Zoetry.

THE HERITAGE.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

The rich man's son inherits lands. And piles of brick, and stone and gold; And he inherits soft white hands And tender flesh that fears the cold, Nor dares to wear a garment old : A heritage, it seems to me, One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares; The bank may break, the factory burn, A breath may burst his bubble shares, And soft white hands could hardly carn A living that would serve his turn : A heritage, it scems to me, One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants His stomach craves for dainty fare; With sated heart he hears the pants Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare, And wearles in his easy chair, A heritage it seems to me, One scarce would wish to hold in fee,

What doth the poor man's son inherit? Stout muscles and a sinewy heart. A hardy frame, a hardier spirit; King of two hands, he does his part In every useful toil and art! A heritage it seems to me, A king might wish to hold in foe.

What doth the poor man's son inherit? Wishes o'crloyed with humble things. A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit, Content that from employment springs, A heart that in his labor sings; A heritage it seems to me, A king might wish to hold in fee.

What does the poor man's son inherit? A patience learned by being poor, Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it, A fellow-feeling that is sure To make the outcast seek his door : A heritage it seems to me, A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil That with all others level stands: Large charity doth never soil, But only whiten soft, white hands-This is the best crop from thy lands; A heritage it seems to me. Worth being rich to hold in fee

O poor man's son ! scorn not thy state ; There is worse weariness than thine In being merely rich and great; Toil only gives the soul to shine, And makes resufragrant and benign; A her tage it seems to me, Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod. Are equal in the earth at last; Both, childern of the same dear God, Prove title to your heirship vast By record of a well-filled past; A heritage, it seems to me, Well worth a life to hold in fee.

Tales and Sketches.

THE OTHER SIDE.

NEW TRADES UNION STORY.

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

CHAPTER XIII.

The union had been in existence some three weeks, and had convened in session some six or seven times. Still, none but the initiated knew where its councils were held or who covert opposition to the principles of the association, other than that already narrated, appeared. The word "union" seemed to be tabooed, both by men and employers, as if by tacit understanding. The men felt jubilant, but the leaders of the movement looked grave and counseled discretion, unity and secrecy. They well knew the quiet then prevailing was the unnatural calm that invariably precedes the storm. They were right. The leviathan of tyrannous opposition and fraudulent wrong, though comatose, was not asleep. He lay in a pool, thick with the slime of greedy rapacity and befouled of rank injustice. But the appearance of the muddy, stagnant pool was placid, except that one day a frothy scum bubbled up to the surface, floated off to the side of the fenny slough and disappeared in the brakes and rushes. This was an ominous sign. The sound was sont from henceth by the f tid breath of the master, and by a slight galetch of the imagination is could be made to some the form and appearance of one Tatam Manney, "At the last meeting lots its union this worthy, was proposed for membership. His admission was strendously opposed by some, and as strendously advocated by others. If was n ged by the former that he was both morally and mechanically unfit for membership; that he was a confirmed inebriate, an immoral man, lacking in matthood, wanting in honor, with no stability or reliableness whatever. By the latter it was as warmly urged that he had lately reformed, joined the Good Templars and the church, become industrious, saved his carnings and appeared more respectably. Besides, his friends contended, even if the charges preferred against him were true, it was the duty of the union to extend to him a helping-hand and aid in making of him a better man. The latter argument secured his admission, but those who advanced it, so well as those who were convinced by it, seemed to forget that the first great and paramount duty

of the union was self-preservation. Neither commenced a diligent scrutiny of the various did they investigate or analyze Tatam Mahoney's sudden reformation, or seek to know if the causes that led to it were prompted by his own conscience, or by the clink of Alvan Relvason's gold. Had they paused to consider or investigate they would have discovered that religion, temperance and respectability struck and overpowered Tatam Mahopey as suddenly and as unexpectedly as a sand atorm comes upon the belated traveler in the great American desert.

That night, long after ten o'clock, a light still shone through the curtained window of Relvason's office, which was located close to one of the principal thems, being in fact a part of it or rather a small wing or addition at-tached to the end, and communicating with the stop heavy oaken door, which, through the agent of a weight and pulley closed automatically and became locked with a stiff spring bolt, which could copened only from the office side ... The other end of the shop, faced and liey, into which it opened through a small door. About eleven o'clock a man disguised in a foldier's overcoat, dyed black, the cape drawn up over the head and falling in irregular folds down the face, approached this door, peered cantiously around, then inserted a key in the tusty lock, -the bolt flew back with a sharp click, which sounded unnaturally loud in the thick silence hanging over the place. The muffled figure drow back with a nervous start, frightened like the witch of Endor at a spectre of her own conjuration.

A moment afterwards he entered the shop and closed the door behind him. Cautiously groping his way, he soon reached the entrance leading to the office and was admitted by Mr. Spindle. The heavy oaken door closed with a momentum that shook the office, the spring bolt flew into its socket, and Tatam Mahoney stood before Relvason and his Figaro.

"You have kept your promise, I see !" and Relvason rubbed his hands with sardonic complacency, as his shaggy eyebrows came down and the eyes went up, and the wolfish teeth glistened through the slightly parted lips.

"It was no easy task, sir," replied Tatam, doggedly, and he looked nervous and ill at ease as he changed his Scotch cap from one hand to the other, his eyes riveted upon the lower part of Relvason's chair as if he was intently counting the legs and rounds in that useful article of furniture.

"Indeed!" said his questioner, with a contemptuous sneer. The slave trembled slightly, but did not reply. "Were you initiated?" "Yes, sir."

"Good!" and Relvason glowed with incendiary humor. "Is the association oathbound ?"

A painful shade passed over the slave's face, leaving it quite blanched. He managed to raise his head and regarded Relvason with a pitiful stare. "Spare me," he answered, scarcely above a whisper.

"Why should I?" The lips opened and the words came through the set teeth with a whirring sound. "I have paid you for the information I seek, and I must have it," he continued with horrible emphasis.

"It is oath-bound, very, very much so," stammered the slave, with an unpleasant gurgle in his throat.

"Did you take this oath?" Again the slave raised his head, and though he spoke not, the imploring eye, the quivering lip, the blanched cheek, the clasped hands, the trembling body-all said, "spare me."

But Relvason's object was to destroy the st vestige of manhood in his victim, and sear his conscience so effectually as to fit him for any plot or scheme, no matter how fiendish or unnatural. He repeated the question fiercely, "Did you take the oath?"

"I had to take it, sir." Tatam Mahoney, seeing there was no escape, assumed a sullen, dogged bravado he was far from feeling.

"Who are the principal movers in the

"Arbyght, Trustgood and McFlynn, and in influence they stand in about the order I have named them.

"Arbyght, Trustgood, McFlynn," repeated Relvason, as if fixing the names in his memory. "I have the names recorded," said Spindle,

speaking for the first time.
Oh, I dorgot, Dieaded Relyason apole retically 150 you think Arbyght exerts with reduction this matter than any of the

I think "said the slave, with an affected knowledge of the future, "that if Arbyght was withdrawn from the movement it would be so hadly paralyzed that disruption would be very apt to follow, but I am sure if the three men I have named were induced or forced to leave it, the combination would be

short-lived." "Is there any offensive movement now in

contemplation?" "Not at present. As nearly as I can learn the 'idea is to organize thoroughly before making any demands."

The balance of the conversation related to minor details, after which the slave was carefully conched for the next meeting of the union, and then shown to the door by Spindle, with a repulsive, mock obsequiousness.

That night the Leviathan slept. Next morning the pool was muddler, slimler and thicker, and the eyes of the monster began to resemble hot coals, and his nostrils began to emit fire and smoke. It was coming.

Folix Rulless came into Richard's borth and

tools and other little fixtures peculiar to the trade. His actions were, to say the least, ludicrous, but he looked sad, and Richard felt sure he had some unpleasant news to communicate.

"A fine morning, Richard," he at length said, looking at a large knife as if endeavoring to make out the name of the manufacturer. Richard detected a tremor in the tone, but answered cheerfully:

"It is, indeed, old friend. But pray tell me what is it?"

The foreman picked up an adze and began hunting for the maker's name on that also, as he answered; a little reproachfully,

"I am afraid you have been indiscreet." "Ah, I see how it is. I am wanted at the

office."

"You-hum-that is-yes, I believe you are." and the foreman walked slowly away, saying as he went, in a husky voice, "I am afraid we will lose you, Richard."

Yes, it was coming. Relvason was sorting and reading the morning's mail as Richard entered, and to our hero's mind the manner in which he tore open the envelopes suggested a cruel nature; the manner in which, 5) drew out the letter and flung the envelor aside suggested a hot, imperious nature; and the manner in which he threw certain postions of the mail to Spindle, suggested a haughty, tyrannous nature. Richard felt sure that he read aright these traits of character, in these most trivial acts of the man. He did read aright; every act and movement of our lives is but a character of a language that reveals the hidden soul as it really is.

"Mr. Relvason, I understand you expressed wish to see me?"

"So I did, so I did; be seated, sir." He spoke as if it were of no consequence. 444 had almost forgotten it," he continued, and coming from behind the railing he handed Richard a chair, which the latter declined with thanks, well knowing that by so doing would hasten the business in band.

"I wished to speak to you concerning this foolish union business; in doing so my only aim is to prevent unpleasant complications, and save us all much unnecessary trouble."

"I am glad to hear your aim is a pacific

"Pacific! so it is; but what do you think is the best method of establishing a lasting peace between two contending forces?" asked Relvason; with a touch of asperity in the tone.

"To have both parties strictly and voluntarily conform to the eternal principles of justice, each seeking only what rightly belongs to itself, and willingly restoring to the other anything unjustly acquired," answered Richard promptly and earnestly.

"That is your idea of securing a lasting peace?"

"It is," said Richard.

"It is not mine," said Relvason, with an ironical sneer, and the lips parted and the teeth became visible. "My method of effecting a lasting peace between two contending forces," he resumed, "would be to effectually destroy and annibilate one of them."

"In other words," rejoined Richard, "you would establish the calm of desolation and call it peace ?"

"We will not argue the subject further," he answered. "I dare say you understand

"I am sorry to admit that I fear so."

"All right, then; I am glad you comprehend me. I am going to submit to you what I consider a very fair proposition, and I trust you have descretion and wisdom enough to give it a favorable and an affirmative consideration. In justification of the course I feel bound to take in this matter, I will merely draw your attention to the fact that there ever has been grades in society. Your cosmopolitan ideas are utopian, impracticable, hallucinatory, nonsensical. It is worse than uscless to war against a fixed, irrevocable fact—it is idiotic While the world is the world there will be rich men, working men and paupers. Societary gradations are a necessity in maintaining the economic equillibrium of the social world. Hence all movements developing a tendency to beget dissatisfaction in any of the versive of the best interests of mankind, and invariably end in smoke, or worse—disaster to strong engaged in them. You can not, there-fore, but see the absurdity of the movement in which you are now engaged, and the sooner you leave it the better, not only for yourself but for all those blind enough to think as you do, or as you profess to think, for I wish you to understand I have determined to break up this foolish, impudent combination, and I will do it, by the Eternal I-will," fairly roared Relvason, and the back of his right hand descended upon the open palm of the left with frightful force, as he uttered the last word.

"If there be an Eternal, and if justice be an attribute of that Being, then I say by that Eternal you will fail in the attempt," said Arbyght, as immovable in muscle and as profoundly calm as the great Egyptian Sphinx.

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," interrupted Spindle, whose eyes suddenly came forth from their deep receives where they had been lurking for the last ten minutes. "Keep cool, there is nothing gained by getting excited." I am as cool as an breeze fresh from the

apex of Chimboraze," said Richard. "Sq am L" hiccupped Relvason, almost in

the same instant.

"But, Mr. Relvason," resumed Richard, before either Spindle or that worthy had time to interpose, "you must allow me the privilege of a few remarks in answer to your argument, ere I will listen to your proposition: that there are grades or classes in society I freely admit, but that divisions, distinctions and inequalities should exist in the body politic as essentials to its cohesion, is an idea so repugnant to common sense and repellant of truth as to render refutation superfluously absurd; ...s well might they say death is essential to the existence of life. The equillibrium of the social world, instead of being maintained by class distinctions, is ever jeopardized by them; they are the cause of all, or nearly all, the segregated elements of national and international opinion; they lead to fouds, embroglios, wars, bloodshed, rapine and murder; they have been conceived in injustice, brought out in wrong, reared in fraud, and are maintained in robbery; they are not of God, because God is Justice itself, and there is no justice in the social inequality produced by classes. That father would be unjust who would permit one of his sons to rob another, and surely our heavenly Father, who is infinite justice, does not countenance the act of him who lives upon the sweat and toil of his fellows. Nor can I believe that He uplifts one man at the expense of hundreds equally, if not prore, deserving; hence, I say, these things are not fixed, or irrevocable. They are of man, and by man can be removed. You say that all movements of this hature end in smoke, and bring disc. or to those engaged in them. Then, why co persistourself about our association. If, you are so sanguine about the stability of the cork of caste, why not let us go to nieces against its solid, immovable sides, in the natural wirne of events? If it is useless for us to visit gainst what you term a "fixed fact," w! ?! Dyou stand in front of that fact, and : Take a upon us before we reach it ! Clearly, I am of the opinion, your determination to cause our disruption, through human agencies, detracts very forcibly from your divine right argument, and pretty effectually proves that you have no faith in it yourself.

"You are a madman," said Relvason, with consummate indifference.

"No, no, not exactly that-a-a monomaniac," suggested Spindle, who wished, for good reasons, to prevent a rupture.

"Anything you like, gentlemen," returned Richard, smilingly.

"Will you drop this Union, and be superintendent of my business?" queried Relvason, abruptly.

"You insult me, sir," quickly rejoined Richard, with a proud, defiant look, a heightened color and hurt tone. Spindle's eyes came out from their deep sockets; Relvason's lips parted, the teeth glistened fiercely, the eye brows came down and the eyes went up. "Would it be an insult to discharge you?" The words came through the teeth with an unnatural, rasping sound.

"Such an event would simply sever my connection with a man who has lost my esteem, by making a dishonorable proposal; I am ready to go, sir."

"Spindle, pay the madman, and tell Rulless to give his berth to the first man that seeks it." Then, turning to Arbyght, he said, "You will regret this act before to-day's sun goes down-madman, you will regret it."

Richard took that which was his, bowed stiffly, and left the office. It had come.

(To be continued.)

RACHEL AND AIXA;

The Hebrew and the Moorish Maidens.

AN INTERESTING HISTORICAL TALE.

CHAPTER XIV .- The Chests Examined.

During this time, Don Pedro hastened to staunch the blood that flowed from the wound of Rachel and that of Diego Lopez. When they were carefully bandaged, he had all the prisoners who were stretched around brought together into the middle of the hall, and made a sign to Samuel and the Morisca to place themselves close to them. Aixa, sad and silent, had stood during this scene immoveable as a statue. She awaited the issue of the event with the proud and calm indifference of a stoic, and that resignation with which faith in fatality inspires the true believers in Islamism.

Then turning toward those who had remained faithful to him, Don Pedro said, "Thanks to you, Rachel, who so generously risked your life to save mine ! Thanks to you, my brave foster brothers, who defended me with so much boldness and courage ! As for you, princess," added he, addressing himself to Aixa, "and you, renegade, adventurer, and Jews, Pedro the Just is about to pronouce your sentence. Let us begin with you, bold captain, in my opinion, the least guilty, for you are an open enemy, while the others are traitors."

"You are too considerate," answered Tom Burdett. "I, on the contrary, am a great culprit, undeserving of incluigence; therefore banish me from your august presence. Command me to be driven outside the walls of Seville, with a prohibition never again to enter them. I have well deserved it?"

"I will follow your advice," answered the king.

"Really, sire!" exclaimed Burdett, quite overjoyed.

"Certainly, as soon as you have paid your. ransom."

"My ransom! repeated the adventurer, quite confounded. "But I am a poor devil of a late comer, and poorer than ever now that I have lost my company, whom that imp, Gil Pierce Noige, just now nearly sent me to join, doubtless that they might no longer be deprived of their commander."

"But," suggested Don Pedro, "the pouch of your friend Calvorley is well lined at the expense of my subjects, and doubtless he will not refuse to lend some doubloons to such a worthy comrade as you."

"Oh, my Tord," replied Burdett, "I can plainly see that you do not know on what terms we are united. Like true friends, Calverley and myself have sworn never to borrow from each other, because questions of interest break the most solid friendship."

The king could not help smiling, as he replied, "Well, then, address yourself to these worthy Jews; conspirators ought to assist each other." ... "Jews are very rapacious, sire," answered

poor Burdett. "However, I will try them. How much do you advise me to borrow." "At how much do you value yourself?"

asked Don Pedro

"Oh !" exclaimed the adventurer, "if you tax me at my own estimation I am a lost man."

"Tell me, frankly," said the king," what sum you reckoned on demanding for my ransom; I will not exact more than half for yours."

"Sire," replied Tom Burdett, "I recknied on claiming your sword from you; i should have been proud to have preserved it for my, children, if However ever grant me any.".

"I told you to speak frankly, captain." And see how great and all seeing fortune is, continued the adventurer, without answering the observation of the king, "she has left me exactly half my own sword to pay my

ransom with." "Then, since you persist in jesting instead of answering me seriously," continued the king, "if to-morrow at this hour you have not furnished me with twenty thousand marabolins, you shall be hung on the battlements of the Alcazar."

"Hung!" repeated Burdett, stupefied at the ill-success of his jokes, and sighing deeply.

"You, noble dame," said Don Pedro, addressing himself to Aixa, "I banish you from Seville. In an hour you will quite the Alcazar, with your women and an escort of Moorish lancers, to return home to your father, Mohamed, in Granada."

Aixa cast on the king and Rachel a look of venomous hatred; but she replied not, and preserved her disdainful immobility.

"Samuel, Zedekiah, and the rest," continued the king, "if within twelve hours, besides the tax levied on your quarter, you have not filled one of those chests with gold to pay your ransom, you shall be hung on the gallows you may see from here, in the court

"Then you will let us out on parole?" demanded Zedekiah.

"On parole! certainly not. Samuel alone shall go out to fulfil this mission, and you shall answer to me for him as hostages. As to you," added Don Pedro. "all the treasures hidden in the Jewry could not save you from the punishment you deserve, you who feared not to strike a woman—but since you appear to repent the blind fury that guided your hand-" "I repent!" interrupted Esau, furiously.

"Yes, I repent not having you dead on this floor. You wish, probably, to make me s present of my life, Sir King. Take heed that you do not, for I will employ that life against you. I hate you, and if you leave me alive, rely on it; you will yet meet me in coar bath You triumph to-day, but your victory will not be complete if I die not. Oh, if I hated you only because you were the King of Castile, the enemy of the nobles, I might thank you for your mercy, and devote myself to your service; but I hate you because you are my rival, because you-who have so much power, so much glory, so much wealth-you, who might choose among so many women, who would be proud and happy in your love, sought in her humble obscurity the young girl whom my heart had chosen; she for whom I had sacrificed my honour and forfeited my own esteem, and that of all my race; the charming Rachel, the only wealth I dream! of for my portion of happiness in this world; I hate you, because, in endeavouring to strike you, I have wounded her whom I love, and tortured her heart. It is you, Don Pedro, who have caused me to undergo the martyrdom of incessantly finding her between you and my hatred. It was you who caused me to stain with her blood the sword destined to avenge me. Grant me then neither pity nor pardon, since I would not have given you quarter had I been triumphant."

"Esau," said Rachel, feebly, "irritate not the king with so much folly; and you sire, turning to Don Pedro, "remember, your pro-

"I remember I promised you safety for the life of Samuel and the renegade," answered

Don Pedro, calmly. But I will owe nothing to her who has betrayed her father and her race for her lover," exclaimed Esau, passionately; "to her who delivered us up when we risked our lives to avenge her; to her who prefers the unfaithful