

Poetry.

MONEY.

Oh! the hopes that have been wrecked,  
Oh! the aspirations checked,  
Oh! the writhing heart-pains cost,  
Oh! the love that has been lost,  
By the want of it.

Oh! the mad careers of death,  
Oh! the noble choked for breath,  
Oh! the mute deserving fame,  
Oh! the saddened lives of shame,  
By the want of it.

Oh! the darkness it has caused,  
Oh! the crime that might have paused,  
Oh! the lives of virtue led,  
Oh! the hungry children fed,  
But for want of it.

Oh! the graves perdition makes,  
Oh! the slaves the bondsmen takes,  
Oh! the tears that flood the land,  
Oh! the woe on every hand,  
From the want of it.

Money, money! seal of doom!  
Oh! how many reach the tomb,  
Oh! how many cheeks grow pale,  
Finding life of small avail,  
From want of it.

Only few of worth are crowned,  
More in Lethe's depths are drowned.  
Genius cannot always win  
In this partial world of sin—  
From the want of it.

Thousands born with native gold,  
Poverty and want unfold;  
Thus the richest wealth of mind,  
Lacking sustenance has pined—  
From the want of it.

God have pity on the poor,  
Send his watchman to their door  
Well commissioned, to supply  
All who suffer 'neath the sky,  
From the want of it.

Give them wealth of stronger weight,  
Make their sorrows to abate;  
Give them knowledge from on high,  
Blasts of trial to defy,  
Caused by want of it.

Money, money! seal of doom!  
Father, make the soul to bloom  
Somewhere in a soil too deep,  
For remembrance, there to creep,  
Bringing thoughts of it.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. J. U.

CHAPTER XXVII.

After the sound of his voice had died away, a murmur of applause or approbation seemed to quiver in the dense air of the crowded court room. The prisoner glanced around and saw, in many an honest face, an expression of sympathy and friendship; his sister was setting within the bar, looking very pale, but betraying no evidence of excitement or alarm. The next two hours were occupied in impeaching a jury. The defence challenged many of the persons called, and finally succeeded in obtaining two farmers from the country outside the city; the balance of the jury were known to be bitterly hostile to all forms of associated labor; but, with the exception of the farmers alluded to, they were thought to be the least objectionable of the whole panel. After the jury had taken the required oath, the Prosecuting Attorney opened the case by attempting to explain the language of the indictment. He labored hard for half an hour in a vain effort at translating that jargon of complex repetitions into more rational, intelligible speech. When he sat down, the impression prevailed among the jury that a murder and an arson had been committed, and that the prisoner was supposed to be the party who had committed the crimes. One of the learned counsel, engaged by the prosecution, now arose, and bowing to the Judge, faced the jury, and spoke somewhat after this manner: "May it please your Honor, and you, gentlemen of the jury, the case you are about to hear is one of unusual significance and importance; I doubt if the records of this Court can show a parallel case; I doubt if within the hallowed walls of this room, there was ever heard a case affording another such example of atrocious moral turpitude; I even doubt if there was ever heard in this broad land, a case exhibiting such a revolting spectacle of human depravity and degradation, such an amplitude of heinous, barbarous savagery. The prisoner at the bar, standing before the awful front of justice, (right hand pointing towards the Judge), is charged and stands indicted for the fearful crime of arson and a double murder. This we will prove to your full satisfaction by unimpeachable testimony. We will prove clearly to you, gentlemen of the jury, that on the fourth day of last May, the prisoner, after cruelly and fiendishly mur-

dering two peaceable citizens in a large shop belonging to Alvan Relvason, did then and there set fire to said shop, after which he was arrested while endeavoring to escape through a gate opening on the street. We shall also prove that the prisoner had a motive in enacting this horrible crime; that he acted maliciously and of wilful, premeditated malice. Some time ago, the employees of Mr. Relvason, at the instigation of this man, formed an organization for the purpose of engineering strikes and provoking other quarrels between labor and capital. Now, about two months ago, these men, led on by this same man, unjustly struck against their employer, and the employer at once secured many other workmen in lieu of the strikers, and among those were Tatum Mahoney and Thos. Miller. The strikers seeing themselves about defeated, with diabolical malignity resolved to burn the shops in which these men were employed, and in carrying out this resolve this crime was committed. One of the murdered men was seen going into the shop with the prisoner, the other was seen entering a few moments previous, and shortly after the prisoner was seen going in, three pistol shots were heard, and a moment later the fire was discovered, and the prisoner seen trying to escape. On his person was found a revolver, three chambers of which had just been discharged. We shall also prove that the prisoner was heard to utter threatening language to or against one of the murdered men. I scarcely need stop to paint, in barren words, the heinousness of murder or the horror with which this crime has ever filled the minds of honest men. Ever since the days of Cain, the murderer has been accursed. I will not now say anything of the sickening and revolting sight these mutilated, charred, blackened bodies presented. I will say nothing of the widowed wife and orphaned children; nothing of the outrage done society. We will now substantiate all the indictment charges, and all we have here averred, by witnesses of known honesty and credibility.

A great number of witnesses, including Relvason, Spindle, and Mrs. Mahoney, were then called. They were sworn, and testified directly and corroborately to every main statement made by the prosecution, and every main fact charged in the indictment.

On the cross-examination of these witnesses, Mr. Lanspere based his main hopes of success, in fact, the secret of the defence was to defeat the prosecution by its own witnesses. After the witnesses for the State had been sworn, they were sent from the room and called in separately, hence when a witness was placed on the stand he knew not how those called before him had testified.

The surgeon who examined the bodies, at the inquest, was cross-examined after this fashion:

*Lanspere.*—Did any part of either of the bodies escape the effects of the fire?

*Surgeon.*—The abdomen of the body recognized as Miller's, was not charred or burned; it seems he fell forward on some shavings which did not burn at first, and were evidently saturated with water afterwards, and thus prevented from burning.

*Lanspere.*—If a body had been dead one or two days, how would you determine that fact?

*Counsel for State.*—I object.  
*Lanspere.*—May it please the Court, I wish to show by this witness that the bodies found in the ruins of this building had actually been dead some days previous to the day the crime is alleged to have been committed.

*The Court.*—It is competent for the defence to prove such a fact; the question is admissible.

*Surgeon.*—In such a case, the most satisfactory test would be the occurrence of putrefaction, which manifests itself in a sort of blue-green discoloration of the cutaneous surface, besides the body would present a general appearance of cadaveric rigidity.

*Lanspere.*—Would intense heat produce these symptoms in a few hours?

*Surgeon.*—It would not.

*Lanspere.*—Now, is it not a fact that this cadaveric rigidity, and discoloration of the cutaneous surface, were most plainly observable in the body said to be that of Tom Miller; and is it not a fact that the presence of putrefaction existed in both bodies?

*Surgeon.*—To a certain extent, such was the case, and I called attention to it at the time.

*Lanspere.*—Would a body, dead but twelve hours, show these symptoms, to the extent that the bodies examined at the inquest did?

*Surgeon.*—I don't think it would.

*Lanspere.*—That's all.  
A little wave of applause surged through the room at this juncture, but it was speedily checked by the crier.

The officer who made the arrest was next examined; and cross-examined. His evidence was of the most damaging character, and when the examination in chief had been finished, the case looked desperate for the defence.

*Lanspere.*—You say you were on duty on the evening of the fourth of last May; will you please to tell the Court in what part of the city you were accustomed to perform duty at that time?

*Officer.*—My beat was on Hickory, Cologne, and other streets in the twenty-ninth ward.

*Lanspere.*—Why were you nearly a mile away from your beat on the night in question?

*Officer.*—Why?

*Counsel for State.*—What has that to do with the case?

A sharp tilt followed between the prosecution and the defence. The Judge thought the

question relevant, and ordered the witness to answer.

*Officer.*—I had business down town, and secured a substitute to act in my place during my absence.

*Lanspere.*—You say the empty chambers in this pistol had been recently discharged when you took it from the prisoner's pocket. Now, on what hypothesis do you base your knowledge that such was the case?

*Officer.*—The smell of gunpowder was strong and fresh.

*Lanspere.*—If the pistol had been discharged two hours, would not the smell of gunpowder be strong and fresh?

*Officer.*—I don't know.

*Lanspere.*—Through what door did the prisoner emerge from the shop?

*Officer.*—Through the office door.

*Lanspere.*—Were you not at that gate, on the evening of May fourth, in pursuance of a pre-arranged plan?

*Counsel for State.*—We object.

*Judge.*—You need not answer.

Spindle testified that he had seen Miller enter the shop as he left the office, and as he left the yard by the lower gate he saw two men enter the office—which was open at night for the accommodation of the watchmen—and that after he had proceeded a few rods he heard the shots, and returned to find the shop on fire, and see a man leave the office and run toward the upper gate. He tried to head off this man, but found when he arrived at the upper gate that the man (Arbyght) was in the hands of the officer.

*Lanspere.*—Did the prisoner, while in your employ, ever enter the shop from the office, or the office from the shop?

*Spindle.*—No.

*Lanspere.*—Then he could not be aware of the fact that the office door, leading into the shop, closed automatically? (See Chap. XLX.)

*Spindle* (nervous and excited).—I can't say that he was.

*Lanspere.*—If he went into the shop from the office, would the door close after him, and could it be opened from the shop side?

*Spindle.*—It would close of itself, unless—

*Lanspere.*—Confine yourself to the question, sir.

*Spindle* (visibly agitated).—It could not be opened from the shop side.

*Lanspere.*—Were you ever at the office as late as ten o'clock before the evening of the fire?

*Spindle.*—I was.

*Lanspere.*—When?

*Spindle.*—Can't tell, specifically.

*Lanspere.*—Can you name a single occasion?

*Spindle.*—Not at present.

*Lanspere.*—Were there two barrels of naphtha stored in the shop, and if so, when were they stored there and for what purpose?

*Spindle* (very pale).—There were two casks of naphtha brought to the shop some days before the fire, for the purpose of painting the building.

*Lanspere.*—How long was it after you saw the prisoner enter the shop before you saw the fire?

*Spindle.*—About five minutes.

*Lanspere.*—In that time, would it not be impossible to produce the fire you beheld on your return, except by the agency of naphtha, or some other equally inflammable substance?

*Spindle.*—I think it would.

*Lanspere.*—Did any Union man enter the shop after the naphtha came there?

*Spindle* (trembling).—I don't know.

*Lanspere.*—Did you see or hear of any Union man who entered during that time?

*Spindle.*—No.

*Lanspere.*—Is it not a fact that your foreman had orders to keep such men out?

*Spindle.*—Such orders were given.

Relvason was the next witness. His testimony was principally on the existence of the Union, and the ill-feeling between Arbyght and himself. In the cross-examination, he fell into the same trap that Spindle had fallen into, concerning the door leading from the office to the shop. He also acknowledged having given orders to keep Union men off the premises, and the presence of the naphtha, which he said was to be used in painting the shop.

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XXXII.—Stratagem.

Dusk had just begun to overshadow all objects, when three shrill whistles were heard. At the signal, all the brothers ran to the little gate, which the majordomo opened without hesitation. A horseman immediately dismounted on the other side of the moat, which he crossed with the assistance of Ruy, and passed into the yard.

Lopez then took the horse of the king, for it was he, by the bridle, and led the noble animal to a small cluster of pines about two hundred paces from the ditch, and tied it fast to one of the trees. Then, taking off its housings of red velvet, at the corners of which the arms of the Prince of Wales were embroidered in gold, Lopez went to the captain's stable and brought forth a palfrey of similar colour, and put on its back the velvet housings of Don Pedro's steed. He then tied

the changeling to a tree close to the outer wall, where Ruy and Perez had been imitating the traces of an escalade, by breaking down the wall, scattering the stones, and throwing about the bushes.

During the progress of these operations, little Pierce Neige led the king into Rachel's chamber; and, when he had introduced him, he replaced, according to the order of his brother Perez, the key that was in the door, by another key which the cleverest thief in the world could not turn in the lock.

"Thou here! thou, Pedro!" exclaimed Rachel, seized at once with alarm and joy at seeing him enter. "Dost thou know where thou art?"

"Softly, Rachel! softly!" said the king, securing the door.

"But this castle belongs to Tom Burdett," she continued. "Thou riskest thy life in putting thy foot in this chamber. This noble knight, this baron of a day, is a ferocious Late Comer; and if he were to surprise you here, he would shed the blood of a noble prince with no more scruple than that of a beggar."

"What matters such a man to me," interrupted Don Pedro, looking steadfastly at her; "I know not what the chance of battle may reserve for me, but I felt I had not courage to depart without seeing thee for the last time."

A radiant expression gradually overspread the features of the poor girl, who, forgetting her fears and mistrust, became absorbed in her happiness at the sight of her royal lover, and abandoning her hand to the clasp of Don Pedro, she answered him, in a voice trembling with emotion, "I also awaited with anxiety the hour when thou wouldst return."

"Poor Rachel!" said the king, with emotion, "thou hast suffered much."

"My sufferings were dear to me, since they served to accomplish thy wishes," replied the devoted young woman.

"We are now disunited by one whom I regret I did not hang on the gibbet of the Alcazar," said the king, in an altered voice.

"Think no more of such a villain," said Rachel; "he is a trafficker in flesh and blood."

"He is nevertheless an impudent and a daring fellow, Rachel," resumed Don Pedro.

"That may be," said Rachel, "but he has not the power to make his slave love him."

"Rachel, I do not doubt the fidelity of thy heart," said the king, in a low voice; "but I dread on thy account, his brutality. I wish to be assured that thou mayest brave his violence with impunity; I shall, therefore, watch over thee this night. This marriage which they have imposed on thee, is a treason for which I will take vengeance," said the king, who thus suffered his deep resentment against the Prince of Wales to burst forth.

"Let me again seize a shred of power, and I will deliver thee from thy bondage."

"Oh! how I wish thee safe out of this castle," replied Rachel; "thou hast seen me—thou art reassured of my life—thou must depart immediately, Don Pedro. Thou hast done well to come—thou hast given joy to my heart! But, in the name of heaven, depart; I shall not be calm until thou art gone. Then" she continued with a shudder of apprehension, "kings have numerous enemies, and many are interested in thy death! Have a care of that Gudiel."

"The Bishop of Segovia is dead," said Don Pedro; "he will no more annoy thee or me."

"Think of preserving thy life," added Rachel, "for mine depends thereon."

"Come my beloved," said the king, "a truce to these foolish terrors."

"Who knows, merciful powers! if there be not some secret opening hidden behind those musty old tapestries," continued the terrified girl, "who knows if it be not already too late for egress from this chamber; if death does not await thee even at the threshold of that door."

"Thou hast then forgotten that my foster-brothers watch over us," said the king.

Suddenly Rachel uttered a terrible cry; the key moved in the lock.

"Brother," cried Pierce Neige, from outside, "whatever may happen, do not stir; the captain is at this moment entering the courtyard."

Don Pedro immediately extinguished the torch of perfumed wax that lighted the chamber and placed himself near the door with his naked sword in his hand.

As for Rachel, her heart frozen with fear, she knelt and prayed for the king, whom she thought already lost.

Scarcely had Burdett reached his home than he perceived the traces of the escalade made by Perez, and calling to his servants, he demanded an explanation of it. They excused themselves by declaring their ignorance of the occurrence, and asserting their own vigilance; this, however, did not satisfy Burdett, who hastily entered the hall, and was proceeding to Rachel's chamber, when Pierce Neige warned Pedro of his approach. Perceiving that Pierce Neige still guarded the door, he appeared satisfied, and, turning to the others, declared his intention of searching the castle, and keeping strict watch during the night, lest they should be surprised by an enemy; then, placing two of the men to watch the walls, he proceeded with the others to search the various cellars and chambers of the dilapidated castle.

They searched long, but in vain; at last, Burdett, having returned to the walls, espied the horse, which still remained beneath the

clump of trees. At the sight of the trappings, he immediately perceived that it must belong either to the Prince of Wales or to one of his followers, and determined to be able to recognize it, he quickly deprived the poor animal of its flowing tail, which he carefully preserved, and then returned into the castle. Hour upon hour passed, and no further trace of an enemy being discovered, Burdett decided, especially as dawn was breaking, upon taking leave of Rachel, and for this purpose again bent his steps towards her chamber.

In the meantime, Don Pedro, yielding to the entreaties of Rachel, and assisted by the two watchful keepers, who had managed to replace his own steed, secretly quitted the castle.

Scarcely had Burdett reached Rachel's door than his majordomo announced to him that it was morn, and the well-trained knight, with many others at the inopportune interruption, found himself obliged to retrace his steps, in order to be in time to meet the Prince of Wales; so, hastily setting out, he managed to arrive just as the knights had all assembled.

"Noble barons and knights," said the Prince of Wales, "the battalions that form the vanguard of the army are now assembled in the plains, and impatiently await those who are to lead them to the combat. We will first deliver their standards to them, and then receive their oaths of fidelity."

The retinue in the Black Prince's suite were about to leave the yard, when Burdett, who had not moved from his place, exclaimed, in a loud voice, "Your highness, one of the knights who surround you has dared this night to enter my manor and outrage your faithful vassal by an act that blood alone can satisfy. Before quitting Borderux, therefore, I claim speedy justice at your hands."

There was immediately profound silence, during which Burdett explained the grievance.

"Who has dared to perpetrate such an outrage?" demanded Edward, casting severe looks around him.

"All that I know," replied the Late Comer, "is, that he rode one of the four barbed horses that were given to your highness by John de Grailly."

"Are you not mistaken?" said the Black Prince, involuntarily looking towards Don Pedro, whose countenance remained unmoved.

"No Sir Prince," answered Burdett, "for the horse bore, like that you are mounted on, a housing of red velvet, with your arms embroidered in the corners."

"Your accusation is a serious one," replied Edward, "for you cannot be ignorant of the names of the high and puissant lords to whom I made presents of those beautiful palfreys."

"Therefore, I renounced avenging myself, and have come to demand justice of your highness," cried Burdett, quickly, "for I know your generous heart, noble prince; I know you will not hesitate to punish the crime, whether committed by a squire, a baron, or a king." And he cast a look of hatred and fury on Don Pedro.

"Do you support your accusation by any proof?" asked the Prince, embarrassed at the daring persistency of the Late Comer.

"I bring you a convincing proof," replied he, and holding up the tresses of horsehair, he shook them before the Prince.

"By St. George, what is that!" exclaimed Edward, in great astonishment, while Sir Stephen whispered to him his suspicions that the brain of the new made baron was deranged.

"That, my lord, is the talisman which will lead to the discovery of the culprit," answered Burdett, advancing nearer. "I formed the idea of cutting off the tail of his horse, and here it is to discover and confound him."

The prince could not help smiling, and the hilarity of his knights increased when, on casting their eyes on the three barbed horses in question, they saw that neither of them had been deprived of the ornament Burdett spoke of.

"Thanks to your able stratagem," remarked Don Pedro; "I doubt if the culprit can escape the punishment he has incurred."

"It is on that I reckon," replied the Late Comer, with a triumphant air, as he turned his horse round to take his place at the gate of the monastery.

Immediately a general burst of laughter convulsed the whole assemblage, for, by this movement, they perceived that the only horse in the yard whose tail was shorn of its hair was precisely the palfrey of Burdett.

The Late Comer could not understand the extraordinary mirth of his companions, and cast on them uneasy and furious looks, while he was obliged to bite his lips to refrain from bursting into blasphemous imprecations.

The Black Prince gave the signal for the procession to prepare to march, and as soon as quiet was restored, he advanced towards the unfortunate captain, saying gaily, "My trusty companion, I do not see here any other culprit than yourself!"

"Thou me, my lord!" exclaimed Burdett, overwhelmed with astonishment.

"Undoubtedly," answered Edward, "since it is the tail of your own horse that has been so shamefully mutilated."

The Late Comer turned hastily round, and had nearly fallen from his horse on perceiving its ridiculous appearance.

"What! is it the tail of my own horse?"