

A JEWISH RABBI IN ROME.

WITH A COMMENTARY BY BEN ISRAEL.

Fifteenth Century. Reign of Sixtus IV.

Well, seeing this, and how these blundering schemes Beget a brood of sin and misery...

Try God's law:—as the Book of Wisdom saith. "All hatred stirreth strife; but love hath power To cover up all sins..."

Thus looking on, and striving as I can To keep my mind wide open to new thought...

No more of this: oh, my Jerusalem!— Thou whom again we shall rebuild in power— Let Justice be thy strong foundation stones...

Yet still I linger here: I scarce know why. There is a charm that all beyond my will Allures me, holds me, will not let me go...

How many a day Alone I stray, and hold communion sad With dreams that wander far on boundless ways...

\* And scarcely this, say I, Ben Israel— Commenting on this letter. Of old Among the patriarchs ever practised it...

And then in sorrow for this grievous fate In which we are plunged, I comfort me with this— That He, the Eternal One, hath promised us...

And yet once more. Here Jeremiah speak: "How doth the city sorrow sit That once was filled with people!"

She weepeth sorely in the night; her tears Are on her cheeks; and of her lovers none Will comfort her...

And she hath suffered for her heathen pride And worship of false gods, and now is cast Headlong to the earth with all her temples proud...

Such thoughts come over me, oppressed and sad. As 'mid Rome's ruined tombs I meditate, Feeling how transient a thing is man...

I have seen the Pope, whom in their blasphemy They term God's Holiness. A fisherman Like Peter, was his father, and his son...

Last week he gave a banquet that, I think, Poor Peter would have been glad to see: He said it cost more than twenty thousand crowns...

Bad as the Christian's lot is, ours is worse We are the football and the scorn of all— Laden with taxes, tributes—bored to wear An ignominious badge...

No one of us is free from this,—or old Or young, whatever our state— Elder or priest or child—it matters not...

But what offends me more than all the rest Is that this usage has debased our tribe— Bent its proud neck, and forced it to the earth...

I stay my pen here,—for the hot blood boils Within my brain in thinking on these things: I dare not trust myself to write you more...

Greet all my friends,—Rebecca, Ismael, And all your dear ones. Peace be with you all! I count the days till we once more shall meet.

W. W. S.

GREAT MEN IN THEIR BOYHOOD.

The world knows very little about the early life of its great men. This is sometimes caused by the fact that the noticeable, quick, clever lads, who are the favourites of the schoolmaster...

The "Illustration" has, however, to a certain extent, been supplied by a work entitled, "Extraordinary Men: their Boyhood and Early Life," by William Russell.

We take a few extracts in order to show our readers the style in which Mr. Russell has treated the subject. The early loves of Lord Byron, and the poetic aspirations which grew out of them, are pretty generally known...

The darling of Oliver Cromwell, happily mingled with love for his mother, is shown in the following anecdote—"One of his mischievous school-boy pranks—possibly robbing an orchard of a handful of apples—brought on him the displeasure of his mother, who, her husband being from home, inflicted a severe caning upon the delinquent...

Here is a curious foreshadowing, too, of the after destiny of the Protector, in the tale of his having, when a boy, thrashed Prince Charles, the king whom he afterwards beheaded:—"The story of Oliver having given Prince Charles, when Duke of York, a beating, has a likelihood of truth. Sir Henry Cromwell was a devoted loyalist, whom James I sometimes visited...

More directly indicative of the future, is the anecdote we give next of the childhood of Sir Thomas Lawrence, the son of an embarrassed inn-keeper, and the painter of the aristocracy. Imagine the smoking-room of the Black Bear, at Devoze, filled with jolly farmers, discussing the price of wheat, and then read this—"At a sufficient pause or lull in the buzz of conversation, produced perhaps by a more than commonly emphatic opinion upon forming probabilities, or those attaching to the rebel Washington...

hanged at Tyburn—the landlord, a middle-aged, genteel-looking man, with a cleverish expression of face, who had been fidgeting in and out of the room half a dozen times during the last quarter of an hour, would say with sudden decision:—"Now, gentlemen, I will, if you please, introduce my son to your notice."

LITERARY.

MR. JOHN G. WHITTIER was 73 years old on Friday last.

MR. THOMAS CAELYLE continues in a very grave condition, and fears are entertained for the change which may take place at any moment.

LORD BEACONSFIELD has taken a nine years' leave of his house in Curzon street. He intends to make it a centre of Parliamentary life.

MISS FRITH, a daughter of the well-known London artist, has written a volume of poems, which will shortly be published.

M. MICHAEL CHARLES, the most distinguished mathematician in France probably, and the successor of the celebrated Savary as Professor of Algebra in the Polytechnic School in Paris, died on the 19th inst. at his home in Chartres, at the advanced age of 77.

MR. F. T. BUCKLAND, the well-known writer on subjects relating to natural history, died in London on the 12th inst., in the 54th year of his age. He was a son of the distinguished geologist, the Rev. Dr. William Buckland, Dean of Westminster. Mr. Buckland was a pleasing and popular writer, and even his highest scientific papers found a large circle of readers. As an authority upon British Fisheries he was unequalled.

CAELYLE lent the manuscript of his "History of the French Revolution" to a friend, through whose negligence a servant used it for kindling a fire. Carlyle says that for three days and nights he could not sleep, but was like a daff man. Then he went into the country, and for three months did nothing but read Marryat's novels. He says, "I sat and wrote it all over again." And in a melancholy tone he adds, "I dunna think its the same; no, I dunna think its the same."

HUMOROUS.

It is a difficult thing for a dog without a tail to show his master how much he thinks of him.

CONSISTENCY may be a jewel, as has been reported, but no capitalist has yet been found willing to lend money on it.

"Tis love that makes the world go round." It also makes the young man go round—to the home of his girl about seven nights per week.

A CLEVERMAN remarked the other day, "Alas! how times change! In the Old Testament days it was considered a miracle for an ass to speak, and now it seems as though nothing short of a miracle would keep one quiet."

As two smart beaux were passing along a road near Faversham they met a lady friend, who, as she passed, gave them a friendly nod of recognition, which one of the gentlemen acknowledged with a graceful bow, and the other, a brow farmer, taking no notice of the lady, she, being rather particular on the subject of politeness, afterwards questioned him why he did not return her salutation. His reply, equally gallant and ready, was, "I thought over much to return it; I kept it."

The following *jeu d'esprit* was written by the Rev. Thomas Brisbane, minister of Dunlop, on his friend the Rev. Michael Macneiloch, minister of Bothwell, at his own request:—

Here lies interred beneath this sod That Assyrianish man of God, Who taught an easy way to heaven, Which to the rich was always given. If he get in he'll look and stare To find some out that he put there."

ORGAN FOR SALE.

From one of the best manufactories of the Dominion. New, and an excellent instrument. Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.

GENTLEMEN, do you want nice-fitting, well-made garments at reasonable prices? Go to L. Robinson, practical tailor, late of London, England, 31 Beaver Hall Terrace.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma, and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper. W. W. SHERAR, 149 Powers' Block, Rochester, N.Y.