

Poetry.

TRUST ONE ANOTHER.

Look into your brother's eyes, man, And bid him read your own;

Pardon your brother's faults, man, And ask that he forgive;

Feel for your brother's grief, man, No heart is safe from woe.

Stand by your brother's side, man, And bid him clasp your hand;

COURAGE.

Courage!—Nothing can withstand Long a wronged, undaunted land;

Courage!—Nothing o'er without Freeman fighting for their good;

Courage!—There is none so poor, (None of all who wrong endure),

Courage!—who will be a slave That had strength to dig a grave.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"I am satisfied in my own mind, from to-night's experience, that Relvason is the murderer of your father and also the robber of his or your property, but how to convict a jury of that fact does not seem so apparent."

"There is the rub, Sergeant; the more I study it, the farther I seem from a solution of the difficulty."

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into it than I can, for I must confess, it puzzles me. When I first came to the city, I stopped at the Nevada House, but had hardly taken possession of my room, ere I was called upon by a very seedy looking individual, whose very appearance and presence filled me with an undefined, indescribable horror and loathing.

"This is really a strange story," mused the Sergeant; it is mysterious, but I think there is more than a little in it; this Terwilliger must be found."

"I tried to approach him last night, when I saw him, but he eluded me. I afterwards learned that Relvason was out; and it now strikes me that Terwilliger was waiting to intercept him, or waiting to see him."

"Ha!" grunted the Sergeant very abruptly; "let me see," he continued, "a year ago last spring the department had information concerning a Terwilliger, who it was claimed was passing counterfeit money. By my soul I think there is something in it and I will find it out before I am much older," and rising, the Sergeant terminated his interview by bidding Arbyght good night.

"Will call to-morrow afternoon," he said at the door, "at three."

"I see you are punctual and prompt," said Arbyght smiling as Soolfire walked into the office the following afternoon at three o'clock sharp.

"I just dropped in, I have not a moment to stay, I have discovered that the information against Terwilliger was lodged by Relvason—something devilish queer in that—think I have evidence of the man's tracks—will see you again." And before Richard could say a word he was gone.

"I was never so fairly eluded—cheated in my life. I have been following that man since six o'clock. I tracked him to Abaddon Hall, thence to Relvason's private office, thence to the North side and back to Relvason's office thence down Lake street, and may I never die if he did not elude me—at least I lost him in some of the depots. And it seems I was not the only man anxious about his welfare, as he was also dogged by three men since he left Relvason's office the last time, and I don't think they meant him any good."

"What can it mean?" "To my mind it means simply this:" replied Soolfire, "the man is endeavoring to bleed Relvason and the latter wants him out of the way—hushed up—killed. We must not let them head us off. Come, put on your hat and let us go together. My eyes are not as good as they used to be, if they were I had not lost him."

"Perhaps he has left the city," suggested Arbyght. "Don't think it," curtly answered the enraged Soolfire. Disgusted and worn out, they resolved to go home, and thitherward their steps they turned. They walked along in silence until they came to the corner of Franklin and Washington streets, when suddenly Soolfire seized Arbyght fiercely by the arm.

"See, see!" he whispered. "What?" asked the other in surprise.

"Are you blind? That man going towards the tunnel. It is him. Come, walk fast, you will overtake him before he reaches the opposite opening." They uttered aloud briskly, reached the tunnel, went down, passed rapidly through the lonely, sombre, vault-like passage, came up into the relief-giving air on the opposite side, but saw him not. Seeing a patrolman near the opening, the Sergeant asked him if a man had just passed from the tunnel. The officer shook his head.

"No!" exclaimed Soolfire. "You are the first that came through for the last ten minutes," shiveringly replied the patrolman. Soolfire looked at Arbyght and he looked at Soolfire.

"Three men went down just before you came up," remarked the patrolman abstractedly.

"How long before we came up?" eagerly asked the sergeant.

"About two minutes, I should judge."

"Got it!" ejaculated Soolfire, starting up the street; stopping quickly, he ordered the patrolman to follow him. When the Sergeant reached the point where the wagon way of the tunnel merges into the street, he turned and went briskly back along the wagon passage into the tunnel. The other two followed as fast as they could, but he maintained the lead. Midway in the tunnel, there are two or three openings from the foot corridor or passage into the wagon way or passage, and beneath one of these openings—the foot passage is some foot higher than the bed of the wagon way—they found the body of Jack Terwilliger covered with blood and to all appearances dead. His right hand was thrust between his vest and shirt, and when it was withdrawn by the Sergeant, it was found that the clinched fingers tightly grasped an old well-worn wallet or pocket book.

"There is a secret in that wallet for which you lost your life—it can't be money," said the Sergeant, feeling the wallet, as he calmly looked upon the blanched face of the dead. The fingers were unloosed and the wallet partly removed, when the fingers again closed convulsively and half the pocket book remained in the hands of the Sergeant, the balance in the clinched hand of the supposed corpse. As it came apart a dirty, crumpled piece of paper fell to the pavement. Richard stooped, picked it up and was about to hand it to the Sergeant, when happening to glance at it he suddenly stopped, approached a gas jet and hurriedly scanned it.

"What is it?" asked Soolfire.

"Something astoundingly important—can't rightly make it out—my sight seems scattered—my eyes swim—"

"Give it to me," said the Sergeant as he took it from his trembling hand, and going closer to the jet, his astonished eyes fell upon a diary leaf, on which was written in crooked characters, as if its execution caused intense labor, the following:

Monday, Oct. 17, 1847.

I, Richard Arbyght, was this day murdered and robbed of twenty-thousand dollar, by Alvan Relvason. RICHARD ARBYGHT.

The Sergeant first grunted a surprised exclamation, then uttered a sound like a prolonged whistle.

"Well worth the hunt—by my soul it's worth a life—worth sixty-thousand dollars, boy!" snapping Arbyght on the back. "The mills of the gods may grind slowly, but they do grind—" A groan from Terwilliger.

"What, not dead? So much the better; your evidence will make matters much plainer and conviction doubly sure. Here, my boy, take good care of that," he concluded, as he handed the paper to Richard, who, though not clearly aware of all it contained, was, nevertheless, alive to the importance of its preservation.

Terwilliger was carried out of the tunnel, thence to the nearest police station where his wounds—two stabs in the breast and one in the right cheek—were dressed, and the man otherwise provided for. He was soon able to talk rationally, and gave a full account of the transaction.

(To be Continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—Duguesclin's Prison.

Ruy softly took the keys from the sleeping governor, and Don Pedro was advancing to take them, when Duguesclin suddenly snatched them from the wower, and giving the smaller one to the tallest pilgrim, he said, "Here is the key of the water-gate, sir, Heaven grant that you may reach it without hindrance."

"Trust yourselves to us," said the king, still disguising his voice, "we will put you in the right path."

"But do you, sir Bertrand, persist in abandoning your friends?" asked Don Enrique.

"Heaven preserve me from betraying you into danger, noble pilgrim," replied Bertrand, as he sprang to the little door, followed by Enrique and Mexia. As he was carefully opening it, to avoid rousing the governor, the king said in an impatient voice, "Make haste, the governor may awake. I wish I already saw you in the midst of the brave comrades who wait for us at the foot of the tower."

"I can easily believe you," answered Duguesclin, putting his large hand on the shoulder of the pretended boatman, and immediately pushing Enrique and Mexia through the opening, he whispered, "Beware of Cain," then quickly closing the door after them, he placed his burly person resolutely against it, shouting, in a thundering voice, "Flee without me, good pilgrims, or you are lost."

Don Pedro, on finding himself recognised, remained for an instant motionless with rage and surprise; then he exclaimed, fiercely, "Make way, cursed bulldog!"

"The bulldog has fangs," replied Duguesclin, jeeringly, "and he does not fawn on his master's enemy." Ruy tried in vain to drag Bertrand from the door, while the latter to prevent them following the fugitives, broke the key in the lock, with his common remark,

"I neither make nor unmake kings, but I serve my master."

"Oh, he is not yet saved!" cried the king, springing towards the other door of the cell; but this was also locked, nor would any key on the bunch open it. Then a clashing of swords, and loud shouts ascended from below, Don Pedro rushed to the narrow opening, followed by Duguesclin, each by shouts trying to encourage the combatants, who they ascertained were fairly matched, being three against three.

This circumstance struck Don Pedro as strange, and, fearful lest his brother should yet escape him, he went up to the sleeping governor, and roughly shook him, but in vain, Burdett knew better than to awake.

Leaving Ruy to the task of shaking him into his senses, Don Pedro ran again to the window, where, to his consternation, he perceived that his foster-brothers had relaxed their ardour at the name of Duguesclin, which was shouted by the other party.

Burdett now woke up, feigning the utmost surprise at seeing the king, who severely reproached him for his neglect of duty. He then drew a key from his pocket, and hastened to open the door of the cell.

"Heaven, be praised!" exclaimed Duguesclin, taking a long breath, "the brave pilgrims have got on board!"

As the king sprang into the gallery, he turned to the Breton. "If they escape me," he cried, furiously, "the Black Prince shall give me his prisoner in exchange."

"By St. Ives," answered Duguesclin, coolly, "if I were not sure my friends would escape, I would not allow you to leave this cell."

Don Pedro was already in pursuit, followed by Burdett and the mowser.

The two pilgrims, on hearing the words of Bertrand, as he shut the door on them, were fully aware of their danger. On opening the water-gate they encountered Bouchard, whom Ruy had placed against it, thinking he was dead; but having been only stunned he was soon revived by the fresh air. As he advanced, and warned them of the ambuscade that awaited them, and offered to assist their escape. Then he conducted them toward a vessel, about a hundred paces from that in which the brothers waited.

Meantime Pierce Neige, who had been keeping watch round the tower, overhearing that the ambuscade was discovered, informed his brothers, who now resolved to have recourse to violence, and, armed with sword and pickaxe, jumped on the bank and intercepted the fugitives. It was then Master Bouchard shouted the name which had unnerved the arms, and daunted the courage of Blas and Perez. They gave way by degrees, and the pilgrims succeeded in gaining the boat, in which, unfortunately, they found only one pair of oars.

Bouchard began to row, and they were near the middle of the current, when suddenly the vessel stopped, then shook violently, and at last turned completely round. In vain did the rower redouble his exertions, the vessel, obeying an invisible impulse, seemed to be returning to its point of departure.

The Count Gonzales then took the oars, and, by dint of extraordinary exertion, regained part of the ground they had lost, when again they felt their vessel drawn back by some unknown power; and, to add to their discomfiture, Don Pedro had already embarked, with some archers, in the boat abandoned by his foster-brothers.

At that critical moment Don Enrique leaned over the side to see if their cable, which dragged in the water, had by chance got entangled, and so impeded their flight. This was indeed the fact. With the assistance of Bouchard he succeeded in pulling the rope to him, which, instead of floating loosely, was stretched as tight as the cord of a bow; and, to their great surprise and alarm, a man's head appeared a little above the water's edge—a human face, horribly contracted, the long hair dripping with water, the eye-balls inflamed, and biting the rope with his bleeding teeth.

It was Perez, who, together with Blas, had swam after the vessel of the fugitives, and, clinging with one hand to the rope that hung from the boat, and with the other to the aquatic plants that grew in the beds of the river, had succeeded in paralyzing the efforts of the rowers, and had brought the vessel again towards the shore.

Don Enrique, by a ferocious movement, had dragged Perez almost to the side of the skiff, when the head of Blas appeared, his countenance not less frightful with rage and hatred than that of his brother.

"Let go the rope, wretch!" cried Mexia to Perez, striking at him with his oar.

"Not till Don Pedro holds it in his hands, traitor!" replied the minor, trying to catch hold also of the side of the vessel.

The oar immediately struck the head of poor Perez, who shrieked with pain, but still held on, till Mexia struck him on his stiffened hand, and the miner fell into the river.

But Blas remained still hanging to the rope, notwithstanding the blows he received, till Don Enrique suddenly bethought him to cut the rope; then, seizing the oars, the skiff was quickly beyond the reach of the pursuers.

Blas now employed all his remaining strength to save his brother, and catching him by the hair, regained the vessel of Don Pedro. The latter, despairing of overtaking his enemy, was loading Burdett with bitter reproaches, whom he even accused of conniving at the escape of the pilgrims.

Meanwhile, Duguesclin finding himself deserted, his prison doors open, and the keys on

the ground, set himself to work to release his fellow prisoners, among whom he recognised Richard and George. "Comrades," said he to them, "not being able to pay your ransom, I give you the key of the prison."

The released captives wanted to take the stout Breton with them, but he answered, laughing: "No, here is no longer a gaoler, and I must watch the house for fear of thieves." In fact, when Burdett returned, he found his prisoner tranquilly seated under the tower-gate, nor could he induce him, either by persuasion or threats, to secure his liberty. Duguesclin, saying he was on his parole, walked calmly and firmly back to his cell; and Burdett, vowing eternal hatred against the impassable Breton, was obliged to go and accompany the Black Prince with the result of his mission.

The next morning Edward sent for Duguesclin, determined to restore him his liberty, allowing him to fix his own ransom, which the bold captain said would be cheerfully paid by the kings of France and Spain, were it ten times as much.

This assurance astonished the Prince of Wales, who said, "From this time good knight, I assign you the whole territory of Seville for a prison. In a few days I shall return to Bordeaux."

Don Pedro, incensed at the conduct of Edward in releasing the formidable Duguesclin, but not being able to oppose his ally, determined to revenge himself on Burdett, whom he regarded as an accomplice in the flight of Don Enrique.

In fact, the king had thought that, by loading the covetous adventurer with wealth and honors, he should lull his vigilant and jealous caution; the royal favor had on the contrary, only made the cunning knight more suspicious and the strange disappearance of Rachel had filled Don Pedro with grief and alarm. He feared the poor girl was suffering some dreadful torture invented by the malicious freebooter.

However, determined to make the latter feel the effects of his displeasure, he appointed another governor of Seville, and of the Golden Tower, so that Burdett found himself suddenly reduced to his original position. His rage knew no bounds when he found himself thus ruined and disgraced, and now, thinking only how to be revenged on the king, he looked about for the means to raise a company sufficient strong to aid in hurling the latter from his throne.

Although he still possessed great riches in his house, of which he had not been despoiled, he knew that the Jews would not give him a quarter of their value now he was compelled to dispose of them on the instant; but he suddenly remembered the golden table still in Samuel Ben Levi's possession.

Summoning Barillard, who had joined him, he commissioned him to go to the old treasurer, to tell him that Rachel had been unfaithful, and that her husband was resolved to have her immediately put to death, unless her father would give up the golden table for her ransom.

Barillard returned, saying that the Jew would not surrender the precious pledge he held until he had seen his daughter, or at least until she wrote to him, as he suspected she was already dead. But that, if that treasure would save and redeem her, he would deliver it up.

"It is well," said Burdett, "to-morrow thou shalt carry Samuel a letter from his well-beloved daughter. I will go and fetch it. Saddle quickly my swiftest palfrey."

The major done obeyed, and Burdett departed shortly after.

CHAPTER XL.—Rachel's Prison.

The prison in which the ferocious Late Comer had immured his wife, was one of those old Moorish watch-towers, called Atalayas, with which the Moors had garrisoned all the heights. It was surrounded by a deep ravine, numerous windows looked over the country in every direction, and within the walls rose enormous cypress trees, planted according to Moorish custom, in the inner court-yard, their high tops being visible at a great distance. A single palm tree, with its smooth white trunk, rose in front of the Atalaya, spreading its fan-like leaves before one of the windows, which had neither shutters nor glass, and which was at least forty feet from the ground. The tower was built on the top of a hill, which overhung a stagnant lake or pool, the water of which emitted such noxious exhalations that birds, in essaying to fly over them, fell in and were drowned.

The entire region of the Huerta, as it was popularly named, was barren, poisonous, and fever-fraught; it abounded with deadly plants, marshy pools, and venomous reptiles; few ventured within its precincts; even the banditti avoided it, for it was regarded as the nursery of the black plague that had lately ravaged Andalusia. The weather at this time was so intensely hot, that Burdett, as he rode along the arid plain, experienced a feeling of suffocation, and his horse, though young and high spirited, could hardly bear up against the scorching sun and pestiferous vapors that floated around.

At last he dismounted at the solitary tower, and after securing his horse, tried about to see if there were any marks of footsteps on the ground. All appearing secure, he crossed the ravine, over which the trunk of a tree had been rudely thrown, drew a key from his pocket, cautiously opened the door, entered, and closed it gently after him.