

Poetry.

LABOR.

BY ELIZA COOKE.

Let man toil to win his living,
Work is not a task to spurn;
Poor is gold of other's giving,
To the silver that we earn.

Let man proudly take his station
At the smithy, loom, or plough;
The richest crown-pearls in a nation
Hang from Labor's reeking brow.

Though her hand grows hard with duty,
Filling up the common Fate;
Let fair Woman's cheek of beauty
Never blush to own its state.

Let fond Woman's heart of feeling
Never be ashamed to spread
Industry and honest dealing,
As a barter for her bread.

Work on bravely, God's own daughters!
Work on staunchly, God's own sons!
But when Life has too rough waters,
Truth must fire her minute guns.

Shall ye be unceasing drudges!
Shall the cry upon your lips
Never make your selfish judges
Less severe with Despot-whips?

When we reckon hives of money,
Owned by Luxury and Ease,
Is it just to grasp the honey
While Oppression chokes the bees?

Is it just the poor and lowly
Should be held as soulless things?
Have they not a claim as holy
As rich men, to angel's wings!

Shall we burthen Boyhood's muscle!
Shall the young Girl move and lean,
Till we hear the dead leaves rustle
On a tree that should be green?

Shall we bar the brain from thinking
Of aught else than work and woe?
Shall we keep parched lips from drinking
Where refreshing waters flow?

Shall we strive to shut out Reason,
Knowledge, Liberty, and Health?
Shall all Spirit-light be treason
To the mighty King of Wealth!

Shall we stint with niggard measure,
Human joy, and human rest?
Leave no profit—give no pleasure,
To the toiler's human breast!

Shall our men, fatigued to loathing,
Plod on sickly, worn and bowed?
Shall our maidens sew fine clothing,
Dreaming of their own white shroud?

No! for Right is up and asking
Loudly for a juster lot?
And Commerce must not let her tasking
Form a nation's canker pot.

Work on bravely, God's own daughters!
Work on staunchly, God's own sons!
But till ye have smoother waters,
Let Truth fire her minute guns!

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES' UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

After the trial, he was allowed more freedom than before, and was frequently permitted exercise in the hall, or inner-court of the jail—his irons were also taken off. When it was decided that he should break jail, he secured a small piece of an old lead pencil, and, on the fly leaves of some books he was permitted to have, he made drawings of the keyholes in his cell door and in the great heavy door leading from the court into the jailer's house. He experienced no difficulty in making an exact drawing of the cell keyhole, but to obtain the correct dimensions of the other he had to rely solely on the accuracy of his judgment. Every day that he took exercise in the court he took minute observation of the door, and at last concluded he had the size and shape perfect. He now began casually to inspect the keys carried by the jailer, and when he had sufficiently impressed upon his mind the size and form of the two keys he needed, he began making drawings of them also; but this was a difficult undertaking, one that required a nicety of discrimination that it seemed impossible to acquire by mere sight alone; the size, number and shape of the wards, the depth of the grooves or slots had to be determined upon to the size of a hair's breadth. This was rendered the more difficult by not being able to obtain a good view of the keys, as he had to glance at them when the jailer was not looking, as he feared suspicion would be awakened should the jailer catch him staring at them. After many efforts, he concluded he had the drawings perfect, and the next time Paul called he managed to slip them into his hand, giving him specific directions how to get—the drawings were to be followed closely as possible, even the delicate pencil lines were

to be taken into consideration. It may be well to state here that the jailer was much interested in the prisoner, and allowed him many favors usually denied criminals. Among other things, he was permitted to have his meals cooked and brought in by his sister, who came every day, and always brought sufficient to last until she came again. At first, great care was taken to inspect, critically, everything that came in; but, notwithstanding this surveillance, Richard found the keys, one day, embedded in some bread that was sent him for his dinner.

That night the escape was made.

Richard went direct to Detroit, and there took passage to Cleveland, on the steamer Phosphor. When he purchased his ticket, he gave his name to the steward as Wm. Adair. The Phosphor was a peerless boat, a floating palace, grand and sumptuous in all its appointments. When Richard stood at the upper end of the cabin, he was struck with the beauty and magnificence of the apartment, the richest and most elegant by far that he had ever seen. The cabin was fully one hundred and seventy feet long, having an average width of fifteen feet, and from the floor to the centre of the arched roof the height was fourteen feet; the floor was covered with a rich, imported carpet, a number of oval walnut tables were placed at intervals along the floor, and along the sides were quite a number of elegant sofas, richly upholstered in crimson and dark green plush; at one end a great five by six feet mirror reflected everything transpiring in the cabin. The apartment was lighted by five or six beautiful chandeliers—by day it was lighted by cut glass windows and a splendid dome of stained glass. In the panel, at one end, hung a magnificent oil painting, representing a moonlight scene on the Lower St. Lawrence. In the other panel, two carved and gilded Cupids held a wreath, within which was a handsome and costly clock. Elegant and costly lace curtains, beautiful lambrequins of blue, green and gold, could be seen on all sides, especially when the doors opening into the staterooms were open. It was truly an enchanted scene to look upon, and not a little weird, as the boat steamed out into the river and headed toward the lake, making her way slowly through a thick fog that hung upon the water like a nimbus cloud on a mountain top. Later in the evening, the tables were removed, and shortly afterwards ladies and gentlemen, gaily dressed, emerged from the staterooms and began a promenade, to a marching air from the piano. The promenade changed to a round dance. The effect was indescribable—

"Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell."

Suddenly the dismal wail of a fog-bell was heard on the deck, and presently a dim light was seen moving in a line directly across the steamer's path. The pilot put the helm hard down and signalled the engineer to reverse, but it was too late, as, a moment later, a bark, heavily freighted with iron ore from Lake Superior, struck the noble steamer abaft the wheel, and in four minutes she sank like a rock, in eight fathoms of water, leaving one hundred and fifty human beings shrieking and struggling on the bosom of the fog-covered lake, a majority of whom soon followed the steamer.

CHAPTER XXIX.

One morning following the events detailed in the preceding chapter, a young man called upon Sergeant Soolfire and presented a letter of recommendation from a celebrated New York detective, a friend of the Sergeant. The letter read as follows:

NEW YORK, July 17th.

FRIEND SOOLFIRE.—It gives me pleasure to introduce to your notice the bearer, Mr. Magaw, a young man of promise and reliability. He is a detective, and has already attained considerable eminence in his profession. He will, I am satisfied, if given an opportunity, be able to throw some light on the mysterious escape of the prisoner you mentioned to me in your last note. Anything you do for Mr. Magaw will be esteemed a particular, personal favor, by

Your obedient servant,

Mr. Magaw was apparently a man of about twenty-eight or thirty years of age. He was a tall, wiry muscular man, with light, flowing hair, and long, wavy, light-colored beard. He had a restless eye, but a thoughtful look. He walked in a rapid, peculiarly strained manner, that was far from being natural or easy. The Sergeant received him cordially, and promised to use his influence in obtaining employment for him. Shortly afterward he was engaged by the city to work up the Arbyght case.

About this time, the Cleveland reading public were digesting this item of news, which appeared in the morning edition of a leading daily:

A MYSTERY—WHICH IS IT?

Yesterday a body was washed ashore two miles west of Black River. It is evidently one of the victims of the ill-fated Phosphor. The features and body are very much swollen, and somewhat disfigured and mutilated by the action of the water beating the body against the gravelly beach, and by being gnawed by pike or other voracious denizens of the lake. The features are utterly beyond identification. In the pants pocket was found a few keys, attached to a ring, to which is also attached a small silver shield, on which are engraved the words, "Richard Arbyght, Chicago, Ill." There was also found on the body a heavy double cased gold watch, and on the inside back case these words appear, also engraved: "Richard Arbyght, U. S. Army." This seems to indicate very strongly that it is none other than the body of the murderer who es-

aped from the Chicago jail a few days ago. But here comes the mystery, in a diary found on the remains, there appears the name of Wm. Adair, in two or three places; a boat ticket found between the leaves also bears the same name. The diary and ticket were, when found, almost a mass of pulp, but after being carefully dried it was found that the writing had not been wholly obliterated by the action of the water. There seems to be no solution to this name, except that the escaped prisoner was travelling under an assumed name. The body was brought to the city last night, by the tug Old Jack, and it is now at Howland's, where it will remain for a day or two. An inquest will be held to-morrow morning.

LATER.—We have learned, since writing the above, that the boat register has been picked up, and that William Adair appears among the list of passengers.

The leading facts of this item were telegraphed to the authorities at Chicago, and in the afternoon a telegram was received from the prosecuting attorney of Cook county, Illinois, asking that the inquest be delayed until his arrival in Cleveland, which city he reached next day, accompanied by Bertha Arbyght, who identified the clothing as being that worn by her brother when she last saw him. This, in connection with the evidences of identity already mentioned, seemed to leave no doubt in the public mind, or in the minds of the coroner's jury, that the body was that of Richard Arbyght.

Bertha had the remains decently interred, and then returned to Chicago, immured herself within the walls of Soolfire Cottage and was seen on the streets no more. Her sorrow was her own, and in silence and obscurity she endured it.

Mr. Magaw, being deprived of employment by this unlooked-for denouement, opened an office on Milwaukee avenue, and having good references, he soon began to do quite a thriving business as special detective.

For some time after the finding and burial of Arbyght's body, the press of the city found ample food for striking editorials on the manifest dispensation of an outraged God, as shown in the fearful punishment visited upon the criminal who sought by flight to escape the expiation of his crime.

But an unexpected event suddenly deprived the public of the benefit of these admonitory lay sermons. It happened in this wise. An evening paper, somewhat more liberal than its contemporaries, contained this startling piece of intelligence, about a week after Bertha's return to the city:

WAS THERE FOUL PLAY?

It seems as if the Arbyght muddle will never be made sufficiently clear to enable an unbiased mind to form a comprehensive estimate of the real merits of the case. We have always been disposed to halt between two opinions when we asked ourselves to condemn this man on the force of circumstances, which we admit had a decidedly ugly bearing touching his innocence. We had half a mind to condemn and half a mind to doubt heretofore; but hereafter, it will be a hard matter to convince us that he was not more sinned against than otherwise. We were forced to this conclusion by an extraordinary event—a link in the mystery has been found. One of the city dredges, a few hours ago, while dredging in the South Branch, brought up the end of a medium-sized cable chain. The men on the dredge boat seeing the chain took hold of it and drew it into the boat. It proved to be quite long, and at one end an iron pillar was found attached. This pillar has been identified as being the one that supported the old building which, it was claimed, fell accidentally last winter, and which proved so nearly fatal to Arbyght at that time, and from the effects of which fall poor Wood is now in the Jacksonville Asylum. At the other end of the chain was attached a coil of strong rope, which was evidently severed by a sharp instrument. All this points to one fact—one end of that chain was fastened to a pile on one side of the river, the other end being fastened to the pillar, the building was torn down by some passing vessel, which caught the cable on its prow and wrenched the pillar from its base. The rope which fastened the cable to the pile was then cut, and the perpetrators of this fiendish crime supposed all evidence of their guilt lay buried for ever; but,

"Gad moves in a mysterious way," and all doers of evil may rest assured their deeds will some day be unveiled to the gaze of the world. Every circumstance connected with this case points to the conclusion we have drawn, and we only add, that the plot which failed to destroy Arbyght last winter succeeded better last spring.

This article created profound sensation, which was heightened and intensified, two days later, by the appearance of the following, from the same source:

ANOTHER LINK.

Two days ago, we gave expression to what is now proven to have been a well founded belief—that Arbyght was innocent of the crime imputed to him. That "truth is stranger than fiction," there can be no longer any doubt. Mahoney and Miller have actually appeared in the city, ALIVE AND WELL. They claim or say some eastern land company's agent offered them free transportation to a distant point in Arizona, and that they availed themselves of the offer immediately, as a party of colonists were passing through the city that very evening, and they had then to go or lose the opportunity. Mahoney claims to have written to his wife, and thinks the letter must have been lost. This is the most unblushing piece of impudence it has ever been our fortune to hear. We believe these men have been in the city during all this time, and we call upon the authorities to have them arrested for conspiring against the life of a citizen. The man they sought to hang has been drowned, and lo! up turn the murdered victims. Had Arbyght been hanged they would turn up just the same. We further believe that other parties are implicated in this affair, and that Mahoney and Miller are the tools of some deeper-dyed villains. Our opinion in this direction is strengthened by the fact that Detective Magaw has discovered a similar, an identical, trade mark on the cable chain, and on the pistol, with which it was claimed the unfortunate

Arbyght committed the murder; he has further discovered that this trade mark belongs to a prominent hardware merchant of this city, who, it seems, entertained a deadly enmity for the man who found a premature grave through the machinations of these secret, midnight assassins.

The effect of this intelligence was fairly electrical; everybody now believed Arbyght to have been wrongly accused, and to have been the victim of a malevolent conspiracy, and many of those who were loudest in condemning, were equally anxious to do justice to his memory. When dark, repellant suspicion casts her black shadow o'er one of God's images, an uncharitable world, instead of dispelling the shade by throwing upon it the light of truth, which is ever emitted from impartial, dispassionate investigation, is only too willing to convert possible into positive guilt. The tendency of man to suspect and condemn his fellow man upon the appearance of the slightest breath of suspicion, which may have been wafted by malice, or may have sprung from the smoke of rumor, can only be accounted for by the proneness to evil that must necessarily exist in the hearts of men, born—as theologians tell us—in sin. But the fickle haste that men display in changing their opinions, when it is discovered they were erroneous, springs not so much from a desire to do justice, as from the vanity of riding on the return wave of popular opinion; and it is strangely queer, though far from being strangely lucid, how many persons there are who, having given expression to an opinion which proved to be fallacious, will tell you, with cool temerity, they thought quite differently at the time.

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—The Levites.

This avowal was made with a tone and gesture of such utter despair, that the eyes of Don Pedro filled with tears, and even the stern Levites seemed shaken; but Zedekiah, irritated at what to him appeared cowardice, said, disdainfully, "Thou wilt then sacrifice thy Maker to thy tenderness."

"I am not mad," answered Samuel, "but I will defend my poor Rachel. What should I do without my daughter! Will you not, in consideration for all the services I have rendered our people, grant me her pardon?"

"It is because thou hast thus served the people of God, that we have listened so patiently to all this folly," replied Zedekiah, harshly; "but we will not pardon the criminal because her father has done his duty. Remember, thou didst enter here as a judge."

"Say, rather as the executioner of my child," exclaimed the old man, who, in the maddening delirium of fever, thought himself surrounded by demons. "But hear me, I will not allow Rachel to be killed. If you must have a victim, take me, I am old, useless, and well-nigh exhausted. Death is not welcome to me, but to save Rachel I will bless the hand that strikes me."

"Thou art innocent. We cannot accept the exchange." Vain were the prayers, the entreaties, the poor father urged with all the pathos of despairing affection; in vain he offered his life, and what was far more valuable in his eyes, his wealth; the heart of Zedekiah was harder than brass, and he impatiently replied, "Enough of supplication, Samuel, God does not make a traffic of justice."

At seeing his last hope vanish, Ben Levi felt himself overcome by deep prostration; but the very violence of his despair suddenly restored to him that pride and dignity which formerly distinguished him when treasurer to Don Pedro. He advanced to Zedekiah, and said, in an imposing voice, "Since it is thus, I cease to entreat and implore men who are not my judges. It is I who have the right to command. I am the Gaon, the prince of the Jews of Castile. Hast thou forgotten that, Zedekiah? If any one here can interrupt the will of God, it is I alone. Bow down, therefore, Levites, instead of casting on me those irritating and menacing looks. I tell you, you have not the right to condemn the woman without giving her time to repent." And he extended his hands towards them with an imperious gesture, adding, "Dare you disobey me?"

The Levites retreated with astonishment, and an expression of uncertainty and hesitation was depicted on their stern countenances. But Zedekiah, with a burst of ferocious laughter, ironically answered, "The Gaon of the Jews of Castile is not the ruler of the Levites. Go, give thy orders to the Jews of Castile, Samuel; in the synagogue of Bordeaux thou art but one of the brethren. Children of the Sanctuary, humble the pride of that rebel; let each take up one of the stones of the shattered temple, and cast it at the image of the condemned."

The unhappy father sank on the floor, crying in a hoarse voice, "Oh, my Rachel! my child!" and tearing his linen robe with convulsive rage.

Meanwhile the Levites obeyed the order of their prophet, and each in turn struck the waxen image, saying, "Thus shall be stoned the daughter of Belial who has disowned her God."

"Daughter of Belial!" repeated Samuel, while bitter tears ran down his furrowed cheeks; "behold the name they give thee, thou sweetest, loveliest of the roses of Sharon. Oh, the dastard executioners! But fear nothing, my child; they shall kill me sooner than draw a sentence against thee. I know well that thou art not guilty and at seeing my grief thou wouldst have returned to thy God, and that He would have pardoned thee. Levites, you have no daughters, it is that which renders you inexorable; but, the Lord be praised, Zedekiah thou sayest true, I do not belong to you."

"Ben Levi, hast thou forgotten that I also had a child?" said the prophet, with a sinister smile.

"Yes," answered Samuel, "and because that child was condemned by Don Pedro, thou avengest thyself on that prince by persecuting all those whom he loves. It is cowardly revenge, for, in sending thy son to the gallows, the king only rendered justice."

"Be it so," replied Zedekiah, "thou wishest to save thy child, and I to avenge mine."

"You hear him, Levites!" exclaimed Samuel; "it is not to serve the Lord, but for his own revenge that this wretch has condemned poor Rachel. But thou hast not yet thy prey in thy hands, Zedekiah. I will serve her as a shield; I yet retain sufficient strength to defend her; I will apprise her of the snare; I will denounce your iniquity; I will prevent her becoming your victim."

"We shall know how to force thee to silence, old babbler," said Jacob, laying his heavy hand on the shoulder of Samuel.

The poor old man's knees tottered, but regarding his robust interlocutor with an air of defiance, "You will silence me only by killing me, assassins!" exclaimed he, exasperated; "old as I am, you will have to do with a man, and I know you are only brave enough to slay a woman."

Jacob smiled with an expression of ferocity, and pressing his hand harder on the shoulder of the wretched Ben Levi, the latter fell to the ground exhausted by his last effort, overpowered by weakness and grief.

"In uttering such threats," replied Zedekiah, in a solemn tone, "thou renderest thyself as guilty as thy daughter Rachel, but we forgive the wanderings of a father, and we yet respect in thee the dignity of the gaon of Castile. But we must deprive thee of the power to oppose us, or to injure our holy cause. Thou wilt remain shut up in this deserted synagogue, where thy cries will not be heard, until the work of blood be accomplished. Then thy liberty will be restored to thee."

"Woe unto me!" cried the father, in a voice that had nothing human in it, while his distorted countenance presented a terrible image of despair.

Zedekiah advanced the last to strike the image, and, to the appointed formula he added these words: "O Lord! prosper our avenging hands," and all the Levites repeated the same.

"O Lord!" cried Samuel, in his turn, "paralyze and wither their hands when they turn them against my child."

Then, with a desperate effort, he tried to reach the door of the synagogue, but Jacob interposed, and threw him down.

Don Pedro, who had witnessed the whole of the foregoing scene with violent emotion, now hesitated whether he, with his foster-brothers, should rush on these fanatics, and deliver his old servant, but was withheld by the reflection that, in such a deserted quarter, he might be overpowered by numbers, and that even if he were successful, the noise and scandal of such an adventure, in which the name of Rachel must necessarily appear, might neutralize the good intentions of the Prince of Wales in his favour. He therefore resolved, notwithstanding the agitation of his heart, to leave the Jews in their fancied security, and secretly to watch over the safety of his well-beloved.

The Levites, after having tied Samuel to a corner of the altar, extinguished the light, and carefully closing the door of the synagogue with heavy iron bars, left the place, thinking their secret from all human discovery.

A quarter of an hour after their departure, Don Pedro, certain of being heard only by him whom he addressed, softly called to his old treasurer, who was making violent efforts to loosen his bonds.

"Who calls me?" said the Jew, in an oppressed voice.

"A friend who pities thee, and wishes to save Rachel. Listen, then, to me; if thou lovest thy daughter, do not give the alarm to thy enemies; let them repose under a false confidence; seek not to escape."

"But my daughter will die," said Samuel.

"Is it thou, poor old man, who can defend her?" asked the king.

"With my gold, I shall be able to find defenders for her," answered Samuel.

"She will find abler and braver defenders among those who love her," said Don Pedro.

"Re-assure thyself, Samuel, the foster-brothers of thy former master will not quit Rachel; they will watch over her life until her return to Spain."

"But who art thou, friend, that I should place confidence in thee, when the safety of my child is at stake?" demanded the old man.

"It would be dangerous to pronounce my name here, my good Samuel," replied the king; "but I did not think thou hadst already had time to forget the voice of a man who has so