

Poetry.

LABOR.

Labor is rest—from the sorrows that greet us;
Rest from all petty vexations that meet us,
Rest from the sin-promptings that ever entreat us,
Rest from world-sirens that lure us to ill.
Work—and pure slumbers shall wait on thy pillow.
Work—thou shalt ride over Caro's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow!
Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Labor is health! Lo, the husbandman reaping,
How through his veins goes the life-current leaping;
How his strong arm in its stalwart pride sweeping,
Free as a sunbeam the swift sickle guides.
Labor is wealth—in the sea the pearl groweth,
Rich the queen's robe from the frail cocoon floweth,
From the pine acorn the strong forest bloweth,
Temple and statute the marble block hides.

Drop not though shame, sin, and anger are round thee;
Look to yon pure heaven smiling beyond thee,
Rest not content in thy darkness—a clod!
Work—for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor!—all labor is noble and holy;
Let thy great deeds be thy prayer to thy God.

Pause not to dream of the future before us;
Pause not to weep the wild career that comes o'er us;
Hark how Creation's deep, musical chorus,
Upintermitting goes up to Heaven!
Never the ocean-wave falters in flowing;
Never the little seed stops in its growing;
More and more richly the rose-heart keeps glowing,
Till from its nourishing stem it is riven.

Labor is worship!—the robin is singing,
Labor is worship!—the wild bee is singing,
Listen! that eloquent whisper unspringing,
Speaks to thy soul from our nature's great heart,
From the dark cloud flows the life giving shower;
From the small insects, the rich coral bower;
Only man in the plan ever shrinks from his part.

Labor is life!—'tis the still water falleth;
Idleness ever despaireth, bewaileth;
Keep the watch wound for the dark rust assaileth!
Flowers droop and die in the stillness of noon.
Labor is glory!—the flying cloud lightens;
Only the waving wind changes and brightens;
Idle hearts only the dark future frightens;
Play the sweet keys wouldst thou keep them in tune.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES' UNION STORY.

BY M. A. FORAN.
Pres. C. I. U.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The winter, long and dreary, was slowly passing away, dissolving into the ethereal mildness of spring, like the gray dawn, when night begins to open into day. Arbyght had returned from New Orleans, and was actively, energetically at work. The union was determinedly fighting an unseen enemy. Whenever it was ascertained that a man had become prominent, or held an office in the organization, he was marked immediately, and discharged upon the slightest provocation. No man was discharged because of his connection with the order. Oh! no; but men were discharged for mildly remonstrating against insulting remarks from the foreman, or even employers, and whenever a man was discharged he had to soon leave the city, or turn his attention to something else. A fearful amount of misery and suffering was the result, but the men bore it heroically, with very few exceptions. Some there were, who, driven by famine and want, denied they were union men, and thus got back to work. Any person from outside seeking work, was closely questioned, and if found to be tainted with unionism, was invariably refused employment. These and other mean devices were resorted to for the purpose of breaking the spirit of the men.

It was the general feeling among the employers that a reduction of wages should be enforced early in the spring, but their last experience with the union convinced them that trouble was to be apprehended unless that body was destroyed. Here, then, was the motive for all these little petty acts of meanness, persecution and tyranny; gold, self, was at the bottom of it. They dreaded a severance of the relations then existing between them and the men, though they were resolved upon the reduction, regardless of the consequences, if it could not be peaceably accomplished. This little ring of employers reasoned after this fashion: by reducing the men's wages half a dollar per diem the men would not feel it, while it would aggregate the net sum

of two hundred thousand dollars at the end of the year, and that was certainly a snug little sum to divide among a few men—would give them from ten to thirty thousand dollars each, and they certainly could take better care of it than the improvident workmen. It never occurred to them that this half dollar might actually be needed to furnish bread for some little mouth.

The crisis came shortly after the Relvason dinner party, and was probably hastened by that event, as the dinner *per se* and the dresses and jewellery for the occasion cost Mr. Relvason some fifteen or twenty thousand dollars, and being a very miserly, selfish man, the magnitude of the bills alarmed and maddened him, and he determined that the gap in his bank account should be speedily filled, and with that end in view, he urged the reduction more strongly than ever, and at length the other employers yielded, and the strike against the men was instituted. Notice of the new scale of prices was given the men, and they, as a matter of course, refused to work on the new schedule. They were ordered to leave the shops, and they complied instantly. The employers now found that all their little despicable manoeuvres amounted to nothing, as the men proved a united integral body, while it was confidently expected that dissensions and divisions would be the result of their victimizing, minacious terrorism, and other dishonorable devices. Nearly all the daily papers sided with the employers, whom they considered the victims of a horrible conspiracy. Long articles from employers appeared daily, and should any of the workmen respond, the reply would be inserted at advertising rates, or not inserted at all. This was the ultimatum of the press, and by this means the men were prevented from giving the public a full and clear statement of the case. From the open and covert tone of the press, it was generally believed the men had struck for an advance. The real facts in the case were distorted and twisted—shaped to throw odium on the men, and lead the public to believe that the employers were being most foully dealt with.

One afternoon a non-union man working for Relvason, came out of the shop into the street, on an errand of some nature, and as he passed through the gate he met a large number of children returning from school, among whom was the little son—a mere child—of one of the locked out workmen. The little fellow made some remark which the non-union man thought reflected on himself, and forthwith he seized the child by the hair and began beating him unmercifully. The little fellow set up a most vociferous howling, as a matter of course; the noise attracted the attention of some men who were just then crossing the street a block further up. Among these men was the father of the boy in question. Seeing his child abused he rushed to the rescue, and dealt the cowardly brute some well merited punishment. The man was not seriously injured, as he ran as soon as the child's father came towards him.

As is usual in such cases, a large crowd soon collected. Relvason jumped into his buggy and was soon at the police headquarters, where he represented the workmen as having made an attack upon his shop in vast numbers. The Mayor was summoned, and all the available force was ordered out, even merchant police and citizens being pressed into the ranks.

Two hours afterwards, a little army of over three hundred policemen and others marched grandly up to the scene of the recent encounter. They found the place silent and deserted. The deputy superintendent in charge of this formidable army, then divided it into squads, which he placed under the command of sergeants, and sent them into different parts of the city, with orders to arrest every man known to have refused to work at the employers' terms. About fifty of the workmen spent that night in the first, second and third precinct station houses. They were bailed out or discharged the following day, as nothing could be found against them, but no recompense was made them for the gross wrong inflicted upon them as citizens. The police department was not even censured. This little episode created a terrible excitement; the press was frantic. Some wanted the Mayor to issue a proclamation, others wanted the Governor to issue a proclamation, and call out the State militia, and some even went so far as to call on the President to send U. S. troops to crush out the spirit of rampant insubordination that threatened the city with destruction. But notwithstanding all these things, the men firmly refused to go to work except at the former price, and the probabilities seemed to indicate that in the end they would be successful. The employers changed front; they proposed arbitration, and the men readily accepted the proposal. A board of arbitration was formed, met, discussed the matter, adjourned, met again, and adjourned to meet again, met again—no agreement. The employers proposed that Arbyght should be removed from the board—the men refused, and the scheme fell through. It could not succeed, as each party entered the arrangement with the primordial resolve not to concede anything.

A calm followed. About a week later, Tatam Mahoney called upon Arbyght one evening, about nine o'clock, and said that Mr. Relvason wished to see him at his office, for the purpose of settling the affair, as he was heartily sick of it, and wished to put the men to work on the following day, but Mr. Relvason (he said) wished some guarantee for the future good conduct of the men, as he wished to avoid all complications hereafter. This was

good news to Richard. He wrapped himself in his overcoat, and set out with Mahoney immediately. The latter did not have much to say, and Richard's thoughts were elsewhere. The trip to the shop was one of almost unbroken silence, but Richard noticed that his companion walked closed by his side. They reached the office, and Tatam passed in closely followed by Arbyght. Relvason was not there; there was nobody there.

"He must have stopped out—sit down—he will be back directly," said Mahoney, handing a chair to Arbyght, who refused to be seated; he looked sharply at the man, as just then the idea of treachery swept through his mind like an inspiration.

"I will see if he is in the shop," said Mahoney, opening the heavy door, which closed after him with a loud bang. A moment later, three pistol shots, fired in quick succession, awoke the echoes of the old shop. Richard started, then ran to the door leading into the shop; it would not open. Ha! perhaps the door leading to the yard was fastened also; no, it was not—he rushed into the yard. Great God! what a light! the windows of the shop looked like open doors in a furnace. Great volumes of flame seemed rolling, tumbling, hissing and roaring in the shop. Was he dreaming? No! The glass in the windows began to crackle and fall to the ground in little pieces.

The shop was on fire. Richard rushed toward the street, crying fire lustily. In passing through the gate, a rough hand was laid on his arm, and a rough voice hissed in his ear:

"Not so fast, young man;" he turned and beheld a policeman.

"Unhand me, fellow! What do you mean?" said Richard, struggling to unloose the man's hold. The policeman held tightly. Arbyght became angered, and giving a powerful lurch the blue-coat went spinning into the street.

"Man! what do you want?" he repeated, as the policeman picked himself up and advanced towards him with a cocked revolver.

"You are my prisoner," was the reply of the policeman.

"What have I done?" The policeman significantly pointed towards the burning building. He saw through the whole thing at once.

"I submit, sir, but I believe, in my soul, you are in this plot." The man did not answer. A great crowd had now collected, and the fire-bells were ringing sharply all over the city. Arbyght was searched upon the spot, and in the outside pocket of his overcoat, a small revolver, of peculiar make, was found.

Three of the chambers were empty, and were very evidently recently discharged.

Richard Arbyght began to realize his situation; a cold tremor ran through his entire frame, but his face gave no evidence of the interior emotion. The building burned to the ground. Next day, the blackened, charred remains of two human beings were found in the ruins. At the inquest, the *post-mortem* examination revealed a small bullet hole through the right temple of one body, and two similar holes in the breast of the other. From a pocket-knife found on one and a watch on the other, the bodies, or what was left of them were recognized as those of Tatam Mahoney and Tom Miller.

Richard Arbyght was ironed, lodged in a cell in the convict-tier, charged with arson and murder.

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

OR,

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XXX.—The Marriage Bells.

Fifteen days had elapsed since the consecration of the banners. Rachel, who by command of the Prince of Wales, had been conducted to a convent of nuns, had renounced Judaism. On the day of her abjuration, she found a knife stuck in the door of her cell, and on a parchment held by the knife, she read, written in Hebrew characters, the following words: "Whoever renounces the faith of Moses, will be stoned on earth, and cursed in heaven."

Zedekiah, at the risk of his life, had got into the convent at night. After leaving there the above-mentioned trace of his visit, he had fled from Bordeaux, and rejoined the escort of Augustin Gudiel, who, previous to returning to Spain, had stopped at the castle of Sir Stephen Codrington, so as to observe the preparations that the Prince of Wales was making for war.

As for Samuel Ben Levi, he would not even see his daughter, nor be witness to her disgrace; he also had quitted the city in the suite of the Bishop of Segovia.

The day of Rachel's marriage arrived. Don Pedro had hoped, until the last moment, that some obstacle to its completion would arise; either that the young girl would retract her promise, that Tom Burdett might disappear, or even that the Princess of Wales would herself oppose the union, but none of these happened.

The dawn had given way to a smiling, soft blue sky, the court of the monastery of St. Andrews began to resound with joyous noises; the grooms laughed while carrying their

horses, and the pages sang amatory ditties.

Rachel's lover, Don Pedro, pale from want of sleep, rose with a frowed brow. A vision that he could not get rid of flitted before his eyes; he endeavoured to drive away the dear image of his beloved, but in vain, she still smiled on him. But, henceforth, it would be in vain for him to wish to approach her; the poor girl dared no longer answer him, either by look or gesture; she would belong to another.

At that thought he felt as if he were going mad. He had frequently imagined to himself all the misfortunes that might befall his love. He had foreseen the possibility that Rachel might be carried away from him, and thrown into prison, but then he always felt the assurance of being able to release her by dint of skill and courage. She might die, but his soul would then be dead with her, and would not be long before it rejoined her. But what he had never thought of was, that she could become the wife of another—that a rough soldier should have a right to exact submission from her. And, moreover, he thought that Tom Burdett would probably be a harsh, passionate, and violent master to Rachel, and that he, though King of Castile, would no longer have the right to defend his well-beloved. Then suddenly he experienced a secret joy, in the reflection that the detested Burdett was an adventurer of coarse manners, and that Rachel could not love such a husband and forget him.

All at once he started as if awakened from a dream, for the bells rung out merrily to announce the commencement of the marriage ceremony. The sound stunned him; each peal seemed to him mournful as a funeral knell, and fell on his heart with the weight of a sledge-hammer. Madness and rage took possession of him: first, he thought of being in the church before the betrothed, and dragging Rachel by force from the altar; then he contemplated challenging the captain and killing him before the nuptial benediction was pronounced. But, soon feeling the impracticability of these wild schemes, he fell again into an apathetic torpor, weeping with very weakness; then, on partially recovering from this stupor, as if the very intensity of his grief had made him forgetful, he asked himself why he wept. His bitterest enemy could not have seen him in that state without pitying him.

At length he resolved to remain no longer in the city where his misery had been consummated, but to get far away from that railing harmony, that seemed to mock his grief.

He immediately ordered his horse to be saddled, and departed at a furious gallop. Those who saw him thought he had gone mad; his haggard eyes stared, but he saw nothing; one image alone haunted him—it was that of the Jewess, kneeling at the foot of the altar, receiving the ring from Burdett. Sometimes he uttered a shout of wild laughter, and then relapsed again into a moody silence. Then he drove the spurs into his horse's flanks, which made the fiery animal fly over the sands with the swiftness of an arrow. He found a wild pleasure in danger. Arrived in the country, he regarded the sky, and was surprised not to see it, in unison with his own heart, covered with black clouds. The sun smiled, and reddened the vine-leaves; lizards idly basked and warmed themselves in its rays, or fled at his approach. The country, like the city, seemed making holiday, and Don Pedro, involuntarily calling to mind his flight with the daughter of Samuel through the forest of Cardona, a soft smile lit up his countenance at the recollection.

He now looked behind him to see how far he was from Bordeaux, and through the clear air the two dark towers of the church still appeared in the distance. Rachel he thought had undoubtedly just entered it. The wind still brought to his listening ear the sound of the bells, fainter and more distant, but still as crushing to his wounded heart.

He then thought of the miserable Daniel who had so brutally torn his happiness from him by pursuing Rachel. Don Pedro knew his hiding place, and imagined he should certainly find him near the pool, and that there he would avenge himself.

He arrived at length at the spot, and cast his eyes on the stagnant water. The scrfs were still encamped in that asylum, resembling ghosts rather than living beings. They were lying on heaps of cold cinders, and no one rose on the approach of Don Pedro; for they had no longer strength to flee. Approaching nearer he perceived Joanna, and she looked at him and smiled, but stirred not, whispering, "make no noise, good sir, make no noise, you will wake the children and they will ask you for bread."

Upon Don Pedro's enquiring for Daniel, she pointed out to him a thicket in the distance, whither he hastened, and found Daniel digging a grave. The man was so absorbed in his occupation that he took no notice of the approach of a stranger, and it was not until the king had touched his shoulder that he raised his eyes. "Wretch!" exclaimed Don Pedro, "I am here for vengeance!"

"Vengeance," muttered Daniel, "it is too late; my children are dead, what is there left for vengeance. Even the Jewess is revenged—she, who, had it not been for Don Augustin Gudiel, would have been my guardian angel; she, who, in obedience to him, I persecuted."

"The bishop?" said Don Pedro! "he is ever in my path, the mover and instigator of all my misfortunes;" then, turning away, he added, as though softened by the miseries of

the peasant, "I forgive thee, Daniel, here is money, go and purchase thyself food;" and mounting his horse he galloped rapidly towards the sandy plain.

At length Don Pedro perceived in the distance a small forest of pines, the dark verdure of which stood out on the sandy downs, towards which it led. He spurred his horse, and, just as the wind sprung up, arrived within a short distance of the trees. He then saw that some horses, equipped for a long journey, were tied to the trunks of the pines, while others were watering at a small pond lying under the shade of those trees. Helmets, lances, and armour shone in the wood, and he heard the murmur of distinguished voices which until that moment the thickness of the atmosphere had prevented him hearing.

The king stopped, undecided whether to advance and seek a shelter near the troop of knights who had taken refuge under the pine trees, or to retreat, and so avoid the risk of falling into the hands of the marauders that swarmed on the frontiers.

While he hesitated, his horse, thirsty from a long course over the burning sands, suddenly reared, then sprang like a dart towards the lake at which the horses of the unknown knights were drinking.

Don Pedro tried in vain to rein him in, and, at the moment he reached the cluster of pines, the king saw an unfurled banner planted on a hillock of sand. It was the banner of Don Enrique, King of Castile.

A cold sweat covered the brow of Don Pedro, he made a desperate effort to subdue his horse and make him turn back, but the animal, mad with thirst, galloped to the borders of the lake.

He was immediately surrounded by a circle of gentlemen and squires, the major part of whom were known to him.

He who seemed the chief of the troop wore the habit of a monk, made of extremely fine stuff; his cloak and cowl were of the best Flander's cloth, and at that moment he was caressing, with his hand, a mettlesome mule, which was appropriated to his especial use.

This high dignitary of the Church on hearing the exclamations of surprise that rose in the ranks of his escort, precipitately advanced towards the intruder, and exclaimed, with an expression of astonishment, mixed with an inexpressible joy, "Don Pedro!"

"Don Augustin Gudiel!" exclaimed the king in his turn; dismayed at finding he had fallen into the midst of the escort of his brother's ambassador.

They steadfastly regarded each other with a menacing air; then the Bishop of Segovia, turned with a triumphant smile to the knights grouped around him, "Gentlemen," said he, "welcome the storm that has brought us such a guest."

The king resolved to struggle boldly with his ill fortune. "Why dost thou rejoice Augustin," said he, "I think I have nothing to fear, either for my life or my liberty, on the soil of a province subject to my ally, the Prince of Wales."

"Dost thou then think, proud man, that when God has manifestly declared against thee by delivering thee into my power, through thy own blindness, that I shall bend the knee before thee as in the monastery of St. Andrews, and leave thee a free passage?"

"Thou darrest not violate the rights of nations in keeping me prisoner," exclaimed Don Pedro, "for Edward would take a terrible vengeance for such a treacherous act."

"We care little for the opinion of a prince so far from us," said the bishop.

"Insult not with such culpable levity that renowned warrior, whose frown would make thee tremble," replied Don Pedro.

"I am determined to keep thee prisoner," said the bishop.

"And if thou art taken thou wilt be sure to perish by an ignominious death," said the king, casting a desperate look on all around.

"Expect not to obtain thy liberty from any here present," said the bishop. "All are thy enemies, even Samuel Ben Levi and Zedekiah, thy former favourites."

Don Pedro shuddered at seeing the two Israelites fix their dark looks on him, although he tried to smile with contempt.

"Yes, I hate thee," said Samuel; "for thy sake, my well-beloved daughter has become the disgrace of our tribe."

"And I," muttered Zedekiah, approaching sufficiently near for his face to touch the mane of the king's horse, "I hate thee, for thy sake Rachel has abjured our holy religion; but we will be revenged, for she shall die by the hands of the Levites of the synagogue, whatever efforts thou mayest make to save her. This night, probably, Rachel will answer before the Lord for her apostasy."

The king felt himself lost; here, in the midst of enemies who had every feeling of hatred, cupidity, or revenge to gratify by giving him up, what hope was there for him? none! he saw too clearly his position, and silently and unresistingly suffered his hands to be tied and himself bound to his horse; which being done, Augustin Gudiel gave the orders to march, and the cavalcade instantly set forward with the exception of the two Jews, who, fearful of the coming storm which hovered threateningly in the distance, preferred remaining, having in vain endeavoured to dissuade the bishop from advancing.

The cavalcade had proceeded but a short time ere the dull howling of the wind increased rapidly, and the whole plain appeared in the distance like a surging ocean. Too much absorbed in his prize, Gudiel pushed on, hold-