Poetry.

LOVE LIGHTENS LABOR.

A good wife rose from her bed one morn,
And thought with a nervous dread,
Of the piles of clothes to be washed, and more
Than a dozen mouths to be fed.
There were the meals to get for the men in the fields,
And the children to fix away
To school, and the milk to be skimmed and churned,
And all to be done that day.

It had rained in the night, and all the wood
Was as wet as wet could be;
There were puddings and pies to bake, besides
A loaf to take to her;
And the day was hot, and her aching head
Throbbed wearily as she said,
If maidens but knew what good wives know,
They would be in no haste to wed!

"Jennie, what do you think I told Ben Brown?"
Called the farmer from the well;
And a flush crept up to his bronzed brow,
And his eye half bashfully fell;
"It was this," he said, and coming near,
He smiled—and stooping down,
Kissed her cheek—"Twas this; that you were the best
And dearest wife in town!"

The farmer went to the field, and the wife
In a smiling and absent way,
Sang snatches of tender little songs
She'd not sung for many a day,
And the pain in her head was gone, and the clothes
Were white as the foam of the sea;
Her bread was light, and butter was sweet,
And as golden as it could be.

"Just think," the children all called in a breath,
"Tom Woods has run off to sea!
He wouldn't, I know, if he only had
As happy a home as we."
The night came down, and the good wife smiled
To herself as she softly said,
'Tis so sweet to labor for those we love,
It's not strange that maidens will wed.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES' UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.
Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER IX.

The Monday following the events narrated in chapter vii., Richard was surprised on reaching home to find a new boarder at the house, in the person of a young lad whom he had known in Silverville. The little fellow was in the sitting-room when Richard entered, and recognizing him instantly, he advanced with outstretched hand and smiling face. Arbyght looked, then grasped his hand.

"Richard Arbyght!" "Lionel Trueson!" burst simultaneously from their lips.

"Why, Lionel! how came you here?"

"Well, you see, the old home somehow became too small for the whole of us, and I thought I would leave, that the rest of the boys might have more room; and here I am;" and the little fellow stretched himself to his full altitude.

"Oh, yes! I see you are here; but how long have you been here, when did you leave home, and what are you doing?"

"Which of these questions shall I answer first?" said Lionel, laughingly.

"Answer them consecutively, if you please," put in the other, with mock gravity.

"Well," said Lionel, "I have been here about three months; I left home about four months ago, and I am working as porter in a wholesale store on Lasalle street; there!"

"You left home four months ago?"

"Yes."

"Anything strange transpiring in Silverville when you left?"

"Nothing of importance," answered the boy.

"I suppose all the folks were then well?" said Richard, feeling bound in courtesy to ask, not that he particularly cared.

The boy replied in the affirmative, and then casually asked Richard if he had seen a man named William Hunter.

Richard said he had not; but continued, "why do you ask?"

"Why, you see," said Lionel, "a man named Hunter left Silverville some twenty odd years ago for California, and about six months since he returned to Silverville, and one day, hearing of the murder of your father, he said he had a pretty good idea who it was that committed the foul deed."

"Well?"—said Arbyght, quickly, and not without a touch of fierceness in the tone.

"Well," pursued the boy, "when Hunter was questioned further, and more directly and pointedly, he evaded a straight-forward answer, and said he did not like to implicate or compromise any one on circumstantial proofs. He also said that the man whom he supposed guilty of the act had relatives in the vicinity of Silverville, and as they were honorable, upright people, he did not wish to say anything that would injure them in the estimation of their neighbors."

"But where is this man?" asked Richard, with savage earnestness.

"I suppose he is in California," answered Lionel. "The reason I asked if you had seen him," he continued, "was because Hunter said he was going to visit Chicago before returning home, and I thought it might be possible that you had met him."

"Would to God I had," said Richard, fervently, "but alas, I was not here at the time."

These words were spoken slowly, sadly, regretfully; and here the cadence floated into the tomb of silence. Richard was buried within himself. After a few moments he came back to the hard, real present, and spoke quite disconnectedly—spoke as if the mind were endeavouring to grasp the insane vanishing form of a half-born, unrealized thought:

"Hope, murdered hope! Fate, inexorable fate, the assassin! Hope, the anodyne of life, panacea of man's infirmities, baffled again, the substance gone, the shadow alone remains, to mock and haunt me—You must excuse me, Lionel," he added, as he noticed the boy staring at him with wide distended mouth and surprised dilating eyes "for you see," he resumed, "ever since reason dawned upon my soul I have lived, as it were, in an atmosphere exclusively my own. I have ever felt around me a weird, unreal strangeness. The air I breathe seems impregnated or laden with essence of something not of this world. It has entered into my very soul, and by its potent power—a power I feel but cannot describe—filled it, blended with it, made it a part of its own mysteriousness. I believe—*feel*—that the disembodied spirit of my murdered father is ever with me, around me, *within* me. A voice from the far-off shore of endless time seems to ring unceasingly in my ears, reverberates and resounds through my brain, vibrates in my heart, pulsates in my veins; and though inaudible to the external senses, to the inner hearing of the soul it sounds louder than the continuous roar of tropical thunder—ever, ever repeating that one terrible word, justice, justice. Deep, deep in my soul, enfixed by the stern hand of unrelenting Fate, are three incandescent barbed arrow-heads—father, mother, sister—*all gone*. These arrow-heads are burning out my existence, drying up the fountains of my life. Nothing will cool or extract them but justice to my father, justice to that wife whom he so sweetly, devotedly, divinely loved—that mother whose idol I was—my boyhood's god, whose memory even now is my soul's hope, and the only soother of my misfortunes; justice to that sister whose baby arms were torn from my neck, whose weeping, supplicating angel face, and outstretched, imploring hands, I see now as plainly as the day she was rudely wrenched from my embrace forever, forever. Oh, God!"—

The poor fellow's heart leaped up to his throat and choked further utterance. He sank abstractedly and involuntarily into a chair, covered his face with his hands, and wept even as a child. Yes, this great strong man wept; and so forcible and convulsive were his sobs, that Lionel was not only alarmed, but was terrified; he trembled and shook like a man with the palsy. He tried to soothe the weeping man, but when Richard became himself again he had to soothe the boy, as he was crying even worse than himself had cried.

"Come, come, Lionel, you must not weep for me. It is all over now. You called up reminiscences which overpowered me. We will not refer to them again. You had better leave me to myself for a short time—but stay a moment; do you know this man's address in California?"

"I can obtain it by writing home," answered Lionel.

"I should like it very much if you would be so kind."

"Why, of course I will, and won't waste any time either. I will write to-night" answered Lionel, as he left the room.

Richard paced the floor in grim silence. He tried to bring his mind to bear on the future of his fellow toilers, but failed. His thoughts, try how he might, would not settle upon anything. He picked up the evening paper and endeavoured to read, but after running through a whole column he was unable to recall a single sentence, or tell what it was all about. His mind was so densely filled with one all-absorbing thought, that for the time being all else, whether cogitative or incogitative, seemed but the shadow of dissolving chaos. His whole being was frozen into one single idea. He heard nothing, saw nothing, was conscious of nothing but his own wrongs, which, like a mighty sea, caused and fed by worlds of dissolving sorrow, forever seethingly boiled and foamed around him. He threw the paper aside, picked up a book, a copy of Shhakespeare. He opened it mechanically, and these words of Macbeth struck his eye:

> "Cure her of that;
> Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow?
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain?

"No, man of science, of mortars, of crucibles and retorts, thou canst not; thou canst not. Your diagnoses, *modus curandi* and *materia medica* are valueless here."

After delivering himself of this opinion on physic, he grew somewhat calmer, dropped the book and began pacing the floor again. The paper was next taken from the lounge where he had flung it; this time his brain was clear enough to read and fix the meaning of what he read on his mind. He turned the paper inside out, sought the local column, when, as if by chance, his eye fell upon the following item, then fastened upon it with an immovable stare, while his soul voraciously devoured it:

"We are glad to know that fortune's sun has again smiled upon our old and esteemed friend, Mr. Terwilliger. For some time past he has been under a cloud—in fact, a beggared bankrupt; but a few days ago, a speculation in which he was largely interested—the collapse of which ruined him—became suddenly inflated, his stocks shot up with a mercurial bound, and Mr. Terwilliger, yesterday a beggar, is to-day the possessor of a cool million—one hundred thousand dollars. We understand he is going west and will begin business anew on a broad undeveloped field. May he be as eminently successful as his sterling worth deserves."

Richard read this item again and again; he was deeply interested. Might not this be the man who shot into his presence so suddenly, and as suddenly disappeared into untraceable nothingness! Why not? It looked plausible. Richard pondered long and earnestly on the matter, and finally concluded this was the man he sought. He slept but little that night, even in the body. In the mind he slept not at all. Next morning he sought the editor of the paper. He found him in the third story of a ponderous massive building, surrounded by a very ocean of cut and mutilated papers, manuscripts, pencils, pens, mucilage, scissors, musty piles of state documents, cobwebs and dirt of all kinds. The editor was seated at a large table, in his right hand an ink painted pen, which he ever and anon dipped into a fountain of thick villainous looking ink, only to spatter it over the litter of papers around him; his left hand grasped or rather clutched with a fierce *grip* all the hair that grew on that part of the head in which phrenologists locate the reflective faculties, his eyes were set firmly on a blurred and scratched sheet of foolscap. There he sat like another Marius in the ruins of a literary Carthage. Richard approached him timidly, and stated his business in as few plain words as possible. The editorial writer started not, moved not, spoke not. Richard stated his errand again. The pen went into the fountain, spattered over the floor, went in again, but otherwise no movement. Richard was about to go when the editor growled, almost roared, the word "local." One of the associate editors came to the rescue and told Richard to try the local, whom he would find higher up.

The local was found.

"Do you know this man?" Richard asked, producing the paper and pointing to the paragraph.

"I can't say that I do," yawned the local.

"Could you tell me if his name was Jack, or rather John?"

"Not knowing him how could I," grunted the local, who began to feel annoyed. But our hero persisted:

"Who gave you the item?"

"A friend of his."

"Where could I find this friend?"

The local jumped to his feet, stared at Richard from head to foot, and then said:

"Who the devil are you and what do you want?"

Richard told him who he was, and said he had reason to believe that Terwilliger was an old friend of his father, and he wanted to see him on that account.

The local finally cooled down to decorum heat, and informed his visitor where he could obtain all the information he desired.

Richard spent the balance of the day investigating the affair, and at night he summed up as follows: Fifteen or twenty years previous to Richard's appearance in the city, a man named John Terwilliger arrived in Chicago, began a mercantile life and flourished, as men seldom do, but his unfailing good fortune made him reckless and bold. He dabbled in stocks of all kinds, a crash came from which he emerged a ruined man. As has already been stated, one of his speculations ended more favorably than many supposed. With this saved remnant of a once collossal fortune, the man left the city to begin life again in the far west, but where he went no one knew. Foiled, baffled, with no hope of ever seeing the end, Richard gave up the search in despair. Without money or time, what could he do? Nothing. And he was reluctantly forced to admit it.

CHAPTER X.

Although the reformers—we will call them reformers for want of a better term—had taken every precaution they thought necessary to hide their movements from Relvason and the other employers, still some of the notices fell into the hands of a small employer on the North Side. This man, too cowardly to act himself, brought a copy of the notice to Mr. Relvason, and, with a significant nod, said he thought there was trouble brewing.

Relvason, after scanning the slip of paper, said he thought so too, but, he added, after a slight pause, "I'll explode their little scheme. Ha! ha! ha!" and he grinned hideously, and laughed a hollow, devilish laugh.

When Alvan Relvason grinned, his look was, to say the least, horribly ghoulish, his shaggy eyebrows came down over his eyes, and his eyes shot up under the eyebrows, his mouth opened just enough to display two rows of very caninish-looking teeth; in fact, it was the teeth and eyes that grinned.

After the spy from the North Side had left, Relvason called his head clerk, and, taking him familiarly by the shoulder, said, "Disguise yourself and attend that meeting to-night."

"I will, sir," said Spindle, giving his employer a look that said, as plainly as words, "I need no instructions; I know what you want."

But Alvan Relvason had yet to learn that not only was right against him, but that right, coupled with wisdom and prudence, was against him.

Mr. Spindle failed to enter the hall. No man entered the hall who was not personally known to three disguised door keepers. Relvason was foiled, a union was organized, and more than half of Relvason's men were enrolled, and not only enrolled but *sworn*.

Next morning, Spindle reported to a man fearfully enraged. He stormed and fumed, scowled and hissed, until poor Spindle trembled and quaked in every limb.

"So they barred you out? The wretches! Oh, I'll teach them—the rascals! What unparalleled audacity! What are we coming to? These fellows will next send committees to me and complain of grievances!" These last were hissed through his teeth with sneering emphasis.

"Yes, and they'll want weekly cash payments;" quaked Spindle.

"Want what?" shrieked Relvason, as he seized the clerk, jerked him from his stool, and held him with the grip of a vice.

"I mean to say—oh!—that, that, that—oh!"

"Well, what do you mean to say?" said the employer, loosening his hold.

Spindle made some very wry faces, rubbed his arm affectionately, and simpered, "What I mean is, that unless these deluded fellows are crushed, and their combination broken, they will become insolent and audacious, and insist upon being treated as equals, sir. Just think of it, as equals. What monstrous absurdity. And, sir, they will make all sorts of visionary and impracticable demands. Why, they will even go as far as to demand cash for their labor, and the right to trade where they please. Just think of that, sir. The glaring absurdity of such a preposterous demand makes me sick, sir: and then they will work but ten hours per day. Just think of that, sir. It's shocking, indeed it is. Just imagine these deluded wretches reading papers and books, going to lectures and concerts, or playing with their wives and children, when they should be working. It's awful. It's horrible."

"Spindle, where did you obtain this knowledge"

"Oh, I have seen and read their constitution."

"Their constitution?" (the words issued from his mouth as if shot from a catapult,) "I thought they met last night for the first time. How can they have a constitution to-day?"

"So they did, sir, so they did; but the movement does not begin here. It began some months ago in the East, and is rapidly spreading all over the country."

"Why, this is really serious," and Relvason became reflective. He meditated for a short time, then suddenly seizing a pen and a sheet of paper, dashed off a few hurried lines, and gave them to the clerk to copy, saying, "Take that into the shops, and discharge all men that refuse to sign it. Discharge them at once. At once, I say. This outrageous movement must be stamped out immediately. There is no time to lose. I'll go and see the other employers."

"Stay," said Spindle. "You know," he continued, "we have a certain amount of work to deliver this week and next, or lose a twenty thousand dollar contract. We must go slow."

"True," replied the other, "take the paper in now, and let us see how it will work."

That the reader may better understand what followed, we will take the liberty to lay before him, or her, as the case may be, a copy of the document the men were asked to sign. Here it is in all its damning hideousness:

"*We, whose names are hereunto attached, do most solemnly affirm that we do not now belong to any association of labor; that by this act we have, now and forever, renounced all allegiance to any and all such pernicious combinations.*"

The head clerk took the document, first, to a man who he felt confident would sign it. To his chagrin, the man flatly refused.

"Sign, or leave the shop," hissed Spindle.

"Is that the only alternative?" asked the man, speaking very slowly.

"There is no other," growled the clerk.

"Be it so, then; I would sooner see my wife, my babes, much as I love them, starve, rot and die, than purchase a palace with all its luxuries for them at such an infamous sacrifice," answered Henry Trustgood, as he took down his coat and proceeded to don the seedy, threadbare garment.

Spindle proceeded to the next; he, also, refused and was discharged, and so was the next, and the next.

The clerk changed his plans. He went to the other end of the shop, but succeeded no better. Even those who had not joined the union, stimulated by the manly conduct of the union men, also refused.

A bright idea entered the clerk's opaque brain. He went into Arbyght's berth. "Mr. Relvason will make you superintendent of all his works if you will sign this paper."

He held the paper out, but Richard did not look at it. He looked at Spindle, and Spindle left his berth quite hurriedly.

Thirty men discharged, and no signers. Spindle shook nervously. He called the foreman and whispered in his ear. The foreman left the shop. Spindle kept on discharging the men.

Suddenly, Mr. Relvason put in an appearance, and so cunningly and adroitly did he manage it, that the men supposed he had just arrived at the works. Seeing a group of men talking, earnestly and anxiously, in the centre of the shop, Relvason advanced and asked, with a tone of astonishment and look of innocence, why they were not at work. The men said they were discharged. Relvason called Spindle, and Spindle came forward with a very sheepish, troubled face. Relvason snatched the paper and scanned it slowly, then said, peremptorily,

"Spindle, who told you to do this?"

The clerk was staggered completely. He had not calculated upon such a bold *coup de main* as that.

The employer eyed him fiercely. He was used to being eyed fiercely, and in the present instance it had the effect of bringing him to his senses. He stammered out,

"I thought you wanted it done, sir."

Relvason tore the paper into pieces, and told the men to go to work. The clerk slunk out of the shop. The men set up a cheer, returned to work, and so the matter ended—that is, in the shop. In the office there was another scene, all of which the reader will be spared except these words by Relvason;

"We have been baffled twice. It is useless to try to fight these men from our stand-point. There is a power here never developed before. We must use stratagem. (He should have said fraud.) We must find out where they stand. We are striking in the dark."

When man seeks to perform an act which he fears to have weighed in the scales of public opinion, he wraps himself in the shroud of a one-half dead world, and in the black murderous obscurity of night, does that which he dare not even think aloud in the light of day. Murderers, thieves, conspirators, tyrants—all abnormal humanity, lay their plans, do their blighting work when nature lies in dreamy repose, when bats, owls and toads conspire to make nature's sabbath what it is, ghostly, awe-inspiring, hideous night.

Alvan Relvason was a tyrant. The men whom he wished to degrade and enslave were up in arms in defence of a heritage given by a God, jeopardized by a man. Twice the man was defeated, because the men had used the weapons the God had given them to defend the heritage He gave them. The man now determined to rob them of their weapons. The design was a dark, a bold one, one requiring for its accomplishment the thick gloom of Hecate's sombre day.

Nine o'clock that night Relvason's carriage stopped before a low, dark, wretchedly mean-looking shanty, (we will call it a shanty, for we know of no more applicable term,) in the southern part of the eighth ward, quite close to the West Branch of the South Branch of the Chicago River. We will not name the street, as there are many good people living on it, who might not feel flattered by the description. The shanty and its surroundings reminded one of nothing save the skeleton of poverty and the corpse of misery. It was a fearful place. The very air was so densely sodden with a nauseous, intolerable stench that nothing but man could live in the vicinity. The street was a mud hole from end to end, and a nasty one at that. The houses and walks were on stilts. The river crawled, or rather oozed, sluggishly toward the lake. If there was water in that river it had long ceased to bear any resemblance to that crystal liquid. It was the most villainous compound of oily, miasmatic green, and thick, fetid, greasy black, that mortal man ever looked upon—and lived.

The interior of the shanty was in keeping with the exterior and the locality. It was divided into two rooms; the front room was about fourteen feet square, and served as kitchen, dining room, parlor, pantry and general store room. The floor was bare, and in many places worn through. The walls and ceiling were of an ugly, greasy, sooty color. The only furniture in this room was a cracked and burnt looking stove, with jagged columns of stone and brick for legs, an old fashioned clock, the minute hand gone, the disc chipped, the glass broken; the frame of a square mahogany veneered looking-glass, with a triangular piece of mirror stuck in the lower right hand corner; a few of the commonest chairs, without backs, and mostly standing on three legs; a plain, pine table, hacked and notched; an old cupboard or press, rejoicing in a beggarly display of broken delf and handleless knives and forks. This and nothing more except that the windows were shaded with old newspapers, browned by smoke. The inner room was half as large as the front room, and contained three beds, one a trundle bed, which was hauled into the front apartment during the night. The place was dimly lighted by a glass lamp without a chimney, which sputtered and smoked a melancholy glare.

Into this hovel the proud and haughty Relvason deigned to enter, creating by his unexpected presence no little confusion among the inmates. Three or four half-naked children dove into the back room, and left Mr. Tatam Mahoney and his half dead wife alone with the intruder.

Mr. Tatam Mahoney was in his shirt-sleeves The color of his shirt, which was open at the neck, was past identification. He was a middle-aged man, with a rather blank and expressionless face. He was a man one would suppose to be too much of a fool to be a villain, but who was, withal, more villain than fool. He was one of those men who go through life on their bellies—a crawling reptile who would barter his soul for a gill of rum. Some years previously he worked for Relvason, but being an inferior workman and very irregular in his habits, he was discharged. A short time afterwards Relvason's men struck against the order system, and would have gained their point had it not been for Mahoney and half a dozen others as bad himself. The men were