

Who is the Richer?

A PROSE POEM.

When the wealthy Rothschild is praised in my hearing—who, out of his enormous revenues, spends thousands on the education of poor children, on the healing of the sick, and on the care of infirm old men—I feel moved and praise him.

Still, while I am praising him, and feeling thus touched, I involuntarily think of a poor peasant family, who took an orphan—a poor relation—into a thin, miserable, shattered hut.

"We will take Kate to live with us," said the wife; "it is true it will cost us our last groschen; we shall not even have salt to flavour our soup. . ."

"Well, we can eat it without salt," answered the peasant, her husband.

Rothschild rank far below this peasant!

IVAN TURGENIEF.

