

NEVER GIVE UP.

(Written for the ONTARIO WORKMAN.)

Men and brethren ne'er despair,
Tho' the sky be now o'ercast,
Progress fills the very air,
Reform will surely come at last.

In former time our fathers fought,
Most nobly for the future weal,
Thou let us also do our part,
With earnest and untiring zeal.

If for a time the movement fall,
And fail must show a flag of truce,
Think (should defeat your heart assail)
Of the Spider and the noble Bruce.

Just on the eve of victory
Is the bloodiest of the fight!
A bright and glorious morning
Succeeds the darkest part of night.

Them, still keep on your armour,
Still keep a watchful eye,
Till you shorten the hours of labor
Let the movement never die.

T. M. DAVIS.

Hamilton, June 13th, 1872.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

BY M. A. FORAN.

INTRODUCTION.

In a letter, written some two years ago, to Mr. Pratt, Editor of the *American Workman*, we ventured the opinion, that if the laboring class could be made a reading class, their social and political advancement and amelioration would be rapid and certain. Mr. Pratt, in reply, asked us pointedly if we knew of any method by which workmen could be induced to pay more attention to passing events, to the present antagonistic condition of society and to the remedies best calculated to eradicate the evils under which, as a class, we labored without much hope of redress. This is a grave, a momentous question; so thought we then, so think we now. The men most to be feared by labor, are not its open and avowed enemies, but those of its own ranks, who do not, will not read. "Reading," says the renowned Bacon, "makes a full man," and it may be safely intimated, that he who does not read is an empty, an ignorant man, and again we repeat, that we have more to fear from ignorance in our own councils, than from wisdom in the councils of our enemies. What food is to the body, reading is to the mind, "and the mind that does not love to read," says Todd, "may despair of ever doing much in the world of mind which it would affect." But how are we to make the toilers in our fields, workshops and factories, toilers in the vast realm of mind—readers as well as workers? This is the all absorbing question. We have long noticed the popular taste among the masses, high and low, for fiction—novel-reading. An inherent love of fiction seems implanted in the many, especially in those whose educational advantages were limited, or at least did not include a classical training, and in contemplating this patent fact, we were led to think that much of interest and benefit to labor could be conveyed to the popular mind through this medium. Here then is one reason why this work was undertaken; but there is another, a weightier, a mightier one. A few years ago the publishers of *The Galaxy* brought out a story entitled "Put Yourself in His Place," written by the author of "Foul Play," and several other equally foul works. In this story, the trade unions of England are severely, brutally handled, and what may seem strangely inconsistent, the author, except when forced by the inexorable logic of truth and history, failed to put himself in the place of the men whose short-comings he so savagely delineated. By a quotation from Horace which serves as a sort of preface to the work, it is claimed that the story is framed "upon notorious fact." It is not a part of our purpose to deny the assumption, as we readily and freely admit that many of the measures and means employed by workmen to redress grievances and prevent the enforcement of obnoxious conditions, are neither born of justice nor wisdom; but before we harshly judge and recklessly condemn these men, we should minutely, faithfully examine their side of the story, and as far as possible enter into their feelings and views. Should we do so impartially, unbiassedly, it is more than likely that a purer motive, one less tinged with premeditated or malicious design, would be found to actuate all wilful, overt acts attributed to them. It would be also found that Persecution and grim, famishing Want, had so tortured their bodies and brutalized their minds that all faith in the moral sense of capital faded from their souls, leaving a void that was filled by the conviction that "the end justified the means" on every occasion.

It is in not delineating both sides of the subject, in not putting himself in the places of all the characters in his story, that we are disposed to disagree with the author of the work above mentioned.

The other side remained dark, hidden from the gaze of men only too apt to judge by the standard of their own peculiar prejudices; and to throw what light we could on that side so carefully hidden, furnished another reason why this task was undertaken. Our only regrets in entering upon the work were the consciousness of our inability to do justice, full and ample, to the subject, but if by our example, others of more extended, wider experience, more cultivated, educated minds will

be induced to enter the same field, the pleasure of feeling that our labors have not been entirely in vain, will more than compensate us for any absence of appreciation for our individual effort. To blunt the sharp edge of unparrying criticism, in advance, we desire to place upon record here, the fact that in preparing this work, we labored under many serious disadvantages, the most important being a want of time. During the progress of this story, our multifarious official duties bore heavily upon us, besides we were not local, being absent from home at least one-sixth of the time. Most of these pages were written by gas light, written at a time when the mind wearied with the inexorable duties of the day, needed relaxation and rest, and when that free, easy, active play of the imagination, so essential to a production of this nature, was almost impossible. We deem it due to ourselves to make this apology for any errors or short-comings the critics may discover. We would also say that not being a novel-writer or story writer by trade should go a great way towards disarming harsher criticism. Sidney Smith once said that a novel was only meant to please, that it should do that or it failed to do anything. Viewed in this light, judged by this standard, "The Other Side," will doubtless be found wanting, as it was not written with the sole design of amusing and pleasing those who might read it. The design of the author was didactic and defensorial.

To avoid the imputation of egotism and give greater impersonality to the work, it was deemed best to write in the plural number.

The absence of dialectical, or character dialogue, will doubtless be noticed. We have never been able to see the utility or necessity for slang in a book or literary production of any kind, neither can we see or understand how our language is to be made purer or purged of crudities and become universally classical, by spreading before the rising generation our ideas and thoughts, clad in the garb of broken French or German, Irish idioms, broad Yorkshire cockneyisms or backwoods Yankeeisms.

The main incidents of this story are founded upon "notorious fact," so notorious, that any one wishing it can be furnished with irrefragable, incontestable proofs in support of all the charges made against the typical employer, Relsvson: that workmen have been—because being trade unionists—discharged, photographed on street corners, driven from their homes, hounded like convicted felons, prevented from obtaining work elsewhere, arrested at the beck of employers, thrown into loathsome prisons on *ex parte* evidence, or held to bail in sums beyond their reach by subsidized, prejudiced, bigoted dispensers of injustice, and in every mean, dishonorable manner imaginable, inhumanly victimized and made to feel that public opinion, law and justice were Utopian, "unreal mockeries," except to men of position and money, are facts that have become history—recorded facts that will go down to more enlightened generations, by whom they will be regarded as "footprints on the sands" of our semi-barbarous civilization—links in an epoch of the history of ascending, progressing mankind.

All the liberty, all the freedom, now enjoyed by man, was born of the struggle of workmen to free themselves from serf laws, the dominion of the feudal lord, and occupy a position in the world, commensurate with their immeasurable, industrial importance in it. So patent is this truth that even that astute statesman, M. Guizot, whose only aim seems to have been to give a gloss to the facts of history that would apparently countenance the political acts and designs of his royal master, Louis Philippe, is forced in his "History of Civilization" to admit as much when he says: "The struggle of classes constitutes the very fact of modern history, of which it is full. Modern Europe, indeed, is born of this struggle between the different classes of society." The pages of modern history are glorified—they scintillate with a dazzling record of wonderfully rapid progress in science, literature, art, social and religious liberty, and this fact, we are told, is the result of the "struggle of classes," and so told by no less a man than M. Guizot, the bosom friend of royalty, the champion of aristocracy, the right hand of one of the greatest Bourbons. It is true; hence, though Guizot as a statesman would like to deny it, as historian he could not, did not; and as this agitation has already accomplished so much for the world, it is our ardent hope that the struggle between the different classes of society will continue until every vestige of barbarism will be superseded by an enlightened, God-like sociality. This struggle did not originate in modern times; it dates as far back as the time of Joshua, some 1425 years anterior to the birth of Christ, as, according to DeCassagnac, trade unions existed at that epoch in Syria, and wherever these institutions existed or do exist, there also were found, and are found, evidences of this struggle. Trade unions evidently existed in Solomon's time, as we find many evidences of them in the eighth book of the History of Flavius Josephus. History also dates their birth among the Greeks from the time of Theseus, and among the Romans from the time of Numa; in the former instance dating back to the heroic period, and in the latter about seven hundred years before the Christian Era. After the Augustan period, Roman history is full and explicit on the subject of trade unions. They were under the protection of the government, regulated by law, even to the number of members each union should

have, or at least the maximum number, and their officers. A law of Constantine, promulgated in the fourth century, mentions, specifically, thirty-five members in each union; but, towards the end of the fifth century, they disappeared entirely from the history of the world, and were not again heard of until the thirteenth century. And now we have reached a point where we intend to show that the cause of their disappearance furnishes one of the strongest arguments in their favor; but before we enter upon that ground, we wish to make a digression. In the year 1725, there appeared a work by Vico, the greatest of annalists, in which a theory called the *Recorsi* was given to the world. This theory was based upon the discovery that humanity returns "upon itself at given periods of the life of peoples." Now, let us make an application of this Vicoian theory. In the fifth century the Roman world was inundated by hordes of barbarians, as the Goths, Saxons, Vandals, Quadi, and other northern peoples were then termed. In how far the term was correctly applied we will not venture an opinion, but it is evident, from all historical facts, that these people were more barbarous, and less enlightened, than the people they conquered, and that civilization received a severe back set, one necessitating a *re-commencement*, after those hordes had swept over Italy, Spain, Gaul and Greece: and it was seven centuries before humanity returned upon itself—reached that state in which the northern barbarians found it. Here then we see that, with the advent of ignorance and barbarism, trade unions went out of existence, and during the whole seven centuries of the dark, or middle ages, were never heard of, but as soon as humanity had returned upon itself, as soon as the world again reached that period of enlightenment and civilization it had attained when or before it was plunged into vandalism and ignorance by the hordes of the north, we again see trade unions coming upon the stage of the world to play the same part in its progress and civilization. From this we readily see that the charge that trade unions are a relic of barbarism is historically disproved, while on the other hand it is clearly proven that these much abused institutions died immediately upon the advent of barbarism, and remained dead while the world remained shrouded in the gloom of ignorance, and that their resurrection was simultaneous with the resurrection of science, art and literature; and is it not a matter of serious comment, that during the dark ages, there were no strikes in any part of Europe, and advancing further in this inquiry, is it not a matter of still greater surprise and comment that even in our day, such social phases as strikes are not known or heard of among those people, or in those countries where the civilizing influence of Christianity has never been felt, and where ignorance, superstition and savagery—an entire negative condition of mind—characterize the inhabitants? We would like to know how the enemies of trade unions are going to harmonize this patent historical truth, with the oft repeated charge that strikes are barbarous, unchristian, uncivilized, when it is proven that they are resorted to only in Christian and civilized countries?

Both trade unions and strikes are a necessity in the present condition of society, for no matter what may be said to the contrary, there exists and will exist while the world is cursed with the wages system, "an irrepressible conflict" between capitalists, not capital, and labor, or what amounts to the same thing, there is an irrepressible desire on the part of capitalists to cheapen labor, and an irrepressible desire and determination on the part of labor to prevent such an unholy consummation. That this conflict exists no well informed person can deny; it has its existence in the constitution of the human mind, it springs from that consideration and love of self, that is a predominant characteristic of even the most degraded of our species. Colossal fortunes have rarely, if ever, been legitimately made. How have they been made is perhaps a pertinent question, but the close observer will always notice, that the more marble front banks and palatial residences erected in any city, the more hovels and beastly tenements will also be found in the same city, and in proportion as one class of people rise in wealth and affluence, a larger class will sink into greater poverty and degradation. The only conclusion deducible from these observations is that one class of society grows rich, and in fact lives on the labor of another class; therefore, is it, that it is to the interests of the former class (capitalists), to cheapen labor and degrade the latter class, while it is to the manifest interest of the latter class (labor) to enhance its value and prevent the robbery of the other class; hence arises this irrepressible conflict between the classes. This conflict was noticed many years ago, by the more profound statesmen of this continent; in 1837, J. C. Calhoun, perhaps the greatest of American statesmen, in the course of a speech in the Senate of the United States, said: "I hold then, that there never has yet existed a wealthy and civilized society in which one portion of the community did not, in point of fact, live on the labor of the other. Broad and general as is this assertion, it is fully borne out by history. This is not the proper occasion; but if it were, it would not be difficult to trace the various devices, by which the wealth of all civilized communities has been so unequally divided, and to show by what means so small a share has been allotted to those, by whose labor it was produced, and so large a share given to the non-producing

class. The devices are almost innumerable, from the brute force and gross superstition of ancient times to the subtle and artful fiscal contrivances of modern."

This single extract, from the written or spoken opinions of so profound a thinker; is, we feel confident, a clear and explicit substantiation of all we have advanced on this subject. There is then a conflict between labor and capitalists; on the one hand, for remunerative wages, low taxes and cheap living, and on the other hand for cheap labor, high taxes and luxurious, sumptuary customs, and trade unions are simply a barrier to the rapacity of the more powerful class (more powerful because better organized), and the more perfect our trade unions are the greater the protection they will afford the class in whose interest they have been organized; and if anything we have here written will conduce to better and more efficient, thorough organization, among workmen, we will, in that fact, find an ample reward for all our toil and effort.

M. A. FORAN.

CHAPTER I.

A medium-sized room, plainly but neatly furnished, in a large frame house, in North-eastern Pennsylvania, in the middle of which, before a small antique centre-table, sat a woman, not more than thirty years of age. Her eyes were intensely fixed upon a broad piece of parchment spread upon the table. Her face, though beautiful to a fault, wore a sad, regretful look, and it was plainly apparent that her soul was struggling with some powerful emotion. But the look of sad regret which so clouded her angelic loveliness gradually passed away, and was succeeded by one of inexpressible tenderness; and then, raising her tear-dimmed eyes, she gazed fondly and lovingly towards the hearth, where, against the broad mantel, leaned a lithe but muscular, middle-aged man, wrapped in deep and solemn thought. Silently he watched the glowing birchwood fire that blazed and sparkled on the hearth. His manly, sun-browned face, though slightly clouded with a shade of anxiety and care, beamed love and devotion, notwithstanding the profundity and solemnity of the meditation into which he was apparently plunged. Husband and wife—it needed no stretch of the imagination to arrive at that conclusion. No man is the blissful possessor of that ecstatic soul-crowned expression that irradiated the face of Richard Arbyght but the happy husband and father, and no woman but a loved and loving wife could regard Richard Arbyght with that pure, chastened, loving, tender, heaven-inspired look bestowed upon him by the woman in the centre of the room. Still, they spoke not. The heavy silence was broken only by the measured tick of the old-fashioned, New England clock that stood in one corner of the room, reaching from floor to ceiling, like a great wooden pillar.

Let us for a moment make a digression, for the purpose of finding a cause for the strange scene we have just described. Seven years previous to the opening of our story, Richard Arbyght, the hard-working son of a hard working pioneer merchant in a western city, met in an eastern town, where business connected with his father's establishment had called him, the lovely Irene Addair, a farmer's daughter. Their meeting was purely accidental, but it resulted in deep, abiding and lasting love, which terminated in a marriage, sanctioned by the respective parents of both.

Irene was an only child, and soon after her marriage had to rely solely upon her husband for consolation as well as protection, as both her parents passed from this vale of tears to the shadowy land beyond the mysterious confines of life shortly after her husband had come to live at the old homestead. But, although Richard loved his wife devotedly, yes, madly, and was made doubly happy by the smiles of two beautiful children, he was still at times unhappy and moody. A farmer's life was irksome to him. His active, energetic brain pined in his country home. He longed for a more varied life. His early education, both practical and theoretical, fitted him for a merchant, to be which was the full measure of his ambition. But he well knew his wife was strongly attached to the home of her childhood, and he preferred to crush his earnest heart-longings—to bury the dream of his boyhood and maturer manhood, and live an aimless life—rather than cause the wife he so dearly loved one single regret. But Irene was a true wife. She saw, with a wife's intuitive vision, she divined through that magnetic, holy influence that surrounds, permeates, unites and makes one the souls of two perfect lovers—that her husband had a secret, and she instinctively felt that he kept it from his wife for his wife's sake, and not his own.

Richard Arbyght could deny his wife no thing; therefore, when she asked him to share with her the trouble that occasionally rendered him momentarily unhappy, he did so, although he mentally resolved she should not suffer in the least, from the secret she had wrung from the deepest recess in his heart. Hence he at all times thereafter appeared happy and contented, whether he felt so or not, his face smiled, though his heart bled. But although a husband, his conception of his wife's penetration was very defective. She saw what was passing in his mind; she read his very soul; and reading, determined her husband should not outdo her in self-sacrificing, generous love. She resolved the old home should be sold; but the bare thought cost her a bitter pang, as it was the reading and dese-

cration of affections formed in girlhood, and made holy by fifteen years of womanhood. About this time she accidentally found an open letter, from Richard's father, offering him the control and management of a large house he was then erecting in the rapidly growing city of Chicago. This offer he had carefully concealed from his wife for more than a year, but its discovery at this juncture caused her to renew her exertions in finding a purchaser for the estate. One was finally found, and the farm, stock, and all the appurtenances appertaining thereto, were sold for fifteen thousand dollars.

The parchment, which Mrs. Arbyght was so intently regarding, was the deed which her husband had brought home the evening previous, and which she was to sign that morning, as soon as Squire Stanly had arrived from Silverville, a small village, four miles from the farm. Husband and wife were still silent—but all things and scenes must have an end. The door of the room was suddenly burst open, and a rosy-cheeked boy, of about five summers, with flashing eye, dilated nostril, and a profusion of raven ringlets, rushed into the room, almost screaming in a tone of boyish animation: "Papa! papa, there's a man on a white horse coming up the road." Then seeing his mother he went up to her, threw his arms around her neck, and kissed her fervently; and, then, looking at her archly, said naively: "Mamma, can't I go out and see him? he looks so funny." "Yes, my dear," answered the mother as she returned the boy's caress. No sooner had the boy disappeared than her husband advanced to the centre-table, and placing his hand on his wife's shoulder, he said: "Dearest Irene, it is Squire Stanly, who has come to see about the signing of the deed; and I fear the wife of my heart is sacrificing too much for my sake; much more than I deserve, or for which I can ever hope to repay her." The wife arose from her chair and looked into her husband's face with the same look with which she regarded him while he leaned on the mantel—yet, a little reproachfully—then dropping her head on his breast she exclaimed: "Richard, you have ever been a good husband to me, and for seven years you have suffered a voluntary exile for my sake. The sacrifice has been all on your side. I would have willingly given up the old place had you desired it; for my only desire, my only aim in life, is to love you and our dear children, and make you happy."

Richard Arbyght pressed his beautiful wife to his manly heart, printed a loving kiss on her lips; and as Squire Stanly was then heard in the hall he found it necessary to use his handkerchief to destroy a few crystal tell-tales of the heart's emotion that glistened brighter than diamonds on his honest face.

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.—The Morisca and the Jewess.

Aixa advanced to the threshold, and made a sign to the Jewess to approach. Intimidated by her imperious air, Rachel obeyed.

"Dost thou know that thy fellow-traveller is the King of Castile?" she asked.

"Yes, madam," answered Rachel, mildly.

"He has promised thee an asylum in the Alcazar; and after having saved thee at the peril of his life, he has doubtless told thee that he will continue to protect thee. He has told thee, no doubt, that the house of thy father does not offer thee a shelter sufficiently secure; and thou hast not hesitated to follow him."

"No, madam," answered Rachel, calmly; "for he who so nobly devoted himself for a poor stranger-girl is incapable of deceiving her."

"But probably thou dost not know who I am, and by what title I interrogate thee?" continued the favorite, irritated at the mild and gentle tone of Rachel.

"No, madam, I do not; but what matters it to me, since Don Pedro confides me to your protection? He does so because he knows that you are good and generous—and my gratitude will be divided between you and him."

Instead of being disarmed by these sentiments, expressed with humble confidence, Aixa resumed, with a severe and ironical air, "Ah! Don Pedro forgot to speak to thee about me. I comprehend; he was too much occupied in saving thee, and in listening to thy natural avowals of gratitude. Well, I will tell thee the truth; I am his betrothed, the Morisca Aixa, whom they call the favorite; the daughter of Mohamed, King of Granada, Don Pedro's most faithful ally. It was most unpardonable audacity for thee, miserable Jewess, whom the lowest of the Almogavars, would disdain, to enter this palace, where I yet reign. I love Don Pedro, and it is my will that he love no other woman but me. It is, therefore, for him to choose between us."

Terrified at this unexpected attack, for which she had given no provocation, Rachel's whole frame trembled, then retreating a few paces, she raised her supplicating looks to Don Pedro, and said to him, "Sire, did you bring me to the Alcazar to be insulted? What have I done to merit such cruel treatment?"

"What hast thou done!" exclaimed the favorite, indignant at seeing the king spring towards the daughter of Samuel, "why, at this very moment, thy insolence betrays thee.