

Poetry.

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,

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart he hears the pants

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart.
A hardy frame, a harder spirit;

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erclouded with humble things.
A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,

What does the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned by being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,

O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands;

O poor man's son! earn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine
In being merely rich and great;

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,

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 were members, and yet no further open or covert opposition to the principles of the association, other than that already narrated, appeared.

of the union was self-preservation. Neither 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.

commenced a diligent scrutiny of the various 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.

"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 grados 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 repellent of truth as to render refutation superfluously absurd; and I would might they say death is essential to the existence of life.

"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 Neige, just now nearly sent me to join, doubtless that they might no longer be deprived of their commander."

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.