

Poetry.

NOW.

The venerable Past is past;
 'Tis dark and shines not in the way;
 'Twas good, no doubt—'tis gone at last—
 There dawns another day.
 Why should we sit where ivies creep,
 And shroud ourselves in charnels deep,
 Or the world's yesterdays deplore
 'Mid crumbling ruin's mossy hoar?
 Why should we see with dead men's eyes,
 Looking at Was, from morn till night,
 When the beauteous Now, the divine To Be,
 Woo with their charms our living sight?
 Why should we hear but echoes dull,
 When the world of sound so beautiful
 Will give us music of our own?
 Why in the darkness should we grope,
 When the sun, in heaven's resplendent cope,
 Shines as bright as it ever shone.

The Present needs us. Every age
 Bequeaths the next for heritage
 But lazy luxury or delight,
 But strenuous labor for the right:
 For Now the child and sire of Time,
 Demands the deeds of earnest men
 To make it better than the past
 And stretch the circle of its ken.
 Now is a fact that men deplore,
 Though it might bless them evermore:
 Would they but fashion it aright,
 'Tis ever new, 'tis ever bright.
 Time nor Eternity hath seen
 A petition of delight
 In all its phases; ne'er has been
 For men and angels that which is:
 And that which is hath ceased to be
 Ere we have breathed it, and its place
 Is lost in the eternity.
 But Now is ever good and fair,
 Of the Infirmit and heir,
 And wo of it. So let us live
 That from the Past we may receive
 Light for the Now—from Now a joy
 That Fate nor Time shall e'er destroy.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Mayor and others took a deep interest in the beautiful, wee woman—for she was woman in loveliness of soul and ripeness of mind. She was frank, ingenuous and innocent, but very wise, and bore her sorrows with a heroism really commendable.

Everything she needed was procured for her and an escort was sent with her to Jacksonville. Through the influence of several prominent and influential citizens, she was given a room at the asylum and was permitted to be the constant companion of her brother. When she first saw Oscar, she rushed up to him, kissed him and asked him ever so pleadingly if he did not love her. The maniac at first seemed surprised and scared, and tried to run away, but she held him fast and begged him to speak to her. He looked at her blankly and then smiled—but it was an expressionless, meaningless smile, and conveyed such an idea of melancholy sadness that Amy burst into tears and cried long and bitterly. The maniac came up to her, stroked her flaxen hair, and astonished her by asking if angels cried; seeing she did not answer, he said—

"Little angel, this is a prison. If you can't fly, you will have to remain here. The gates are guarded by huge sharks that swallow all who attempt to escape; so fly, little angel, fly."

"Dear Oscar, I am going to stay here and take care of you," she answered softly, and turned her large blue eyes full upon him.

"I am not Oscar, I am Atlas; Oscar is in a lower ward," he replied. It is singular that while he disclaimed the name of Oscar, he insisted upon designating another maniac by that appellation. This vagary, no doubt, arose from the fact that an inkling of the name still lurked in his mind, but from the narrowness of the compass in which it moved, he was unable to locate the name where it belonged. Amy found him much larger and stronger, but as fair and gentle as ever—he was the most harmless maniac in the asylum, and was evidently showing signs of improvement, so much so, that the doctors did not deem him hopelessly incurable.

After Amy had been a few days at the asylum, Oscar became strongly attached to her, and during the day, could not bear to have her out of his sight. He always called her "little angel," and seemed to get angry should she call him anything but Atlas. One day he told her in a secret, cautious tone that he was going to escape. The confinement evidently fretted him. To Amy he always talked of the fields and forests with rapturous delight, but with the cunning peculiar to maniacs, he never mentioned these things before the keepers or other inmates of the place.

There was a grove near the asylum, and it was the practice of the management to hold picnics there occasionally, during the summer, in which the more rational and tractable maniacs generally took part. The superintendent

was very careful, however, not to allow too many out at one time, he also took the precaution to send a plentiful supply of keepers along. As Wood never attempted to escape, and was obedient and docile, he was usually permitted to attend every fête-champêtre that was given. Amy, as a matter of course, always accompanied him since she came, and for that reason the keepers were less vigilant in his case than in any other.

Along towards the first of September one of these open air festivals was given on the eve of a visit from the commissioners. Oscar and Amy were present, although the picnic was not specially from his ward, but as we have already intimated, he was permitted to attend nearly all these festivals.

On this day he strolled away towards the outskirts of the grove, but on account of his previous good behavior, his absence excited no alarm. When out of sight of the rest, his manner suddenly changed, his eyes shone with strange brilliancy, his nostrils dilated and his breath came thick and fast:

"Now, little angel, we are clear of the sharks, run, little angel, run," he said excitedly, wildly.

"Oh, no, dear Oscar, don't go," she exclaimed, taking his hand as if to detain him, but she trembled visibly as she saw how unnaturally wild he looked.

"Good bye, little angel, I must go," he said, bounding away like an arrow.

"Oscar! Oscar!" she cried, running after him as fast as she could. Happening to look round he saw her following him, and stopping suddenly he turned back, took her by the hand and ran on, on across a broad field towards a road leading into the country. But little Amy could not run far, she was soon tired, and fell down from sheer exhaustion. The maniac stopped quickly, gathered her up in his arms, and ran on as before. When he reached the road, he ran towards the open country for about half a mile, when he found the road bisected by a cross road, or one running at right angles with it. He now stopped, put Amy down, and seemed to ponder as he hurriedly scanned the horizon:

"The north, little angel, the north," he broke out with sudden vehemence.

Amy took his hand and faced northward. They ran on for a quarter of a mile, when the maniac, looking back, saw some persons on the road leading to the town, and thinking them pursuers, he snatched little Amy up again and darted across a wide, new-mown meadow, skirted by a few straggling trees, beyond which another road was encountered. They followed this road for some distance, followed it until it became untraceable—lost in a great stretch of prairie. It was now near sundown, and poor Amy was very tired—for the last mile or two she was barely able to drag herself along—finally she sat down and began to cry inwardly, but the big tears ploughed furrows through her dust-covered cheeks. The maniac looked at her with something like pity in his face; again he picked her up and carried her for about a mile. It was now dark, and they were lost upon the prairie. They wandered on some distance further, little Amy praying very hard all the time. Suddenly something dark and awful loomed up between them and the horizon. The child was scared and irresolute, but the maniac went boldly up to the object. He soon came back, and led Amy up to what proved to be a haystack. He soon scooped quite an opening in the side of the huge, grassy mound, into which he laid Amy and told her to go to sleep. He then threw himself on the hay he had drawn from the mass, and was soon sleeping soundly. Amy arose and covered him gently and carefully with a blanket of fresh, dried grass, and then laid down again in the opening; but she could not sleep for a long time—she lay awake for hours, and watched the stars, and thought of heaven and poor Oscar, and wondered if her mother's spirit was not near. She awoke in the morning shivering with cold. Oscar had already arisen, and was watching the manœuvres of some cows and younger cattle that were evidently astonished and mystified by the sight of a human being in that strange place. They would advance almost up to him, with erect head and ears, then snort and scamper away in a stampede; but presently they would return and repeat the manœuvres.

Amy was quite lame, but she limped around and made a sort of reconnaissance which resulted in the discovery of a farm house. Towards this house she led her brother. At the gate they met the farmer's wife, a kind-hearted woman, who gave them some breakfast, and asked but few questions. Amy was very reserved and cautious in answering questions. She had noticed that the change of air had already produced in her brother a remarkable change for the better, and she half thought freedom would effect a complete cure, and for this reason she was now as eager to escape as the maniac. The woman asked if they were traveling to the next village, and Amy answered yes, but they had got lost on the prairie.

They traveled all that day, their only dinner being some cheese and a few crackers Amy bought at a country store. As it grew dark, Amy thought of stopping at some house and asking for shelter, but no house could be seen—not even a barn or shed was visible in all the expanse of prairie. Despair seized the little wail, and she knelt down by the roadside and prayed. Presently, a rumbling, deadened sound was heard, and a few minutes later a large wagon drove up. The driver, seeing the

two, asked them if they were going to town, and, when Amy replied in the affirmative, he made them get in.

"You are welcome to a ride," he said, "as I am going direct there."

There are no stones on these roads, and very few inequalities, so the wagon did not jolt but little, and Amy was soon asleep, warmly wrapped in a heavy robe the man kindly spread on the bottom of the box. They reached the town a little before daylight; but, as it proved to be quite a large place, the maniac seemed to grow uneasy and restless, and was not satisfied until they were a full mile beyond the suburbs.

This morning they had no breakfast, as Amy was afraid to stop at any of the first houses they passed—she did not like their appearance—and now they had entered upon a road that was evidently very little traveled, and on which no house could be seen or met for miles. About ten o'clock, the sun became intensely hot, and as they trudged along through the choking dust, little Amy suddenly swooned away—fell at the maniac's feet—the boiling sun overhead and God alone at hand.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Although Amy had been exposed to the intensely hot rays of the burning sun, which seemed to pierce the air with countless spear-like threads of fire, she had nevertheless escaped being stricken down by *coup de soleil*. Such an event might have happened had nature not succumbed to the severe strain, resulting from the excitement and excessive exhaustive toil of the two days last past, which together with an insufficiency of physical aliment, so acted upon the brain, and on the nervous system as to cause a temporary cessation of the movements of the heart. And it is a matter of surprise and wonderment how the frail, delicate organism of the little child bore so much and endured it so long.

The maniac stopped and looked down at the lifeless, inanimate, temporarily dead being at his feet, and as he gazed, an expression puzzling to comprehend, a look of tumultuous confusion settled upon his countenance, giving his face a fearfully striking appearance. The emotions of joy and sorrow, or pleasure and pain, seemed co-existing, co-extensively in the features, and it would be a matter of impossibility to determine whether the poor fellow was going to laugh or cry. It was a sad, gloomy picture—the sister in a death-like stupor stretched in the dust, the brother a poor, helpless maniac, gazing so queerly upon her. Ah! Alvan Relvason, had you been present, you might well rejoice at the completeness of the consummation of your designs. And thus it is; in the struggle for towering fortunes, gigantic incomes, what burdens of despair, misery and privative destitution, are not borne by those who are taxed to produce them? We see here a single example, but multiply it a thousand fold, and some idea may be obtained of the wretchedness and misery produced by the accumulation of a single colossal fortune.

Many men reach the magic land of magnificent ease, the enchanted realm of splendor, luxury and sumptuous idleness, but the highway over which they traveled is strewn with the blasted hopes of hundreds of God's children; it is paved with poverty, watered with the tears of the widow and orphan, and made hideous by the doleful, wailing sound of misery's shrieking voice, which is heard, over and anon, above the melodious cadences of mirth and gaiety, arising from that little heaven created at the expense of an infinitely larger hell.

The maniac continued to gaze on the helpless creature with that curious but painful look for some time. Presently she gave a slight groan, and her body began to quiver violently. This had the effect of recalling the maniac, for he quickly picked her up and ran across the field towards a large spreading tree, in the shade of which he placed her, and then sat down at some little distance and relapsed into the same mood, his face wearing the same expression. Amy slowly recovered consciousness and animation, but was very weak, almost powerless. She lay on her side on the green sward and looked steadily at her brother. It was now nearly eleven o'clock, and owing to hydrometric and barometric changes which had gradually taken place in the state of the atmosphere for the past few hours, Amy experienced a sensation of closeness, oppression and uneasiness; and this added a feeling of gloomy despondency to her other sufferings and sorrows. Light clouds with deep indented, rough, jagged edges, moving in opposite and variable directions, began to rise slowly from the northern horizon and canopy that segment of the ether vault; but anon, they moved faster, grew denser and blacker, and cast a scowling shadow o'er the face of nature. Low, rumbling murmurs of distant thunder were now heard, and the sensation of uneasiness, faintness, awe, increased. Light cool breezes coming from uncertain quarters of the heavens, fanned and refreshed the lower regions of the air, but they did not relieve the atmosphere of that awe-inspiring dread that could be felt as it pervaded and enveloped the system like an intangible, weird, awful presence. At intervals of quite short duration, flashes of lightning were observed. The course of these flashes were zigzag. This indicated danger as the breaking up of the lightning's course showed its approximation to terrestrial objects. This is generally termed forked lightning, and should always be regarded extremely dangerous. Amy, though young, was aware

of this, and she crawled some distance away from the tree and begged the maniac to join her, but the thunder and lightning appeared to have had a strange effect upon him. He leaped, danced, shouted, and grew more vehemently wild as the sun's beams were smothered in huge dark masses of vapor, and the quivering air was being almost continually pierced by the prolonged, rolling, leaping reverberations of violent thunder, while the very earth trembled and seemed to quake and shrink at the horrible shrieking sounds that reverberated and resounded, far and near, upon the pulsating air. Suddenly he uttered a terrible, appalling shout, and with the agility of a squirrel, climbed up the tree and out upon a large, overhanging limb. Here he seemed to stand without any support, while his body swayed and swung in the rising breeze.

"Little Angel," he cried, in wild, unnatural ecstasy, "hear His voice; see the flash of His eye; the sharks will be destroyed. This is their day of judgment. The sound of His voice will strike them dead, and the fire of His eye will consume them one and all."

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—The Fortune of War.

While the English, notwithstanding the fatigues of the day, eagerly pursued the enemy, Captain Burdett turned his steps towards the farm house. Here he was informed that a chamber above contained a Castilian knight who was wounded, and a lady who was solicitously attending on him. Supposing these would be prisoners worth a high ransom, he ordered Bouchards to go and tell them that an English captain was in the lower room, who would be happy to be of service to them.

Almost immediately the Morisca descended, followed by Esau, whom Bouchard supported, and led to a seat against the wall; he then quickly left the farm.

Aixa was hardly able to restrain an exclamation of joy on recognizing the Late Comer, thinking she might reckon on his valour and friendship.

A very different sentiment animated Burdett, who, at sight of the daughter of Mohamed, began speculating on the enormous ransom he should obtain for her.

"Allow me to ask you how you knew I had taken refuge here?" said Aixa.

Burdett only smiled, but Aixa did not understand why; notwithstanding her cunning and penetration, she did not suspect the snare into which she was falling. All she feared was becoming the captive of Don Pedro, and this she did not apprehend while protected by Burdett, who, however, took care to alarm her fears on that head; till at length she proposed that they should immediately quit the farm, and that if any one should question them, the captain should say she was his prisoner.

To this proposition Burdett replied with a sinister smile, "We understand each other surprisingly, madam: I reckon on no other means of getting you across the camp in safety."

"It is indeed an infallible way," remarked Aixa; "and the most natural in the world."

"You are right, Madam, but do not let us trifle any longer," said Burdett, in a loud and firm tone. "You cannot quit this farm without falling into the hands of Don Pedro's captains, who occupy all the environs of the field of battle. Besides," continued the Late Comer, "it is much better to pay your ransom to me than to any one else: for I declare to you very seriously, madam, that you are indeed my prisoner."

Aixa shuddered at this unexpected reply. "It is impossible, sir, that you are speaking seriously," said she.

"In truth," said the Late Comer, "you are my prisoner, and I will restore your liberty only on condition that I receive a good ransom."

"A ransom!" repeated the Morisca; "no, I will disappoint thy shameful cupidity. I will not allow my father to purchase my liberty. Thou mayest torture me, thou mayest kill me, but thou shalt not exchange me for money!" Then pointing to Esau, she continued, "if that knight who sits there motionless were not mortally wounded, thou wouldst not depart hence alive."

Burdett, observing that the knight, whom till this moment he had forgotten, wore gold spurs, began to think he had made another rich capture; but Esau, roused by the appeal of Aixa, dragged himself with difficulty towards Burdett, and raising his visor, the Late Comer uttered an exclamation, and repulsing the leper with his gungletted hand, he sprang suddenly to the Morisca, seized her in his arms, and, notwithstanding her shrieks and struggles, fled with her from the farm. Esau, in trying to pursue him, staggered and fell heavily to the ground.

The Prince of Wales had caused his standard to be planted before the entrance of the farm, so that the knights, squires, and men-at-arms, who had ventured in pursuit of the fugitives, might rally round the banner of St. George.

Don Pedro, elated at the brilliant victory

that had been gained, went among his partizans, dispensing rewards and promises to some, smiles and commendations to all. Still, in the midst of his triumph, a deep anxiety sat heavy at his heart. What had become of his illegitimate brother, Enrique?

The Black Prince, meanwhile, with admirable foresight, sought to strengthen his success; he superintended the encampment of the different companies; he sent to Navaretto, to seek the provisions which had tempted him (the chief of a starving army) to give battle; and he dispatched messengers to Burgos, Toledo, and Seville, to announce to the inhabitants the defeat and ruin of Don Enrique.

Burdett, who was appointed Governor of Burgos, set out with his escort, which was composed of about a dozen horsemen, in the midst of whom rode the Morisca, and two Granadian soldiers, who had been taken prisoners.

They had brought her the most alarming news; they said that King Mohamed had perished in defending Don Enrique, in the wood beside the river, where Aixa had seen the vanquished king take refuge and disappear.

No one had seen Don Enrique leave the wood where the last blows of the battle were exchanged; so the report of his death had been generally spread abroad.

The Morisca shed not a tear at the recital, but her eyes flashed, and she inwardly vowed a human holocaust to her father's manes.

Burdett, after taking leave of the Prince of Wales, put himself at the head of his little troop, and rode in the direction of Burgos. To avoid a long detour, he decided on crossing the field of battle, thinking the shades of night would spread a sufficiently thick veil over that immense sea of blood to hide its horrors.

The moon could hardly pierce the black clouds collected in the firmament. Like a sepulchral lamp, she lighted with her faint and livid beams those men wrapped in their iron shrouds, among whom here and there one would start, by a last effort, on hearing the approach of the escort, but immediately arrested by the hand of death, would fall back again, and breathe his last sigh.

In profound silence, and leading their horses carefully by the bridle, Burdett and his escort at length reached the forest where Don Enrique had disappeared, when one of the Granadians whispered to Aixa, "It is here, madam, that the king, your father, must have fallen," and he pointed to a large ditch where men and horses, helmets and turbans, swords and scymitars, were heaped in promiscuous confusion.

The Morisca stopped her mule, and requested Burdett to permit her to alight, and seek the dead body of her father. The Late Comer at first refused, but at length consented, on one condition, which was, that her father's rings, the pearl of the caliphs in the handle of his scymitar, and the housings of his horse, adorned with precious stones, were to become his property.

Too intent on her painful task, Aixa had not observed the approach of some new comers, who immediately began, like her, an examination of the dead bodies. With this difference, however, that while the Morisca concerned herself only with those whose heads were covered by a turban, the others were attracted only to the helmets with gilt crests.

Gradually the two parties so strangely employed drew nearer to each other, till a few steps only separated them, when one of the men, half buried among a heap of the slain, which he turned over with untiring energy, exclaimed, "It is he?"

At that voice, which sounded more like the savage shriek of a bird of prey, than like that of a human being, Aixa was seized with a sudden trembling, and in alarm was about to flee, when her feet became entangled in the folds of a white oblong striped with scarlet, at the sight of which a piercing shriek escaped from her lips.

"My father!" she exclaimed, pressing in her arms the body of Mohamed, now cold as the coat of mail that covered his breast. She thought only of her father, of whose death she could scarcely be convinced; she regarded him with swollen, but tearless eyes; her heart beat violently, as she placed her hand on the bosom of her father to be certain that his heart did not beat like her own.

During this time, the man whose voice had so powerfully attracted the Morisca had remained kneeling, and gazed with sparkling eyes on the body and head of the dead man whom he held in his arms. Then casting down the corpse with disdain, and drawing himself up to his full height, "At length," he exclaimed, "I am King of Castile; Don Enrique has paid his debt!"

These words reached the heart of the Morisca; she slowly turned her head, and her sparkling eyes met the look of the triumphant king. Don Pedro now perceived her for the first time; and, strange to say, he who had fought so bravely on that memorable day, retreated with alarm and surprise at that sudden apparition. "Aixa!" murmured he, in an altered voice.

"Is thy brother really dead?" said the Morisca, with a disdainful smile.

"Quite dead, Aixa," replied the king, "and with the life of that rebel has flown thy last hope; Heaven has ordained that thou shouldst find thy punishment in thy revenge, Aixa."

"It suits thee well, impious man, to speak of the justice of Heaven!" replied the Morisca,