

BEN ISRAEL.

On one of these still and quiet evenings, when the sun had just gone down behind the city, we rode up the valley of the Kedron by the wall of Joseph, returning from a long canter toward Bethlehem and down the way of the wilderness to Saint Sabi.

Miriam's horse was fresh, and clamped the bit with as much spirit as when we started. Mohamed was pretty well used up, and the rein lay on his neck, while I myself, somewhat more tired than usual, dropped a little in my saddle and rode with my eyes fixed on the ground, every such of which was sanctified by footprints of patriarchs and apostles in the sacred ages.

The valley of Jehoshaphat lay deep in gloom, although the last rays of the sun had scarcely left the summit of Olivet, and the minaret of Omar glowed yet in the crimson light of the west. The tombs of the old Jews were silent in the darkness, and as we passed under the rocky heights of Silem it appeared before us as if we were entering the valley of the shadow of death.

The pathway winding under the tomb of the wife of Solomon, and then crossing an open space opposite to the south angle of the temple wall, enters directly among the graves of the Jews, marked each with a heavy slab lying prostrate on the tomb, carved in Hebrew characters with the simple story of the son of Israel. The steep slope of the eastern side of the valley is filled with these graves, where, for thousands of years, the children of Israel were accustomed, and are still accustomed, to seek that deep sleep that the weary always find.

Miriam was a little in advance, and the chestnut was setting his dainty feet down and lifting them up as if he, with true Arab feelings, despised the dust of that valley, when suddenly he threw his head up in the air and sprang out of the road, almost into the bed of the Kedron.

Mohamed looked on in surprise, but was too cool to follow the young horse's example. A moment later the cause of the fright was manifested in a form that rose slowly from a Jewish tomb, directly by the road-side, and which a colored head than Hassan's might have been pander for thinking a spirit.

Betuni, who was close behind, rushed forward and began to utter an Arabic curse on the stranger, which I stopped as soon as I could get an audible word into the stream. I was passing on again in silence, when the stranger sank suddenly down on the grave with a moan that seemed verily as if life had gone out with his breath.

I sprang from my horse involuntarily. I had seen enough of misery and pain in the East to make a woman's heart callous, but there was something indescribable in that form, and the moan of anguish, that impelled me to the man's side, as if I had never before moved. But when I approached him, he appeared to be past all sympathy, and I believed that the soul had verily sought the open arms of Abraham, those arms wherein so many of his world-worn children desire earnestly to find repose.

"Ran, Betuni, to the fountain of Mary, and bring water." I gave him my leathern peck-et-up, and he was gone in an instant, leaving me with the dead Jew, while Miriam sat on her horse, by this time reduced to quiet, and patiently waited the result of my examination.

Already the short twilight was ended, and the stars looked down into the valley, but it was dark and silent, nor could I see a gleam of light from Silem; to the gate of St. Stephen. Betuni returned with the water, and diluting a little brandy, which my peck-et-flask always contained, I poured into the mouth of the old man, while Betuni rubbed his hands and arms with the brandy in my jug, denning him in his mind all the while for a Jew, though he dared not whisper a curse in my presence.

At length returning consciousness was evident, and he began to speak, as if to himself, broken words in Italian, and in a few moments sat up and looked around him.

"Not dead yet," said I, as cheerfully as I could speak, and smiling, too, with his piercing eyes, and spoke, in a voice that I shall not soon forget, "I shall never die."

I can not well express the thrill of astonishment with which I listened to those words. Doubtless you understand why. All the wild legends of that once-splendid, soul-cursed man, who from the morning of the crucifixion to this day, has wandered hopeless, and prayed in vain for death and oblivion, rushed across my memory. He answered well the description of the imagination of that man. He was very tall, even stately in his form, and he wore the loose flowing robes which eastern old men always wear. His face was thin, his features sharp, but noble, his beard long and white, but written all over with the scars of existence.

I looked at him as he spoke, and for an instant, spite of reason, thought that I verily beheld that man.

The next instant, I smiled again, at my own folly.

"And why not?"

"Because I have wished it so long and it has never come, and I despair of rest now. I can die."

"You are an old man."

"My children's children are asleep below this spot, and I remain."

"Do you live in Jerusalem?"

"I live where God leads me—sometimes in Jerusalem, sometimes in Germany, sometimes in Russia. I am a Jew."

"But not homeless therefore?"

"Yes, homeless; therefore. Where have the children of Jacob a home, except here?" And he pointed slyly to the ground by the side of the stone on which he sat, and fixed his eager old eyes on mine as if he thought I could tell him of another resting-place for the tribes of the wandering foot and weary breast?

I asked him his present intentions. It appeared that he had remained in the valley by the graves of his children until the gate of the city was closed, and of course he was denied entrance. For some unexplained reason, the soldiers of the guard at the gate of St. Stephen had closed it before sunset, and he had walked back to the spot that was dearest to him on earth, the only dust of all this broad world in which he claimed a special proprietorship, and had laid down there to pass the night under the sky. It was not the first night he had passed there, by very many. He could count them by years, the nights he had had no covering from the dew, no shelter from the wind. But the dew of this land he loved, and the winds of the hills around Jerusalem were like the winds of Paradise to him, and he was content to sleep there, and only longed to sleep there forever.

I know not what it was that drew me to that man so closely. Probably I shall never know. There are secret cords drawing our affections which we know nothing of, and can never explain. He was too weak to walk, and I led my horse up to the side of a tombstone, and I led my horse up to Betuni behind him, while I helped the old man into the saddle, and fixed his feet in the stirrups, and then walked by his side, while Betuni, who occasionally led the horse, and so

tomb of Absalom, and the wall of Gethsemane, and the grave of the Virgin Mother, and soon shouted our demand for entrance at the gate of St. Stephen. Money opened the gates at all hours of day or night. The sleepy guard turned out at the sound of buzhushooi, and stared, in as much surprise as could be expected from half awake Arabs, at the old man riding on the horse of the Christian pilgrim. So we walked up the Via Dolorosa, dark and dismal at this time of the evening, and I parted with my old friend, at the gate of Antonio's house, whence I sent Betuni with him to his own quarters, which I had learned were near the Zion gate, and whither I dispatched Vosses with a basket of provisions, and a liberal supply of the wine of Hebron.

The next morning, as we were taking our usual walk, we met him on the same spot. He rose as we approached, and expressed his gratitude with the utmost feeling, but I made him sit down and tell us somewhat of his story. It was so much of an illustration of the life of many of the weary children of Abraham that I can not forbear giving a sketch of it.

He sat on a tombstone. The reader knows already that these tombstones are masses of the native rock, hewn smooth on one side, and laid on the grave. The ancient law forbade Jews to erect a tomb above the ground, or place a slab standing upright.

On one of these he sat, and Miriam close by him on another, and I stood in front of him, and watched steadfastly his fine countenance as he spoke.

High over head, behind his face, but behind me, was the temple wall that once inclosed the glory of Solomon, and high over head as well, before me, but behind him, was the hill where our Saviour wept over the city of David, and where the dust fell from his departing feet when he ascended to his throne. Fit emblem of his faith and mine. His eyes were to the crumbling walls of the temple, mine to the blue sky above the Garden and the Mount.

"I lived, when a young man, in Frankfurt on the Maine, in the old Judenstrasse, which perhaps you have seen. My house was the third on the right as you enter the street. Opposite to me was the great baron's house, whose name, as better known among the nations of the world, I verily believe, are names of their glorious ancestors, the patriarchs of old time. I was born in Italy, but I married a young German girl in Venice, and went with her to Frankfurt. I labored there for many years as a teacher of music, an art wherein I had much skill.

"Troubles arose, and with our children we commenced that life which seems to be the inheritance of our race. From Frankfurt to Basil, from Basil to Geneva, from Geneva to Milan, from Milan to Florence, and to Rome, pausing one, two, or three years in each place, and even longer in Geneva, where we were happier than elsewhere, we at length settled, as we hoped for life, in the city of the Pope.

"There for twenty years I lived, simply, frugally, and perhaps with as much of happiness as we can expect, who are persecuted and forsaken of our God. But one morning, when the Christians of Rome celebrated the feast of the Corpus Domini, as they are wont to call it, I, in a fatal hour, wandered into the precincts of the great church of the crucified fisherman of Galilee, and leaning on a wall in the rear of the assembled crowd, asked myself solemnly what all this could mean.

"I was an old man. Three-score years weigh more heavily on me than on others, and my wife, Miriam—

"My name is Miriam," said one of his listeners, interrupting him an instant.

"The God of Abraham bless you," said he, fervently, and his old eyes sought her slight form, and he seemed to marvel why she had made this pilgrim, as he continued, "and take you to your distant home! Why came you to Jerusalem, my child?"

It was the second time in our wanderings that her eyes had won her such a blessing from the old old father. Once before, in Nubia, an old woman, to whom she threw some bread and money from the boat, blessed her with uplifted hands, and prayed that God would take her safely to her mother. The old man looked a moment silently at her, and continued:

"Miriam was as light and small as you, but her face was different. She had the features of a child, as old in years, and younger by much in spirit, and she would sustain and cheer me when I was fainting. She walked with me that morning in the late spring, and had spoken often of the way of the bright larks of our youngest child, and of every thing cheerful that she could think of to raise my drooping spirits.

"I leaned against the wall of an old house, and then I asked my heart what all this was, and whether, after all, I were mistaken, and my hope was vain. It behooved me to be looking around for some certain hope beyond the grave. I could not live long. I thought, and perhaps this pomp and grand procession, after all, might not be so mere a pageant as I had thought it.

"Miriam said I, 'what think you of this? Can it be that our Messiah was a Nazarene?'

"My wife's eyes looked reprovingly at me. I had never seen them look thus before; they were always beautiful, but now I thought them glorious.

"And yet old men, and learned, and valiant soldiers, and good men too, believe it. See them kneel, side by side, with peasant and servants. There must be something of tremendous power in this thing that we despise."

"But Miriam laughed scornfully, and, as she said, 'Host passed on, I stood erect, and she beside me, and her flashing eyes caught the gaze of the crowd around. One and another sought to pull her down. Even I, weak and frightened, fell on my knees; but she stood firm, and said aloud that she would worship none but the Lord our God, and when a barefooted friar, with a rope girdle and a hempen gown, said, 'That is our Lord,' she replied, 'That,' and laughed scornfully again.

The friar said to her, in a solemn voice, 'Whom you despise, may the God of Abraham reveal to you!' At that moment there came across the square, mad with fury, the horse of one of the guards of the pontiff. His flying hoofs dashed through the mass of living men. They pressed and thronged, and the crowd swayed to and fro, and I heard my wife wail aloud, and the blood rushed from her lips in a red torrent, and she fell to the ground, and the trampling feet of thousands went over her.

"That will ring in my ears to-day, as I have heard it every day in all my sad life since."

"I, too, fell on the pavement, and clasped her body, and sought to shield her with my feeble arms, but alas! in vain. One moment only I saw the rushing crowds—I heard their yells of fury—I threw my arms around my wife—I saw the red blood flow down her face from a fierce wound in her white temple, and after that I saw nothing more."

"When I became sensible of this miserable existence she was lying by me in the corner of the street, dead, and I wished that I too were dead with my wife and our first child Miriam."

"After that, gathering together what money I was possessed of, and taking my young children by the hand, I came to the land of my fathers and lived in Jerusalem. My daughters married and my children, and my daughters and

their children are here—just here. I am alone. No human heart beats with kindred blood to mine. Wife, children, little ones, all gone, I went out into the world, and wandered all over it. I sought rest everywhere, but my heart was never calm, and I came back to die under the shadow of the hill of the temple. But I can not die. I am almost a hundred years old, and I am—you see what I am. The charity of the monks of the Terra Santa supports me now. I sometimes listen to them when they talk of the crucified son of Joseph, and I sometimes wish I too could believe that the Messiah has come, and has builded already the other Jerusalem that our foot-wearied race so long to reach."

So the old man ended his story. He caught my eye as it swept rapidly back and forth from the hill of the temple to the hill of the ascension, and he divined my thoughts, but shook his head sadly, and stooping down plucked a flower, a delicate blue anemone blossom that grew near his feet and handed it to Miriam.

"There is not so much difference between us after all. We are all alike wanderers and travelers; we seek another land, and sitting in this valley I sometimes am able to hear the voice of the Lord as he spoke to Daniel, saying, 'Go thy way till the end be, for thou shalt rest and stand in thy place when the end of thy days cometh.' That flower grew from the dust of one who was beautiful as the morning over the Mount of Olivet. Take it with you, dear lady, and when you pray, ask God that before another spring's flowers bloom in the valley of Jehoshaphat the old man may be at peace."

Many times since then I have seen that old wanderer in dreams. Many times I have heard his melancholy voice, and have wondered whether he is yet at rest.

An Unfortunate Mistake.—On Monday evening last the steamer Coffee, chartered by the Mechanical Guards, went from Norfolk on a cheap pleasure excursion to Old Point and the Capes, tickets selling as low as twelve and a half cents for the trip, and, as a necessary consequence, there were rowdies on board. As the Coffee approached the wharf at old Old Point there was one there to make fast the lines, and some of these rowdies ordered the sentry stationed there to do so, to which he paid no attention. When the steamer had neared the wharf sufficiently, and some of the hands had jumped ashore and made her fast, these rowdies attacked the sentry and beat him most unmercifully; after which they went upon the Point and committed other excesses. The steamer Glen Cove, which had been chartered by the Juniors, also from Norfolk, and having on board an orderly and pleasant company, in the meantime stopped at the wharf, and, as usual, some of the passengers got ashore to remain until her return from the Capes, knowing nothing of the fracas which had taken place. These, after enjoying themselves at the hotel, started back to be in time for the Glen Cove on her return to Norfolk; but while some six or seven gentlemen were walking along, some conversing, some smoking, and one singing snatches of songs, they were suddenly set upon by an officer and fifteen dragoons, armed with sabres, who, without a challenge or a command to surrender, commenced cutting and slashing among them. Mr. Wynne was severely cut on the head, face, and arms; Mr. Nottingham received a cut on the head, and Dr. Finch narrowly escaped having his head split open. After this attack upon unresisting men the officer proceeded to another party who were sitting near the wharf, and laid hands on Mr. D. S. Cherry, of the firm of W. D. Roberts & Co. Mr. Cherry demanded an explanation, and while doing so a friend of his endeavored to show the officer that he was mistaken, when the latter immediately ordered him also to be taken prisoner; but before they were taken to the guard-house an acquaintance of the officer explained to him his mistake, and they were released. Those who were taken to the guard-house were soon discovered to have been innocent of any disturbance, and set at liberty, and they returned last night in the Glen Cove, exasperated at the conduct of the officer, who had ordered to arrest the parties who created the disturbance. They blame him for having violently assailed them without having first demanded an explanation or called upon them to surrender, as would have been the proper course.

On Suspension Bridges.—The durability and safety of suspension bridges has been questioned by this paper, and the presumption on our part has been rebuked somewhat severely by those interested in such structures. In all that we have said or permitted to be said in our columns on this question, we have been prompted simply by a regard for the safety of life and property. We have no other motive for our conduct, and when we know that there are principles of philosophy involved in these structures which point to the destructibility of suspension bridges with decrees as unerring as the laws of God, we should be delirious in duty if we failed to raise a warning voice in the public ear. A few days since we were reminded of the danger attending suspension bridges by looking at the towers of the fallen bridge over the Falls of Montmorency, in Canada East. There was a structure which had enjoyed public confidence until, upon one occasion, a horse and cart, with a man and woman riding, and a boy walking, were crossing it, when, without a moment's warning, it fell, plunging all upon it into the abyss below, and into an endless eternity. Scarcely had the impressions faded from witnessing that wreck, and considering the fatal consequences attending it, passed by, when we read of the wreck of the suspension bridge over the Desjardins canal, in Canada West, near the scene of the late fatal railroad disaster. That bridge has fallen down because it lacked the power to support itself under the grating process. The wind struck it, and it gave way and fell, fortunately, we believe, when no human being was upon it. With such evidences before us, we cannot repress the conviction that we are right in our position upon the durability and safety of suspension bridges, and strictly in the line of our duty when we admonish the public of their danger. They will all fall in the process of time, so sure as iron will granulate and lose its tenacity under the influence of the elements and a vibratory motion. When the fatal hour is to be, of course we know not, and therein lies the danger. It publishes itself too late to avert the consequences of the calamity.—Buffalo Express.

A Live Man Sold for Soap Fat.—A Spanish journal states that a son, whose father being in a state of idleness was a heavy burden to him, gravely proposed to a neighbor to sell the old man, who was very fat, to be melted down into grease! The neighbor having consented, a bargain was struck for 800 rials, and the purchaser procured a large caldron in which to boil the old man; but the authorities having heard of the atrocious affair, had the buyer and seller arrested.

John for a Farmer.—The French excel all nations in a studied equivocal, but give us a Yankee for the unintentional kind. A Western New York farmer writes as follows to a distinguished scientific agriculturist, to whom he felt under many obligations for introducing a variety of swine:

"Respected Sir: I went yesterday to a fair at M. I found several pigs of your species; there was a great many beasts, and I was astonished at not seeing you there!"

From the Cleveland Herald.

AN OLD BOOK AND ITS PRINTERS.

On the table before us lies a little square 16mo. book, containing the ancient charter and laws of England. The book was "imprinted at London in Pauls Church Yard at the signe of the May-densheep by Thomas Peetr, MXXLI." When this little book, now three hundred and fifteen years old, was printed, the art of printing in England had just been introduced, and the Bible had just been translated and offered to be set up in churches, fastened by chains to the pillars, and allowed to be read by certain classes of people, provided they did not read aloud for the instruction of others. The Monasteries had been suppressed, whilst at the same time the bloody "Six Articles" had just been issued, breathing fire and slaughter to all who disputed the merest title of the Roman Catholic doctrines; the "fires of Smithfield" were burning fiercely; Henry VIII. had just butchered his fifth wife, and a law had been proclaimed forbidding the importation of books, as there were "books enough in England"—too many probably for the security of tyrants. The volume is neatly and correctly printed in "black-letter," and is a quaint looking affair.

A rude wood cut, reproduced from a book nearly contemporary with the volume before us, exhibits the interior of a printing office in the time when Harry the Eighth was king. A compositor sits at his case. Opposite stands the proof reader busy examining and correcting. In the foreground the pressman is inking the forms with a couple of dabbing balls. Another is taking a printed page from the press, this machine being a rude hand screw contrivance. On a neighboring table lie quires of printed sheets, and a mighty Bagon of beer for the refreshment of the thirsty types.

In the olden time, and even now in England, every printing house is called a "chapel." The term originated in the fact of Caxton, the first English printer, having his office in a chapel attached to Westminster Abbey. At certain times, or at any time, when matters connected with the office required discussion, the oldest printer, termed the father of the chapel, called a meeting of the printers at the imposing stove, and after due discussion the members gave judgment on the subject brought before the chapel. In cases where an offence was proved, the general punishment was a "drink all around" at the expense of the offender. An antiquarian and heraldic writer, who flourished about two hundred years since, gives a long list of offences for which a sojourn or penalty must be exacted.

A great number of the breaches of good government described would not be understood at the present day, as they were purely local and archaic, but we give as many as would be applicable to the present time. Swearing in the chapel, (i. e. printing office.) Fighting in the chapel, abusive language, or giving the lie in the chapel. To be drunk in the chapel. For any of the workmen to leave his candle burning in the night. If a compositor let fall his composing stick and another take it up. For another letter and a space to be left under the compositor's case. If a pressman let fall his ball and another take it up. If a pressman leave his blankets in the tinpan at noon or night. For any workman to mention joining their penny or more apiece to send for drink. To mention spending chapel money till Saturday night, or any other before agreed time. To play quadrats, or excite others in the chapel to play for money or drinks. For a stranger to come to a compositor to inquire the news. The judges of these offences, or forfeitures, and other controversies in the chapel, or any of its members, was by plurality of votes in the chapel. The amount of the fines was proportionate to the extent of the offence. If the delinquent would not pay, he was to be taken by force and laid over the correcting stone, face downward, whilst eleven hearty blows with a board were administered.

Rules for payment of money to the chapel in certain cases are also laid down. Every new workman must pay half a crown, or be no member of the chapel. If the journeyman had formerly been in the same office, he only pays half the fee. If a journeyman marries, he pays half a crown to the chapel. When his wife comes to the chapel she pays sixpence, and then all the men join their twopenny apiece to make her drink, and to welcome her. If a journeyman have a son born, he pays a shilling; if a daughter, sixpence. If a master printer have a son born, he pays 2s. 6d.; if a daughter, 1s. 6d. An apprentice, when he is bound, pays half a crown to the chapel, and when he is made free, another half crown; and if he continues to work in the same office, he pays another, and is made a member of the chapel.

The printers of olden time were a jolly, rollicking set of fellows, and on Saturday night and Sunday generally saw them at the accustomed tavern. They had certain privileges also, for in times and places when swords were forbidden to be worn, the printer was allowed to carry his weapon dangling at his sides.

How the Devil Lost.—The following is too good to be lost. We clip it from an exchange paper, and respectfully call the attention to it of certain persons who feel disposed to spread in the newspaper line:

A young man who ardently desired wealth was visited by his Satanic majesty, who tempted him to promise his soul for eternity, if he could be supplied on this earth with all the money he could use. The bargain was concluded, the devil was to supply the money, and was at last to have the soul, unless the young man could spend more money than the devil could furnish. Years passed away—the man married, was extravagant in his living, built palaces, speculated widely—lost and gave away fortunes, and yet his coffers were always full.

He turned politician, and bribed his way to power and fame, without reducing his "pile" of gold. He became a "fillibuster," and fitted out ships and armies, but his banker honored all his drafts. He went to St. Paul to live, and paid the usual rates of interest for all the money he could borrow, but though the devil made wry faces when he came to pay the bills, yet they were all paid. One expedient after another failed—the devil counted the time, only two years that he must wait for the soul, and mocked the efforts of the despairing man. "One more trial was resolved upon—the man started a newspaper! The devil growled at the hills at the end of the first quarter, was savage in six months, melancholy in nine, and broke, "dead broke," at the end of the year. So the newspaper went down, and the soul was saved.

The old bag which carried the entire mail between Hartford, Middletown, and New Haven in 1775, is still preserved in the rooms of the Historical Society at Hartford. It is about eight inches wide by fourteen long, and will hold two or three quarts.

Advantage of Foreign Travel.—An elderly lady who, with her daughter, has but recently returned from a very rapid journey through England, France, and part of Germany and Italy, was asked the other day, if she had visited Rome, and she replied in the negative. "Did I go," we said, "did the daughter, 'what was the place where we bought the bad stockings?'"

A DRINKING SALOON IN NEW ENGLAND.

From Hawthorne's Blithedale Romance.

The saloon was fitted up with a good deal of taste. There were pictures on the walls, among them an oil painting of a beefsteak, with such an admirable show of juicy tenderness that the beholder sighed to think it merely visionary and incapable of ever being put upon a griddle. Another work of high art was the life-like representation of a noble sirloin; another, the hind quarters of a deer, retaining the hoofs and tanny fur; another, the head and shoulders of a salmon; and, still more exquisitely finished, a brace of canvass-back ducks, in which the mottled reynolds type were depicted with the accuracy of a lagoonotype. Some very hungry painter, I suppose, had wrought these subjects of still life, heightening his imagination with his appetite, and earning, if it is to be hoped, the privilege of a daily dinner off whichever of his pictorial vicands he liked best. Then there was a fine old cheese, in which you could almost discern the mites; and some sardines on a small plate, very richly done, and looking as if ozy with the oil in which they had been smothered. All these things were so perfectly imitated that you seemed to have the genuine article before you, and yet, with an indescribable charm, it took away the grossness from what was fleshiest and fattest, and thus helped the life of man, even in its earthliest relations to appear rich and noble, as well as warm, cheerful, and substantial.

There were pictures, too, of gallant revellers—those of the old time, Flemish apparently, with doublets and slashed sleeves—drinking their wine out of fantastic long-stemmed glasses, quaffing joyously, quaffing forever with insatiable laughter and song; while the champagne bubbled immortally against thin mustaches, or the purple tide of burgundy ran inexhaustibly down throats.

But in an obscure corner of the saloon there was a little picture, excellently done moreover, of a ragged bloated toper, stretched out on a bench, in the heavy apoplectic sleep of drunkenness. The death-life was too well portrayed. Tom smelt the puny liquor that had brought on this syncope. Tom's only comfort lay in the forced reflection that, real as he looked, the poor catiff was but imaginary—a bit of painted canvas whom no delirium tremens, nor so much as a retributive headache, awaited on the morrow.

By this time, it being past eleven o'clock, the two bar-keepers of the saloon were in pretty constant activity. One of these young men had a rare faculty in the concoction of gin cocktails. It was a spectacle to behold him, with a tumbler in each hand, as he tossed the contents from one to the other. Never conveying it away nor spilling the least drop, he compelled the pretty liquor as it seemed to me, to spout forth from one glass and descend into the other in a great parabolic curve, as well defined and calculable as a planet's orbit. These cocktails and other artificial combinations of liquor (of which there were at least a score, though mostly, I suspect, fantastic in their difference) were much in favor with the younger class of customers, who, at furthest, had only reached the second stage of potatory life. The staunch old soakers, on the other hand—men who, if you put on tap, would have yielded a red alcoholic liquor by way of blood—usually confined themselves to plain brandy and water, gin, or West India rum; and oftentimes they prefaced their dram with some medicinal remark as to the wholesomeness and stomachic qualities of that particular drink. Two or three appeared to have bottles of their own behind the counter; and, winking one red eye to the barkeeper, he forthwith produced these choicest and peculiar cordials, which it was a matter of great interest and favor among their acquaintances to obtain a sip of.

Against this picture of abundance and prosperity present and prospective, as indicated by the great agricultural interest, we have presented us the panic in the stock boards and the embarrassedness of financial speculators; and we are gravely told that because some speculators have failed and stocks have gone down the country is in a very bad way. There never was a greater mistake in the world than this. The very abundance of our prosperity has, by stimulating some of our people to rash ventures in business, led to the few disasters which have lately occurred. They are not indications of the general condition of things; for even in the worst days of the New York panic money was not scarce, and could be obtained on good security, at moderate rates. Really the only thing that has depreciated in value has been stocks. We hear of no decline in real estate or in rents. Manufactures and mining go on prosperously. Trade of all kinds is brisk; commerce, domestic and foreign, is flourishing, and every thing feels the good impulse of our abundant crops. Only stocks are depressed, and of these certain railway stocks are more affected than others. But we are not discouraged even about these; for though we think that some parts of the Union railroad-making on credit has been much overdone, yet every month, by adding to the wealth of the country, adds to the value of railroads and increases their ability to pay their indebtedness. Railroads stimulate agriculture, and agriculture reciprocates by giving increased traffic to the railroads. Abundant crops therefore, are a positive and immediate advantage to every railroad in the country. The shipment of the wheat and corn of 1857 to market will very largely to the railroad receipts—in some cases probably as much as fifty per cent. The depression in railroad securities is the result solely of isolated cases of reckless adventure in these securities. But for these there would be, in the present prosperous and abundant season, every reason to look for an advance in stocks of all the great railroads in the country. In a little while after the excitement has entirely died away, the people will awaken to a proper sense of things; stocks will return to a legitimate value, and will be persuaded that the country was never really in a more healthy business condition than it is in this year, 1857.

The Story of the Battle Field.—A soldier was wounded in one of the battles of the Crimea, and was carried out of the field; he felt that his wound was mortal—that life was quickly ebbing away—and he said to his comrades who were carrying him:

"Put me down; do not take the trouble to carry me any further; I am dying."

They then put him down and returned to the field. A few minutes after an officer saw the man wailing in his blood, and asked him if he could do anything for him.

"Nothing, thank you."

"Shall I get you a little water?" said the kind-hearted officer.

"No, thank you; I am dying."

"Is there nothing I can do for you? Shall I write to your friends?"

"I have no friends you can write to. But there is one thing for which I will be much obliged; in my knapsack you will find a Testament—will you open it at the 14th of John, and near the end of the chapter you will find a verse that begins with 'Peace.' Will you read it?"

The officer did so, and read the words, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid." "Thank you, sir," said the dying man; "I have that peace; I am going to that Saviour; God is with me; I am no more," and instantly expired.

A Spiritual Appeal.—A colossal sailor full of whiskey, went into a Boston "Bethel," one day last winter. The day was cold outside, but the air in the chapel was hot, and being crammed with poor people, in all stages of dirt, the air was not pleasant. This state of things produced visible effects upon the drunken sailor. He became quizzical, and being jammed up among the crowd and unable to get away, his face was twisted in strange contortions, the sweat poured from his face, and he became very pale. The preacher noted these changes, and attributed them to the sermons, and at once turning to the sailor, exclaimed, "Brother Mariner, how shall we help you?"

"Burn a rag," was the sententious reply.

The proprietor of a forge, not remarkable for correctness of language, but who, by honest industry, had realized a comfortable independence, being called upon at a social meeting for a toast, gave: "Success to forgery."

From the Philadelphia Bulletin.

THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

The Stock Board is often looked to as the great indicator of the condition of business in the country. If stocks are down many people think every thing is going to ruin, and if stocks are up it is regarded as a sign of great prosperity. In either case the inference is a wrong one. Stocks do not represent the business of the country, but only a single department, and that not one of the highest importance. Indeed so much is dealing in stocks at the present day a matter of mere speculation, often closely resembling gambling, that it cannot give any thing like a proper idea of the true state of the country's finances. The capital represented in the daily stock sales at Philadelphia or New York looks very large, but it is often almost entirely fictitious; for, by the system of credits, that prevails, there is sometimes very little money changing hands when the reported sales are enormous. Stocks, indeed, represent but a small amount of the capital of the people of the United States, though from their being peculiarly sensitive, being kept constantly before the public, and employed always as agents for great speculations, they are looked to as affording intimations of the condition of business in general.

There is certain fallacy in all this. The great interest of the United States is agriculture. It is the bulk of our capital and labor is invested. The West and South are almost wholly agricultural, and even the Eastern and Middle States derive their chief wealth from the products of the soil. It is much safer, then, to look to the condition of agriculture and the state of the crops for information in regard to the condition of the country than to the stock board. With this for a guide at the present time, we may rest satisfied that our country was never more prosperous and never had a better prospect. The crops of 1857 will far exceed any ever before known in the United States. Of what alone we will have enough to supply ourselves, to send abroad as much as Europe, the West Indies, and South America can want, and to lay up a large store for next year to meet the possible emergency of a short crop at that time. The crop of corn will be amazingly large, far exceeding all calculations of increase. Of other grains, of hay, of potatoes, of fruits, and all necessary articles of home production, we shall have a more abundant supply than was ever known before. The cotton crop will be a fair average one, in spite of the predictions to the contrary that always abound at this season of the year. Sugar, rice, hemp, and tobacco will yield well, and there is no staple production of any kind of which we shall not have an over supply. The season of 1857 is indeed one of unprecedented abundance.

There will be some that will declare that this abundance will cause low prices, which will be worse for the farmers than short crops. But this is a fallacy that need not be exposed in these enlightened days. The ability to pay off a large part of our European indebtedness with our cotton and the surplus of our breadstuffs is of itself a great advantage that it is unnecessary to dwell upon the minor embarrassments that may appear in some individual instances. There is no better settled axiom in the world than that which declares that a season of abundance is a season of prosperity. Every interest in the country is benefited by good crops. Manufactures, commerce, mining, and labor of all kinds feel the good effects at once. The low prices of food are a blessing to all engaged in industrial pursuits, and the stimulus given to trade of all kinds by the sale, the manufacture, and the shipment of large supplies of breadstuffs and cotton is of itself sufficient to overbalance the evil caused by any temporary or individual cases of difficulty arising from the low prices.

Against this picture of abundance and prosperity present and prospective, as indicated by the great agricultural interest, we have presented us the panic in the stock boards and the embarrassedness of financial speculators; and we are gravely told that because some speculators have failed and stocks have gone down the country is in a very bad way. There never was a greater mistake in the world than this. The very abundance of our prosperity has, by stimulating some of our people to rash ventures in business, led to the few disasters which have lately occurred. They are not indications of the general condition of things; for even