

Poetry.

LABOR.

BY ELIZA COOKE.

Let man toll to win his living,  
Work is not a task to spurn.  
Poor is gold of other's giving,  
To the silver that we earn.

Let man proudly take his station  
At the smithy, loom, or plough;  
The richest crown-pears in a nation  
Hang from Labor's reeking brow.

Though her hand grows hard with duty,  
Filling up the common Fate;  
Let fair Woman's cheek of beauty  
Never blush to own its state.

Let fond Woman's heart of feeling  
Never be ashamed to spread  
Industry and honest dealing,  
As a barter for her bread.

Work on bravely, God's own daughters!  
Work on staunchly, God's own sons!  
But when Life has too rough waters,  
Truth must fire her minute guns.

Shall ye be UNCEASING drudges!  
Shall the cry upon your lips  
Never make your selfish judges  
Less severe with Despot-wilks?

When we reckon hives of honey,  
Owned by Luxury and Ease,  
Is it just to grasp the honey  
While Oppression chokes the bees?

Is it just the poor and lowly  
Should be held as soulless things!  
Have they not a claim as holy  
As rich men, to angel's wings!

Shall we burthen Boyhood's muscle!  
Shall the young Girl mope and loam,  
Till we hear the dead leaves rustle  
On a tree that should be green?

Shall we bar the brain from thinking  
Of ought else than work and woe?  
Shall we keep parched lips from drinking  
Where refreshing waters flow?

Shall we strive to shut out Reason,  
Knowledge, Liberty and Health?  
Shall all Spirit-light be treason  
To the mighty King of Wealth!

Shall we stint with niggard measure,  
Human joy, and human rest?  
Leave no profit—give no pleasure,  
To the toilers human breast!

Shall our men, fatigued to loathing,  
Flood on sickly, worn and bowed?  
Shall our maidens sew fine clothing,  
Dreaming of their own white shroud!

No! for Right is up and asking  
Loudly for a juster lot?  
And Commerce must not let her tacking  
Form a nation's canker pot.

Work on bravely, God's own daughters!  
Work on staunchly, God's own sons!  
But 'till ye have smoother waters,  
Let truth fire her minute guns.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

PRES. C. J. U.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Marmane family consisted of but father, mother and daughter. Some years previously they had lived near Elgin and were neighbors of Vida Geldamo's people on the mother's side, and from this circumstance arose the close and intimate friendship between Vida and Mary, as the former, during her school days, spent nearly all her vacations in and around Elgin. Mary Marmane's connection with the Geldamo family sprung from choice and not necessity, as Mr. Marmane was a very well-to-do farmer. He was not wealthy—at least not in the estimation of the world—still his land was productive, his stock numerous, and no incubus in the shape of debts or mortgages disturbed his peaceful serenity of mind. He was as wealthy as he desired to be. As a general thing farmers are poor—very few of them ever become burdened with a great share of this world's goods. As a class they are independent but not wealthy. Reliable statistical data teaches us that the productions of land (labor deducted) amount, per annum, to only about three per cent. of its value. But speculators, money lenders, bankers and the gods of finance generally, demand twelve and even fifteen per cent. for the use of money; in other words, money increases on an average twelve per cent., the odds, therefore, against the farmer are four to one, and in this we find a reason why, as a class, they are not as wealthy as bankers and speculators. The interests of farmers—being laborers—are identical with the interests of all workmen.

Though raised on a farm, Mary Marmane was far from being coarse or illiterate. She possessed a delicacy of feeling, an educated refinement of mind seldom found among the belles of the elite society. Still in girlhood she was a wild, romping, happy, blooming child of nature, full of vim, vivacity, verve and life, delighting in out-door escapades and sports, fond of roaming in the wide fields, chasing butterflies and plucking wild flowers, at home on a horse's back, and not afraid to ride even unbroken colts or any species of quadruped. As she grew older she assumed the household duties—could bake, cook, or churn butter better than her mother, was a capital seamstress—made all her own dresses, arranged her own linen, and sometimes helped her father on

the farm, kept all the accounts—in a word, was never idle or unemployed. And yet, amidst all those duties, she found time to read and study, and become pretty well versed in all the needful modern arts and sciences. She could sing well, could play the piano artistically, and could talk understandingly upon all ordinary topics. She had many suitors for her hand, but was heart free when she first pitied—then loved Oscar Wood.

When Mr. Geldamo and Vida left Chicago, she went home to her parents and settled down to her old life. Her love for Oscar was her secret; she was at times sad and melancholy, but never in despairingness. She loved in the abstract, platonically—the feeling we sometimes experience for a hero or heroine—the creation of some master mind. But the resurrection of her—to her—dead hero—the restoration of Oscar to sanity and his presence under her father's roof, suddenly changed the theme of her thoughts, the course of her dreams. At first she was happy beyond measure; her guileless soul seemed to already enjoy the bliss of the angels, but a cloud arose when she thought of this affection as it really was—a unitary love; she loved, but did he? Custom and conventional tyranny forbade her to seek his love or declare her own. Would she unsex herself by wooing him? Common sense said no, but a voice from the tomb of feudalism said yes, and as society at present, moves as this voice directs, she crushed her swelling heart with the vice-like grip of false duty to her sex, and she determined, and resolved that no living being should, from her lips, learn of the love she bore Oscar Wood. Her family were already aware of his sad story, as she had imparted it to them, but they knew no more.

The homeless wanderers were now in good hands; their future for the present would at least be cheered by the soothing presence and kindly deeds of sympathetic humanity. Little Amy was lovingly and tenderly cared for, but it was doubtful if any care, tenderness or medical skill could now stay the ravages of the fell consuming destroyer which had already fastened upon the pulsing mainspring of life. Her thin transparent skin, fair hair, rosy delicate complexion, and extreme sensitiveness, indicated a system constitutionally liable to consumption; in fact this dread insidious disease had already planted in her lungs the tubercular germs of dissolving life, and the fatigue and exhaustion experienced since she left the asylum, followed by the severe drenching brought on an acute attack of lung fever, which developed the disease in all its fury and virulence. Still the physician was hopeful—thought a change of climate would effect a cure, but it was necessary that she be so far restored as to be able to withstand the travel.

Oscar was for the first few days quite weak—unable to leave his room, which, by the way, was unusually large for a sleeping apartment. On the fourth morning he woke up, very much refreshed, and feeling quite strong. The sun had just arisen, and the large room was filled with golden, mellow light. He arose, dressed himself, and tried to think it all over, as he sat in a huge arm chair which he drew to a window looking out upon the velvety lawn. He thought and pondered for some time. What would he do? What could he do? Certainly not leave his little sister. He knew the doctor had been there night and morning since they came. No, he could not do that, but then his proud spirit rebelled at the idea of being a burden to the good people under whose kindly protection Providence seemed to have placed them. What would he do? Glancing out the window, he beheld Mary Marmane on the little rustic bridge, gazing as he first saw her, dreamily into the glassy, gurgling, ever-moving mirror. What could he do? Go to her? Yes, he went to her, though he knew not why. When he first saw her, she was plainly attired, but whatever of artificial adornment she wore then, she wore none now—an unassuming morning dress, plain but neat linen collar and cuffs—there she stood, her hair floating in sheen-like waves in the light breeze of that bright September morning; there she stood a slightly obscured Hebe or Pandora, her only adornment her naked beauty, crowned with that loveliness which

"Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,  
But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."

"Pardon me, Miss Marmane, if I intrude upon your thoughts or yourself, but seeing you here, I thought I would speak to you about my—about Amy," were the words Oscar respectfully spoke as he came up, hat in hand.

Mary quivered slightly, and did not look up immediately. When she did look up, a little tinge of crimson, which had darted into her face, was slowly fading away.

"I am glad to see you so well, Mr. Wood," she replied.

"I must thank my kind benefactors for that," he answered, very humbly.

Mary was one of those beings who do good for their own sake, and who feel more than rewarded by the consciousness of having performed a meritorious deed.

"Mr. Wood, do you like selfish people?"

"No," stammered Oscar in surprise.

"Selfish people live and work for reward, and thanks are a reward for service. What- ever you may think of us, do not think us selfish. Do not thank us."

"Yes; but, Miss Marmane, would it not be base ingratitude—the worst form of selfishness—on my part to be oblivious to all that has been here done for us?"

"You need not be oblivious or unthankful, but why make any fuss about it? They who would refuse to give of God's store to God's

suffering children, are not fit to wear the image of Him whose mercy and justice they abuse. But come. Amy will be glad to see you," and silently they wended their way to her bed-side. She was awake when they entered the room, and her face and eyes showed how pleased she was because they had come. The doctor had the lung fever pretty well under control, but the fever, inseparably connected with the disease, was beginning to manifest itself. Her pulse and breathing were very hurried. But what struck and appalled Oscar was the cadaverous and emaciated appearance of her countenance.

"How did you spend the night, dear sister?" asked Oscar, after he had kissed her tenderly.

"Very well. I was not lonely; I had such blissful dreams or visions. Mother was here, dear Oscar, and a great number of angels beside, whose effulgence filled the room with heavenly light. They will come again to-night, and mother said they would come another night and take me home." Oscar hung his head and sobbed aloud. Mary left the room, but came back presently, and said to Oscar that breakfast was then being served. Though he felt like anything but eating, he arose, and mechanically followed her to the dining-room, where she left him and returned to Amy.

"You must not talk so to Oscar, at least not for the present," she said a little reprovingly.

"I am sorry for Oscar," Amy replied.

"Are you sorry for him?" she next asked. Mary was slightly amazed by the question, but she finally answered in the affirmative.

"You are so good—you are all good. May I call you sister?"

"Why of course you may," cried Mary, in a burst of tears. "You know we are all children of one Father," she added, as she kissed the child over and over again.

"And will you be Oscar's sister too?" She asked this question very coaxingly. Mary kissed her again, and left the room with a swelling heart.

After Oscar had moodily swallowed breakfast, he went out again into the lawn to think it out. In a short time he was joined by Mr. Marmane, who made him this proposition:

Mr. Marmane said he had been for a long time looking for a man to take his place on the farm. "I am growing old, and I want to secure a good, reliable man to act as overseer on the farm, and I think you will suit me capably. If you will try it one year, I assure you we will not quarrel about the compensation."

Oscar thankfully accepted the old man's offer, and as idleness was killing him, he said he would begin immediately, and thus it was settled.

As the days went by, the old folks became more and more attached to the new farm hand. He was so gentle, kind and amiable, and withal so wise and provident, that he completely won their hearts. He was the theme of every gossiping tongue in the neighborhood; but, strange to say, no one spoke an unkind or disparaging word of him, and as every one praised him, the Marmanes grew fonder and prouder of him.

A month had rolled away. Mary's love had grown stronger. It filled her soul—gave her a new inner life, but still there was no outward sign that he was more to her than any of her numerous suitors. Oscar was not a suitor, though he loved her madly from the first. He thought her too good, too wise, too refined for him, and then again he thought it would be infamously ungrateful to fall in love with his benefactor's daughter.

Men may not declare their love in words, but they can lily conceal it from an observing woman. Mary was not long in divining that her love was reciprocated. Every word that Oscar spoke to her, every look he gave her, spoke to her soul the language of love.

Meantime Amy was slowly but surely eking out the sands of her earthly existence. Her countenance had grown more emaciated and cadaverous, her breath and pulse more hurried. The cheeks were now very prominent, the eyes very hollow and languid. But through all her suffering, her mind remained clear and active. Mary was seldom from her side, and the old folks were all a father and mother could be.

Time flew on. October came. The leaves began to fall. The death song of the flowers—

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,  
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sear."

was being sung by rustling leaves and autumn winds. Amy had grown much worse. One bright afternoon she sent for Oscar, and with a heavy heart the poor fellow went to her bed-side. Mary was singing an old Scottish song, a favorite of Amy's mother, when Oscar entered. The air and words had a powerful effect upon him. They brought him back to the days when Amy, his mother and himself were happy in their Canadian home.

"It was to please me she sang it," pleaded Amy. "You are not angry, Oscar?"

"Why no, little angel, I am only sad," he answered, seating himself by her side.

"Sister Mary, I would like to sit up for just a moment." Mary took the little thing in her arms, and tenderly placed her in a large armed rocking chair, in which a great number of pillows were arranged. Oscar sat on one side of the big chair, Mary on the other.

"Sister Mary, your hand; Oscar, yours." They complied. "I will leave you very, very soon," she began again. "You may have deceived each other, but you have not deceived little Amy. You love sister Mary, Oscar, and sister Mary loves you, and as I love you both,

I will not go home until you are married." She placed Mary's hand in Oscar's, and then leaned back among the pillows. The lovers arose and looked curiously, but lovingly at each other. They were quivering from head to foot, and blushing like peonies.

"Mary, you know I love you; is there any hope for me?" pleaded Oscar. She still held him by the hand, but the only answer to his question was a tightening of the fingers, as she led him towards the parlor, where her father and mother were discussing some project. She knelt before them, and Oscar knelt by her side. The old folks wore much surprised—amazed. But it was a pleasing surprise, for as soon as they comprehended the situation, they blessed them, God blessed them, kissed them and cried over them, and then went and kissed and blessed Amy, and were supremely happy.

Amy now insisted that the marriage should take place immediately. In vain they told her she might live months, and there was no need of such haste, but she begged, and coaxed, and pleaded so softly and sadly, that they had not heart to refuse her.

"Everything in life is so uncertain," she argued. "Something might part you," and then the poor child began to cry, and so affected the old folks that they declared the ceremony should take place at once.

They were married that very evening, and Amy, dressed in white muslin, a bunch of wild flowers on her breast, and a wreath of garden flowers on her head, was propped up in her big arm chair, and acted as one of the bridesmaids. When the man of God had ended, the happy lovers turned first to little Amy. A serene, pleased smile, was on her thin worn face.

"Mother—the angels. Love her, Oscar—love"—the lips continued to move for a few seconds longer, and then ceased forever.

Dead, dead. Happy, thrice happy release.

An angel kind Heaven here sent,  
To bless this world of sin,  
Burst her mortal, clayey cernent,  
And homeward flew again.

(To be Continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—Duguesclin's Prison.

Some evening after the incidents before related, three men, habited as sailors, landed from a fishing-boat anchored in the Guadalquivir, nearly opposite the Golden Tower.

They were Bouchard (the ex-inkeeper), and the French adventurers, George and Richard, alluded to in a preceding chapter. The three had landed here several successive evenings trying to get an interview with Duguesclin, still a prisoner in the custody of Burdett. They were bewailing their hard lot in being able only to catch a glimpse of their favorite hero, from his window, when two other persons dressed as pilgrims approached, whose attention was also directed towards Duguesclin's tower.

The two parties soon became communicative, and it appeared that the two pilgrims were no less anxious for the release of Duguesclin. They would not, however, reveal their names; but learning that by means of a bribe they could get admission to Burdett, they proposed to release him by one of them remaining in his stead. They then gave some money to the French adventurers, desiring them to provide arms and provisions, and when their boat was completely equipped, to come to the Golden Tower, and assist the prisoner to escape.

The adventurers agreed to everything, but they were fearful that the gaoler would not admit them; when one of the pilgrims gave them each a beard off his rosary, as a pass-key, and the two then bent their steps towards the portal of the Golden Tower.

Scarcely had they disappeared when Master Pouchard and his companions, who were felicitating themselves on their good fortune, were surrounded by six men, who had been concealed among some casks and piles of wood that were lying near.

The new comers, holding swords to the breasts of the unfortunate adventurers, ordered them to make no resistance, but quietly to exchange clothes, and surrender the beads that the pilgrim had furnished them with as a pass, promising that not a hair of their heads should be injured.

But when it came to the question of the beads, the three partisans plainly saw that a defeat of their plans was intended, and boldly refused compliance; Bouchard attempted to escape, but was struck on the shoulder and fell groaning on the ground.

The courage of the other two availed them nothing, they were speedily disarmed, gagged, and bound, and their cloaks taken off, in which were found two of the beads, but on searching the unlucky inkeeper his head had completely disappeared.

Meanwhile one of the men had crept round to the entrance of the tower to reconnoitre, and quickly returned to his chief, who, it will have been readily discovered was Don Pedro.

Pursuing his custom of roaming disguised through the streets of Seville after nightfall, attended by his foster-brothers, he had accidentally witnessed the encounter of the adventurers and the pilgrims.

"Well," said he, as Pierce Neige came to his side, "have they entered the tower?"

"Yes, great brother," answered Pierce Neige, "I heard the chink of gold through the wicket."

"The gaoler has then taken the bribe;" said Don Pedro, "well, we shall enter by the same means."

Then he ordered Diego Lopez to conduct the two prisoners to the chamber in the Golden Tower, under that of Duguesclin.

The king and Ruy now dressed themselves in the cloaks and woollen caps of the pretended sailors, which effectually disguised them; when looking hastily round to see that he was alone with his brothers the king informed them, to their unspeakable surprise, that the pilgrims who were now with Duguesclin in the tower were his illegitimate brothers, Don Enrique, and Gonzales Mexia, whom he had recognised from his hiding-place.

The brothers uttered a cry of mingled rage and joy, when he heard that their enemies were so completely in their power. "I know not," observed Don Pedro, "whether fortune wishes to serve, or only to tempt me, but she now offers me one of those opportunities that do not present themselves twice in a man's lifetime—she delivers unto me, at a single blow, my two most formidable enemies."

"And what do you intend to do, sire?" asked Blas.

"I shall let them depart," answered the king, with a strange smile.

The brothers were confounded on hearing this. The king's plan was to suffer Don Enrique and Duguesclin to embark, and to accompany them with the sons of Paloma; then, when they had reached the middle of the stream, to upbraid his brother with his treason and perfidy, to judge him, and finally to sentence him.

"And we shall be there to execute the sentence, brothers," said the mower.

"The usurper is not pre-destined," observed the king; "if he wishes to justify himself I will listen to him; if he solicits my pardon, I may probably grant him his life."

The foster-brothers were unanimous in counselling the death of Don Enrique, and they were yet shouting, "Death to the usurper! death to the bulldog of Brittany," when the king put a stop to their denunciations by saying it was time for him and Ruy to enter the tower, and directed the others to repair to the boat.

As the king and the mower advanced, they stumbled over the body of the unfortunate Bouchard, lying cold and stiff in their path; they were going to roll it into the river, but fearing it might be again cast ashore, Ruy deposited the body against the foot of the wall, completely out of sight, and they then went together up to the castle gate.

Meanwhile Don Enrique and his companion had penetrated to the cell of Duguesclin.

While the gaoler was counting the money with which the former had bribed him, he was suddenly surprised by Governor Burdett, who told him to keep watch at the outer gate, as the Black Prince was expected, and then betook himself to a room adjoining that in which the prisoner was confined, and where he was then conversing with his visitors. Here, thanks to sundry loop-holes in the wall, which had been drilled for the purpose of espionage, he succeeded in discovering the rank of the visitors, and the purport of their conversation.

He descended overjoyed, to the court-yard, and at the same moment the gaoler opened the gate to the Prince of Wales, who demanded to be conducted to the cell of Duguesclin.

Burdett came forward with a triumphant air, and with much preamble acquainted Edward with the discovery he had just made of the presence of Don Enrique and Mexia in the Tower. "Now," added he, "the triumph of Don Pedro will be complete."

To his utter astonishment, Edward, so far from rejoicing at this new capture, was much displeased.

"Have you, then, so soon forgotten our adventure in the Morabethin, and the insulting boldness with which Don Pedro mocked and tricked us?" said he to Burdett.

"I have not so short a memory, noble prince," answered the latter, "and I have not waited until now to avenge myself. Don Pedro will send his messenger in vain to seek the beautiful Rachel in my house. Let him dare to demand to see her, and I will show her to him so pale, so weak, so faded, that he shall think he sees her ghost escaped from the grave."

Edward expressed his horror of a man who could seek his revenge by torturing a woman. "But as for me," he said, "I have ample reason to complain of the ingratitude and breach of faith of Don Pedro, whom my sword has re-created King of Castile and Leon."

In fact, the imprudent raillery and scornful bearing of Don Pedro had so rankled in the breast of the prince, that he had resolved to withdraw from the cause of a man whom he could only regard as a reckless libertine—as one who unscrupulously trampled on all laws, human and divine. He saw that the king was impatient to see him depart; and he determined, before he went, to set Duguesclin free; not so much to leave Don Pedro a formidable enemy to contend against, as because his own vanity had been wounded, by hints thrown out that he kept the bulldog of Brittany prisoner through fear of his prowess. He, therefore, commanded Burdett to connive at the escape of Duguesclin, as he could not openly liberate him without ransom, promising him a suitable reward for his compliance.