

Poetry.

THE TWO SOWERS.

Two Sowers went forth in the world to sow,  
Their field was youthful minds,  
And the seed which each broad-cast did throw,  
Was of different sorts and kinds;  
Together they journeyed through every clime,  
Scattering seed as they went,  
To excel in improving each hour of the time,  
Each sowed determined and bent.

One sowed the seed of joy and peace  
And love to all mankind,—  
Of honor, truth, and happiness,  
And purity of mind:  
Of Hope, bright, shining, glorious hope,  
Of faith that ne'er will fall,—  
Of charity for all who grope  
In Error's darkened vale.

The other sowed far different seed,  
As we shall shortly see—  
The first he sowed made hearts to bleed,  
'Twas Immorality;  
He also scattered, far and wide,  
The seeds of bitter weal,  
Of Infidelity and Pride,  
And Selfishness, also.

At length was past the time to sow,  
The harvest near, 'twas plain;  
The laborers then thought they would go  
And win the ripening grain:  
They started forth at a brisk pace,  
But soon beheld a crowd:  
A prisoner with a youthful face  
Was speaking earnest—loud.

Said he, "My friends be warned and turn,  
Oh, now, with you I plead:  
From me an awful lesson learn:  
Within my heart the seed  
Was sown of Selfishness and Strife,  
By one, I know not why  
I took a fellow being's life.  
And now, Great God I die."

The drop quick fell, a soul was gone—  
Of life this is not all—  
The travelers turned and journeyed on  
But soon a prison wall  
They entered through a massive gate,  
And, on the faces there,  
Behold inscribed, "Dishonor, Hate,  
Infidelity and Despair."

They left the place, but near at hand  
Met one whom men did trust,  
Though much of wealth he could command,  
'Twas said that he was just;  
They asked him of his great success,  
Such power and wealth to find;  
He spake, "I owe all I possess  
To purity of mind."

I ever shunned the way of those  
Whose thoughts I knew impure,  
And carefully I always chose  
My friends, though they were fewer;  
And honestly, in all my deal,  
I tried to do the right;  
Now happiness I have that's real,  
Dark thoughts do never blight."

They next stood by the couch of one  
Whose days of life were o'er;  
The dying spake, "My race is run,  
I near the other shore;  
But faith in Him, who died to save,  
Is strong 'e'en in this hour  
My Hope extends beyond the grave.  
Ah, Death! where is thy power?"

But now the Sowers' time had come.  
The hour when they must die:  
When they must leave this earthly home  
For one beyond the sky:  
Said one, "Oh I deep despair I feel,  
I've sowed the seeds of woe;  
Darkness this hour my soul doth seal.  
I dread—I fear to go!"

The other smiling, sweetly spake,—  
"Ah, dying is but bliss;  
We fall asleep but to awake  
In fairer climes than this:  
I've strove to sow the seeds of right  
Wherever I did go,  
And now, when dying, all is light,  
Adieu to friends below."

—Waverly Magazine.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES' UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XXX.

The steamer on which Mr. Geldamo and Vida took passage, sailed directly to Havre, an old seaport town on the west coast of France. They arrived there in about three weeks from date of their departure from New Orleans, but did not remain long in the city, as there are few, if any, architectural or other features of interest to be seen in the old seaport. The streets, or thoroughfares, are quite wide, clean, and well built, but the situation of the city is very low, being built on alluvial land recovered from the sea. From Havre they went to Rouen, where they spent a few days visiting the justly celebrated cathedral, the church of St. Ouen, and other points of interest along the Seine, not forgetting the square of La Pucelle, in which is erected the statue of Joan of Arc. Vida did not fancy Rouen—the narrow dirty streets were such a contrast to those of Chicago, that she was very glad to get away, and gladder still when she found herself in the universally far-famed city of Paris. Here they whiled away nearly a month, every day unfolding something strikingly new and magnificently wonderful and grand. Vida was at first sorry when the time for leaving Paris drew near, as since her arrival there she felt less weariness, less of that aching longing for home and him, than she herself believed probable. Whether this was caused by the soothing effect which laps-

ing time generally brings, or by the incessant strain on the imagination incident to the constantly revolving panoramas of changing views and scenes, she was unable to determine, but she was not long in doubt.

The man who rushes into inebriation to drown his woes, will succeed for a brief period—then comes an awakening more poignant and bitter, harder to endure, than that which existed before the temporary oblivious sleep occurred.

Three days before Vida left the gay city, it had lost all its charms. The Boulevards no longer presented to her eye the strikingly animated scenes she was wont to admire so much on beautiful evenings, and that most charming of all promenades in the world, the enchantingly beautiful Bois de Boulogne, leading to the palace of St. Cloud, had lost all its attractions. The Champs Elysees no longer afforded a pleasant walk, it was a horrid dull place; and the gardens of the Tuilleries, and the Luxembourg on the south side of the city, were simply abominable. Paris was a lonesome place to Vida. Whence this changed? These things had grown familiar to her; her asthetical appetite had become satiated with architectural, horticultural and artistical beauties; they began to fade in her eyes, and pall upon her sense, leaving an acutely painful void, an ardent, irresistible longing for home. Why home? Certainly not home *se-*—rather home because it was the *abode* of another, who was home, everything to her.

Mr. Geldamo acting upon the theories of the soundest psychologists—that the ultimate aim of sensibility is beauty—thought to wean his daughter of her love, by feasting her sensibility with all the beauties in nature and art that the old world afforded, thinking that as beauty was the ultimate aim of sensibility, she should see so much of it as to leave no room or desire for the gratification of a beauty which existed but abstractly in the mind. But he was sadly mistaken; his philosophy was at fault, as are all shades of philosophy that seek to make rules for the government of that grandest and most beautiful of all human passions—love.

When persons love really and genially, there is to them no beauty so incomparable as that beautiful picture which the mind alone sees. Beauty is no doubt the ultimate aim of sensibility; but in Vida's case that beauty in all its transcendent loveliness, radiated like a heavenly aureola from the imperishable love she cherished for Richard Arbyght.

From Paris the tourists went to the beautiful sunny land of the Po; which, however, they found to be almost too sunny to be agreeable.

The Italian spring, no doubt, merits all the poets and novelists have said in its praise; but the Italian summer, though short, is hot and sultry enough to suit the most fastidious native of the tropics.

Mr. Geldamo did not tarry long by the Po or the Adriatic—he was soon among the mountains of Switzerland; and found Berne and Basle much pleasanter resorts than Rome, Florence or Venice. While in Berne he received a file of Chicago papers, containing accounts of Arbyght's arrest and incarceration. These papers had been sent to Rome, and were forwarded from that city by the American Minister to Berne. They were accompanied by a long letter from Mr. Allsound, who also, it must be told, had sent the papers. For what purpose the reader may judge.

Vida had lately lapsed into a listless, apathetic indifference; she was sick of traveling, tired of sight seeing and seemed to take no interest in any proposed excursion, or so-called pleasure trip to the mountains, or to some old ruins that might interest an antiquarian, but certainly not a heart-sore girl, whose mind and soul were far away across the blue Atlantic. She seldom left her room except toward sundown, when she would invariably seek some prominent eminence, looking toward the west, and there she would sit and dreamily watch the declining sun slowly sink below the western horizon; and when the last golden beam had faded from the eastern hill and mountain top, she would sigh heavily, suffering, and then wearily seek her room. What cared she for natural or artistic beauties, when not beheld with him? It is an infallible test of true love, that either never cares for, or enjoys anything not cared for or enjoyed by the other, and the amount of enjoyment or pleasure derived from participation in any amusement depends upon the extent that it is mutually and dually enjoyed.

The father had noticed the change in his daughter, and was pained and chagrined at the evident failure of his plans. He would gladly have made known to her the disgrace of her lover, but he feared the result—feared and dreaded the news would have a serious effect upon her. He thought the matter over, and resolved to use the information by piecemeal, or such portions of it as he deemed prudent. He first told her that he had received news of Arbyght's connection with a plot to destroy some of Mr. Relvason's property, and read an extract from Allsound's letter, somewhat altered, which lent coloring to the story; but Vida refused to listen to anything said against the name and reputation of her lover. Whenever her father approached the subject she left the room; she believed him true and stainless, and would not wrong him by even harboring a suspicion.

"Papa," she one day said, when he hinted that all was not right with Arbyght, "I don't want to hear a word about it. Mr. Arbyght

has enemies who seek his ruin for selfish purposes. You well know why Mr. Allsound is so deeply interested, and I well know why others are equally bent upon disgracing him—I have had positive proof of it; but I feel that justice will one day be done, and then all will be clear; until then I wish to hear nothing, know nothing. Papa, should I for one moment harbor a disparaging thought in connection with him, I would feel unworthy of him. I would sooner die, papa, at once, so please dear, good papa, say no more about it."

These words were uttered with a gravity and positiveness that carried the conviction to the father, that she meant every word of what she said, and he wisely forbore recurring to the matter again.

It should have been mentioned before, that it was a part of the agreement between Arbyght and Geldamo that no correspondence should take place between Vida and him while she was abroad. Bertha and Vida had, of course, written to each other; but when the dreadful blow came, Bertha ceased writing, and this was the only circumstance that puzzled Vida; it looked suspicious, but she scorned that idea, and attributed Bertha's neglect to some other cause.

Paul had written to his father, and urged him to withhold the news from Vida, as he felt confidence the whole matter was a horrible conspiracy, planned by Mr. Relvason, and perhaps Allsound; and of course Paul thought his father had heart enough to do as he suggested; therefore Paul never hinted in his letter to Vida that anything was amiss. On the other hand, Allsound kept Mr. Geldamo constantly advised of all that occurred. When the news of Arbyght's escape, subsequent drowning, identification and burial, came to Berne, Geldamo was so rejoiced that his reason and discretion left him, and he laid all the papers before Vida and then withdrew to another room.

We will not attempt to paint in language the anguish, the torture, the living death endured by that fair, tender creature, as the poison-tipped, sorrow barbed arrow entered her virgin soul. We would fail miserably, if we tried; like the beautiful but lost Zelicca:—

"Month after month, in widowhood of soul  
Drooping, the maiden saw the summer roll  
Away,  
From time to time ill-omened rumors came,  
Like spirit-tongues, muttering the sick man's name  
Just ere he dies:—at length those sounds of dread  
Fell withering on her soul, 'Richard is dead!'  
It was a dreadful moment; not the tears,  
The lingering, lasting misery of years  
Could match that minute's anguish—all the worst  
Of sorrow's elements in that dark burst  
Broke o'er her soul, and, with one crash of fate  
Laid the whole hopes of her life desolate."

When her father came back, he beheld a statue; the papers had dropped and lay on the carpet; Vida seemed in a trance; life had apparently left her, and her face looked like a marble Venus.

"My poor child," said the father, coming up and laying his hand on her shoulder. She turned her face towards him:

"Papa?"

"Well, my child."

"You will take me home now—?"

The father did not answer. There was something in the look and tone that froze his blood in his veins. There was death in the look and death in the voice. Why did she leave the sentence unfinished? What else would she have said? The father felt the unuttered words tingling in his ears; heard them deep in his soul; heard them floating in the air around him; saw them before him, in letters of fire. Yes, he knew if she completed the thought, it would be, "you will take me home now and bury me?" But he did not take her home, he took her to Basle, and thence down the Rhine, through Germany, and across the North Sea to England.

"I can't believe he is dead," said Vida to her father one day, after they had reached England.

"Why, my child?"

"If he were dead I would not have lived so long," she answered very decidedly.

"When do you propose to leave for home?" she next asked.

"In about a month," he replied.

This was the only conversation she had had with her father about Arbyght, since that dreadful day. She seldom spoke now, never said, never smiled. In a month she would start for home. This thought gave her a secret joy; she would visit his grave and pour upon it her sea of sorrow.

Their journey homeward began sooner than she expected. Next morning she met her father, but he seemed to have grown twenty years older during the night. In a faltering, broken voice, he told her they were to start for home that afternoon.

"What has happened, dear papa?"

"Oh, some business troubles, you could not understand—did you see the morning papers?"

"No, papa, why?"

"Oh, nothing of consequence."  
"Is it very serious?"  
"No, no, child, pack up at once."  
Vida obeyed, and two days subsequently they were again on old ocean's bosom, homeward bound; but oh! how different, how changed, were both father and daughter; and in a few short months, too.

"What did you say? that safe not reliable—not fire-proof?"

It was Mr. Allsound who spoke, or rather abruptly interrupted a gentleman who had incidentally made some disparaging remark concerning the capableness of a large safe, which stood in Allsound's store, to withstand a severe fire-test. There was something extremely eager and questioning in Allsound's voice—a shade of deep concern, anxiety and solicitude.

"I have seen many of them, which, after passing through, even ordinary fires, rendered up their contents in anything but a satisfactory condition," coolly replied the man who had excited Allsound's nervousness.

He supposed he was doing Mr. Allsound a service by giving him the benefit of his experience on the reliability of certain safes. The information worried and annoyed Allsound to an extent his friend could not comprehend. In fact, the merchant regarded it as a piece of exceeding bad news, and at heart did not thank him for the interest he manifested in his affairs. Unsought advice, or remarks apparently disinterestedly made, but which are, in themselves, advisory or admonitory, seldom if ever fall upon pleased or thankful ears, no matter how unselfishly pure the motive that prompted them. This is very human and very natural, for since one man is unable to see or read the mind of another, he has no means of knowing whether his views will coincide or run counter to those of the person he seeks to advise, directly or indirectly; besides, no man cares particularly to have his own judgment impugned or estimated at a discount. However, in this case there was a stronger reason why Mr. Allsound should be provoked. Not only was his judgment impeached, but as the safe then held over one hundred thousand dollars in "hard cash" and collaterals, he had a strong motive for wishing it a model of fire-proof, as well as burglar-proof, strength.

Lately, detective Magaw had been industriously at work, investigating the part Mr. Allsound had taken in the Relvason conspiracy, and some very damaging evidences of complicity had already been discovered or unearthed. The old locksmith had been visited, and acknowledged having made the key which Sergeant Soolfire had the wisdom to secure. The detective visited nearly every locksmith in the city before he found the right one; and, unfortunately for Allsound, this man knew the man for whom he made the key. The similarity between the trade-marks on the pistol and cable chains had already been noticed, but it was accidentally discovered that mark was the trade-mark invariably used by Mr. Allsound. Several other links in the chain of evidence were, after diligent search, brought to light; but through some agency unknown to the detective, Allsound discovered the danger that so threateningly menaced him, and he made the most of his time. Young Trueson was the only link missing to complete the chain—and he had been home for the last eight months, but efforts were being made to secure his presence; and this fact was not unknown to Allsound, who had now resolved on flight—and with the object in view, he had hurriedly disposed of nearly all his available property, which was then in the safe. This was the cause of his uneasiness and trepidation.

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—Spanish Beggars.

A strange smile played on the lips of Rachel, while she impatiently agitated her foot beneath the folds of her dress.

"In return for all I have done for you, madam, I have obtained only bitter words; you have exhibited towards me nothing but indifference and contempt. I am thus led to conclude, that I have not attained my desire of pleasing you; and, to prove how much I wish it, I have endeavored to procure you an agreeable surprise, for which, I hope, you will be grateful. Do you not remember," he continued, "having met in your path a woman, young and handsome as yourself, but as haughty and ambitious as you were mild and generous. Jealous of a rivalry, involuntary on your part, she wished to destroy, with her venomous breath, your beauty and devotion. But the day of reprisals has arrived. What your friends were unable to do for you I have done. Behold her kneeling at your feet, she who laughed at your tears and your despair. You are avenged, Rachel, for that woman is henceforth your servant. A devoted husband gives to his heroic wife the proud daughter of Mohamed for a slave. Aixa," said he, imperiously, "assist your mistress to disembarra herself of her necklace and bracelets."

"Oh, I am so well accustomed to do without aid, sir," said Rachel, smiling, and she hastened to unfasten her bracelets herself.

Aixa, whose pallid countenance betrayed her anguish of mind, convulsively bit her lips, and, by an extreme effort of will, approached Rachel, then, her hands trembling with impatience and passion, she dragged, rather than unfasted, the pearl necklace that hung round her neck. The silk broke under her rigid fingers, and the pearls falling off, rolled about the room.

"Oh! seniors, what have you done?" exclaimed Rachel, sorrowfully.

"You see," said Aixa to Burdett, "that I

am an awkward slave, but you will pardon me, for I have not yet had time to learn the duties of my new condition."

Burdett, probably thinking that he had sufficiently humiliated Aixa, rose and left the apartment, and presently after, the clatter of troops indicated the departure of himself and escort on their way to the court.

The Jewess and Aixa had remained silent; suddenly the latter, with affected deference, asked permission to retire, which was granted. Half an hour had elapsed, when the majordomo entered and announced to Rachel that a monk desired to speak with her on matters relating to her new faith, to which, though somewhat surprised, she assented. The monk had scarcely entered the room ere she discovered, beneath the open cowl, the face of Blas, the king's foster-brother. Trembling with apprehension of some new danger, she hastily questioned him as to his motive in entering in this disguise, where detection would be certain death. Blas informed her of Don Pedro's desire to have another interview with her.

"Impossible!" exclaimed she; "let him forget me! am I not another's?"

"The king can never forget you, madam," urged Blas.

"To consent to see him," murmured Rachel, "is only to encourage his unhappy passion."

"Not to see him," replied the monk, "will be to induce him, at all risks, to enter this palace, which can only end in his ruin, if discovered."

"Where can we meet in safety, if at all?" replied she, thoughtfully.

"The king, madam, has named the old ruins in the olive groves, where he will await you at midnight to-morrow."

After a painful pause, Rachel said, solemnly, "Tell the king that I will sacrifice all for him—that I will be there."

The words had scarcely passed her lips, when the Morisca entered the room. Seeing the monk, she pretended to retire; but Rachel, trembling lest she had been overheard, hastily requested her to remain, and Blas, satisfied with the result of his mission, rose to depart, carefully drawing the cowl over his features.

Some time after this, Aixa might be perceived in the garden passing rapidly too and fro. "To-morrow," exclaimed she—"to-morrow she will meet him—the perfidious!—Now, Pedro, now am I avenged; both are lost, for ever lost!" She applied a small whistle to her lips, which was immediately answered, and a man, emerging from a mass of ruins, stood before her. It was Esau. To him she detailed all she had heard, and without his interruption, she poured forth all the bitterness of her hatred against the king and the Jewess; she succeeded in persuading Esau to meet her at the ruins, where she hoped to surmise the lovers, and was proceeding to concoct some subtle scheme, when the great bell rung to announce the return of the knight, who assumed all the pomp and dignity of a noble and powerful lord. The two accomplices immediately separated. The leper hastily climbed over the wall, and Aixa directed her steps to the court-yard, where Burdett had just dismounted from his horse.

As soon as he saw the Morisca, he made her a sign to approach, and told her that he had just come from the Alcazar, where he had seen her father, the King of Granada, who had come to Seville to solicit an alliance with Don Pedro, and to offer him new tribute.

Aixa, thrown off her guard, expressed her strong desire to see Mohamed again; and the Late Comer, reckoning on the influence of her father to subdue her resolution of refusing to be ransomed, gave her permission to pay a visit to the latter.

"Thanks, noble knight," said the slave, guessing the motive of the Late Comer, "and in return for your kindness, I will acquaint you with what much concerns you. Rachel betrays you!"

Burdett in a rage seized the arm of the Morisca. "Do not mock me," said he, in a deep, trembling voice. Do not lightly accuse Rachel. Advance nothing that thou canst not prove."

The Morisca remained calm, and related to the amazed husband the visit of the king's foster brother, with the message he delivered to her.

"But Rachel," cried the knight, "what did she answer?"

"Three words," answered Aixa: "I will go."

Burdett was furious; he swore that Rachel should not keep her appointment; but the Morisca succeeded in persuading him to put no obstacle in the way of the intended interview, but rather to witness it himself, and so confound the guilty parties. The Black Prince was also to be present, "for," said she, "the more witnesses there are, the more scandalous will be the conduct of Don Pedro."

Then, summoning his majordomo, Burdett ordered him to attend the Morisca, to visit her father, the King of Granada. She departed immediately, and Esau, who had remained crouching on the steps of the fountain of the little square, silently arose as she approached, and followed her like a shadow to the house of Don Fernand de Castro. She entered, followed by the majordomo, while Esau waited outside.

Aixa and the majordomo were conducted into the chamber where Mohamed, seated on a divan of gold cloth, awaited them.

The father and daughter, with the profound dissimulation and haughty stoicism peculiar to Orientals, regarded each other in silence, suppressing all visible signs of emotion. They