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. Said Jeans to his followers: All is wrong: Let it be all reversed,—such life is bate; But God is love: try love, then, for your scheme,—

Try God's law:—as the Book of Wisdom saith.

"All hatred stirreth strife: but love hath power
To cover up all sins." and yet again:

"He who his neighbour scorneth, sins but he: "He who his neighbour scorneth, sins but he; Is happy who hath mercy for the poor."

'The profit of the earth is made for all, And riches breed disease and vanity."

So saith the preacher, just as Jesus said.

Nothing was new in Jesus' scheme but this.—

To make a community a fact—no dream.*

But new or old, his followers obeyed.

Accepting what he taught. Their life was pure,

They craved no gains, abjured all private weatth;

Preached poverty, and practiced what they preached;

And then, with stealthy step and half veiled face,

Pride entered, and ambition; and they shaped

That fair community into the thing

Now called a Church, and on its altar raised

The same false idol he had driven forth;

And now what is this Church so called of Christ'

The last and even the most hideous shape The last and even the most hideous shape Of tyranny—that spawas upon the world As love's true offspring the toul serpent broad Of superstition, bigotry, and hate.

Thus looking on, and striving as I can To keep my mind wide spen to new thought. I weave my dream of what the world might be.—A vague wild dream but not without its charm Since nothing in our Law forbids us. The trial of this scheme, suppose we Jews—(Nay, do not smile)—suppose we very Jews Go on and do even this, the Christian's work: They will not do it such be super of that. They will not do it, -oh, be sure of that

No more of this: oh, my Jerusalem!— Thou whom again we shall rebuild in power— Let Justice be thy strong foundation stones. And Love the cement that shall knit them close. Firm in our Faith—at last—at last, O Lord! When we have suffered to the bitter end. Thy chosen people Thou with lift again. And sweep Thy enemies before Thy path. Come not to Rome,—it is the sink of vice: Its grandeur is decayed; its spiendid days Are faded. Famine, War, and Pestilence—Tempest and foundation and figree hordes—Harmale it types. with this others the spiendid days are faded. Tempest and foundation and there hordes—Have o'er it swept, with rain in their track. The herdsman tends his docks upon the Hill Where Manilus drove the Ganis. The Capitol Scarcely exists in name, its temples proud Are wrecked and rained. In the Forum herd Horned cattle; and beyond the Planinian gate, Where once triumphant swarmed the crowds of Home. Spreads a flat marsh, elergrown with rustling canes. Where flocks of whitring wild-foods make their home. Death hannis the temples, once so full of tile. Life crowds the tombs where the dead Cassars i.e. And notifies their wrecks for deadly fend. The arts have perished. Prone upon the earth Lie shattered the proud statues of their gods. While the rude builder breaks them with his pick. Or burns them into lime. The games are o'er; The streets are filled with rufflau soldiery. Quick at a quarrel; and the deadly knofe Quick at a quarrel; and the deadly knowledge Quick at a quarrel; and the deadly knowledge Upon the Castle every week are seen. Black corpses, nailed along the outer walls. The city throngs at night with braves hired. Who after murder find a safe retreat. who after mirder into a safe refrect.
In many a priestly palace. In a word,
Rapine and murder, rape and parricide,
Ay, ev'ry crime, with or without a name,
Ravage the city. Justice, with sad face,
Weeping, hath field, and Mercy's value is
Is this the reign of Christ-cor Belial?

Yet still I linger here: I scarce know willy There is a charm that all beyond my wil Allures me, holds me, will not let me go. The not indeed like our Jerusalem; Yet in its age, its sorrow and its wrongs. It is allied to her.—a city sad, It is allied to her.—a city said.
That, like a morror weeping at a tomic.
That, like a morror weeping at a tomic.
Sits clad in sackcloth, grieving o'er the past.
Hoping for nothing, stricken by despair.
Said, lonely stretches compass her about.
With silence. Wandering here, at every step.
We stomble o'er some ruin, once the home.
Of happy life: or pensive, stay our feet.
To ponder o'er some stern decaying tomb,
The haunt of blinking owls. Nor all in vain.
Doth kindly nature strive to heal the wounds.
Of Time and homat rage: with ivy green,
With whispering grasses, reeds, and bright-eyed flowers,
Veiling its ruin; and with tremulous songs.
Of far larks hidden in the dark blue sky,
Litting the thoughts to heaven. Litting the thoughts to heaven.

Here many a d Aloue I stray, and hold communion and With dreams that worder far on boundless ways. Of medication vague, recalling of:
The passages of Prophets in our Land. At times Isaiah seems to speak, and say To Rome, as once unto Jeruselem:
"Judah is fallen, ruin hath involved Jerusalem. What mean ye that ye heat My people into pieces? that ye grind! The face of the poor? The Lord shall take The bravery of thy ornaments away. Thy men shall perish by the sword in war; Thy mighty ones shall perish, and thy gates Lament and mourn; and thou, being desolate. Shall sit opon the ground. Woe unto them That draw inquity with the weak cords. Of vanity, and call the evil good,—
Their roots shall be as rottenness, like dast Their blossoms perish,—for they cast away. The Lord's law, and dasplae his Holy Word. Here many a day

And scarcely this, say I, Ben Israel—Commenting on this letter. We of old Among the patriarcha ever practised it. And well it worked, till, into cities parked, Men grew ambitious, greedy, void of God, And then confusion came to one and all. The greed of riches is the carse of man: Virtue and wisdom only, hand in hand, Have any rightful claims to power; the wise. The groed, in every age affirm the same,—Solon, Confucius, Plato, Thales, all.

"Flee greed, choose equal rights," Menander says When Greece made question of her wisest men What is the best form of all government, Thales replied, "Where none are over-rich, None over poor;" and Anacharsia said.

"Where vice is hated—virtue reverences."
So Pitacus—"Where honours are conferred But on the virtuous;" and Solon, too, In thought, if not in words, like Jesus apoke,—"Where any wrong onto the meanest done Is held to be an injury to all." In thought, it not in words, like Jesus spoke,—
"Where any wrong unto the meanest done
Is held to be an injury to all."
So also Solomon,—"Remove me far
From vanity and lies; and give to me
Nor poverty nor wealth. Blessed is he.
Who for the poor and needy giveth thought:
The Lord hall help him in his time of need."

And then in sorrow for this grievous fate In which we are plunged, I comfort me with this-That He, the Eternal One, both promised us That we at last shall from our sorrows rest, And from our fear, and from our bondage dire, And build again our new Jerusalem

And yet once more. Here Jeremiah speak "How doth the city solitary sit
That once was filled with people! How is she
Become a widow, that among the powers
Was great, and princess in the provinces!

She weepeth sorely in the night; her tears Are on her cheeks; and of her lovers none Will comfort her." Ah, my Jerusalem! Thy sister here is Rome, and sins like thee, And she shall suffer also like to thee.

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, Headlong to the earth with all her temples prosonall she suffer in the time to come. For all her violence and worldly lust, And all her utter falseness to her faith, I sthere no place upon this wretched earth. Where God shall have His own, and peace she is there no spot the devil doth not own? Shall we, poor human wretches, ever seek. To thwart God's law, and rear up in His stead. Hase blobs, and make covenant with Death! shall reign

Such thoughts come over me, oppressed and sad, Such thoughts come over me, oppressed and s A-'mid Bome's ruined tombs I meditate. Peeling how transient a thing is man, Whose life is four a shadow on the grass. That comes and goes and like a passing wind. Or like a voice that speaks and vanishes. And sitting silent under the blue sky. The broads mechanging on the change below, this I watch the diamatas in a sating. The broost mentioging on the change below hilly I watch the divoping ivy swing. Through sunlit loops of arching aqueducts, Pruting its wavering smallow on the sward. Or, as my eye runs down their lessening line Broken by gaps of time and war, and swing Mong the far Compagna's rolling stretch lake vertebra of some large skeleton. I bender o'er the past of Rome.—the panne. Like vertebra of some huge skeleton.
I pender of er the past of Rome,—the pump.
The pride, the power, the ruin,—masters, slaves,
Conquerors and victims, even the gods themselves,
Snattered and fallen and equal in the dast—
And silent nature calmly moving on,
Heatless of them, and what they were or did
Asit will be of us, when we are gone.
Often, again, with scarce a conscious thought,—
My-pirit wand-ring vaguely, who knows where !—
I raze upon the cloud-shades trailing slow
Often deep clusons of the opaline hills,
And drift with them through some abyss of space.
And teel the silence sink into my soul. And teel the silence sink into my soul. At times a rustling starts me, and I see At times a rustling starts me, and I see

Some long haired goat, that, mounting up to crop

A wandering spray, peers down through glass-grey eyes.

And paising, stares at me. At times, again.

I hear the toud or hoofs upon the grass.

And jang ing swords and voices often minand,

Assome armed trisip goes galloping along.

And then I hade me, knowing that my tribe

Are only recognized to be the butt

Of mocking words-sor source more wounding bloas.

The shopherd, leading dily on his staff.

Alone has kindly words for such as we,—

For nature had subdued him into calm.

I tut he alm set seems a part of her. I'ut I be almost seems a part of her.

I have seen the Pope, whom in their blasphemy They term God's Holiussa. A fisherman, Like Peter, was his father, and his sou, By mock humility and specious ways. Veiling his inward self, may devoured By hist of place, and inxury, and power, Hath mounted in the end to Peter's chair. Peter was poor and simple at the least.—Honest though ignorant. This Sexus here, March of the control of the least. Fourth of his name, his after opposite,—
Fourthous, worldly, fletce, and stained with crime.
There are no limits to his fore desires:—
None to his passions; and he trends us down
As it we were the offsi of the earth.

Lust week he gave a banquet that I thin!, Poor Peter worth have need aghast to see: Its said it test more than twenty thousand crowns Shaming Vitellus with its cost and waste. But this is nothing to his other deeds. Eithe he thinks of earrying out the dream Of which I ast have spoken. No! the poor Starve on black bread, and lester in disease. White thus he local it in his lavarry.

White thus he local it in his lavarry.

A short much since he pillaged an old man—The Prince Colorna—on some peor pretence:—Bothed him of all his plate, robes, tapestries. Tote him with terture, then lopped off his head. And clothed in wretched rags to mock his rank. Sent back is answer to his mother's prayers.

For his mere life—the multisted corpie?

And this is God's vice-regent on the earth—The head of what they call the Christian Church! Little he thinks of earrying out the dream

Bad as the Christian's lat is, ours is worse. We are the football and the scorn of all,—
Laden with taxes, tributes,—breed to wear.
An ignominious badge,—banned from the town,
And haddled in the Ghetto's flithy den.
No public office may we hold; our oath
Avails not in their courts against the word
Of any Christian; and mox, worse than this,
In these last years one degradation more
Is cast upon us by this Christian court,
Whose creed is, "Love your neighbour as yourself."
We are but beasts that in the Carniva"
Must race balfonded, clothed but round the joins. Mast face half-naked clothed but round the loin. A naiter on our necks, as we were dogs, Insuited, hoosed, jeered at by the mob.

No one of us is free from this -or old or young wintever be our state,—
Either or priest or child —it matters not.
High ladies cardinals in purple robes.
Ay, even the Pope binself, with all his court,
Sested on high, in all their pomp and pride,
Laugh at us, as we atumble on our course, Petted with fifth, and shake their holy sides. Encouraging the mob that mock at

But what offends me more than all the rest We, who were God's own prople,—we must how Before these Christians; with a smile accept Even their kicks, and bombly give them thanks. For our merelife. This stings me to the quick. As for what Christ said, "Love your enemies; Bless them that carse you and do good to them,"—This is beyond the power of any man—Beyond my power at least,—I carse them all!

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.

My work is almost done for which I came. And soon I hope to greet your face again. Shaking the dust off from this godless place. With all its rottenness and infamy Then for my dear Jerusalem again!

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.

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 and the pride of fond mothers, turn out any thing but extraordinary in after life : while the dull children, whom no one thinks much about, afterwards climb into eminence. In other instances, it is the effect of the obscurity and lowness of social condition out of which the great have risen, shutting out their childhood from observation. If we could obtain accurate information respecting the immaturity of the highest intellects, there is no doubt that the record would be not only an amusing and an interesting, but also a highly instructive one. It would let in a flood of light upon the events of their after years, explain many inconsistencies and puzzling traits of character, and make clear much that is not hopelessly obscure. We should see some such as Benjamin Franklin toiling along the road to knowledge with undannted energy and unwearled perseverance, showing what ordinary minds can do when impelled on ward by a strong determined will. We should observe others, such as Oliver Cromwell, evincing that firm, resolute, courageousness which often effects more in the bustle of life than the highest gifts in persons with weaker nerves.

The desideratum has, however, to a certain extent, been supplied by a work entitled, "Extraordinary Men: their Boyhood and Early Life," by William Russell. The author has, no doubt, done all he could with the materials at his command, but after all has added scantily

to our previous knowledge.

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. Not so, generally, perhaps, one of the causes of that un-happy mood of mind which tinged his after life so darkly with misery. Here we have a glimpse of his relations with his mother, which goes far to account for it : - "In 1805, Lord pyron left Harrow for Cambridge University, passing the vacction both of that and the following year at Southwell. The quarrel between the mother and son had become more envenomed, outragious than ever. Dishes, cups, glasses, were the least formidable missiles wielded by the jady in her hurricane rages; a poker being quite as readily made use of it, if at hand. To such a pitch of rage had they at one time exasperated each other by mutual taunts and revilings, that they both sought the village apothecary -Mrs. Byron to caution him not to sell her son poison, and the son to give the same warning with respect to his mother?"

The daring of Oliver Cromwell, happily mingled with love for his mother, is shown in the following anecdote: One of his mischievous school-bay pranks-possibly rabbing an orchard of a hatful of apples-brought on him the displeasure of his mother, who, her husband being from home, inflicted a severe caning upon the delinquent, and sent him to bed early in the evening. Oliver was still fiercely solbling with rage and pain, when a servant entering the bedroom upon some errand happened to say that Mrs. Cromwell had gone out on a visit to a sick friend, and intended returning alone by a road across the fields, a distance of two or three miles. The moment the servant was gone and the door closed, the boy sprang and of bed, hastrly dressed himself, got down in some way from a window into the back-yard unobserved, or the domesties would have stopped him, possessed himself of a light spade, and sped off in the direction Mrs. Cromwell was expected. He had traversed two-thirds of the distance when he met his mo-"There-there is a savage bull," said the still subbing and excited boy, in reply to Mrs. Cromwell's exclamation of surprise, 'in the field I have just passed, placed there I knew to-day, and 1 -1 thought he might run at your red cardinal, and so I slipped out and came." mother kissed her son, and, promily escorted by the dreadless boy, passed the fierce brute--who intently regarded them--in safety."

Here is a curious foreshadowing, too, of the after destiny of the Protector, in the tale of his , when a boy, thrashed 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. Upon one of these occasions, Sir Henry is said to have sent for his little grandson to play with the royal children. Oliver and Prince Charles quarrelled over their sports, and of course Prince Charles, who was a weakly boy, had the worst of in the encounter which followed."

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 Devices, filled with jolly farmers, discussing the price of wheat, and then read this .- "At a sufficient pause or full in the buzzof conversation. produced perhaps by a more than commonly emphatic opinion upon forming probabilities, or those attaching to the rebel Washington,--whether he would be shot, have his head chopped off in America, or be brought over sea to be N.Y.

hanged at Tyburn -the landlord, a middle-aged. genteel-looking man, with a eleverish 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. Before any answer could be returned, the door was thrown open. and a charming little boy, nicely attired, and about six years of age, waiting just outside with his mother or sister, was caught up in the landlord's arms, and swiftly deposited upon a table reserved for that purpose at one end of the apartment. This done, the father usually went on to say 'Now gentlemen, here's my son. What do you say ! Shall be recite from the poets, or shall he take the portrait of either of you! Admirable in both capacities, I assure you, gentlemen, though it's not perhaps for me to say so.' The most desirable as well as the most frequent response to this appeal, from the goodnatured farmers who had not yet seen themselves framed and glazed in water colours, was an order for a portrait, which would only add two or three shillings to the drinking score, of not much moment, as prices ruled; but if any one did make a request for poetry, Lucidas per-hape-a favourite piece of the child's would be recited in the sweetest voice in the world, and with remarkable feeling and off of. A likeness he could dash off in a few minutes, and these displays were very profitable in a small way to the father-exhibitor.

LITERARY.

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

MR. THOMAS CARLYLE 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' lease of his house in Curzon street. He intends to make it a centre of Parliamentary life.

Miss Faith, 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 Georgesie in the Polytechnic School in Paris, dut on the 19th test, at his home in Chartres, at the advanced age of *7.

MR. F. T. BUCKLAND, the well-known writer MR. F. T. BUCKLAND, The Weil-known writer on subjects relating to natural history, died in London on the 19th inst., in the 54th year of his age. He was a son of the distinguished geologist, the Rev. Dr. William Bookland, Dean of Westminster. Mr. Bockland 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 unequality.

CARLYLE lent the manuscript of his "History CARLYLE tent the in this riple 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 be could not sheep, but was like a daft man. Then he went into the country, and for three months did nothing that read Marryat shovels. He says, "I sat to and wrote it all over again." And in a metanoholy tone he adds, "I dinna think its the same; uo, I dinna think its the same.

HUMOROUS.

Ir is a difficult thing for a dog without a tail to show his master how much he thinks of hin

Consistency may be a jowel, as has been re-ported; but no capitalist has yet been found willing to end 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 CHERGYMAN remarked the other day, * Alas! how times change ! In the Old Testament days it was considered a miradle for an ass to speak, and now it seems as though nothing short of a miracle would keep

As two smart beaux were passing along a road near Forces they met a hely fromd, who, as she passed, gave them a friendly nod of recognition, which one of the gentlemen acknowledged with a graceful bow, and the dentlemen acknowledged with a graceful bow, and the other, a braw 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 guitant and ready, was, "I thought ower muckle ow't to return it. I keepit it."

Tite following fon desprit was written by the Rev. Thomas Bristiane, minister of Dunlop, on his friend the Rev. Michael Maculloch, minister of Bothwell, at

"Here lies interred beneath this and fluit symphantish 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 Will be sold cheap. Apply at this office.

GENTLEMEN, do you want nice-fitting, well-made, gar-ments at reasonable prices? Oo to L. Robinson, practical failor, late of Loudon, England, 31 Beaver Hall Terrace.

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had 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 Dubility 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,