tone came up from the fragrant thickets, like the pleading of an imprisoned Peri, and Blanche sprang eagerly forward at the sound. She had but to unlock the private postern, and the next moment she was sobbing upon the shoulder of her lover.

"What is it, Blanche?" inquired the young man, tenderly, and drawing her closer to him, as though, whatever it might be, there was one place, at least, where she would find a sure refuge.

"Oh! I have done wrong, very wrong, Philippe, not to tell you before, and now we must part for ever."

The youth made no reply; but the clasp of his arm tightened, and he bent his head till there was but room for the fitting of a breeze between his lips and the tear that glistened on the one cheek which she had turned to the moonlight.

"I have been false to my father, and—another one, Philippe, who is far away, and cannot dream of the wrong my heart is doing him. Oh, how could I know the danger of all this? Would to Heaven we had never met, Philippe!"

"Thank Heaven that we have met, my Blanche!" returned the lover fervently; and probably forgetting in his rapturous delight that the confession, which conveyed bliss to him was wrong from her only by the most painful circumstances.

"But, Philippe, you do not know—you do not understand. A stranger will soon be here, Philippe?—a gay, heartless stranger—and I—I am destined to become his bride; and so we must part to-night for ever. Do you understand me, Philippe?—for ever!"

"I have heard of the Chevalier de Croye, Blanche," returned the youth, with singular calmness, "and, in truth, he has more to win a maiden's love than the humble exile, Philippe, and thou wilt think so too ere many days have passed. Cheer thee, sweet lady, thou wilt have knee-worship, and heart-worship, and thine eyes will be dazzled by splendor; it is for the humble lone one to sorrow, not for thee."

"Oh! loneliness were better—far better; it would leave me undisturbed tears at least."

Still the young Frenchman held the lady to his heart, and his voice, full of emotion, was at variance with his words, as he answered—"I have heard that the rare accomplishments of the chevalier are the envy of all the countries of Louis."

"They told me that," returned Blanche, listlessly.

"And that crowds of noble dames are proud but to win a glance from him."

"Ay! I marvel at the policy that induced him to seek out unhappy me, in this distant province. The counsels of courtiers as well as kings are unfathomable. Yet I was foolish enough to be pleased with his preference at first, Philippe."

"Before an unfortunate exile threw his

shadow across thy sunny path. Ah, Blanche! my dream has indeed been a delicious one, and I would yield it up only to secure thy happiness—that, truth compels me to say, I believe will be safe in keeping of the Chevalier de Croye."

Blanche cast upon the speaker a glance full of reproach, but her lips quivered too much to be trusted with a reply.

"The king loves him, and loads him with honors."

"Ay! but for that I might be free," exclaimed Blanche, sobbing. "Would to Heaven I had been the offspring of the poorest peasant in the vales of Languedoc, or that you had left me in the water, Philippe, on that unlucky day when we met first! Then I might have escaped all this. And yet I ought to thank you, and I do, Philippe—I do thank you, for speaking so kindly of one to whom I have done a great wrong. I forget everything now that I ought most to remember—but it is all so sudden! After to-night I will not only train my lips, but my heart, too, till no one shall have cause to complain. But oh! it is a hard thing—you cannot but think that, Philippe—to have our most sacred feelings so entirely at the disposal of others."

"I do think it, dear Blanche," returned the youth, in the same tone that had soothed her years before. And they soothed her now, as then; for Blanche somehow became conscious that it was not lack of feeling, but rectitude of principle and the unselfishness of true tenderness which governed him; and confiding implicitly in this, she had not a thought too sacred for his ear. And thus in this pure communion hours glided by unnoted. At last the moon disappeared, leaving her silver veil streaming behind to mark the gate through which she had passed; and the stars began to burn and flash more brilliantly. The unclouded sky, "still as a brooding dove," put on a deeper blue; the breezes folded their busy wings, as though they too needed rest; and everything—even the leaves which had jostled against each other all the day long—yielding to the spirit governing the hour, grew solemn with stillness. Even the tones of the lovers had sunk to a low whisper, and the communion was more heart with heart than lip with lip.

"We must part now, Philippe," at last the lady suggested; and, as the words fell from her lips, the laurel-bushes rustled, a handful of blossoms rained down from the rose tree beyond, and a whisper seemed to pass around the whole garden. Even Philippe started to his feet, and looked about, and Blanche with difficulty suppressed a scream. But in a moment after both smiled, believing they had been startled by their own movements.

"We must part now," repeated Blanche, clinging to the arm that supported her, as though she feared to be obeyed too readily.

"It is indeed far later than I thought. God bless thee, dear Blanche!" and the youth, without further words, led her forward to the postern. "God bless thee, dear Blanche! I trust that we may meet again, and under brighter auspices—but if not—"

He drew her tearful face to his, impressed his lips on forehead—and then the gate closed, and Blanche found herself alone beside the flight of steps that led to her chamber. As she reached the large empty apartment, she was startled by a sound as of the clash of arms. A window close by overlooked the garden, and Blanche threw up the easement hurriedly. A man wearing the cowl of a priest, was unbarring the great outer postern, and between two powerful-made grenadiers stood one whose figure and bearing could not be mistaken, though he was evidently a prisoner. At a single glance Blanche comprehended all—perhaps the priest might be Lamberville—he could not deny her prayer. With an involuntary cry of terror she bounded from the door, sprang to the bottom of the staircase, and almost with the speed of the wind gained the private entrance to the garden. But she was too late; the great gate swung on its hinges, and closed with a loud clang; and though Blanche shrieked in the agony of the moment, the sound seemed to waste itself on the night air. Still she flew forward until she reached the gate. She struck upon it, and twined her fingers in the iron bars, as though her slight strength had been sufficient to tear them from their firm bed; then, suddenly recollecting herself, she staggered backward, reeled, and sank senseless on the dewy grass. It was long before Blanche awoke to consciousness. When she did, her momentary madness had passed; and, crossing her hands meekly upon her bosom, she put no constraint upon the tears that rained in torrents down her pale face. Slowly and painfully Blanche retraced her steps to her chamber. It seemed dreary and desolate, like her own heart. Bending before the image of the Virgin, she buried her head in the folds of her mantle, and there, weary with grief and watching fell asleep.

"Oh! my lady," exclaimed Marie, as her supple fingers adjusted the bright curls, still heavy with night dew, "such a thing happened last night! A man was found in the garden—a spy, Pere Lamberville says. Raoul told me all about it—a spy from the English in New York—one of those wicked Huguenots that I should think would sink the ships they would come over in. But you need not be frightened, lady. Bless me! you are as white as your own gown—you need never be frightened—Pere Lamberville says he will have him yet; that is, as soon as they come back from this fight with the Indians. It was the Father

of Evil who helped him to escape, so Raoul says, for he went through bolts and bars of solid iron.

"Holy Mother, I thank thee!" murmured Blanche, sinking back into her chair heavily, "thou hast heard my prayer, and Philippe is in safety."

"Pere Lamberville," continued the girl, "is to stay behind and keep a guard—"

"I must see my father!" exclaimed Blanche, springing to her feet. "Go, Marie, but return instantly, and tell me where I shall find him."

The girl obeyed with alacrity; and, while she was gone, Blanche busied herself with arranging her thoughts and calming her mind for the dreaded interview.

In a few moments Marie returned. "Your father is in a strange way this morning, my lady. His face grew almost black when I gave him your message. Oh! he seemed very angry, and stamped with his foot upon the flag-stone, and bade me tell you—I don't know what it was, for my ear must have heard amiss. He could not have meant that you should be shut up in these rooms—though, to be sure, they are very pretty—like a prisoner; he is distraught with all these war-doings, and takes no heed of what his tongue speaks. But come, my lady, to the window—there will be a grand show soon—they are already manning the batteaux. Oh; I never saw the like! The wild Indians will run into the lake at the sight of them! Lean upon my shoulder, lady, for you seem very ill."

It was indeed a brave sight—that gathering army; with nothing to mar its grandeur but perhaps now and then an intruding thought of the littleness of its object, the crushing of a comparatively defenceless foe. The broad river was absolutely swarming with the gorgeously-decorated batteaux of the French soldiery, the heavily-laden boats of attendants and camp-followers, and the canoes of the Indians and rangers. But Blanche had an eye but for one object—the princely form of her noble father, as he moved like a monarch in the crowd, issuing his commands, and preserving, in the midst of the seeming confusion, the absolute order of the best disciplined troops on the day of a grand military review. His lip seemed to be upon her cheek, and his benediction in her ear, as on the night before; but his stern look now reversed it all. That he, that fond father, whose love had been idolatry, should leave her—perhaps for weeks, perhaps for ever; for how could she foresee the chances of war?—without one gentle, forgiving word! Would he not return for a moment? Would he not as much as raise his eye to her casement? He did not; and Blanche turned away, sick at heart, as she saw that she had watched in vain. Meantime the army had embarked. Never before had the wilderness been greeted with such a display of magnificence. More than two thousand men, nearly half of them wearing the splendid national uniform of the French, were gliding upon the surface of the mighty river, the dip of the oar keeping time to the exquisite music of the military band—now scaring from their still slumbers the echoes on either shore, now plunging into deep, cool shadows, where even the musicians kept back their breath, or modulated the tones of their instruments to that of the genius of the wild.

Arrived at Fort Frontignac on the north-western shore of the St. Lawrence, De Nouvelle separated his army into two grand divisions. The beautiful Ontario lay here in wooded, like a magnificent diamond in a setting of emerald; and the divided army, passing along the northern and southern margin, encompassed it with a living cincture. Finally, both companies met, and landed at Tyronequi, here the marquis paused, and formed his troops in battle array. In advance, marched more than eight hundred young, brave, and chivalrous Frenchmen, selected from the very flower of the best disciplined army in the world; their lithe, manly limbs, cased in snow-white uniform, glittering with golden embroidery; their burnished arms flashing and blazing in the sunlight; their plumes gaily nodding; their spread banner flaunting and streaming skyward; and the heavy roll of the drum, and martial tones of the fife, interspersed with the stirring notes of the clarion, the loud blast of the bugle, and the richly gushing melody of the horn—combined to rouse every dormant passion and condense all into one—the love of glory. Close behind these marched, file on file, the hardy Canadian rangers, with less of military display, less of that regularity of movement and seeming oneness of impulse which resolved the whole French army into one huge, invincible, indivisible body, animated by a single soul; but with an independent, manly vigor appearing throughout all, promising that, though the animating soul were silenced, still life would quiver in every dismembered limb.

This half-savage, half-civilised portion of the army comprised a thousand men, almost as familiar with the hills and glens, the friendly coverts and deep secret hiding-places of these wild fastnesses as the Indians themselves; while the muscular vigor of their straight arrowy forms, their agility of limb and swiftness of foot, rendered them no mean acquisition to the better disciplined and elegantly-equipped Europeans who preceded them. Indeed, in these wily, strong, and experienced rangers lay the great strength of the army. Close on the heels of these swarmed a troop of native Indians, the scalp-lock dangling with ostentatious daring at their crowns, set round with tufts of gaudy feathers, twisted skins of