

Poetry.

A GOOD UNION MAN.

You may travel land, no matter how far,
Machinist or Blacksmith, which ever you are,
And no matter where, you will find what I say,
If not now, and believe it at no distant day,
We must be "united," and help all we can,
And each in the ranks be "a good Union man."

Though many we meet who are selfish and cold,
Whose manhood, as well as their labor, is sold,
Who willingly fall on from morning till night,
Can they in their "sordid" think Union not
right?
Between "labor" and "wealth" it can shorten
the span
And better the lot of "each good Union man."

Then swell the broad ranks, and no longer
delay,
Let the Union soon herald its army array,
From the mountains and plain, from the val-
leys and height,
Till its armies shall be like the stars of the
night;
And the bravest of them that shall be in the
van,
To the last in the march is "a good Union
man."

For the day will be dawning when "labor"
shall reign
With "wealth," hand in hand, o'er this world's
vast domain;
And these monarchs, divided in peace, shall
have met
Ere the last rosy morn, or its sun shall have
set;
And the brave sons of toil, of a once darkened
clan,
Shall praise loud the name of "a good Union
man."

Thus brothers "united" the oppressed to de-
fend,
The crown waits for those who endure to the
end;
So let us press onward, and that with our
might,
Uprooting the wrong and upholding the right;
With a "card" that is clear 'tis the very best
plan
To show the world you're "a good Union
Man."
—Machinist and Blacksmiths' Journal.

Tales and Sketches.

BLANCHE DE NOUVILLE.

Beautiful Blanche's sorrow came early to
pale so fair a cheek, and make such a bright
lip quiver. Scarce had her attendant with-
drawn when the lady, as though it were an
infinite relief to be once more alone, threw
herself upon her couch, and burst into a pas-
sionate fit of sobbing.

Meantime the marquis sat in a little cabinet
below, with a smooth-faced, soft-spoken man,
in priestly robes, beside him, telling in velvet
words, each of which had a dagger in it, some
tale which roused all the governor's ire.

"So, Lamberville," interrupted the marquis
at length, striking his clenched hand forcibly
upon the table, "so thy busy brain has con-
jured up a new fiction, eh? Prove to me the
truth of thy tale, or, by Heaven! that prat-
ing tongue of thine shall never wag more."

"I have but done my duty, monsieur," re-
turned the priest deprecatingly.

"Duty! My daughter is not a copper-
faced Iroquois, that thou shouldst be a spy
upon her doings. These villainous charges

"Peace, my son," interrupted the priest,
with an air of combined meekness and au-
thority, "Peace! thy passion dulls thine ear.
I but spoke of some adventurer, with good
reasons doubtless for his extreme caution,
who seems endeavoring to practise upon the
unsuspecting simplicity of a gentle and gener-
ous woman. Far be it from me to impute im-
proper motives or acts to the Lady Blanche."

"Stolen interviews! Daily and continued
falseness! Out upon the motives that can
lead to such conduct."

"Nay, calm thee, my son, and listen. The
Lady Blanche is young, unacquainted with
the arts of the world, and women are ever
credulous. Doubtless she has been reached
through her better nature, and her very errors
have their foundation in her virtues."

"You are not wont to be so charitable,
Lamberville," observed the marquis, casting
upon his companion a penetrating glance.

"Because I am too often called upon to
deal with dark natures—I speak now of one I
have known from infancy."

"You may be right," observed the marquis
thoughtfully; "and yet, if I believed she
could do it—I marvelled greatly at her emo-
tion to-night when I spoke of De Croye—I
have noted, too, something singular in her
manner for several weeks past, sometimes a
restlessness, and, at others, a quite passiv-
ness, so unlike her ever-wakeful-gaiety. If it
should be true!"

"If you would but give me your leave,
monsieur."

"I give you leave to take any measures
that will not compromise her. But, for to-
morrow's expedition. But no, if you do not
secure your prisoner to-night, I must make a
prisoner of her till my return. Go, this com-
munication has created my brain, and I must
have time for thought."

Well might the Marquis de Novuille be
alarmed at the information received from the

monk; for he regarded his daughter with
feelings little short of idolatry. For her no
offering was too rich, no sacrifice too great.
And in her his overweening ambition was
centered, made deeper and more absorbing by
his love.

Bred at the dissolute court of Louis XIV.,
and familiar with its standard of morals, as
well as its polish and apparent refinements, it
is not strange that, while carrying out the
plans (in many instances highly dishonorable)
of his sovereign, he should have other plans
more particularly connected with his own in-
terests. Hence his zeal in the administration
of government, his duplicity towards the Ed-
lish, and his combined craftiness and cruelty
to the Indians. Out elegant courtier and sub-
tle diplomatist as the marquis was, he yet had
few of those rougher qualities necessary to
the government of a province like New France.
He had complained to his royal master that
while the Indians who intermarried with the
French remained savages still, the French lost
their national characteristics and their civil-
ization together, and became, with their child-
ren, wild untameable savages. Over this ex-
tensive class the governor had but little in-
fluence. Then there were the hardy settlers
who had first reared their log huts in the
midst of a "howling wilderness," and endured
hardships and privations, and encountered
danger in every form; and these felt but little
short of contempt for the luxurious habits and
polished manners of the finished courtier who
attempted to sway them by his sophistries.
But this was not all. The watchful zeal and
honest common sense of Col. Cougan, the
English governor of New York, was more
than a match for the wily Frenchman, backed
by his whole troop of Jesuit spies; and every
movement that the marquis had yet made,
only served to plunge him into deeper and
still deeper troubles with the Indian tribes,
whom both nations claimed as subjects.

Diminish the number of the Iroquois by
every means possible; visit them with the
sword, fire, and famine, sparing only those
who may be useful as galley slaves." Such
was the purport of the orders of Louis, and
faithfully had the governor-general attempted
to execute them. He had already commenced
by surprising peaceful Indian villages, and
burning the inhabitants at the stake; he had
decoyed several chiefs to Fort Frontignac, and
there seized upon them and shipped them
from Quebec to serve in the king's galleys;
and having, by this last act of treachery, made
the Five Nations his bitter and implacable
enemies, a well-digested plan for eventually
annihilating the mighty tribes which he de-
spaired of subjecting, was now ripe for exec-
ution. Confident of success, the noble gov-
ernor indulged freely in wild dreams of power
and greatness; but if he should succeed in
accomplishing all his vast designs, what sur-
ety had he that he should still even retain the
governorship of New France? At any mo-
ment a favorite might take it from him; for
none better than De Novuille knew how in-
secure a cornerstone for any fabric is the breath
of royalty.

There was now at the court of France a
young chevalier who had made himself very
useful to Louis by private negotiation with
James II. He was reputed to be handsome,
magnanimous, brave, adventurous, well versed
in every courtly grace and accomplishment of
chivalry, and just now in very high favor with
the king. De Novuille knew nothing of him
beyond these rumors! but, notwithstanding,
he did not hesitate to shape his plans with
reference to this distinguished stranger.

(To be continued.)

A TALE OF THE BLACK FOREST.

TOLD ROUND A NEW ZEALAND CAMP FIRE.

It is nearly twenty years ago since what I
am about to relate took place—to me seems
like so many hours—and the memory of it is
now as fresh and vivid to my mind as if it
had happened but yesterday. Often during
my lonely rides through the dark gloomy
forest, or when lying by the camp fire, watch-
ing the bright sparks flying upwards towards
heaven, and listening to the melancholy howl
of the native dog, in fancy see the sweet,
gentle face of Alice Griffiths, so soft and
womanly in its every expression, with nothing
to indicate her courage and resolution except-
ing a certain fire in her eyes, only seen then in
her rare moments of deep and intense excite-
ment. Then those lustrous eyes, so loving
and winning in their fathomless depth, would
blaze with a light almost fierce in its grandeur,
as sudden in its coming as in its going, betray-
ing an unexpected strength of character, more
akin to the daring determination of a bold
man, quick in action and ready in emergency,
then to the yielding nature of a young girl,
trusting to and dependant on others in mo-
ments of extreme danger. Rather tall, slightly
and elegantly formed, very girlish in both
manner and disposition, with what is so seldom
seen together—dark blue eyes and fair golden
hair, a clear, bright complexion, and a mouth
perfectly bewitching in its loveliness—she had
the beauty and grace of a Madonna, combined,
as you will hear, with courage and presence of
mind to an extent I never met with in any
other woman, and of which any man might
have been justly proud. She and her brother
Arthur lived together on a station not very
far from Kilmore, but in rather an unfrequ-
ented part of the country at that time. Their
home, station was beautifully, almost romanti-
cally situated. In front, a wide creek twisted

and turned through a clear stream of about
half a mile, its course marked by the
foliage of many a stately gum tree and here
and there dumber of wattle trees, dark in their
winter beauty, but gay and bright when clad
in their summer blossoms. At the back,
within a few yards of the house, a black,
dense forest of stringy bark trees frowned on
the lovely scene in front, like some evil genii
scowling on the lovely Peri. Alice had a great
love for flowers, and with much care and a
considerable display of taste, had formed a
beautiful little garden, taking advantage of
every natural beauty the place possessed.
Little beds of flowers were prettily laid out,
and a large charred and withered gum tree
was made to do duty and contribute to the
pictures, by spreading out its long limbs to be
covered with green-leaved and gay, bright
blossomed creepers.

A large paddock for horses adjoined the
garden. In a corner of it was the stock yard,
having slip rails opening into the paddock;
and into this the horses were driven when any
were wanted. There was no stable—they
were not so common twenty years ago as they
are now.

At that time a gang of bushrangers was
roving about Victoria, robbing every one they
met, and often murdering their victims when
they did not get any money from them. It
was this gang of which the following tale is
told: A settler, called J. H. P., was stopped
several times; but being rather a cute fellow,
the bushrangers never got more than a few
shillings from him. This constant disappoint-
ment so enraged them, that they told him that
if ever they caught him without money again
—and plenty of it too—they would tie him to
a tree and burn him alive. I suppose, either
he carried a well filled purse or he had the
good fortune never to meet his friends again,
for he has escaped such a very hot reception
so far.

This gang was very daring, often commit-
ting the most impudent robberies in broad day-
light, and on one or two occasions even robbed
the police themselves, when this intelligent
force was supposed to be hunting for them in
order to obtain the reward offered for their
capture. It was surprising how well informed
the gang was. "If persons sold stock or by any
other means had money in their houses, they
were pretty certain to receive a visit and
lucky were they if they only lost their
money."

Having some business to do with a neighbor
of Griffiths', I thought I would take their
place on the way. Accordingly I went there,
intending to stay an hour, and then proceed;
but we had so much to talk about, and Arthur
had so many completed improvements to show
me, and so many proposed ones to consult me
about, that the time slipped away unobserved,
until it was so late in the evening that I con-
sented very willingly, to remain all night—
the more so as Alice added her persuasion to
her brother's saying.

"You know Mr. Flaxman, you might meet
the Black Forest gang, and surely you would
not prefer their society to ours."

Little she thought the meeting was so near,
or what an important part she was to take in it.

Before dark, Arthur and I went to look at
some young horses he had bred, which he had
got in from the run for the purpose of breaking
in; and as they were rather wild, we drove
them into the stock yard to examine them at
our leisure. After duly admiring and criti-
cising them, I noticed a very handsome horse
—a dark, nutty chestnut, low, but very com-
pact, with fine sloping shoulders, round barrel,
powerful quarters, and great thighs, well set
down, and one of the neatest heads, or a good
but rather thick neck, I ever saw. This
grand looking horse stood on four of the
shortest, flattest legs, with great big joints,
you could imagine. He looked liked carrying
a man for his life; and, with his well-bred
look and evident good condition, could no
doubt both go and stay. Of course I asked
Arthur what he was, and where he got him.

"He is a good horse," he replied, walking
up to him, and rubbing his ears, as the horse
leaned his head on Arthur's shoulder. "I
bought him last spring from Ryan, on the
Goulburn, for my own riding; but he is such
a first rate hack, with gentle manners, and a
mouth far too good for my rough heavy hands,
that I gave him to my sister. She never rides
any other now, and has made such a pet of
him, that when she calls him he will leave the
mob of horses and trot straight up to her. I
really believe he likes being ridden by her."

"He is too good for such work," said I—
"that is I mean," correcting myself, "he is,
or ought to be, from his looks, good enough
to win any steplechase in the colony."

"So he is," returned Griffiths. "I had a
go in one with Boomerang, and beat him,
over two miles of fair country, too. But
nothing will induce Alice to allow me to train
him for the Melbourne races. And I think she
is right, for he is perfection as a lady's horse,
and racing would soon spoil him."

After we returned to the house, I remarked
to Miss Griffiths what a splendid horse she
had.

"Yes, he is a beauty, and as nice as he
looks," she said. "We have many long
rambles all over the bush together, and have
got quite to like each other's company. I can
leave him anywhere when I dismount, and he
will always come when I call him." Ah,
Chestu is a dear old fellow! But come, let us
have a game of whist. Arthur can play

dummy, if Mr. Flaxman will take me as a
partner."

We must have been playing some time when
our attention was attracted by the loud angry
barking of the dog, warning us that some one
was approaching; but, thinking it might be
one of the men from one of the out stations,
we took no notice of it. Directly almost, we
heard footsteps on the verandah; and as we
both jumped up to see what it was, the door
which entered from the verandah was violently
burst open, and two men rushed in, each hold-
ing a pistol leveled in his hand.

"Hold up your hands, or I'll blow your
brains out!" cried one.

And you may be certain we did not require
a second bidding. For one instant I looked
at Alice. Cool and collected she stood, her
eyes flashing and glittering as I had never seen
them do before. Then I thought of dashing
at the nearest of the ruffians; but the sight of
his pistol at once decided me that it was use-
less—nay, worse than useless, as it could but
end in one way. A pair of the worse looking
rascals I ever saw. One was a short, thickset,
bullet-headed, prize-fighting looking fellow,
with a flat, coarse face, covered with a stiff,
bristly sort of beard. His eyes, red and wead,
were deeply sunken in his head. His mouth
nothing but a mere slit across his face, was
ornamented by long yellow tusks, and the
corners were deeply stained with tobacco
juice. A more repulsive villain could not be
imagined. The other, though not quite so
hideous, was far from being a pretty boy.
Taller than his companion, and equally strong
built, he looked the more dangerous of the
two. Both were dressed in red serge shirts,
cabbage-tree hats, and loose neckties like the
generality of stockmen or shepherds.

I suppose I looked the most dangerous of
our party, for one of them the short black-
guard, took a piece of rope and tied my hands
behind me, whilst the other stood sentinel
over us. Then they tied Arthur also, and be-
gan disputing about Alice, cursing and using
the most dreadful oaths when they spoke.
One was for tying her up also, but the other
said—I omit the oaths with which he garnished
his speech.

"What's the good of tying up a wench?
One of us must stay here and watch them here
swells, and the other can hunt for the swag.
You go, Jack, and if this young woman gives
me any trouble, I'll find means to quiet her
fast enough."

Jack laid his pistol on the table, beside his
mate, and went in search of money. How I
wish I could get free and seize the pistol on
the table! I quietly tried my hands, and soon
found it would be impossible to slip them from
the clumsily tied knot, but I did not see how
I was to get free quickly enough to do any
good. I saw Alice watching me as I tried to
get my hands loose; and fearing the bush-
ranger would also notice what I was about,
desisted. I had no wish for giving him the
least temptation to make a target of me.
Presently the tall fellow who was hunting for
booty came back, and throwing a lot of trinkets
belonging to Alice on the table, went up to
Arthur and demanded where he kept his
money, warning him, in a manner more forcible
than polite, that it would be as well to tell
him, "for if I don't get the cash—the whole of
it, mind you—that you got for them 'jump-
bucks' you sold, I'll take it out of your hide."
I told Arthur to tell him at once, as it was no
use trying to save the money. So he told him
it was in his room, and again he went off in
search of it. I could hear him tossing every-
thing about in the room in his eagerness to
find the money; and in a few minutes he called
out:

"Here it is, Jack! We'll have a good burst
over this lot next time we go to Melbourne for
a spree."

Jack stepped towards the room; and, in his
hurry to know the result of the end, quite for-
getting Alice, or not thinking a woman was
likely to give him much trouble, and no doubt
trusting to our being tied securely, foolishly
laid his pistol on the table beside his mate's.

Quick as thought Alice sprang forward, and
catching them both up, held one out straight
at the ruffian's head.

"Move but one finger," she said, in a firm
voice—looking, although pale with excitement,
determined and fully able to carry out her
threat—"and I fire."

For a moment I thought the man meant
mischief, but something in Alice's face warned
him not to tempt his fate, and he cowered like
a cur before the fair, delicate girl. How
beautiful she looked! Like a statue cut out
of marble she stood; not a tremor showed the
violent struggle within. Only in her eyes was
there any sign of excitement. Their soft ex-
pression was gone and its place blazed courage
and determination, mixed with triumph and
scorn. Little wonder that the miserable
wretch sunk beneath such a gaze, speechless
with terror and amazement. Had he moved
in the slightest degree it would have been
death; the pistol covered him with deadly
aim, and was held there without wavering by
a hand as cool and steady as if this game of
life and death were childish play.

With a struggle I tore my hands free, and
hastened to loose Arthur. Then, but not till
then, Alice gave the pistol up to us, and say-
ing, "Watch them—I am off to Kilmore for
the police," hurried out of the room. Out
into the dark, lonely night she went. Did she
not fear that more of the gang might be hid-
den outside, guarding against surprise? Where
were the men-servants? All gone as soon as
they knew that the house was "stuck up"—

gone to keep out of the way, not for assist-
ance; leaving to a young girl the work which
ought to have belonged to men.

Through the darkness out in the paddock
"Chestu! Chestu! good horse! Chestu!"
Quickly he answers to his name; and, with
hands now trembling with excitement, she
hurriedly places her saddle on his back, and
mounting, gallops off. Onward the two brave
spirits go—away through the black, gloomy
forest. Little thought she of how much now
depends on her reaching the police station,
and returning with help quickly. Still the
brave girl galloped onward, urging her horse
at a pace through the wild forest which would
have shaken the nerves of many a bold, reck-
less stock-rider. Her horse's flying feet start-
led the dingo prowling round the sheepfold,
and frightened the "more-pork," which, sit-
ting lonely on the limb of some tree, uttering
its monotonous cry of "More pork! more
pork!" flew far away into the neighboring
scrub, seeking to hide itself from its natural
enemy.

An hour's riding at this reckless speed
brought her to Kilmore; and she quickly told
her errand, and, refusing to remain in spite of
all persuasion, returned with the police to-
wards the station, but at a slower and steadier
pace than that at which she came.

Meantime, Arthur and I had firmly tied the
two rascals to a chair each, and placed them
far enough apart to prevent their being able
to render one another any assistance, and had
seated ourselves by the fire, each with a glass
of grog and a pipe, to await the arrival of
the police, and to watch over our prisoners. We
had been sitting there more than two hours,
when we heard the sound of horses' feet at the
back of the house, and of course concluded
that the police had come, although rather sur-
prised at their being so soon.

"Wait here with these two guests of ours,"
said Arthur to me, "and I will go out and
bring them in. I'm not sorry they have come
so soon, for I half expected to see some more
of the gang turn up, and if they had our lives
would not have been worth much."

Arthur turned and went out as he spoke
and, looking at the two men tied beside me, I
saw a villainous look of savage delight on
their ill-favored countenances, which made
my heart stand still for an instant. It flashed
at once, suddenly but certainly, across my
brain, that the rest of the gang had returned,
and I rushed to the door, calling after Arthur
to come back as he valued his life. As I passed
through the door, I met Arthur, who was
hurrying back and nearly knocked me down
by coming full tilt against me in his con-
fusion.

"Back! back!" he cried—"the whole gang
are here. Into my room—quick! Never
mind the lights."

Not a moment was to spare, for as we gain-
ed Arthur's room, which opened off the sit-
ting-room, the bushrangers entered the house.
It was probably well for us that we had not
time to take the lights into the small room
with us, for we had thus the great advantage
of seeing our enemies without their seeing us.
In they came—six dirty, low, desperate-look-
ing fellows they were, each armed with re-
volvers and bowie-knives, and evidently half
drunk, and ready for the commission of any
crime.

"Now, Arthur," I whispered, "don't fire,"
(he was raising his pistol); "reserve your
powder until they attempt to enter this room,
and then fire coolly and steadily at the left-
hand man—I'll take care of the right. We
must not miss our aim, or we are lost. Our
only safety lies in prompt, energetic action.
Remember they cannot see us, and therefore
cannot fire with any degree of precision; and
if we can keep them off for a little time longer,
we will yet be saved."

The blackguards were evidently greatly
taken aback by seeing their two companions
tied fast and prisoners; but the two worthies
soon explained the matter, with many hideous
oaths and deep vows of vengeance against
Arthur and me. As soon as they were let
loose, the one who was called Jack said to his
companions:

"Now then, mates, the sooner we finish
this here job the better, for that there wench
won't be long before she brings the whole
'camp' down on us, like a swarm of ants.
Now I votes, mates, that we just get a hold
of the two downy coves wets been and hidden
away in that room," pointing to where we
were.

Without more words they came towards us,
each with a pistol ready. I do not know what
Arthur felt, but my pulses throbbed, and my
ears seemed to be full to bursting; but my
hand was as steady as ever, and my nerves
like steel.

"Now, then," I muttered in a hoarse low
tone, "remember—fire at the man on the left,
and aim low; and don't hurry."

Raising our pistols, we both fired together.
The man that I fired at gave a sudden shudder
and fell forward on his face, shot dead; and
Arthur's man shot through the breast, but
not killed, staggered and nearly fell. The
others drew back, taken by surprise; but only
for a moment, for, firing their pistols to-
wards us, they again rushed to storm our lit-
tle stronghold.

"Fire again—quick, Arthur!" I cried, as I
leveled my pistol, and pulled the trigger.

There was but one report, and another of
the ruffians fell, either killed or badly hurt.
This time the gang drew back, evidently
thinking it was not safe to trifle with us.

Then I found Arthur was wounded in the