

Poetry.

FORGE-SIDE MUSINGS.

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

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 hopeless state of alarm, she feared each successive 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.

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 thin 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.

feebly and ruefully, knowing quite well that his appearance was not only shockingly ridiculous and laughable, but sadly disconsolate, also. "Were you near that tree?" asked the farmer, pointing with his whip toward the debris.

house with little Amy, her heart plunging in her fair breast like the piston of a refractory engine—her blood rushing through her veins like liquid fire—her whole being in a burning glow of gladness, joy, bliss, rapturous soul-enrapturing delight. What did it mean?

tumultuous and discordant voices. Hastily wrapping herself in her large cloak, and arranging her loose tresses, she advanced to the grating of the wall. She found that the cries proceeded from a horde of beggars, who were waiting at the gate in expectation of a distribution of soup from the kitchen of Burdett, such alms from convents and great houses being common in Spain at that time.

(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 Navarrete. Don Pedro and the Black Prince had made their entry into the noble city of Seville amid enthusiastic acclamations, similar to those with which Don Enrique had been welcomed but a short time before.

This pious custom was practised with so much zeal, that during the hot season, the nunnery-used-to-distribute cool drinks to all comers.

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 difficulty, leaning every instant against the wall, as if ready to sink on the ground.

"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.

The beggar in the cloak looked hastily round and saw a little puny-looking fellow, all rags and tatters; an enormous plaster covered his left eye, but his right did duty for both.

"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 bows as if to appropriate it, the beggar to whom it belonged assailed him with violent threats of vengeance.

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 art thou?"

"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 braggadocio, so that we may be able to recognize him in case of need."

"Now," said the leper, "you will not refuse me charity?"

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

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 Esau 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 Pierre Néige, recognizing the Morisca, profited by the general movement to retreat.

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