

Poetry.

KATE.

There's something in the name of Kate
Which many will condemn;
But listen now while I relate
The traits of some of them.

There's deli-Kate, a modest dame
And worthy of your love,
She's nice and beautiful in frame,
As gentle as a dove.

Communi-Kate's intelligent,
As we may well suppose;
Her fruitful mind is ever bent
On telling what she knows.

There's intri-Kate, she's so obscure,
'Tis hard to find her out,
For she's often very sure
To put your wits to rout.

Prevari-Kate's a stubborn maid,
She's sure to have her way;
The caviling, contrary jade
Objects to all you say.

There's alter-Kate, a perfect pest,
Much given to dispute;
Her prattling tongue can never rest,
You cannot her refute.

There's dislo-Kate, quite in a fret,
Who fails to gain her point;
Her case is quite unfortunate,
And sorely out of joint.

Equivo-Kate no one will woo,
The thing would be absurd;
She is so faithless and untrue,
You cannot take her word.

There's vindi-Kate, she's good and true,
And strives with all her might
Her duty faithfully to do,
And battles for the right.

There's rusti-Kate, a country lass,
Quite fond of rural scenes;
She likes to ramble through the grass,
And through the evergreens.

Of all the maidens you can find,
There's none like edu-Kate;
Because she elevates the mind,
And aims for something great.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES' UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.

Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XXVII.

To be unjustly accused of a crime, and be at the same time conscious of your inability to establish your innocence; to suffer the continual torture of a great wrong, and be confronted with your impotency to right it, is undoubtedly a most desperate and maddening feeling. It is a feeling akin to that experienced by the soldier who, having exhausted his ammunition, is compelled to stand in the ranks a target for his assailants—his power of resistance or defence gone, the prospect of instant death before him, intensified by the requiem-like sound hissed in his ear by every passing missile.

As Richard Arbyght lay in his narrow cell, the night of his arrest, he experienced this mental sensation in an acute, superlative degree, and each day he remained in prison but served to intensify the anguish he endured. He knew he was innocent, but the knowledge could not open the doors of his dungeon, nor restore him to liberty and the confidence of the world. The real culprit suffers from the tortures of conscious guilt, and lives in constant dread of the punishment which he justly deserves for his crime; but his tortures are infinitesimal compared with those endured by the wrongly accused, who sees himself adjudged guilty, even in advance of his trial, and to whom the day of trial is a day of dread, inasmuch as there is not within his reach a possibility of refuting the charge. Of what avail is conscious innocence to a man thus situated? Of what avail is the knowledge of a happy home and all its comforts, to the shipwrecked mariner, dying of hunger and exposure, on a desert isle? He knows that beyond the horizon lies his home, but will the knowledge bring him any nearer to it? Richard knew he was guiltless, but the innate conviction was powerless to set him free. The mind may imagine, but words are unable to adequately express the keen, deep anguish that rudely tore his soul. All the miseries he had ever experienced, if summed up and multiplied a hundred times, would not equal this. His hitherto spotless name, his sister's name and future, his love for Vida, his very life, hung on the result, and the present complexion of affairs seemed to indicate that the result would be disastrous, calamitous.

The third day after his incarceration, his counsel, Mr. Lanspere, called upon him, but found him unable to enter upon any plan of defence. He was dejected, broken in spirit, and despaired of being able to rebut or break the force of the circumstantial evidence that would be brought against him. The attorney admitted that the case was a remarkably for-

midable and ugly one; but still, if judiciously managed, he thought evidence might be unearthed to prove that the *corpus delicti* were not the bodies of Miller and Mahoney, and if that fact could be substantiated, it could be proven that the prosecution was malicious, and the indictment for arson would necessarily have to be abandoned. To this Arbyght answered that he felt satisfied that his enemies rested their hopes of conviction on their ability to prove that the *corpus delicti* were the bodies of Mahoney and Miller, and that they had taken every precaution necessary to make that fact appear irrefragable, he therefore thought the chances in that direction hopeless in the extreme. Mr. Lanspere was of a different opinion, but seeing his client in no mood to continue the subject, he left, promising to call again on the morrow.

That afternoon his sister arrived in the city, and her first act was to call upon him. She found him in the same depressed state of mind in which his counsel left him. The meeting between them was a very sad one; there were tears too—but they were not shed by Bertha. This beautiful, gentle being, a few days since full of girlish fancy, vivacity and mirth, had become suddenly and strangely changed. One hour after she had heard the ill-fated news, she had grown, in a mental sense, very old. She had passed almost instantly from fairy girlhood to mature womanhood. She believed her brother innocent of the heinous crime with which he was charged, and all her woman's nature, her deep, impassioned, abiding affection, her keen, intuitive perception, her love of rectitude and abhorrence of treachery, her sensitiveness to her brother's wrongs—she thought not of herself—were all centred on one single object—saving him from his dreadful impending fate. She believed herself called upon to act with heroic fortitude and bravery, and hence tears and lamentations were not to be thought of. She rallied the poor fellow, remonstrated, coaxed and insisted, and when she left he felt much cheered and disposed to view his case more hopefully.

Bertha found a home at Soolfire Cottage. The Sergeant was a firm believer in Richard's innocence, and a good friend to his afflicted sister. He entered heartily into the case, and was an invaluable assistant in securing testimony favorable to the accused.

"You must pray incessantly, and put your trust in the good God," spoke Mrs. Soolfire to Bertha, one evening, as the day of trial drew near.

"I do, I do," she answered quickly, "but," continued Bertha, despairingly, "my good, kind friend, even though we pray, witnesses will not come to us unless we seek them, and unless we can secure evidence, prayers, I fear, will be of little avail."

"Bless my soul, girl, you are right," said the Sergeant, in his usual hurried tone.

Yes, Bertha was right. There would be fewer failures in this world, and less suffering, if all mankind appreciated the theological truth and practical sense of George Herbert's line:

"Help thyself, and God will help thee."

The day set for the trial was close at hand; it was known that two of the most eminent lawyers in the State were secured for the prosecution, and it was also known that the Commissioners had not given the Prosecuting Attorney permission to engage such counsel. It was therefore correctly surmised that certain parties, eager for conviction, were using their money freely to secure that end. In the daily press, the prisoner was almost daily tried at the bar of public opinion, and as often convicted and hanged; and as the jurors who were to try the case were to be drawn from this same public, it will be seen that the prisoner's chances of having impartial justice rendered unto him were doubtful and meagre. But then, the panel would consist of thirty-six jurors, and among that number, at least twelve might be found honest and unprejudiced, who would hear the case and decide strictly in conformity to the evidence produced. So thought Mr. Lanspere, the Sergeant, and Richard himself.

The venire *fecias* was made out, according to the usual custom, by the Clerk of the Court, at the instance of the Prosecuting Attorney, and when a copy of the panel, made out by the Sheriff, was delivered to the prisoner one day previous to the trial, as the law directed, it was found that out of the thirty-six jurors returned, thirty-four were employers of labor or large capitalists. Whether this was the result of chance, or whether the Sheriff was subsidized and manipulated the drawing of the panel to suit those who thirsted for the prisoner's blood, are questions that will likely remain unsolved until that awful day when the grave will give up its dead and its secrets together. As it was, it presented but very little encouragement to the accused. Of what avail was his right to peremptorily challenge nearly two-thirds of the panel, when the remaining third was equally objectionable? Truly, he was as powerless as the fly in the meshes of the spider's web.

The day of the trial dawned at last. It was a beautiful day in June—the air was mildly warm, the trees and lawns looked enchantingly lovely, fresh and new in the garb so recently furnished them by mother nature; it was a day that exerted upon the mind and body an enlivening, exhilarating influence; everybody seemed abroad and happy. LaSalle and Clark streets presented a gay and cheerful appearance. No one seemed to think of the sorrowing man, debarred of freedom, unjustly charged with evil, stricken down with the weight of

"sorrow's crown of sorrow," who counted the minutes as they slowly (to him) dropped from the hour-glass of time into the abyss of eternity. A great crowd seemed to continually press up and down the broad steps that led from both LaSalle and Clark streets, to the broad hall that ran clear through the massive, spacious Court House. All the halls in the building seemed alive with jabbering, restless humanity. On the bench, in the Criminal Court room, sat Judge Maclester, a large, heavy man—not very tall—full, round face, dark, piercing eyes, hair inclined to curl. This latter fact might be omitted, as the Judge could not boast of a profusion of hairy ornamentation. But, to render this defect invisible, he, to use the language of Addison, sought to "imitate Caesar, who, because his head was bald, covered that defect with laurels;" the acknowledged legal erudition and judicial probity of the Judge far outweighed the bad effect, if any, his hairless scalp produced on the beholder.

The court room was crowded to its utmost capacity—every foot of space was occupied. Nine o'clock. The Judge gave a slight nod, and the Oyez! Oyez! of the erior was heard above the confusing hum of voices, and the court was open for business. The Judge opened the docket, and cried in a loud voice: "The State of Illinois versus Richard Arbyght."

Silence, deep as the grave, now reigned in the room for a moment. The Prosecuting Attorney said the State was ready to proceed; Mr. Lanspere did not desire a postponement, so the Sheriff was directed to bring in the prisoner. This was an awful moment for Arbyght; to face that sea of staring, gaping, open-mouthed faces, was a task that required all his nerve, all his manhood, all the force of his being. He walked in firmly, manfully, and looked to the right and left sternly, fearlessly, but not defiantly. In a few moments he was to be tried for his life, not before the Great Omniscient unraveler of mysteries and unweaver of secrets; not before the Dispenser of Immutable Justice, but before fallible, corruptible beings, who could see nothing but what was made plain, and who, even then, might not dispense justice to the accused. The Clerk of the Court, in a clear voice, read the indictment—which was drawn up in the usual form, and charged that "Richard Arbyght, on the fourth day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and —, in the County of Cook, aforesaid, did unlawfully, maliciously, purposely and feloniously, kill and murder one Thomas Miller and one Tatum Mahoney; the said Richard Arbyght being then and there engaged in the perpetration of the crime of arson; that is to say, being then and there engaged in setting fire and burning the shop of one Alvan Relvason, there situate, wherein the said Tatum Mahoney and Thomas Miller, then and there were; and the said Richard Arbyght, then and there being, did unlawfully, forcibly, and of deliberate and premeditated malice, make an assault, and that the said Richard Arbyght, a certain pistol, then and there charged with gunpowder, and divers, to wit: three leaden bullets, which said pistol he, the said Richard Arbyght, in his hand or hands, then and there had and held, then and there unlawfully, purposely and of deliberate and premeditated malice, did discharge and shoot off, to, against and upon the said Mahoney and Miller."

It would be unnecessary and superfluous to follow the indictment through all its tautologous meanderings after legal exactness; suffice it to say that Richard Arbyght was accused of arson, and a heinous double murder. After the indictment had been read, he was asked to plead guilty or not guilty. Again that unearthly silence seemed to settle upon the vast throng, as in a clear, calm voice he replied, "Not guilty."

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XXXI.—Friends in Need.

The king having supplied his foster-brothers liberally with gold, they left him, in order to find a suitable place where they might obtain refreshment and repose. Upon entering an inn they seated themselves, and called loudly for the host; and it was not until they perceived his astonished looks that they remembered the dilapidated state of their clothes. The host, however, was easily satisfied with the sight of their gold; and, sending for a dealer in costume, the brothers were speedily equipped in more sightly garments. The tale of their shipwreck lulled all suspicion, and a plentiful repast was soon served up, to which the host was invited. After the wine-cup had freely circulated, Diego ventured to sound their host as to his knowledge of matters at court, and was delighted to hear from him that Tom Burdett was that very day seeking to raise a new company of freebooters, for which purpose he had left his bride immediately after the marriage ceremony. By dint of bribing this man liberally, he promised to use his influence to obtain them an engagement in Burdett's service. Satisfied with this they retired to rest.

The next day the host made known to them that he had, through much trouble, seen the knight, who was at the Castle of Larnac, about six miles distant, and obtained permission for them to join him that very morning adding, "and I, myself, am commissioned to conduct you to him."

The brothers cheerfully followed, though somewhat wondering at the sudden success of their disinterested friend.

The Castle of Larnac, to which Burdett had now conducted his wife, was a manor of little consideration, consisting of a castle, a high square tower, and buildings less elevated, which surrounded a circular court—if the term court could be given to a vast piece of ground, planted with trees and obstructed with briars.

The principal entrance, which, according to the custom of that period, was placed under the arches of a barbican or exterior fortification, was on the high road. The drawbridge was lowered, for the ditch that bordered the outside wall was almost always dry, and filled with sand. A small gate, half masked with briars, opened in the wall on the side of the heath.

Rachel had felt her heart sink on entering this castle. The aspect of the old mansion presented a sad and wild appearance; the grass grew even on the disjointed steps of the staircase, and the ivy covered the walls. But what contributed more than anything else to inspire her with melancholy forebodings, was to find herself alone in this dwelling, abandoned and defenceless, in the power of a brutal soldier. She had heard him give orders to the squire of Sir Stephen to assemble the servants of his master, and to depart with them immediately for Bordeaux.

Pensive and silent, with eyes cast down, Rachel brooded over a desperate resolution. Since the scene in the church, she had assisted in the unexpected change of her destinies like a dumb or indifferent spectator. Her grief did not express itself in plaints, tears, or sobs. Her heart bled slowly, without any eye being near to discover the secret. She was like the Moorish slaves, resigned to fate; but her fatality was a firm unshaken will, by which she found the power to struggle, and which guaranteed the future to her, were it even the immortal future that she should be driven to purchase at the expense of life.

Yet, when she saw herself alone with the captain in the deserted castle, the natural weakness and timidity of her sex again seized her. She felt a fainting and discouraging impression. She was afraid of wanting, if not courage, at least strength to accomplish her resolve, and was terrified at the silence that surrounded her. A cold perspiration bathed her ivory brow when she thought that the violence of her spouse might paralyze all her powers of resistance.

In the meantime the thoughts of the rough Late Comer were quite of a different nature. He waited with ill-suppressed impatience the moment when he should find himself alone with the beautiful Rachel. So, as soon as he had closed the gate of the barbican behind the servants of the late lord of the manor, he hastened to rejoin his young wife, whom he found with her hands supporting her head, and absorbed in a meditation so profound, that, notwithstanding his heavy footsteps, she had not heard his approach.

He remained for some moments gazing at her, before she perceived his presence.

In spite of her anguish of mind, the beauty of the new convert had lost nothing of its lustre; she seemed even to have acquired additional charms and livelier attractions by the change of dress to which she had been obliged to submit.

Although Rachel was his wife, Tom Burdett experienced an inexpressible embarrassment on approaching her, not knowing how to break the silence. At length he seated himself by her side, and with an awkward, but confident air, took her hand. At that touch the dreamer shook through her entire frame; she arose, seized with instinctive horror, as if an asp had stung her.

"Well, my fair lady, who are you thinking of with so profound a forgetfulness of the present?" said the captain, endeavouring under a mask of pleasantry, to hide his vexation.

"Of you, sir," answered Rachel, without hesitation.

"Of me! can that be true?" resumed the Late Comer, trying to give to his hoarse voice a somewhat gallant and languishing accent.

"Why do you doubt my word?" said Rachel, coldly.

"Perhaps you are right," said he, smiling; "I have never had to reproach you with the least untruth, for it is the first time you have deigned to speak to me since our marriage."

Rachel made a gesture of impatience, but did not answer.

"In short," resumed the captain, "since I have no motive for disbelieving you, what do you think of me, my pretty pearl of the East?"

"I think," replied she, slowly, "that you must be a very vile, senseless, man, in having consented to take me for a wife."

"What do you say?" exclaimed Burdett, starting from his seat. "Odzooks, repeat that again!"

"Yes," repeated Rachel, with bitter irony, and fixing her large black eyes on those of the Late Comer—"yes; very vile, in having made a shameful traffic of this marriage, in having bargained for me without shame; and very senseless, to be capable of thinking that, after having loved Don Pedro, so noble, so hand-

some, and so valiant, I could ever love another."

Burdett regarded her with surprise and astonishment; "Madam," said he, "have you not voluntarily and publicly accepted me for a husband—your lord and master. How dare you cast in my face such ridiculous reproaches?"

"The inexorable Prince of Wales," replied Rachel, "commanded me to marry one of his captains, and I obeyed, because my submission was necessary to save Don Pedro, and to replace a lost crown on his brow. I became your wife as I would have become that of one of the basest of Edward's vassals."

"Thanks for the preference," said Burdett, with a jeering laugh.

"But, if I have contracted this odious union to save him I loved," she continued, "you, sir, espoused in me only the marriage gifts; why, then, not leave me to my grief and silence? why force me to tell you these cruel truths? We cannot either of us love the other; and I will not be for a day, an hour, no, not for an instant, the puppet of your caprices. Let happen what will," continued Rachel, "I tell you from the bottom of my heart, captain, that you will never inspire me with other feelings than those of hatred and contempt."

"So, so!" exclaimed Burdett, "I have conquered prouder and nobler dames than you. You are my wife and must submit to my will—that I swear."

"Never will that oath be fulfilled," said Rachel, with a haughty and disdainful air.

"I shall keep my word," replied the captain, coldly; saying which he advanced towards her with a calm and resolute air.

"Do you forget, sir," said the young girl, "that every man who abuses his power over a defenceless woman is held infamous, and deservedly treated as a coward? But have a care, I am no longer a child, nor easily frightened. Even in this solitude I do not fear you."

"Ah!" said the captain, "I will prove to you that, with me, action soon follows words." Saying which, he sprang forward and grasped her arm; but the young woman, quickly disengaging herself, repulsed him with a power imparted to her by extreme terror and disgust, and fled, until her hands touched the cold curbstone of the well, against which she leaned to support herself.

"Wretch!" she exclaimed, "who made thee a knight? Thou deservest to be publicly degraded, and to see thy gold spurs torn away by the hand of the executioner."

"Daring woman!" exclaimed Burdett, swelling with rage; "but I will not suffer you to escape me either by flight or death," added the Late Comer, roughly.

He then advanced towards her with a cool and implacable resolution, while his eyes glowed like those of a tiger about to spring on its prey.

Rachel leant over the mouth of the well, and shuddered at seeing the profound darkness of the abyss. "Force compels me," said she; "Heaven created woman weak that man might protect her, but Heaven has also endowed her with courage when her natural protector becomes her persecutor." And before Burdett could reach her, by a sudden bound she mounted on the curbstone of the well.

"Stop, Rachel, stop!" exclaimed the Late Comer, shocked, notwithstanding his ferocity, at that heroic and unexpected action.

"I fear thee no longer," said she, with the excitement of despair. "If thou advancest a single step, I throw myself into that gulph, before thy brutal hand touches the curbstone."

Burdett stood immovable, and as if petrified by these words. "Neither thy tears, thy entreaties, nor thy threats could have made me relent," at length he answered, "but I cannot help admiring the courage with which thou bravest me. Descend, Rachel, I swear to respect thy will."

"I will not descend until thou movest away," replied Rachel, "for I cannot trust thy word."

The Late Comer, undecided and furious at the same time, dared not advance, and hesitated to move away, when all at once a violent knocking was heard at the little gate, near which this scene had taken place.

At this unexpected noise, Burdett angrily exclaimed, "Who is the scoundrel that knocks thus at my gate?"

Rachel, to whom this disturbance promised an unhopd-for succour, felt her energy return, and jumped lightly on the ground, springing towards the gate. But Burdett immediately rushed after her and locked her in his iron arms, while she uttered a desperate shriek, crying out, "Whoever you are, come quickly to my assistance."

"It is I, sir," answered a voice, which the captain recognised.

"What dost thou want?" demanded the Late Comer, roughly endeavouring to stifle the cries of his wife.

"I have brought you the young man whom I recommended to you."

"Go to the barbican," said Burdett, "and I will come and let you in." As soon as the sound of their footsteps died away, he withdrew his hand, which he had brutally held over Rachel's mouth, and the lips of the poor young creature were bleeding.

"My pretty lady," said the Late Comer, with cruel irony, "I sincerely regret being obliged to quit you; had it not been for that, I would have undertaken to have brought you to more tender sentiments towards me; but