

Poetry.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

The following pathetic verses were written by a Southern lady, Miss Marie Lacoste, of Savannah, in commemoration of a young soldier who fell in the American Civil War, in whose pocket was found a golden locket containing the portrait of a fair young woman:

Into a wail of the whitewashed walls,
Where the dead and the dying lay—
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls—
Somebody's darling was borne one day.
Somebody's darling! So young and so brave,
Wearing still on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering light of his boyhood's grace.

Matted and damp are the curls of gold
Kissing the snow of that fair young brow;
Pale are the lips of delicate mould—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from the beautiful, blue-voiced face
Brush every wandering silken thread;
Cross his hands as a sign of grace—
Somebody's darling is still and dead.

Kiss him once for Somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low,
One bright curl from the cluster take—
They were somebody's pride, you know.
Somebody's hand hath rested there:
Was it a mother's soft and white?
And have the lips of a sister fair
Been baptized in those waves of light?

God knows best. He was somebody's love;
Somebody's heart enshrined him there;
Somebody waited his name above,
Night and morn, on the wings of prayer.
Somebody wept when he marched away,
Looking so handsome, brave, and grand;
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay;
Somebody clung to his parting hand.

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
There he lies—with the blue eyes dim,
And smiling, childlike lips apart.
Tenderly bury the fair young dead,
Pausing to drop on his grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab at his head—
"Somebody's darling lies buried here!"

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES' UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER VII.

Mr. Alvan Relvason was by many considered a remarkable personage. He was medium-sized and stocky. His head was large, giant-like and covered with a very forest of coarse, black hair. He wore a full beard as coarse and black as his hair. His eyes were set far in his ponderous head, and were black, restless and knavishly cunning. His complexion was of a yellowish dusky cast that never appeared clean or clear. His gait was awkward and ungainly, and his outer garments, though generally of the best material, were chiefly noted for conveying the impression of having been made for somebody else.

Mr. Relvason's head clerk and confidential adviser, was also a person, supposed, at least by himself to be of some note, and as he will enter more or less into the thread of our narrative, we will give a cursory description of him:

Mr. Spindle was also of medium size, but slender. His head was small, remarkably so, his eyes cold and greyish, and a scarcely perceptible moustache broke the blank monotonous aspect of his sallow face. The eyes were the most remarkable thing about this apparently insignificant individual. At times they would flash fire, and again they would appear as dull and expressionless as the optics of a cat in midday. At such times his eyes seemed to retreat into his head and hold communion with his soul, although it was the general openly expressed opinion of the men that Mr. Spindle had no soul, so small and tyrannously mean was his nature.

The Saturday following the events narrated above was pay-day, so termed by Mr. Spindle. The men differed from him very materially concerning the appropriateness of the term. But we anticipate. We will let our readers judge for themselves.

Towards noon Richard noticed Mr. Spindle going from berth to berth, and apparently holding a short conversation with each man. While our hero was still marveling over this strange procedure on the part of the usually reserved and conceitedly pompous clerk, Mr. Spindle stepped into his berth.

"Your name is Arbyght, I believe?"

"Your belief is not unfounded."

"Ah!" said the clerk, and his dull eye began to light up.

"Well, Arbyght, how much money do you want to-day?" and Mr. Spindle opened a small memorandum book and took therefrom a pencil with which he made a gentle flourish preparatory to putting down the amount.

"How much money do I want?" said Richard, repeating the question as if doubtful of its import.

"Yes, Arbyght, how much do you need to-day?"

"Spindle!" said Richard, imitating the other's disregard of courtesy, I want what is coming to me. I need it all.

"We don't generally pay in full except at

the end of every three months," answered Spindle with a frown.

"You don't?"

"Have I not said so?"

"Oh, yes you have said so; but let me ask you a question."

"Certainly!"

"Well," pursued Richard, "you pay in full only every three months, and we are to lay out of our money during that time?"

"Only part of it, sir."

"But," continued the workman, "you take my only salable commodity now; this is not fair. Have I not a right to husband and keep my labor until you are ready to pay for it?"

"You have, sir; you can leave at once if the arrangement does not suit you."

"Very well, pay me my wages and I shall do so immediately."

"Come to the office this afternoon," and the clerk left the berth livid with rage.

The foreman interposed, and had the matter amicably arranged. He represented to the employer the great acquisition that Richard was to the shop, because of his superior workmanship and steady habits, and the unpleasantness ended in Arbyght being paid in full, and specially requested to retain his berth.

Richard had not previously seen Mr. Spindle, although he had frequently heard of him, and when he did see him he formed an opinion that was neither flattering nor favorable to the head clerk, for Richard, among his other natural endowments, was an unconscious physiognomist, and without knowing it, arrived at the correct estimate of the character of Mr. Relvason's confidential adviser.

That evening, as young Arbyght wended his way in solemn silence towards his only home—a boarding house—he lapsed into a meditative mood. He generally walked the streets with a measured precision that arrested the attention of shop keepers and other inhabitants of the streets through which he passed. His gait was not slow, nor yet was it fast; it was not awkward, nor yet was it altogether stately. His step was firm, solid and indicative of a determined, resolute will. There was another peculiarity specially noticeable in the man. When on the street he seemed completely wrapped up in his own individuality. His most intimate acquaintance, could, at times, pass and repass him unobserved. He appeared oblivious and unconscious of everything except the ghostly shapes and forms born of his own imagination.

On the evening in question his mind was unusually reflective, and among other things, the condition of his fellow craftsmen, in different parts of the country, arose involuntarily before him, and like a deadly incubus of frightful spectre, sat heavily upon his soul. He saw, with the piercing eye of the mind, a body of men foully imposed upon by greedy cormorants, and ignored by society for the crime of being workmen, and being a workman himself the wrongs of capital and the social blindness of the world goaded an cauterized his sensitive nature to the very core. He reached home in an unenviable state of mind. He ate his supper in silence, and then went out into the streets again. He strode down town and entered one of the firm stores, more from curiosity and a desire to inspect their workings than from purchasing motives.

He was not long in the store before a customer entered. She was very plainly, almost shabbily, but for all neatly attired. On her sad, fretted, care-worn face, still lingered traces of mild beauty, that evidently once sat enthroned there. There was but one attendant in the store, and he appeared not to notice the woman, although she very politely bade him good evening, seeing which she approached nearer timidly asked if he had any butter.

"Have you any money?" asked the young brute, without raising his head from the evening paper.

"No, sir, but I have an order," and she produced a crumpled piece of soiled paper.

"You have tried that game before. Now get out of here; you should know by this time that we give nothing on orders but what we can obtain on credit ourselves."

The poor woman turned to leave the store, and Richard saw her struggle hard to choke down a sob that surged up from her overcharged heart. He followed her and hailed her kindly. She raised her eyes and in the dim light of the gas he saw them drowned in tears.

"My good woman," he said soothingly, "let me see that order."

She handed it to him; it called for two dollars. He thrust a bill into her hand and put the order into his pocket.

"God bless you," said the woman fervently, "you little know what good you have done my poor sick children," but Richard heard not as he plunged back into the store before her thanks were uttered.

Another customer, also a woman, dropped in soon after. She was, in like manner, very meanly attired, but there was about her a sort of subdued dignity and an independent mien that gave unmistakable evidence of a respectably raised person. When nearly through, she asked for some article that the clerk said was not in the store.

"I need it very badly," answered the woman.

"We don't do business in that way," exclaimed the clerk sharply.

"Well, give me the money then," said the

woman, with some wrath. "I need money very much, as the baby is sick, and there is a recipe left by the doctor, at home, unfilled these two days, because we had no money."

"Money! ha! ha!" and he laughed contemptuously at the brazen-faced hussy.

What more she would have said, remained unsaid, for just then the woman's husband entered the store, and hearing his wife so grossly insulted, he stopped not to consider the consequences, but with one fearful blow felled the dastard to the floor.

Richard, who had advanced to remonstrate with the clerk, was completely taken by surprise, as the man had entered unobserved.

"Oh, Henry, what have you done?" exclaimed the woman in alarm.

"Served the coward right," answered Henry Trustgood, as he moved towards the door.

Another of the attendants, who happened to put in an appearance just as Henry's dexter flew out so tellingly, rushed into the street and bellowed "police" at the top of his voice. One of these valiant defenders of the majesty of law stole slowly and cautiously up, and when informed that no very dangerous element was about, became quite brave, and actually arrested the defenseless Henry. The man so suddenly placed *hors de combat*, came to after a while, and an examination proved that nothing more serious than a rapidly developing excrescence on his head had occurred to him.

Henry Trustgood worked in the same shop with Richard, and between the two quite a strong attachment existed. For this and other cogent reasons, Richard determined to extricate his friend, if possible, from the unpleasant position in which, under the circumstances, any man with the last spark of honor or manhood, would be likely to find himself. He therefore accompanied Henry and his weeping wife to the station house, and with no little difficulty he succeeded in convincing the *custos morum* in charge of the station that Henry was not to blame; that he was unduly exasperated and acted under intense excitement. Those points eloquently argued and fifteen dollars advanced to defray probable costs, effected Henry's release.

Before parting that night, Richard requested Trustgood and another shopmate they accidentally met, to call upon him on the following day in the afternoon. They promised and complied, and for three hours they remained closeted with our hero in his room. From the silent, secret, cautious manner in which they acted one would naturally suppose that they were three conspirators plotting the destruction of the government, instead of three American citizens devising plans for ameliorating their social condition. What transpired in the room may be divined from the following printed slip, which was placed in the hands of every reliable craftsman in the city a few days afterwards:

Mr. —, You are hereby requested to meet many more of your fellow workmen at St. George's Hall, South Clark St., on Wednesday evening of this week. Believing you to be a man of honor we have trusted you this far, and as we have placed confidence in you, we hope you will not betray that confidence, but will, whether you appear or not, keep this matter a profound secret and destroy this paper as soon as you have read it.

Signed, REFORM,
JUSTICE,
EQUALITY.

CHAPTER VIII.

Grace, when found, or rather overtaken, by the young woman already mentioned, was in the vicinity of Union Park. After they had proceeded a short distance in silence, the woman began to talk glibly and volubly, her great desire being the restoration of tranquility and peace to the troubled mind of the sobbing creature at her side. But vice ever betrays itself, when simulating virtue, by attempting to appear purer and holier than virtue itself. When the heart is heavy with woe or festering with hate, an enforced smile may deceive, but is more likely to betray the real emotion of the mind by its very ghostliness, and an enforced laugh, under similar circumstances, impairs its genuineness, and exhibits the counterfeit by its very boisterousness as well as by its want of soul. It is extremely doubtful, whether it is within the scope of human acquirements to so successfully habit vice in the livery of virtue as to deceive those who are disposed to exercise that moral sense that God has implanted in the soul of humanity. This is more especially true of beings of an excessively sensitive and spiritual nature, and Grace being of the latter class was repelled and irritated instead of being attracted and soothed by the forced cheerfulness of her companion; and the more freely and gaily she chatted the more monosyllabic was Grace in her answers, and the more distrustful and suspicious she became of the real motives of the woman. Her fears gradually increased as she grew more and more conscious of a lack of candor and truth in her would-be benefactor. The woman said she lived only a short distance from where she first overtook her. This Grace remembered, notwithstanding her fears and emotion, but when this short distance had reeled itself out over a mile, and still the end apparently no nearer, the poor girl felt convinced she was in a snare, and she determined to elude her voluntary protector on the first favorable opportunity. They had already passed into the South Division, crossing the river on Randolph street bridge, passed through Franklin street, entered Wells, then passed south through Washing-

ton, Madison, Monroe and Adams streets. They finally left Wells street, and proceeded a short distance, when the woman stopped suddenly, and taking Grace rudely by the arm said:

"Miss, this is the place; enter quick," she said at the same moment flung the gate of a high board fence open with the other hand, and sought to thrust the frightened girl forcibly through the narrow passage.

The house before which the woman stopped was a sombre, dusky looking, three-story brick structure, with high arched windows. The blinds were closed tightly, and there was no light visible on the first floor. Through the latticed blinds of the second and third floor windows, faint glimmering rays of light were feebly streaming. On the right hand side of the building three massive stone steps led to a small portico, closed on the sides. The outer or portico door was open, the upper hall of the inner door was panelled with red stained ground glass, through which the solitary gas jet in the hall shone like the great eye of some terrible demon.

Grace shuddered at the sight of the building, in sombre aspect, dreamy solitude, the grave-like, almost supernatural stillness, hanging like a ghostly pall over the place, but above all the ominous red glare of the single light in the hall. She had already made up her mind to escape, but no opportunity had yet presented itself; but when she found herself at the gate, and having comprehended the situation in an instant, she refused pointedly and stubbornly to enter. The woman knew well that persuasion would have no effect upon her intended victim; she was also cognizant of being followed for the last half hour by two men, and she felt that her only chance of success was to force Grace into the enclosure where she knew help could be procured. But Grace was now fully aroused and aware of her danger, and she struggled bravely to free herself from the fangs of a monster more hideous and dreadful than tiger or cobra, because—being human—more cunning and fiendish. The woman having to hold one hand over the mouth of her victim to prevent her outcries, was at a disadvantage, and Grace would have escaped of her own efforts, had not two villains emerged from the house and rushed upon her, and by their very looks frightened the poor timid thing into a deadly faint of stupor. The two fiends who came out of the house rushed back more quickly than they emerged, when they saw two men, one of whom was an officer, within a few feet of them. The woman also disappeared, as if by magic, and the insensible form of the homeless girl was left alone with her rescuers. Some distance back the officer had taken the precaution to hail a passing carriage and requested the driver to follow them and keep within sight. Into this carriage the apparently lifeless Grace was tenderly placed. A short consultation was held, directions given to the driver, and the carriage dashed away. In about ten minutes it stopped before a neat, cheerful and comfortable looking cottage, into which the still inanimate Grace was carried.

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XII.—A Counterplot.

Don Pedro remained absorbed in the most painful perplexity. He knew not what to think. Had Samuel fanatically poisoned his daughter, or rather had not Aixia deceived him by an odious falsehood? Should he send Diego Lopez, with a company of cross-bow men, to the house of the old Jew, to bring Rachel away; or, in order to avoid a noise, would it not be better to charge his five foster-brothers with this commission? The king stopped as the latter thought crossed his mind, and immediately gave orders for the sons of Paloma to attend him in the oratory.

"My dear companions," said Don Pedro to them, "I am in want of devoted men to execute a difficult and dangerous enterprise. I can only reckon on you."

"Thanks, brother," answered the five foster-brothers at once.

"Do you think you could this night introduce yourselves into the quarter of the Jewry?" demanded the king.

The looks of the brothers were directed to Perez, the miner.

"I can answer for it," said the latter, "for if the Jews have shut their posterns ever so closely, we shall be able, without noise, to make a breach in their wall large enough to admit five men to creep in like serpents."

"Do you know the house of my treasurer, Samuel Ben Levi?"

"No, but I shall know how to unkenel the old fox," said Diego Lopez, Chief of the Archers.

"They tell me," continued the king, in a voice trembling with emotion, "that his daughter Rachel is dead; but, dead or alive, you will privately carry her off from her father's house and bring her to the Alcazar."

Not a shadow of surprise appeared on the countenances of the five brothers, not a remark was uttered by them.

"You shall be obeyed," said Ruy, the mower.

"How long do you require for this expedition?" demanded Don Pedro.

At this question the little imp, Pierce Neige, began to laugh and replied: "If we are discovered carrying away from the Jews one of their daughters alive or dead, we shall be a very long time before we return; it is very possible we may not come back at all."

Diego Lopez imposed silence on him by a look, and said, "It is not moon-light to-night, and we may hope not to be discovered; in that case, if fortune favours us, we shall be back at the palace in less than four hours."

"Depart then, without delay, and may success attend you," said Don Pedro, moved almost to tears at the terrible danger his foster-brothers were going to incur in the midst of a fanatic population in order to satisfy an imperious passion that tortured his heart.

The five sons of Paloma respectfully kissed the hand which the king held out to them and hastily left.

The enterprise they were charged with was much more difficult to be executed than they imagined. Indeed, Rachel was shut up in a vault, the only opening to which was defended by an oaken door bound with iron. As to the house of the treasurer, that was guarded by Esau, Zedekiah, Tom Burdett, Jacob the watchman and some of the most active of the conspirators: for they expected every instant to see the armed archers come to claim the hostage for the king, or in default of Rachel, to carry off old Ben Levi, which would have infallibly have caused the plot to fail; of which, if not the soul, he was at least the principal instrument. Besides, as the chests were to go from Samuel's house, by remaining there, the conspirators were sure that none among them would betray their accomplices.

The sons of Paloma were careful to assume the Jewish dress, with the red badge, and the cap surmounted by a horn; then, under the direction of Perez, they effected a breach in the walls of the Jewry, but with the utmost precaution, so as not to attract the attention of the men on guard. They then boldly advanced along the narrow winding streets of that quarter, and Lopez had already puzzled himself how he should discover the residence of the treasurer, without being obliged to awaken suspicion of their designs by asking it, when he was stopped by an old woman, who, extending her wrinkled arm, asked him, in a tremulous voice, for charity.

Lopez, who was more cunning than his brothers, immediately conceived the idea of turning that circumstance to account, and adroitly disguising his voice, to imitate the nasal sound of the children of Israel, thus answered her: "Good woman, we are poor Jews from Marcia, ransomed from captivity with the Moors of Africa about eight days ago. To our misfortune we entered Seville the day the siege commenced. The host with whom we lodged has driven us away to-night, because we had no more money to give him, and as we know not where to pass the night, he told us to go and ask the hospitality of the High Treasurer, Samuel Ben Levi, the wealthiest inhabitant of the Jewry, but he did not point out his residence to us."

"I fear your host wanted to play a practical joke at your expense," said the beggar-woman, "for Samuel is far better known for his avarice than for his generosity, and besides that, his well-beloved daughter, Rachel, died to-day. Nevertheless, poor people ought to assist each other; so, follow me and I will conduct you to his house."

The old woman hobbling along, guided them to the entrance of the street, from this distance she showed them the door of Samuel's house, open, and lighted up, while the watchman, Jacob, stood immovable at the threshold; then she retired followed by the benediction of the self-styled captives.

The five brothers glided along by the wall-side, and stopped at about thirty paces from the watchman, to observe what was passing. Almost at the same moment they saw, by the ray of light cast on the street, an old man advance, covered with a robe, all rags and tatters. Lopez recognized Ben Levi in that old man, and he heard him address himself to the watchman in these terms: "Jacob, my son, we must occupy ourselves this night in preparing for the funeral of Rachel. Who knows if tomorrow Heaven will permit us to re-enter the Jewry, and fulfil that pious duty! Let ten of our brethren guard the house with Esau and Zedekiah, under the orders of Sir Thomas Burdett. They will grant us an hour to go and make the necessary arrangements for the interment of my daughter."

"I follow you, Master Samuel," answered the watchman, and after having carefully shut the street-door, he went away with the treasurer.

Diego Lopez made a sign to his companions to follow him, and as the five brothers had taken the precaution to wrap woollen around their sandals, no noise betrayed their steps to the ears of the two mistrustful Jews.

Although the treasurer preceded them at least thirty paces, they heard from time to time the clashing of his keys as they knocked against each other at his girdle. The idea then struck the archer, Lopez, to get hold of this bunch, to which probably hung the key of the vault in which Rachel was enclosed.

After a quarter of an hour's walk, Samuel and the watchman came to the gate of a large enclosure, surrounded by a wall ten feet high; they opened it without difficulty, and closed it quickly, so that Lopez was disappointed in his intention of entering with them.