### Loctry.

#### FORGE-SIDE MUSINGS.

Why stop you teller's arm of might? Is his hard, hard work done? Yes, for a moment's brief respite. Then 'till the setting sun He'll pound and pound, and sledge away; Morely a breathing spell. His life they'd spare for another day-They manage passing well.

His shirts ope'd wide, to view reveal A high and massive chest, A columned neck , as hard as steel-A corded, knotted breast. On his giant arms, bared and brown, The muscles slope and slant-Stand out like knolls of flinty stone. Or globes of adamant.

On his hammer calmly leaning-For the next heat waiting-From every pore toils' dew streaming; Through his yeins pulsating, The hot blood rushes strong and fast; His heart throbbing wildly, Plainly tells of the labor past Though the eye speaks mildly.

His firm body, though girted round With tough sinewy bands, Vibrates responsive to the sound The pulsing heart expands. A fallon Titan there he seems, From high Olympus hurled. And yet he is, he madly dreams, The shaper of the world.

He forges bands which States unite. His power forever glows In man's behalf, transcendant, bright, And commerce forever flows In grooves made only by his hands-Raw nature owns him lord; He should be monarch in all lands-He wields both pen and sword.

He breaks the tough, unyielding sod, And from the stubborn soil He wrings the bounteous gifts which God Vouchsafes to those who toil. Since man trod the earth has he toiled-Since human life began-Been of his just reward despoiled, · And by his fellow-man.

God, the earth created as it was-Wide wastes and boundless seas; But by labor, whate'er the cause, Was it made what it is. The crude mass we owe to creation-The rough, uneven land-The blossomed world's exaltation To labor's horny hand.

Hs bridged the seas and oceans wide-The river, bay and firth; Hills mow'd down-pierc'd the mountain side-Cut through these ribs of earth. Tangling forests before him rose In dark primeval gloom, Where mighty cities now repose, And flowers grew and bloom.

When the flat was first spoken, And after Adam's birth, A wild barren waste unbroken, Was all this blooming earth Look alive, man ! cease thy musing; Strike fast-mark well each blow-The bars to liquefaction fusing-Oh, Ged! the heat-the glow!

Stars of Molten fire are flying, 'Round, upward, everywhere : In his veins the blood is drying-He lives in flaming air ! Blow upon blow fast descending The metal fashions well, But the man his life is ending In a minature hell!

Tis night; his soul within him sinks As he deserts the shops, And homeward slowly plods and thinks Of Toil which never stops-Of toll which, giant though he be-Is eating out his life, In wretchedness and misery-In ceaseless, sleepless strife.

## Tales and Sketches.

### THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

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

CHAPTER XXIX.

Poor Amy was now in a hopelest state of alarm, she feared each subsecutive minute would witness her brother's death; she could not bear to look at him, she turned away her head and had recourse to prayer.

The blackness had now become universal, and each brilliant flash of lightning was almost instantly followed by a loud, crashing burst of thunder. The lightning was evidently coming nearer with each successive discharge. Every flash was now followed by a shrieking, hurtling, hissing sound, as the terrible fluid leaped from each salient angle of its zigzag course, and tore through the compressed air. A fearful stillness of a few seconds, during which Amy could count the pulsations of her little heart—a stillness as if the warring elements paused for a final and greater burst of fury, was succeeded by an unearthly sound that "shore the stillness like a knife." The sound was dry and of short duration, but it was the report of a flash which struck the tree and tore it into a thousand pieces. The limb on which Oscar was standing was torn from the trunk and hurled some distance into

Amy struggled to her feet and ran toward the debris of the old tree; she found Oscar lying on his back, his arms extended, his eyes closed, his face blanched, and no sign of life in

his body, although there were no marks of violence, no bruise or contusion to be seen. Large drops of rain now began falling rapidly, falling upon the upturned face of the poor maniac, falling upon the thinly clad person of the delicate child, whose tears mingled with the rain that fell upon the face which looked so pale and ghastly at the black frowning heavens, that scowled illimitably by the scowl of the tempest-throned Storm King.

After about three minutes a sigh issued from Oscar's breast, but very faint, at the same time a slight flush began spreading over his The effect of the lightning shock and the fall from the limb produced a temporary but sudden suspension of volition and of all action of the senses, and something like a catalepsis ensued, but the falling rain acted on the system like a douche, and respiration and consciousness returned much sooner than it would if the rain had not fallen upon him. The rain continued to fall. In about fifteen minutes Oscar's natural color had returned, his eyes partly opened, and there came from his lips these strange words:

"Who is there?" After a short time he again spoke in a louder tone and astonished little Amy by say-

"Hallo! what do you want? what is it?" -a pause, during which his eyelids began to wink--- " that boat was prowling around here again." His eyes now opened wide and Amy saw with joy that the pupil was of natural size; she had also already noticed that his words were spoken distinctly, clearly, and with convincing soberness. She bent over him and whispered:

"Dear Oscar, do you know me?"

He looked at her steadily and earnestly for a moment and then said:

"Why to be sure I know my sweet little sister ; was it you that called me ?-but Good Lord, Amy, what brought you here? Where is mother ?--what does this mean ?--where am I?" he asked in a hurried scared voice, as he looked around and saw the open fields, the shattered tree and felt the falling rain.

Oscar Wood was sane—restored to reason! A violent shock or concussion restored the reason which a violent concussion had seemingly destroyed. But through what agency or by what principle, or in what manner this occurred and was brought about, we know not, nor can we conjecture an opinion. We only know the psychological phenomenon that day occurred-more we know not, nor seek to

"Dear Oscar, you have been ill for a long time and something dreadful has happened," said Amy as soothingly as she could. She then in a few brief words told him of the fall of the old building, his subsequent insanity and confinement at Jacksonville, her arrival there, her object, his escape and the flash of lightning that shattered the tree and brought back his lost reason.

The poor fellow pressed his head with his hands and seemed to ponder for some little

"It is very strange," he said, "very much like a dream, but you must be right; my presence here, the shattered tree and you, dear sister—all appear to confirm your words; but really I know no more about it than an unborn babe." Oscar was right. He knew nothing about it. His reason came back like a shot, the scope or compass or boundary walls of his memory suddenly expanded, flew out to their original extent; but his fully restored memory brought him no farther than that terrible night; there it ceased abruptly, stopped short. He remembered seeing the same boat and three men coming towards the old building, but when he showed himself, the boat put back across the river; he then went to bed and remembered some one calling him; further he know nothing, there was a dead stop, a complete shut off, and all the time that intervened between the catastrophe and his re-awakening to reason, was a blank of which he had not the remotest idea or comprehension.

The rain had ceased; the storm had passed southward; a brisk wind tore, scattered and drove the thin clouds that still obscured the sun, in the wake of the receding storm which they followed like stragglers in the rear of an army. The sun came out clear and bright and reflected floods of prismatic light and myriads of tiny rainbows in the multitudinous drops of sparkling, glistening rain, that clung to every loaf and shrub and blade of grass in the field.

Oscar Wood had arisen, and though his step was weak and tottering, he proposed to explore the country in search of a farm house; or some habitation where shelter and food might be procured for little Amy, who was now too feeble to even stand; but just as he was about to start he saw a sight which gladdened his aching heart-a team of horses and a highboxed double-seated spring wagon was observed advancing up the road. When the horses drew nearer, Oscar went toward the road and signalled the driver to stop; which act, how ever, was unnecessary, as the man had already roined up, and was looking steadily, but wonderingly at Oscar and the shattered tree.

"Heavens and earth, man, but you look as if you had caught the whole of it," said the farmer-such he proved to be-in a sort of sympathetic, good humored voice, as he gazed at the bedraggled garments, which adhered to Oscar's flesh like the folds of a dress of a bathor just from the surf.

"Well, I believe I did," Oscar replied, ly glad, then turned and ran towards the

feebly and ruefully, knowing quite well that house with little Amy, her heart plunging in tumultous and discordant voices. Hastily

"Were you near that tree?" asked the farmer; pointing with his whip toward the

"I was up among its branches." "The deace you were?" quickly retorted the questioner, with incredulous scepticism.

"I know, what I say seems extraordinarily improbable and incredible, so much so as to positively preclude belief; but sir, I will not stop to convince you, as I wish more particularly to crave your indulgence in doing me a favor. My little sister is beyond that debris, unable to rise-exhausted by hunger and travel, and now completely drenched by the shower that has just passed over us. I am in a fearful plight myself, as you can see. I can explain "-

"Bother the explanation;" said the farmer abruptly, as he quickly jumped from his seat. "Where is the girl? Why didn't you say so at first? Come along; but stay-I will go myself," and away across the fields he sped, returning directly with the dripping waif in his arms. He mounted to the seat very hurriedly, told Oscar to do the same, then took the reins in one hand (with the other he held Amy to his breast), and urged the horses into a frightful pace. Amy clung to him tenderly, and smiled as she gazed at the fatherly sunbrowned face. The old farmer was rough and uncouth in appearance, but in bearing he was all gentleness and dignity, and his heart was as tender and true as that of a guileless

Before they had proceeded any considerable distance, Amy felt relieved of all trace of embarassment; his kind looks and kinder words won her childish heart, and she instinctively felt a child's affection for the honest, weathers worn old farmer. Unasked and unsolicited, she related her sad history. As she progressed, he would look at her strangely and carnestly -as if he half doubted all she said, but there was no dissimulatiod in her tone or look; she was frank, open and convincing; and the farmer would turn his head away and draw his sleeves roughly across his eyes—and to tell the truth, his eyes had a very humid appear-

"Let me see," he said, when she had finished; but breaking off suddenly he began to ruminate and ponder in deep and thoughtful silence. "Ah, yes," he broke out as suddenly and ra abruptly as he had broken off, "You said, I believe, that your name was Wood?"

"Yes, sir," answered Amy. "Why, then it is true beyond a doubt

wonder I did not recollect it at first." "Then you have heard of us," said Amy,

looking up enquiringly. "Oh yes-that is I-yes we read it in the papers-yes, of course we did." he answered rather perplexedly, then turning, he looked at

Oscar, and said:

"I am not a stranger to your wrongs; you are a martyr, my boy, yes sir, you are; but don't you know that a movement is not worth mentioning unless it meets with opposition ! The more evidence of radical reformation in a movement of any kind, the more purblind opposition it will encounter. The idolater is very loth to cast away his worship of images and follow the teaching of the true God; and in Christian lands there are many worshippers of the god Dollar, who are very tenacious of their faith, and disposed to dispute the doctrines of those who advocate a purer and juster religion—but here we are at last," he concluded, as they approached a beautiful white farm cottage, deeply embowered in stately elms, wide spreading maples, and many varieties of foreign and domestic fruit trees—the whole forming the most beautiful, umbrageous, romantic arboretum. A small stream spanned by a rustic bridge ran quite close to the cottage. On this bridge, gszing dreamily into the water, stood a blooming young woman; rosy cheeks, cherry lips, large, dreamy eyes, and an extravagent amplitude of blonde hair. She was attired in a neat fitting, bright looking calico dress and looped overskirt, tastefully and artistically trimmed. Negligently, but co quettishly fastened in her luxuriant hair, were a few prairie wild flowers. Though thus simply appareled, she looked ravistingly lovable. As the wagon came near she looked up, and an expression of intense inquiry centered in | myself."

"Come here, Mollie," said the farmer, as he stopped just beyond the bridge; take this child and put her to bed quickly, and then get her something warm to drink; she is nearly dead, I believe, poor dear, and no wonder.

"Yes, father," answered the girl, advancing towards them, her eyes riveted fixedly upon Oscar-her father, seeing her earnest gaze,

"Strange things happen in this world, Mollie; you've seen him before?"

"Yes, father," she replied in a soft, sad roice, and her eyes began to fill as she took little Amy in her arms.

"This is my daughter, Mr. Wood," said the farmer, turning to Oscar. Mollie faced around like a flash, and gave her father an enquiring, beseeching look. Oscar lifted his hat respectfully.

"He is as same as you are," responded the father, in answer to the daughter's mute but pointed question.

"Melly flushed violently, but looked divine-

his appearance was not only shockingly ridicu- her fair breast like the piston of a refractory. lous and laughable, but sadly disconsolate, engine—her blood rushing through her veins like liquid fire—her whole being in a burning. glow of gladness, joy, bliss, rapturous soul entrancing delight. What did it mean?

It meant that the love which had like a fatalism sprung up with electric spontancity, but which became imperishably ineffaceable, immovably rooted in the stainless soul of Mary Marmane, was not after all immutably

(To be Continued.)

# RACHEL AND AIXA;

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—Spanish Beggars.

Two months had elapsed since the great battle of Navaretto. Don Pedre and the Black Prince had made their entry into the noble city of Seville amidst enthusiastic acclamations, similar to those with which Don Enrique had been welcomed but a short time before.

Burdett began to consider himself the happiest of men, and the reason was, that having admired the dwelling of Gonzalo Mexia, one of the partisans of Don Enrique, he had without ceremony installed himself in it; and as it was one of the most magnificent and pleasantly situated in the city, he lived there much at his

Fortunately, his choice met the approbation of Don Pedro, whose first act, on regaining his kingdom, was to confiscate, for the benefit of his English and Spanish adherents, all the fiefs and domains of the noblemen who had embraced the cause of the usurper. The king, therefore, confirmed Tom Burdett in the possession of the house and domains of the fugitive Count Gonzalo.

From that day the bounty of the king continued to fall on the fortunate knight, which gradually dissipated the animosity the latter had entertained against his rival, so that he began to think seriously of recalling his wife to Spain, hoping to dazzle her by his magnificence and brilliant position.

In fact, the motive of the king in thus loadng Burdett with favors had been to make the latter forget his resentment, so that he might hereafter engage his services in any way he wished. He reflected that the Morisca's residence in the house of the knight would prevent his foster-brothers continuing the ruse they had so successfully played in the chateau of Sir Stephen Codrington; and he was at a loss how to obviate this difficulty.

Among other honors the Late Comer had been appointed governor of the citadel of the Golden Tower, in which Bertrand Duguesclin was imprisoned.

Having received news that his wife, whom he had sent for secretly, had arrived within some leagues of Seville, he resolved on going to meet her.

On descending to the court-yard, which was paved in mosaic, and ornamented with marble pillars, to mount his horse, he perceived his noble captive, Aixa, seated by the fountain that rose in the middle of the court-yard.

He advanced towards her, but the Morisca did not appearto observe his presence. "Aixa," said he, bluntly, "have you yet resolved to send a message to your father? or have you resolved to persist in refusing to enrich my coffers with the six thousand dinars of gold that I exact as your ransom?"

'I would not give one dinar for my ransom though I were to perish," said she.

"Very well, noble dame," replied the governor, "I only wished to know your decision. Henceforth you will have to submit to the duties your evil fortune has imposed on you." "Let me know them, sir," said the Morisca, with an air of resigned indifference, that irritated the Late Comer.

"Until now, madam, you have only learnt to command," he continued, "you must henceforth learn to obey. Women have knelt before you to serve and to adorn you-in your turn you will have a mistress to serve and adorn."

The Morisca reised her head proudly, and said, "I shall know how to bear my fate, but if I find it too hard I also know how to release

"You will not be reduced to so sad an extremity," said Burdett. "Your future mistress is not unknown to you : she is the daughter of Samuel Ben Levi, the former treasurer of Don Pedro !"

"What! Rachel?" exclaimed the Morisca. As she uttered these words the knight mounted his horse, and departed at full gallop, followed by his esquire, two pages, and two armed men.

Aixa then repeated in a low murmur, "Slave to Rachel !--slave to a Jewess !"

Many projects of revenge crossed her mind. She combined plans with wonderful sagacity, and quickly saw all the means of action that change or fate had put into her hands. She coolly analyzed them, and her features, which, during this conflict, had been strangely distorted, suddenly resumed their calm and regular beauty. A smile played on her lips—she had just conceived the means of accomplishing of Rachel's arrival. her revenge, and of casting her three enemies into the same abyss. In order to arrive at this end she required the assistance of a man, and she hoped that Esau might yet serve her.

At that moment she heard from the street

wrapping herself in her large cloak, and ar. ranging her loose tresses, she advanced to the grating of the wall. She found that the cries proceeded from a herde of beggars, who were waiting at the gate in expectation of a distribution of soup from the kitchen of Burdett, such alms from convente and great houses being common in Spain st that time. From this custom came the proverb; that, " No beggar ever died of hünger in Spain."

This pious custom was practised with 80 much zeal, that during the hot season, the nunneries-used-to-distribute cool-drinks to all comers. But gradually this benevolence was abused; sometimes the good comrades forgot to return the cup in which the nuns gave them the drink, or the porringer they had received filled with soup.

When Burdett galloped off, he passed a tall man who was roaming about the premises, wrapped in a patched cloak, his countenance hidden by a cowl, his feet and legs wrapped in rags and skins, who walked with pain and dif. ficulty, leaning every instant against the wall. as if ready to sink on the ground. As he passed the grating, the man looked anxiously into the yard, and perceiving Aixa, a look of joy flashed from his red and swollen eyes.

"At length," he murmured, "I have reached the threshold of that noble woman's master. I have been very bold to enter the streets of Seville, and elbow its inhabitants in open day. But where can I go. Hunger draws the wolf from the wood, and at the risk of being driven away, like the wolf, I have taken refuge in the crowd; whatever I may suffer, I will not return to that odious asylum where I was before confined; at least let me be free." Then, no longer able to support himself, he staggered and sank on a stone bench, regarding with eager eye the cups and bowls hooked to the

"I have done right to come here," said he, in a rather louder voice, "these poor people at least will pity me."

"You deceive yourself, melancholy beggar," said a squeaking voice behind him. "You must never ask charity of beggars, it is robbing them."

The beggar in the cloak looked hastily round and saw a little puny-looking fellow, all rags and tatters; an enormous plaister covered his left eye, but his right did duty for both. "I am hungry," said he to this mannikin, "and have come to this charitable house to receive a share of the soup that is distributed to the needy."

"Poor novice!" said the tattered youth, "if you have eyes, look friend; if you have ears, listen."

He now saw the beggars assembling from different quarters, and they began to look suspiciously on him whom they regarded as an intruder on their ground; and when they saw him place himself against one of the bowls as if to appropriate it, the beggar to whom it belonged assailed him with violent threats of vengeance. Quitting this bowl, the famished wretch went to the next, from which he was hunted in a similar manner. He thus made the round of the wall, but each bowl had a claimant; and the beggar, no longer able to contain his passion, denounced the whole assembly as bullies, pickpockets, and hypocrites.

At this, the whole posse became furious, calling him a spy in disguise come to denounce them; they closed round him with threatening gestures, roaring, "Who art thou? who

Who am I?" exclaimed the wretched man, trembling with the fever that consumed him. "I belong to a fraternity that you do not know, my masters—that of the really poor. If you refuse me my share of food, I will denounce you, and discover your shameful secrets to the magistrates."

"The wolf has thrown off his sheep's skin at last," grumbled a lame soldier; "but let us see the face of this braggadocia, so that we may be able to recognize him in case of need." And with the end of his crutch he contemptuously pushed back the hood of the unknown.

"A leper!" he exclaimed, retreating pale and frightened. "Touch me not, miscreant!" All the beggars drew back, seized with the same fear, and broke their circle.

"Now," said the leper, "you will not re fuse mo charity?"

"Back," they cried, "where is thy rattle, unclean dog ?"

Esau Manasses, for it was he, scarcely recovered from his wounds, and consumed by the burning thirst his horrible disease had kindled, retreated a few paces.

At this moment, Aixa appeared at the threshold; hidden behind one of the marble columns, she had witnessed this singular scene. She smiled with joy at finding Esan again, just at the time she so much needed him; and the more miserable he was, the more easy it would be to make him the instrument of her implacable hatred.

She ordered the beggars to cease their noisy quarrel, and they immediately dispersed. The diminutive beggar, who was no other than little Pierce Neige, recognizing the Morisca, profited by the general movement to retreat. He had, under the disguise of a beggar, roamed round the house of Burdett for several days, in order to be able to inform his royal brother

Aixa drew near to Esau and spoke in soothing and gentle tones, trying to lead him to her purpose. . She represented to him that har enemies were his also, and incited him to revenge. She taunted him with the successful