New Orleans Republican.
OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF THE UNITED STATES
OFFICIAL JOURNAL OF NEW ORLEANS

FOUND WANTING.

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD.

How long wilt thou the meek remain
Of dwarfs who leave thee thus behind?
Or can heroic mould contain
A lesser soul than pigmy-kind?
Wilt thou have lived through manhood's prime,
Yet not have known what living meant?
In the grand battle of thy time
No blow have struck, to aid have lent?

Thou sittest nerveless in the dust,
Unmindful of the glorious fray;
Neglected in their scabbard rust
The weapons that should cut thy way.
Of thine own untried strength afraid,
Nor daring to be wholly great,
Then off-rest, for thine idle blade
The coward's facile plea of fate.

Fate! What is fate? Weak chance that holds
Distrustful purpose in its hands.
A spider's web, whose flimsy folds
Are spun about a giant's hands!
Wouldst thou but once essay the might,
The godlike stature given thee,
Swift as a strong flame to its height
Thou shouldst leap up erect and free.

But fear the fate thyself may make!
For custom's quicksand yet can drown,
And thine own powers ungoverned take
Rebellious force to drag thee down.
Bethink thee that the giant's weight
Sinks lower than the pigmy can;
And tremble, lest heroic state
Dwindle to something less than man!

—Scribner's for september.

A MARRIAGE NOTICE.

At her father's death everything devolved on Margaret. Her mother was perfectly overcome by the shock; and, far from affording the young girl the least support, was but another burden on her hands. The boys, hastily summoned from school, looked in their bewilderment and grief to her. In the midst of her own sorrow, she soothed, as far as she might, the bitterness of theirs.

The funeral over, came the inevitable discussion of affairs. Mr. Leighton's income had been good, but the greater part of it died with him; very little property had been accumulated on which the family could rely. As this became evident, one cherished plan after another was given up. Edmund must leave school, it was plain, and devote himself to some remunerative pursuit. Margaret felt this almost as much as did the youth himself, for she had great pride in his talent and faith in his future. She tried, but in vain, to discover some feasible method of continuing him at his studies. Robert was willing enough to give up school and accept a situation in the counting-house of a friend in London.

But then there was her mother; the children, who were still to be educated, brought forward to an age when they could care for themselves. The means of doing it were utterly inadequate, and as Margaret recognized this fact, her own part in the sacrifices of the time became painfully apparent.

It was just six months since she had engaged herself to Philip Hearn. How entirely happy had been the first days of that engagement! Through all the sorrow of these weeks what solace she had found in his affection! And now to give it all up! How could she? She racked her brain for an alternative, and found none. If it were in any way possible, the little capital must be kept intact, and to do it some means of eking out the income it produced must be contrived. The boys had, for the present, enough on their hands—upon her the responsibility devolved. She could not forsake them and seek happiness in her own way; it was a selfishness of which she was incapable. And to take them all with her to a new home—to impose such a burden on a husband, that, too, was impossible. One simple solution of the difficulty appeared—to sacrifice herself. Then she could stay at home, could care for them all, husband, to the utmost, their scanty means, and earn what she could to add to them.

She had not expected that Philip would acquiesce quietly in this arrangement, but she was hardly prepared for such determined opposition. How much it cost her to argue against him and herself! He urged, first, their immediate marriage; finding her unyielding on that point, he took another tone.

"I will wait, then," he said; "and you yourself shall fix the limit. How long will it be before you are at liberty?—before your sisters can take charge of the house and of your mother?

Margaret shook her head sadly. "Too long for you to wait," she said.

"That is not an answer to my question," he returned.

"Helen is eight and Gareie ten; you can see it is hopeless.

"Not at all. Six or seven years will surely be sufficient, and I will wait ten, if you say I must. Anything, rather than give you up."

Margaret's eyes thanked him, though her lips still refused assent.

"And you leave unconsidered all the fortunate chances," he continued. "Your mother may regain her health, and be able to guide her own house and the children. The boys may so prosper that no efforts will be necessary. Wait and see. I ask nothing of you but delay."

It was hard for Margaret to resist the temptation. But, no! she would not hold him all through his youth to an engagement that promised so little to his advantage. If he should see any whom he could prefer, he should not feel himself fettered, and give up his wishes for her sake—should not come back, when the ten years were over, to keep faith with a dowerless and faded bride. She was firm in her decision. Philip, not unnaturally, was indignant; he accused her of self-will and of indifference. Self-will! when she would have given the world to yield. Indifference! when her heart cried out every moment against her reason.

He went away—not tenderly; and Margaret was left to find what consolation she could in the belief that she had acted for the be t * * * *

Occupation is said to be the surest remedy for grief. If so, Margaret's should soon have been allayed. But, busy as she was, she found time to remember and to suffer.

"Philip Hearn has not been here for a long time, it seems to me," Mrs. Leighton observed one day.

"No, mamma."

"It is very strange that he should choose such a time to neglect you, Margaret."

"It is not neglect, mamma; it is by my own wish that he has ceased to come. I have not liked to trouble you with it, or you should have known before."

And she briefly explained the new aspect which their relations had assumed. Mrs. Leighton's mind was divided as she listened.

Philip was a promising young man, and it was a pity that Margaret should give up her prospects; still, the convenience of the arrangement struck her very acceptably. Margaret could now devote herself to her own family, who had, certainly, the best claim upon her; and there would be no outside considerations or interest to interfere.

"I must have been mistaken, though," she thought, "in fancying her so attached to Philip. If she had been she could not have given him up so readily. I never could have done it; but then Margaret isn't like me. Well, these cold-hearted people have the most comfortable time of it, after all."

"I hope, mamma, you do not disapprove what I have done," said Margaret, anxiously.

"Disapprove? Oh, no, dear! I think it was all for the best, if you could do it. I am sure we shall be glad to have you to ourselves again. But you might have left him a little hope, Maggie; you might have said that, in case of any fortunate circumstance occurring, or some unlooked-for turn in our affairs, you would renew the engagement."

"But don't you see, mamma, that it would be only another way of binding him? He would have been very glad of such an orportunity, and would have considered himself still pledged and waiting for better times."

"Very well, dear; you know best what suits you. I must speak to the doctor about my drops the next time he comes. They are affecting my appetite; and yet I don't know how I am to rest without them. There is the difficulty—what helps in one direction, hurts in another. Be thankful, Margaret, that you keep your health at any rate."

"I am, mamma," she answered, kissing the pale, pretty cheek.

Mrs. Leighton had been beautiful in youth, and still retained many traces of her charms. Perhaps she had never a fonder admirer than her daughter.

"I believe I could sleep now," she said. "Draw down the blind, please, and throw a shawl over my feet. I'll not keep you any longer; and don't trouble yourself to come up. I will ring if I need anything."

Margaret went down. She had told her story, and received her sympathy—all she was likely to receive, if not all she longed for. Perhaps it was for the best, she told herself; perhaps any warmer expression might have overcome her—unfitted her for all she had to do. Poor mamma! She had been ill so long that anything outside her own room seemed strange and foreign to her; probably to any one who suffered much bodily pain, mere matters of feeling did not look very important. Her thoughts flew back, how sadly, how fondly, to that last happy evening with the dear father—the evening before that dreadful day which had seen him cut down in the midst of health and strength. Could it be that all love had vanished utterly from the world? That he, safe in the serene heavens, cared no longer for the sorrows of those he had left behind? Oh, to see him just once more! To feel once more the rest and protection of his presence!

* * * * * * *

Margaret's life soon assumed its routine. With the aid of her little sisters she performed the labors of the household, and found, or took time, to give lessons in music to a few pupils. With the means thus saved and earned, she hoped to get through the year without trenching on their slender capital.

The invalid's room was in the centre of the family; everything was arranged with reference to it, that mamma might not feel the discomforts of their altered fortunes. Margaret could no longer devote her time to the work of nursing; but Grace and Helen were trained to fill her place.

From her brothers she heard often. Robert had taken kindly to the change in his prospects, and wrote in buoyant strain of all he meant to do, ere long, to advance his own and the family fortunes. Edmund, less confident, still hoped another year to lighten his sister's burdens. Both wrote affectionately; to both home was still the chief place, the most to be desired, and in that home she was most supreme. It was she who planned, provided, decided all; to whom the rest looked as their authority and protection. There was comfort in this, surely; it was much to be so useful, so important. But was it enough? Could it quite fill a young heart and content it utterly? Perhaps it would not have done so but for a secret, half acknowledged hope. Philip had left her, as has been said, in some displeasure, but a little reflection made him do her justice. He wrote then a long, earnest letter, saying that she could not, at any rate, prevent his constancy. He should wait and watch for the first ray of hope. Meanwhile, he kept up a correspondence with Robert, through whom he learned and communicated any news of importance.

Margaret had read the letter a hundred times more or less; and every time she said to herself, "He thinks so now, but will he in six or seven years! He may have seen many who are a great deal more attractive than I—and those who have fortune and connections—to marry whom would aid and advance him. Not that he would ever marry for such reasons, but he might like such a person. And I shall be getting older; when he sees me, he may find me changed. No; it will be unwise to depend upon it. It is only reasonable to suppose he may get tired of waiting. Dear Philip!"

And then she thought how good he was, how constant, and how generous; and spite of all those prudent resolutions, kept her faith in him.

He came to Gilford (where they lived) within a year, visiting an old friend of his family.

"I shall not lose sight of you," he said, to Margaret, "though you are such a despot. I suppose you will hardly forbid me the town."

"No," she answered, smiling. "I have not the least desire to do so."

"I don't trust you. I believe you would like to pass a sort of five mile act, forbidding me to come near any city, village, or fortified town that contained you. Oh, Margaret!" he added, more seriously, "how cold and discreet you are! Can't you bestow just a crumb of encouragement? I give you everything—not much perhaps, but all I have and get nothing in return. Do you call that generous?"

Margaret trembled. It was easier to be firm in Philip's absence than when his voice sounded in her ears, and her own wishes all the time seconded his pleading. This time, however, circumstances decided for her; some one came in, and the conversation was interrupted. When they next met, she had resolved afresh.

"It is the merest matter of form," he declared at length. "I am engaged to you; and all you gain is to deprive us of the pleasure we should have in belonging openly to each other." * * *

Four years went by. The children grew tall and helpful. The boys, in their separate ways, were prospering—with a modest prosperity, it is true, but such as they were eager to share at home. Margaret's efforts sufficed, as she had hoped, to meet inevitable wants, and the means which her brothers contributed served to add to the comforts of the household, and give the girls the advantage which their increasing years demanded. Economies, though strict, were no longer so grinding as at first. Margaret had become accustomed to her position, and a hundred things, once difficult and perplexing, were now met with perfect ease. In Mrs. Leighton's health there had been some slight improvement, and the daughters were left more at liberty than for years previous. Altogether, the world was brighter, the prospect more cheerful than at any time since their great calamity. Margaret sometimes allowed herself to think that in another year or two, if all went on well, and Philip still wished it, there need be no serious obstacle to their marriage.

She sat, one afternoon, busy with her needle work, her thoughts straying involuntary toward the future, when Helen came in. There was something peculiar in her manner.

"Why do you look at me so mysteriously?" Margaret asked, half smiling.

Helen was troubled. "I don't like to tell you," she said; "and still, perhaps, you ought to know. I have been at the Seymours this afternoon, and Julia has just come home from spending a week at Ashford, with Emily Dean. Emily has been at Canterbury for two or three months past and she heard a good deal about Philip. She did not see him, for she never knew him here, and her friends were not acquainted with him"——

She paused.

"Very well," said Margaret; "go on."

"But she heard—oh, Margaret! I hope it isn't true; I don't believe it can be—that he was attentive to a young lady there, and people thought that they would be married very soon."

Margaret turned deadly pale, but controlled herself. "Did you hear any more?" she asked.

"Only a little—about the girl. That she was very pretty and accomplished, and very young; only just left school. I shouldn't think Philip would want any one like that."

"Why not?" said Margaret, trying to smile. "There is no harm in being young, surely."

"No; but—no matter. Her father is very well off, it seems, and she is the only daughter; so that people said it would be a good thing for Philip. Oh, Maggie, I hope it is not true!"

"There is no reason why it should not be true," said Margaret, slowly, balancing the probabilities in her own mind.

She had told herself many a time that this was what she had to expect. And yet, oh, how foolish she had been! She had hoped on, trusting in Philip's love for her. It was her own fault. She would not allow him to bind himself, and he had only used his freedom. Yet the very last time they met—but it would not do to think of that. He might have told them, though; they were old friends; they should not have been left to learn such a thing from common rumor. The next moment she owned in candor that it was not a topic he could well broach to them. Such a young girl, too! Ah, yes! there was a charm in that first freshness of youth, and she, with her twenty-five years, had lost it forever. Then sudden incredulity came over her. It is not so; it can not be so, she thought. There was some mistake; reports were so little to be trusted.

If she could but know the truth! And she looked with anxiety for Robert's next letter, which must, she thought, throw some light upon the question. It came at last—a newspaper with it.

"I wonder what he has sent this for," exclaimed Grace, opening it, as Margaret read the letter. "It must be something especial. Oh, here is a marked paragraph."

She laid down the journal with a look of dismay. Margaret had no need to ask. She had learned already from her letter why the paper was sent and what it contained.

"My dearest sister," Robert wrote, "I don't know how this will affect you. Without talking much of the matter, Philip always gave me to understand that he considered himself engaged to you, and should urge upon you to marry him as soon as home cares left you more at liberty. I own I never supposed he would urge in vain, and looked upon the affair as settled. Perhaps I was mistaken; I am sure I hope so. I can not but believe that he has behaved ill to us—very ill. His last letter, dated not a week ago, contained not the slightest intimation of anything of the kind. I had not answered it, and shall never do so now. If he could leave us to learn this event from the newspapers, our correspondence can not be very valuable to him."

Grace and Helen echoed the exclamation. They looked again and again at the little paragraph, as if something new could be elicited from it, but found nothing save the one uncompromising fact that Philip Hearn, of Canterbury, had been married on a certain day, by a certain clergyman, to Mary, etc.

Margaret made no comment. Suspense was now ended, indeed, but till this moment she had not known how her whole future had been identified with Philip; this moment, which forced her to relinquish even his friendship; to feel that she had no longer right to any interest in him. She was devoid of neither pride nor courage; made no moan over her sorrow, even to those who felt for and with her. After the first shock she gathered up her strength and went resolutely about her duties. Nothing was omitted—nothing slighted; but the heart was gone out of all; the world looked so weary and hard.

Thus a week or two went by—long, dreary weeks. Then, as she sat one day in her room, trying to fix her thoughts on the letter she was writing, Helen came in, greatly excited.

"Oh, Margaret!" she exclaimed, "do you know what has happened? Philip is down stairs!"

Margaret sank on a seat, almost fainting. How was she to meet him? Why couldn't he stay away, and spare her this, at any rate? Yet, since he was here, it would be best to see him, not to appear to dread the meeting; best, too, to have it over as soon as possible.

He came forward to greet her, just as of old. He seemed the same Philip she had known and loved all these years. She wished to show no coldness—nothing that should lead him to think she felt a right to complain; but it was impossible that the constraint should not be visible in her manner. Philip speedily observed it.

"Are you quite well?" he asked.

"Quite well," she replied, trying to be natural and at ease. "Have you been in Guildford long?"

"Only an hour or two, as you might have guessed," he said smiling. "I am never here very long without making you aware of it."

And he could speak thus, as if nothing had happened! It was quite time, Margaret thought, to remind him of their altered relations.

"Mrs. Hearn is with you, I suppose?" she asked in a voice which she strove to render perfectly calm and steady.

"Excuse me," said Philip, perplexed; "I don't understand."

She repeated the question.

"Margaret!" he cried, excitedly, rising and standing before her; "what do you mean?"

"We saw it in the newspaper," she explained rather confusedly, "and I thought you would not be here alone."

Philip put his hand behind him and looked at her with a bitter smile.

"Yes, you saw it in the newspapers, and that was enough, of course. If you had seen that I committed forgery or murder, it would never have occurred to you to doubt it. Being printed, it must be true!"

"Oh, Philip, you know we would not! But this was so different."

"Different? Yes! But you ought to have felt the impossibility even more. Is this all your faith in me, Margaret? all I deserved of you after these years of constancy?"

"Don't be angry," she entreated. "Then it isn't true?"

"It is true that a Philip Hearn was married in Canterbury. I don't know him, but he is a very good fellow, I believe. Once or twice we have received each other's letters. I read the notice myself, and thought that by and by—. Certainly, I could not have dreamed that any friend of mine would suspect me of being the person. Robert, too," he added, "he has not answered my last letter. I suppose he saw the paper also."

"Yes," Margaret admitted. "Don't blame us too severely. There was your name, your residence—what could we think?"

"You ought to have thought anything, rather than have credited an impossibility."

"I am very sorry," she said humbly, holding out her hand.

And she was sincere in saying so; she regretted to displease him. But it was a sorrow so light in comparison with what she had been enduring, that it seemed very like happiness.

Philip was propitiated in time; but would accord his full forgiveness only upon one consideration—Margaret must consent to marry him as soon as the necessary conditions could be made. He should never trust her out of his sight again for any length of time, since it was impossible to foresee what dreadful things she might be imagining against him. It was quite requisite he should be close at hand, and ready to explain away any suspicious circumstance that arose.

Margaret laughed at this reasoning, and suggested numerous objections to the plan, but Philip overruled them all. She should arrange as she chose; leave her mother and sisters, or take them into her own home, or provide another for them, near at hand. Only one thing was settled—she could be allowed such dangerous liberty no longer. And Margaret protested against such despotism—but submitted; and then, of course, there was another Marriage Notice.

"The Boy's Nest."

Several years ago a farmer in the State of New York sent his son Rollin to drag a newly plowed field. He was to drive a young ox team, and the father, in quite a pompous manner, said: "Now, boy, to drive this team you must be a man to-day, and keep out of all boyish scrapes; then you'll get along well enough. Now, remember, no boy's play with this team." Rollin said he would do as well as he could, and started for his work. After the farmer had looked to other matters on the farm, and assured himself that all was moving along properly, he started for the field to look after Rollin and the team. Now Rollin had done well, and everything had gone along nicely until just as the farmer had reached the corner of the field, when the drag caught in an old stump, tearing a part of it off, and bringing out an active nest of yellow jackets. When the farmer came in sight, what was his astonishment and vexation to see the oxen kicking and jumping and plunging ahead, and Rollin apparently imitating their movements. "Here, boy, what are you doing there?" screamed the farmer in no very gentle manner. "I guess we're in a hornet's nest," answered the frantic Rollin. "In a boy's nest, I guess! Here, give me that whip," said the enraged father, "and I'll see what this hornet's nest amounts to." So away he started after the frightened team, intent upon hastily bringing order out of confusion. He had gone but a few steps, however, when the hornets met him, and he evidently forgot the team and all former intentions, threw away his whip, and to all appearances became absorbed in the one idea of dancing a jig, at the same time furiously slapping his unoffending trousers, and now and then his ears, in a most frantic and shocking manner. Rollin, who had found peaceful quarters over the fence, now shouted back: "How do you like a 'boy's nest,' father?" Rollin is now a man, and the farmer is bowed down with the weight of over four score years, yet he laughs in a very quiet but amused way whenever Rollin refers him to "the boy's nest."

MUSIC.

Speak to me in music,
The language of the soul,
Sweet, sad, plaintive music,
Trust me to feel the whole.

I can hear thy laughter
In the gay runs and trills;
In the soft cadence after
Tears, dew drops on the hills.

Strike the full chords in turn
Of some sad minor key,
Oh! how my heart does yearn
For human sympathy.

Always, thro' thy music,
There's the echo of a thought.
Talk to me in music
When my brain is overwrought.

A DIAMOND WEDDING.

A Lady Renounces Christianity and Embraces Judaism—Impressive Services.

[From the Hartford Times.]

An imposing ceremony, and one that is very rarely performed, took place in this city yesterday: a young lady renouncing Christianity for that of Judaism. While other sects are earnestly seeking for converts, the Israelites as a general thing object to them and receive reluctantly and only after the most severe ordeal, to test the sincerity of their desires. Therefore it is that the ceremony is so rarely performed. In this case the young lady was Miss Estelle Sarah Livingstone, of England. She renounced her religion (Episcopal) in all sincerity and truth, partly for the purpose of marrying a son of Israel, Dr. Louis J. Jordan, late of the English army, but now of New York, and partly because it was her conviction that the Father she embraced was the only true one. This belief had been established in her mind before she became engaged to Dr. Jordan. For some time past she has been under the care of Dr. I. Mayer, late rabbi of the congregation Beth Israel, and who, during her stay in this city, has been in constant attendance upon her, giving her instructions and advice.

She is a beautiful blonde, of about twenty-two years of age and coming from one of the best families in England, is of the most lady like appearance and bearing and has a remarkably fine education. Dr. Jordan is a wealthy gentleman, with a large income. He is about thirty-seven years of age, of prepossessing appearance and pleasing manners.

THE PROFESSION.

The ceremonies of profession, confession and marriage were celebrated at the Allyn House. But a very few personal friends of the parties were present. The parlors in which they took place were at first darkened, and lighted by gas and wax tapers. The Rev. Dr. Mayer, in black silk robe and velvet cap, sat at a table covered with white, two candles burning on the side of a magnificent basket of flowers. Drs. Nathan Mayer and J. Moses, with the rabbi, acted as the tribunal before whom the convert was to appear, and sat on either side of the table. All being in readiness, the convert was led in by Mr. B. J. Sandheim, private secretary, and Dr. Jordan. She wore a heavy black silk dress, with a long train, her hair falling loosely down her back, and her head concealed by a heavy black crape veil. Not a particle of white, a bit of jewelry was to be seen on her person. Standing in front of Rabbi Mayer, she was addressed as follows, her replies also being given:

Rabbi—Allow me to address you with the words of the angel in the Holy Scripture: What do you seek here? Why did you appear before us to-day?

Answer—I came here to entreat you, reverend sir, to accept me in the sacred idol of Judaism. My heart yearns after the Divine truth, and my soul languishes for the revealed word of God.

Rabbi—But is it with a free will and a quiet conscience that you wish to adopt the Mosaic faith and join the congregation of Israel?

Answer—It is the full conviction of my heart that I shall find bliss and salvation in the faith of Abraham; and I solicit you, therefore, not to refuse me this heavenly boon.

Rabbi—My friend, if it is your earnest desire and sincere request to join our God-chosen people, let me ask you once more, have you also maturely reflected upon this most significant step of your life? Is there no worldly interest or any impure inclination that might have urged you to the adoption of Judaism, or has prompted this conversion?

Answer—I have consulted my heart, and have also deeply meditated in my mind on this blissful proceeding, and may candidly say that no worldly interest, no persuasion, no compulsion, or any impure motives have induced me to this important step, but an urgent, pious desire for the divine truth.

Rabbi—And now, as it is your firm and holy resolution to enter in the sacred covenant of Abraham, let me remind you of the severity of the Mosaic faith, incumbent upon the daughters of Juda. Are you also aware of the many duties and customs of Israel, and do you feel the moral power and strong will to comply with the holy behest?

Answer—I have been thoroughly instructed in all the principal duties and rites of Israel, and vow fealty and loyalty to the God of Israel and His holy commands. I further wish to say, with Ruth in the Holy Scriptures:

Your God shall be my God.
Your people shall be my people.
When you die I will die.
When you are buried I will be buried.

May the God of Israel have mercy upon me.

Rabbi—Then, my friend, we demand of you, in accordance with the rules of Moses and Israel, to confess publicly and freely, with a free conscience and upright heart, the fundamental principles of the Mosaic faith. Here, in the presence of the Omnicient and Omnipresent Almighty God, who knows the innermost thought of man, and searches the heart of all mortals, and in the presence of this legal tribunal of Judaism, you will answer the following questions:

THE CONFESSION.

"What do you confess by the first fundamental doctrine of Judaism?"

Answer—I believe and confess firmly and truly that there is only one God—the Creator of all things, the sustainer and ruler of all living, the Supreme Judge and benefactor of all beings, Lord of Hosts is His name—He who was, is, and ever will be, Jehovah is our God, and there is no other. It is written in the Holy Scripture: "Hear, oh, Israel, the Lord is our God—the Lord is one."

"Him I will love with all my heart and soul and mind."

"Blessed be His name forever."

Rabbi—What is the second fundamental doctrine of the Mosaic faith?

Answer—I believe and confess firmly and truly that the law of Moses is the existence truth, and has been revealed by the Almighty God to Israel on Sinai for the happiness and salvation of man.

Rabbi—What is the third fundamental doctrine of the Mosaic faith.

Answer—I believe and confess firmly and truly that our soul is immortal, and that there is a future life hereafter, where we shall receive our due reward and punishment deserved, in strict conformity with the life we have passed on earth, for our soul is from God immortal, free and accountable, "He reigns and judges the world in justice and mercy."

Rabbi—And will you, in accordance with these three doctrines, ever be true and faithful to the only one God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and live after His holy behest? Will you always live in strict consonance with the divine word revealed to Moses and the prophets?

Answer—I will live and die in this everlasting truth of the faith of Moses and Israel, so help me God.

THE INITIATION.

Rabbi—Daughter of Judea, you are ours. In the name of the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, and in the name of our holy religion, to which you have vowed fealty, we pronounce you accepted in the holy community of Israel. Your name is henceforth Sarah, Esther, daughter of Abraham! May you be blessed even as the bearers of this name, the mothers in Israel, have been; and may you become, like them, an honor to your adopted religion and nation forever. Amen.

THE BLESSING.

Raising his hand, the Rabbi, in a solemn and trembling voice, pronounced the benediction in Hebrew, concluding as follows in English: "The angel who delivered Israel from all evil, he shall bless you and establish in you the names of our fathers and our mothers, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob; Sarah, Rebecca, Rachael and Leah; and let you prosper on earth in the midst of Israel. Amen!"

A short prayer in Hebrew concluded the ceremony, and the lady retired to be robed for the marriage ceremony.

In about an hour the approach of the bridegroom and bride was announced. Four gentlemen held a canopy of drab silk embroidered with blue, upheld by standards surmounted with gold wound with white satin. Under this, the groom, Dr. Jordan, first took his place, and soon after Miss Livingstone appeared. She wore a dress of *eau de Nile*, the overskirt a shade darker, both elaborately trimmed with fringe and bows to match. A long veil of tulle, edged with blonde lace, enveloped her from head to foot.

The ornaments were of diamonds—a glittering array. They were the gift of the groom. They consisted of a pair of solitaire earrings valued at $15,000, a locket worth $7500, a brooch of forty elegant diamonds worth $10,000, and two bracelets equally valuable. In all, the diamonds amounted to nearly $50,000 worth.

THE BRIDE AND GROOM.

Pale and trembling, as brides usually are, she looked exquisitely lovely in the midst of the cloud of illusion and the blaze of her glittering jewels.

The groom was in full evening dress, and on his bosom sparkled two solitaires worth from $5000 to $8000 each. Here we might say that Dr. Jordan is the possessor of other equally magnificent diamonds to the value of nearly $150,000.

The ceremony was performed by the Rabbi Mayer, after the orthodox style, the groom breaking a wineglass under his foot, according to the old custom.

After the congratulations were over, an elegant collation was served, and a bridal loaf cut and distributed among the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Jordan left this morning for a wedding tour via Niagara to Canada. They will return in a month and settle in New York, where Dr. Jordan is in business.

Previous to the party breaking up Dr. Jordan presented the Rabbi Mayer with an elegant Turkey morocco case, containing a wedding fee of $200, and Mrs. Jordan put a diamond ring worth $100 upon his finger as an acknowledgement of the service he had rendered her.

A Circumstantial Case.

[From the London Telegraph, July 29.]

In the history of modern crime, the Newton-Stewart murder will occupy a prominent place. The victim was a banker living in a county town in the north of Ireland. The foul deed was accomplished in the bank itself, a few minutes after the close of business—that is, about a quarter past three on a summer afternoon. The bank was situated in the principal street of a rising town, and there were servants in the house at the time. The murderer "made assurance doubly sure," for the dead man had no fewer than twelve wounds on his head, and in addition an office file had been driven by force through one of his ears into his brain. It was evident that the assassin knew the ground and the "situation." The town was on that day deserted by a large number of its customary police force, drafted off to a neighboring fair; one of the principal clerks was as usual away for the day; and just after the closing of the bank, the chief of the establishment was likely to be alone, and probably engaged in counting money. It appears that it is not the custom for Irish branch banks to have any record of the numbers of their notes—a very strong inducement to robbery or theft, so strong that we can not understand the absence of the precaution. Some days after the murder a bundle of notes, to the value of $1000, was found in a neighboring wood. They were stained with blood. We have here all the traces of murder and robbery, and, considering that the scene is laid in Ireland, the first idea of many readers will be that some of the assassins who have hitherto devoted themselves almost exclusively to agrarian crime tempted by the absence of the police and the unguarded state of the bank to commit this atrocious outrage. But the facts indicate that no stranger did the work, for such a man could hardly have got in or out of the bank without arousing alarm.

Again, the ease and silence that accompanied the crime indicate that the victim must have been entirely unprepared. Either the murderer, if a stranger, stole upon his victim without being seen or heard—an unlikely supposition—or a supposed "friend" standing by the banker's side, struck him dead. Even the extraordinary completeness of the outrage suggests the work of one who knew that if he only half did the task he might be denounced by the dying man—a precaution which a stranger, who ran no such risk, would hardly take. In the face of these facts, obvious from the first, the local chief of the police, sub-inspector Montgomery, instead of showing himself "active and intelligent"—adjectives that almost belong to the force—displayed strange eccentricity. He went to a house to examine and search a suspected person, but refused to knock him up, lest he should disturb him. He suggested that the death might have been caused by suicide—though the corpse had twelve wounds, and a file had been forced through the ear. He wished to send a message by telegraph that there were "suspicious circumstances," when the fact of a foul murder was clearly established. It is now asserted by the Crown that this very sub-inspector, Montgomery, was the murderer himself. That is the groundwork of the prosecution, which was concluded on Monday at the Tyrone Assizes, and which has resulted in the discharge of the jury and the remand of the prisoner.

The evidence against him was purely circumstantial. Nobody saw him strike the blow; no weapon was found on him; there was no blood on his person, and the notes were not traced to his hands. Considering the twelve wounds and the spots on the walls, the absence of all stains is very singular if Mr. Montgomery were the actual perpetrator of the deed. So much is in his favor. Against him was produced a chain of suggestive evidence formed of links, some certainly small and weak. In the first place, before he had entered the constabulary he had been an accountant in a Belfast bank for over seven years, so that all the rules and customs of such institutions were familiar to him. On one occasion he had remarked to one of his own constables that it was strange no one had attempted to rob a bank, since it could be easily done by knocking the cashier on the head.

The prosecution wished to give evidence to show that the prisoner was peculiarly embarrassed, but the judge properly, we think, rejected it as irrelevant. Guilt ought to be proved without going into the point whether the accused was tempted to the deed by poverty. That is an incentive too common to be dragged into a particular case.

A few minutes after the murder must have been committed Mr. Montgomery was seen to come out of the bank door without his hat, to look up and down, then go away. When engaged for several hours afterward in investigating the case he kept complete silence as regards his presence at the bank at or near the very moment of the crime. Next day he went with another sub-inspector to examine the premises, and then put to him the following question: "If a person were seen coming out of the bank without any stains of blood on him, could he be convicted of the murder?" The other inspector replied, "I think not." Then for the first time Mr. Montgomery mentioned that he had been at the bank shortly after three o'clock. It was also proved that he had been anxiously asking whether the police had found the notes in Grange Wood and whether such a discovery would affect him. Evidence was given to show that he had made inquiries as to the best draught for causing insensibility, and as to the readiest means of knocking people on the head with a life preserver. The theory of the prosecution was that he had meditated the murder for many weeks, and that his former experience and position enabled him to plan it with ease and execute it with fiendish coolness. He was personally known to the victim. He could enter the office after business hours, could be closeted with the banker without being suspected, and could leave without attracting attention. It is only fair to say, however, that as much might be asserted of any other friend, or even intimate acquaintance of the murdered man.

The peculiar interest of this trial arises from the social and official standing of the accused. A sub-inspector of constabulary in Ireland is a gentleman by birth and position. He mixes on terms of equality with the county families; and, though his pay is not large, he is as readily received in society as the ensign or lieutenant of a marching regiment. He wears a smart uniform, is employed in a semi-military force, and must be an educated man. The conception of such a crime by such a person is rare in most countries—very rare in Ireland; and the antecedent improbability must be allowed in favor of the theory of Mr. Montgomery's innocence. There have been so many assassinations for agrarian causes in Ireland that we hardly ever recognize how infrequent are ordinary murders.

Comparatively few instances have occurred arising from domestic strife or from mere lust of gold. It is strange enough that this crime, among the most remarkable known in the country for years, should be attributed to a member of the one force that reflects the greatest credit on the Irish race. There is nothing of which our Celtic countrymen may be so justly proud as the royal Irish constabulary, to which Sub-Inspector Montgomery belonged. The private constables are all of the peasant class, but faithful to their salt and superior to the faintest suspicion of mutiny. They are Roman Catholics, and exposed, like others of their creed, to the influence of priests; yet we have never had the least difficulty on that score. Their bravery has been proved, not only at the time of the paltry Fenian revolt, but in many a personal encounter, when at fairs and markets and on lonely hill sides they faced serious perils and great odds, and came off with success. Everybody must regret the incidental association—even though it does not extend beyond bare suspicion—of such a body of men with one of the foulest crimes in our modern records. This midday murder suggests many others which ended in the impunity of the criminal, and the case of Mr. Little, some years ago, in Dublin, has been mentioned as one in point. That event was marvelously like the Newton-Stewart outrage. The victim was a cashier, the motive robbery, the scene a railway station, after office hours, and it was evident that the criminal was one acquainted with the place and the habits of the clerks. The person charged in that case was acquitted, the only witness against him being his wife, whose evidence could not be received; but nobody had any moral doubt of his guilt. Had the police immediately examined all the men employed at the terminus, they would have detected this very individual; but they omitted the precaution, and were afterward indebted to his wife for a useless disclosure.

In all such cases prompt and separate examination of everybody connected, however remotely, with the premises is the first duty of the police. It was Mr. Montgomery's omission to make such inquiries that first turned suspicion on himself. But after all, if every inspector or sub-inspector of police who "loses his head" when confronted suddenly with the facts of a horrible homicide is to be suspected of the murder himself, we fear that the number of accused policemen will be greatly increased. As this man—unfortunate in any case—is to be tried again, it is only fair to recall everything that bears on the possibility of his innocence. In Ireland there has been, we regret to observe, much partisanship about the case—a painful characteristic of public opinion there, not now noticed for the first time.

LAWS OF THE STATE OF LOUISIANA

PUBLISHED BY AUTHORITY.

No. 93.

AN ACT

To incorporate the city of Natchitoches, and provide for the government of the same.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of Louisiana in General Assembly convened, That all that portion of land within the following boundaries, to wit: bounded on the east by Red river, including the left bank of said river; on the south by the lower line of the land belonging to Auguste Martin; on the north by a line beginning at Red river, and running due west across the highest point of Badin's Hill to Bayou Ides or Yaco; thence on the west by a line running due south until it intersects the southern line, shall be known and distinguished by the name of the city of Natchitoches.

SEC. 2. Be it further enacted, etc., That to provide for the government of the city of Natchitoches, there shall be elected on the first Monday in May of every year, by the qualified voters of said corporation from among themselves, one mayor and six councilmen, with the powers and duties hereinafter set forth.

SEC. 3. Be it further enacted, etc., That the election of the officers created by the second section of this act shall be held at the courthouse in said city, and be previously notified to the inhabitants by public advertisement at the door of the courthouse and two other public places in said city, which notice shall be given by the mayor of said city, ten days before holding the election; and said election shall commence at six o'clock A. M. and close at six o'clock P. M. of the same day, and the said election shall be conducted in all respects according to the laws of the State regulating elections, and the returns to be made and commissions issued according to the election laws of the State, which may be in force at such time.

SEC. 4. Be it further enacted, etc., That in case of a tie vote at said election, or in case of the death or resignation of any of the officers mentioned in the third section of this act the clerk of the district court or his deputy shall order an election in the manner set forth in the third section of this act, and a plurality of votes at all elections shall be sufficient

SEC. 5. Be it further enacted, etc., That on receiving their commissions of election the mayor and councilmen shall meet and organize themselves into a body to be known as the "mayor and council of Natchitoches," and shall proceed to elect one suitable person to be assessor and collector of the city taxes and licenses, and to elect a treasurer of the city of Natchitoches, who shall be ex officio secretary of the city council.

SEC. 6. Be it further enacted, etc., That the Mayor shall preside at all meetings of city council, shall call meetings of the council when he deems necessary, shall approve all laws, ordinances and resolutions of the city council, shall vote as other members of the council upon all questions, and shall be vested with the same powers as are now exercised by the recorders of the city of New Orleans. He shall be committing magistrate, with full power to examine and commit in all cases arising under the laws of the State, for all crimes, offenses and misdemeanors against the State in the same manner and to the same extent as justices of the peace now or hereafter may do. He is hereby authorized and empowered to examine, try and sentence persons for violation of the laws and ordinances of the corporation of the city of Natchitoches, and offenses against the same; and shall hold his court daily, from nine o'clock A. M., until three o'clock P. M., or longer if necessary. All fines collected by said mayor's court under the provisions of this act, shall be paid into the treasury of the city of Natchitoches monthly.

SEC. 7. Be it further enacted, etc., That the mayor shall hold his office for the term of one year from the first Monday in May, eighteen hundred and seventy-two, or until his successor shall have been elected and duly qualified, and he shall be entitled to and receive an annual salary to be fixed by the city council, which shall be neither increased nor diminished during the term of office in which it shall be established.

SEC. 8. Be it further enacted, etc., That the mayor of the city of Natchitoches is hereby authorized to appoint one court officer, who shall be at all times subject to the orders of the mayor; and said court officer shall be empowered and authorized to serve warrants, summons, search warrants, attachments and mittimus issued by the mayor in offenses against the State and city incorporation, and shall receive the same fees for such services as are by law allowed to constables, to be paid by the city of Natchitoches.

SEC. 9. Be it further enacted, etc., That that the mayor and city council, and their du