

Poetry.

THE GLORY OF LABOR.

The brow of labor wears a wreath
Of honor, wrought by hands of love,
Whose flowers shall triumph over death,
And ripen grow above.
When God shall call the toiler home,
And crown him with his recompense,
Then shall all stains of mortal sense,
All imperfections, die,
And in their place shall shine the grace
Of immortality.

When toil makes virtue's self his bride,
And walks the path where angels might
Together walk, are purified,
Without one fear of blight,
Then may the eyes of mortals see
How pure, how heaven-like, can be
Man's earthly glory, and how free
From wanton shame and sin:
Then may we learn how brightly burn
The soul's great fires within.

The lowliest creatures of his hand
May work great ends—till not in vain:
For every humble act is grand,
If free from sinful stain.
The selfish monarch on his throne,
Who calls all victories his own,
Though bought with blood, and curse, and groan,
Let no man emulate:
Virtue alone hath ever shown
Divinely pure and great.
Riches, and high degree, and power,
Stamp not the value of the man:
They may not live a short, weak hour—
They only mark the clan.
But labor, if it be the right,
Though humble, in his equal sight
Is great as though it owned the night
Of crowns and wealth combined.
Its works, if pure, shall stand, endure,
Long as the immortal mind.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XI.

Richard Arbyght might be seen wending his way home one night, with a more sprightly and elastic step than usual. It was the evening of the same day that Relvason had so signally failed in frightening the men out of their liberty of thought and action. We feel sure that the satisfactory termination of the morning's episode had something to do in putting Arbyght in a happier mood than that in which he was wont to appear. He was less meditative and more conscious of what was going on, and who were on the streets, than on former occasions when he plodded along, petrified in his own thoughts. As he walked along there suddenly arose within him a strange and unaccountable feeling. His soul was filled—possessed—by the conviction that in alarming proximity to him there stood, or floated, the essence of a being not in the flesh. He neither heard nor saw anything phenomenal. From head to foot he felt filled with a subtle fluid that caused his hair to stand on end, and his body to lose its solidity—its very substance. His physical senses left him, and in a hollow voice where nothing material seemed to exist, he floated in a sort of mild unconsciousness. How long he remained in this state he knew not, but when the Presence had left him, and his bodily senses had returned, he discovered he was fully a mile out of his road. He immediately retraced his steps, but had not proceeded more than a block when he noticed a young girl, with clasped hands, looking earnestly, longingly, towards heaven. He continued to approach, wondering much, when he noticed a woman move up like a cat on a bird, and enter into conversation with the girl. His mind was now thoroughly aroused. A moment afterwards he passed, stopped, stepped into the shade of a large tree, overheard the conversation, and when they moved away he followed them, feeling convinced there was some guiding thought in the strange, waking dream that led him hither. He followed about fifteen minutes, resolving in his mind how he would proceed, but was unable to come to any conclusion. Looking across the street he saw a police-officer. He passed over and accosted him. The officer was a small, little fellow, rather oldish, with the most terrible eye Richard ever saw.

Richard was often told that his look was intense, and that his eye was fiery and penetrating, but here he found a man before whose glance he not only quailed but trembled; he was glared at by eyes that resembled white hot diamonds. After hearing Arbyght's story, Sergeant Soolfire crossed the street rapidly, told Richard to follow up the parties—the sergeant drove down a side street and disappeared, leaving Richard not only puzzled but maddened at his incomprehensible conduct.

In a few minutes the Sergeant appeared coming up the street from the opposite direction.

"You are right my boy," he said, as soon as he met Arbyght.

"You know her then?" queried the other.

"Well," replied the Sergeant, apostrophizing the monosyllabic answer with a peculiar motion of the head.

What subsequently followed has already been described. The house to which Grace was conveyed was the happy home of Sergeant

Soolfire; the room into which she was carried, though small, was cosy and comfortable; there was a warm cheerful carpet on the floor, the walls—which were neatly papered—were hung with chromes, family pictures in oil and India ink: a few walnut cane-seated chairs, a carpet, lounge and small antique centre table completed the furniture. There was also a grate, in which glowed a very companionable looking fire; before the grate there was a soft rug on which a large gray cat lay dozing and blinking. Grace was tenderly placed on the lounge, and Mrs. Soolfire, who comprehended the situation, set to work to restore her to consciousness; but her restoratives and salts were not needed, as Grace just then slowly opened her eyes, slowly raised herself on her elbow, then sat up and looked around the room with a puzzled stare which was succeeded for one awful minute by a look so terribly frightened and inexpressibly beseeching that Mrs. Soolfire was moved to tears.

"Don't be alarmed, my dear," said the kind-hearted woman. "You are among friends; let me take your hat and shawl; you must make yourself at home, my dear, we'll all be kind and good to you, so cheer up, won't you now?" and the woman took her gently by the hand.

Grace felt soothed and calmed by the sweet kind tones of the woman, but more especially by her tears, and then her own tears began to flow, and she sobbed as if her little heart would break.

Goldsmith truthfully said that "premature consolation is but the remembrancer of sorrow." This fact was well known to the woman, though perhaps not in this rich classical dress, but known to her heart nevertheless. She let Grace weep herself calm.

"Where am I?" she asked, half sobbingly, half timidly.

"You are in the hands of one that will be a good kind friend to you. My husband is Sergeant Soolfire, he and this young man rescued you from a bad woman, a naughty woman. It was very lucky, my dear, but it is all over now, and you must not again think of it."

"She can thank Mr. Arbyght here," said the Sergeant, speaking for the first time.

She raised her tear-dimmed eyes and gave Richard a look that repaid him a hundred fold. Her heart and soul went out in that look.

When the soul speaks through its windows, and speaks genuinely, it speaks far more expressively than words—the language of the soul is marred, blurred, deteriorated, crippled, by being dressed in the cold, barren clumsy garb of vocables.

"Oh, it was of no consequence—that is to me. I feel amply repaid. It is ever a source of pleasure to me to be of service to others."

Richard spoke rather confused and incoherently; he was nervous and extremely agitated when he entered the room, but when the lovely girl turned her sad sweet face upon him he was considerably moved, and left the house shortly afterwards. Mrs. Soolfire was so genial and warm-hearted that Grace was soon at her ease, and after a slight refreshment she suffered herself to be put to bed like a child. Mrs. Soolfire fixed the clothes around her so motherly, and kissed her so tenderly that the poor girl burst into tears again, and kissed the woman in return fondly and passionately.

"You are so kind and good—"

"There, there, go to sleep now dear."

"And I never knew what it was to have a mother," broke out Grace in little hysterical sobs.

"My poor child don't think of it now, trust in God and all will be well." The woman kissed her again and left her. Gentle sleep soon came and stole from her, for the present, all trace of trouble and sorrow.

On his way home, Richard soliloquized: "I saw that face somewhere, and that voice, how it vibrated and thrilled through every fibre of my body. Strange! Stranger still that I should lapse into such a dreamy reverie, and go so far out of my way, just for all the world as if that girl's guardian angel had forcibly carried me thither to save her. What a strange sensation came over me in that carriage. As soon as her head rested on my shoulder a mysterious feeling came over me, a feeling so indescribable that it alarmed me. I am positive I saw that face; but where? I'm blest if I don't think that I am going crazy. Pahaw! Its all imagination, I never saw that face or heard that voice. Let me see! Yes I did see that face."

Reaching home put an end to Richard's musings. That night he found it almost impossible to capture the drowsy god. Turn which way he would the sweet sad face of the girl he rescued rose before him; she entered his mind, despotically drove every other thought out, and reigned there alone in autocratic glory. Sleep came at last, but it did not dethrone the autocrat that reigned in the sleeper's mind.

While Richard slept he had the following dream (if it can be called such): He thought his father entered the room, came to his bedside, regarded him sadly, yet sternly, and in a voice that sounded immeasurably far off said, "My son, where is your sister?" Richard tried to speak, but could not. The Shade then pointed its right hand upward. Following the direction of the hand, Richard saw in the air a row of transparent letters. He could see through the letters, yet they were plainly visible, and represented this sentence: "Be to her a true brother, a father, a mother." Richard remembered at once that these were the last words of his dying mother; his heart

smote him and he was about to cry out in agony, when the door opened and his mother came in softly. His father's stern look became tender immediately, the terrible letters disappeared, and the father vanished. His mother came towards him with the same old loving smile she ever had for her darling boy. Again he essayed to speak, but again he found it impossible. His mother touched him on the arm, and bade him arise and follow her, which he did. She led him through several streets, and finally paused before a small house, towards which she earnestly pointed. Richard looked towards the house, recognized it, and in astonishment looked at his mother, or where she seemed to be, but nothing but the blue vault of heaven met his gaze. Filled with amazement he awoke. It was broad daylight.

CHAPTER XII.

"You are late this morning, Mr. Arbyght," said Madam Yudall (the landlady), with interrogative emphasis, the moment Richard appeared in the dining-room or refectory.

"I am late this morning, madam," he answered, parodying the expression, "and I fear I owe you an apology, not only for having abused your patience, but for having trespassed upon your time."

"Oh, not at all, Mr. Arbyght, not at all; pray don't mention it," and Mrs. Yudall looked impatiently at the little bronzed clock, which just then gave a little click, drew back its minute hand one space with a little jerk, gave a slight whirring aspirated warning, as if clearing its brazen throat, and then began singing the hour in a clear, sharp, silvery voice. Mrs. Yudall sang a pantomime accompaniment to each note by a barely perceptible inclination of the head.

"Nine," she mechanically said in an audible whisper, as the insistent monitor ceased its time-measuring chime.

"Nine?" why so it is," he said in answer to his own question, as he gazed in amazement at the dial of the clock. Then turning to Mrs. Yudall, he said, self-accusingly and argumentatively:

"You must accept my apology and regrets, madam, for the delay and vexation that this untoward event has most undoubtedly occasioned you."

"Have you been ill, Mr. Arbyght?" was the only response.

Richard felt that although the words in themselves implied a simple question, he was expected to give some account of himself. The tone in which the sentence was enunciated, the look that accompanied it, the shape of the mouth, the poise of the head, the whole being was inquisitorial; but he, not deeming it wise or prudent to make a confidant of his rufescent-faced, obese landlady, purposely lapsed into one of his usual impenetrable roveries, and though corporally present, his mind appeared to wander off through the open window, and lose itself in the dark grayish, formless, cumulative masses of smoke and vapor, that were continually rising from the city, kissing the tall spires and dissolving in regions of echoless space.

In fencing with a woman with a lingual rapier, man has ever been worsted and driven from the arena in disgrace. Richard did not prove an exception. His adversary, by a few vigorous, well-directed thrusts, broke down his guard of abstraction, and penetrated the armor of his obtuseness.

"You retired early last night?"

"To my room, but not to rest," he answered.

"You are beginning to read and write more than ordinary mortals?" The tone was growing more and more inquisitorial.

"Reading is with me, I fear, a passion; writing a duty. I love the first, am wedded to it, the latter is the result of the union."

"Anything very particular just now?"

The inquisitorial tone had reached culmination. Richard felt he was in for it, and was about to explain, when the door bell rang rapidly, sharply. The fencers started, dropped their weapons and stared at each other. Clang-cling, cling, went the bell.

"Good gracious, it must be a madman," said Mrs. Yudall, in a tremor of alarm. "Do see who it is, Mr. Arbyght," she beseechingly resumed.

Richard found at the door Sergeant Soolfire, who said he had called to inform him that Miss Grace had expressed a desire to have him call upon her at his earliest convenience.

"Thap it is my convenience now," said Richard, gallantly, and a few minutes afterwards he was on his way to the cottage, leaving Mrs. Yudall more mystified and perplexed than ever.

Grace received him kindly, and said she wished to thank him more specifically for the deep and lasting obligation under which he had placed her by his manly, disinterested conduct on the previous evening, "for I was an entire stranger to you," she said naively but innocently, "and for that reason the act was the more magnanimous and meritorious."

"If the act made you my debtor," he answered, "you are now the creditor, for your kind appreciation has more than trebly repaid me. It is true you were a stranger, but to the claims of innocence and virtue I trust I will never be a stranger. It is the duty of man to protect the defenceless. I feel I have but performed that duty, and you will place me under many obligations to you by never mentioning the affair again."

"Do you think it would be fair to make me your debtor, and then deprive me of the pleasure of paying me? Are you sure you are not

just a little arbitrary in thus sacrificing justice on the altar of generosity?"

Richard was slightly puzzled by this pointed question, but recovering himself quickly, he replied:

"I think that man would be wanting in delicacy of feeling, and even honor, who would aid or assist an unprotected woman in any manner, for the purpose of exacting her appreciation, or leaving upon her mind the impression that he had a claim upon her gratitude."

"You are very kind and good, and so honorable—pardon the flattery—that I have no hesitancy in giving you my confidence. I have already informed these noble hearted generous people how I—I—her voice became plaintive; then quivered and broke."

"You task your memory unnecessarily. Let the day just past be blotted from the record of your life, and all that transpired during its fleeting moments be buried in the oblivion of death. I do not wish your confidence, or want you to repeat a single word, or recall a single event that has pain for an inseparable companion," interrupted Richard, as soothingly and reassuringly as his rough, uncultivated nature would warrant.

"I will never forge yesterday," she resumed in a painfully sad voice. Then raising her eyes she half glanced at her companion, dropped them again, and continued in a sweeter and more thankful tone, but very slowly, "I don't want to forget it."

"There are events in all our lives, not in themselves bad or tending to compromise us in the least, but which nevertheless it would be better to have erased from the journal of the brain. Do you really not think so, Miss—"

"Soolfire," she instantly said, noticing his hesitancy and divining its cause.

"Soolfire?" repeated Richard, with a surprised look and doubtful, inquiring voice.

"Yes; to day I am Grace Soolfire. Yesterday I was Grace Relvason."

"Relvason! you astonish me," said Richard, in amazement.

"You have heard the name before? I believe you are employed by Mr. Relvason?"

"I am, but I am perplexed to account for your knowledge of the fact."

"It is quite easily accounted for. Mr. Relvason returned home one evening in a very perturbed state of mind. He refused supper, declined to speak, and made us all uncomfortable by his agitated, mysterious manner. Next day we learned that a man named Arbyght, with whom Mr. Relvason said he had a warm discussion, was the cause of the trouble."

"I am very sorry to have been the involuntary cause of so much uneasiness, but I hope I am forgiven by at least one member of the family?"

"I am not certain of that," she answered. "I can speak for none but myself, and I am not a member of the family. I was always so considered, but yesterday I discovered that I had no claims upon them, whatever, not even to their name. Hence I am here, preferring to earn my livelihood to living in idleness and eating the bread of others. I have discarded their name and taken that of my benefactors, until such time as God in his justice and mercy restores me my own."

And again her voice became plaintive and her eyes seemed to dissolve, but it was only for a moment. "I have lived here but five years. My childhood's days, at least all I can recollect of them, were spent in Cleveland, Ohio. As far back as my memory extends, I can see a dark, stern woman, though kind at times, whom I was taught to call and regard my aunt. About five years ago she died, and her brother, Mr. Relvason, who, by the terms of her will was made executor of the estate, came to Cleveland, and after the details of the will had been carried out, as he said—I never saw it or heard it read—he brought me with him to Chicago and introduced to the friends of the family as his niece, and such I supposed myself to be until his daughter, in a fit of jealous spleen, informed me that I was not a member of the family, and produced a letter written by my supposed aunt, by which it appears I am the child of some poor mechanic, of whose name they have robbed me, and who perhaps has long since been dead. I know nothing of my—my—mother."

Her voice broke down completely, her eyes became suffused with tears, her lips quivered, but no sound escaped them. Her heart was too full for utterance.

Mrs. Soolfire came in just then, and Richard thought very opportunely, as she relieved him of a task he felt unable to perform. He left soon afterwards, promising, however, to call again on the following day.

On his way home the idea that he had, at some remote period, seen the face he had just left, began again to haunt his brain; but when or where he taxed his memory in vain to determine. The outlines of the face and the cadences of the voice seemed to wake or rouse in his mind slumbering impressions, but like the ghosts of Ossian they were too faint and undefined, and too far in the dim distance, to be formed into anything tangible and real.

Memory is the great storehouse of the mind, wherein are heaped in wondrous confusion the ideas and impressions of all our years. Upon these ideas gathered, and impressions made in youth, are piled those of later times; hence the first impressions we receive are more obscure or further from sight than those of yesterday or to-day. But very often the accidental recalling of one idea or the bringing out of one impression, leads to another, and that to still another, as in a chain, link by link, until the end is reached.

"I found this upon the floor of your room," said the house-maid to Richard, immediately after his arrival home, handing him at the same time a curiously wrought, antique-looking solid gold locket.

"It is mine," he said. "I was examining it some days ago, and forgot to lock it up," which neglect he proceeded at once to rectify, but before putting it away he quite naturally opened it, when, as if by magic, the act uprooted a deep-buried idea or impression in memory's great storehouse. Beyond that idea lay a chain of thought which he industriously followed to the end. He then replaced the locket, took a sheet of paper and hastily penned a letter which he proceeded to mail at once, saying to himself as he left the house:

"It must be so! I feel it! I believe it."
(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XIV.—The Chests Examined.

The armed archers, who formed the private guard of the king, sent away the Jew porters according to the commands of Diego Lopez, after they had, under the directions of the treasurer, transported the long, broad, heavy coffers, furnished with locks, hooks, and padlocks, into the armoury. This immense hall, the windows of which opened towards the courtyard of the Alcazar, contained a rich collection of armour and weapons of every description; targets, lances, yatagans, Toledo blades, pikes, battle-axes, javelins, Genoese bows, scymitars, standards and helmets, with curious crests, and shields bearing ambitious devices, a number of which dated from the earliest period of the Gothic monarchy. At the bottom were raised five pedestals, surmounted by five suits of armour, lance in hand, or rather in the gauntlet. They produced a singular effect, appearing at first sight like five knights quite ready to enter the lists. They were arranged according to size, for the first seemed the armour of a dwarf, or infant, and the last appeared suitable only to a tall, robust warrior. They were the coats of mail worn by Don Pedro successively from his infancy. The small one, gilt all over, and damasked with armorial bearings, had been given to him by his father as a plaything in reward for his prowess in the art of fencing, he having one day touched his brother, Don Enrique, with the foil three times in succession. The three middle ones were simple and plain; the largest, the gift of Mohamed, King of Granada, was of extreme magnificence, the buckler sparkled with diamonds, and the hilt of the sword shone with rubies.

When the mace bowmen had retired, Samuel examined all the corners of the hall with the most scrupulous attention, and after being assured that he was alone, he unfasted the hooks, and padlocks that fastened the chests, and gently raised the lids to see if his accomplices, notwithstanding the holes artfully arranged in the carved ornaments at the corners, had not been struck with asphyxia.

"Faith, it was about time to open the cage, for I was nearly suffocated," said Burdett, putting his head out of his chest, every one imitating his example, and raising the lid with his hand, so as to be able to breathe a little.

During this time, Samuel, with neck stretched out, and ear on the alert, kept watch close to the door. He soon perceived Don Pedro coming from one of the extremities of the gallery, accompanied by Aix and Rachel. At the sight of his daughter the old man uttered a cry of joy, and advanced some steps towards her; but recollecting what Esau had said, that he must demand his daughter at the hands of Don Pedro, and seeing it confirmed by meeting her in the place, he suppressed the burst of parental love that swelled his bosom, and returning to the hall, proceeded to close the chests. It was full time he did so; for he had hardly secured the last lock, when the king appeared at the entrance of the hall.

Don Pedro cast a rapid glance around him, and seeing only the treasurer sitting in front of his chests, he stopped undecided on the threshold, for the absence of his foster-brothers seemed inexplicable to him; but after a moment's hesitation, prompted by his adventurous disposition, he advanced resolutely into the hall.

Ben Levi would then have approached his daughter, but stopped on a gesture from the king.

"Samuel," said the latter, gravely, "thanks for your haste in bringing me the impost I have levied on the Jewry." The treasurer humbly bowed. "Thanks, above all," continued Don Pedro, with the same sang froid, "for having sent me your daughter as a hostage for your brethren."

Samuel looked at the king stupefied, not knowing whether he might believe his own ears.

"What may these chests contain?" asked the king, with a smiling air.

Rachel and Aix approached Samuel at the same time. The old Jew began to tremble.

"He knows all!" whispered Rachel. The treasurer turned pale.

"He knows nothing," said the Morisco, in her turn. "To work, then, Samuel."