

The Lepers in Jerusalem.

In my rambles about Jerusalem, I passed on several occasions through the quarter of the Lepers. Apart from the interest attached to this unfortunate class of beings, (arising from the frequent allusions made to them in the Scriptures,) there is much in their appearance and mode of life to attract attention and enlist the sympathy of the stranger. Dirt and disease go revoltingly together here; gaunt famine stalks through the streets; a constant moan suffering swells upon the dead air, and sin broods darkly over the ruin it has wrought in that gloomy and ill-fated spot. Wasted forms sit in the door-ways; faces covered with white scales and sightless eyes are turned upward; skeleton arms, distorted and festid with the ravages of leprosy, are outstretched from the foul moving mass; and a low howl is heard, the howl of the stricken, for alms; alms, oh! stranger for the love of God! alms to feed the inexorable destroyer! alms to prolong this dreadful and hopeless misery! Look upon it, stranger, you who walk forth in all your pride and strength and breathe the fresh air of heaven; you who have never known what it is to be shunned by your fellow-man as a thing unclean and accursed; you who deem yourself unblest with all the blessings that God has given you upon the earth, look upon it and learn that there is a misery above all that you have conceived in gloomiest hours—a misery that can still be endured; learn that even the Leper, with death gnawing at his vitals and unceasing torture in his blood, cast out from the society of his fellow-man, forbidden to touch in friendship or affection, the hand of the untainted, still struggles for life, and deems each hour precious that keeps him from the grave.

The quarter of the Lepers is a sad and impressive place. By the laws of the land, which have existed from scriptural times, they are isolated from all actual contact with their fellow-men; yet there seems to be no prohibition to their going out beyond the walls of Jerusalem, and begging by the road-side. Near the gate of Zion, on the way to Bethlehem, I saw many of them sitting on the rocks, their hideous faces uncovered, thrusting forth their scaly hands for alms. Their hats are rudely constructed of earth and stones, seldom with more than one apartment, and this is so filthy and loathsome that it seemed unfit to be occupied by swine. Here they love and procreate, whole families together, without distinction of sex; and their dreadful malady is perpetuated from generation to generation, and the groans of the aged and the dying are mingled with the feeble wail of the young that are brought forth branded for a life of misery. Strange and mournful thoughts arise, in the contemplation of the sad condition and probable destiny of these ill-fated beings. Among so many, there must be some in whose breasts the power of true love is implanted; love for women in its purest sense, for offspring, for all the endearments of domestic life which the untainted are incapable of feeling; yet doomed never to exercise the affections without perpetuating the curse; some too in whom there are hidden powers of mind unknown, save to themselves; ambition that corrodes with unavailing aspirations; a thirst for action that burns unceasingly within, yet never can be assuaged; all the ruling passions, that are implanted in man for great and noble purposes, never, never to give one moment's pleasure, unmixed with the perpetual gloom of that curse which dwells in their blood.

As I plodded my way for the last time through this den of sickening sights, a vision of human misery was impressed upon my mind that time

cannot efface. I passed when the rays of the sun were cold and the sun was dim; and there came out from the reeking hovels leprous men, gaunt with famine, and they bared their hideous bodies, and howled like beasts; and women held out their leathsome and accursed babes, and tore away the rags that covered them, and pointing to the shapeless mass, shrieked for alms. All was disease, and sin, and sorrow, wherever I went, and as I passed on, unable to relieve a thousandth part of the misery, howling curses followed me, and the Lepers crawled back into their hovels to rot in their filth, and die when God willed. —Letters from Palestine.

A Second Ulysses.

An old man, of very acute physiognomy, answering to the name of Jacob Wilmot, was brought before the police court of Philadelphia. His clothes looked as if they might have been bought second handed, in his youthful prime, for they had suffered more from the rubs of the world than the proprietor himself.

"What business do you follow, Wilmot?"

"Business? None; I'm a traveler."

"A vagabond, perhaps."

"You are not far wrong; travelers and vagabonds are about the same thing. The difference is that the latter travel without money, and the former without brains."

"Where have you traveled?"

"All over the continent."

"For what purpose?"

"Observation."

"What have you observed?"

"A little to commend, much to censure, and very much to laugh at."

"Humph! and what do you commend?"

"A handsome woman that will stay at home, an eloquent preacher that will preach a short sermon, a good writer that will not write too much, and a fool who has sense enough to hold his tongue."

"What do you censure?"

"A man who marries a girl for her fine clothing, a youth who studies law or medicine while he has the use of his hands, and people who elect a drunkard or blockhead to office."

"What do you laugh at?"

"I laugh at a man who expects his position to command that respect which his personal qualities and qualifications do not merit."

He was dismissed.

Churlish Husbands.

The Rochester Temperance Journal, in reply to an article describing the miseries of a wife who had a churlish, indolent husband, says:

"Who are most to blame for such husbands as the one described above? We verily believe that the proper answer is—Mothers. Yes, mothers, who have gone for the pail of water, or dug the wood out of the snow while her lazy lout of a son has been permitted to sit and roast his shins by the fire she has made."

We have lived to see sons thus brought up, become husbands, and we never knew one that did not dishonor that relation. Ah! yes, and the boys who are permitted to lie in bed until father or mother has got up and made the fire, will be savage enough to let their wives do the same. The only way to manufacture decent husbands out of such sons, is for the wife to begin immediately after marriage, and, if need be, lie in bed until she has starved or shamed her husband out of it.

A man in New Bedford who had backed out from a promise of marriage, was prosecuted and imprisoned by his intended. The injured fair one paid his board in jail for two weeks when he surrendered and they were married.

A Splendid Silver Pitcher.

Was presented on Friday, the 18th ult. to James D. Taylor, Esq., Editor of the Cincinnati Daily and Dollar Weekly Times, by a committee of twelve gentlemen. The inscription is as follows:

A SPLENDID SILVER PITCHER.

Was presented yesterday afternoon, Friday, March 18th, 1853, to James D. Taylor, Editor of the Cincinnati Daily Times, in his Editorial room, by a committee of twelve gentlemen, on behalf of the donors. The inscription is:

A testimonial to the Editor of the Cincinnati Daily Times, from his fellow citizens. (Engle and Boners.)

To J. D. TAYLOR,

For his patriotic and manly efforts in support of the American System of Common Schools.

Cincinnati, March 17th, 1853.

Dr. W. S. Newcomb made the presentation address, as follows:

Mr. TAYLOR:—A number of your fellow citizens, fully sensible of the importance of free popular education, to the stability of Republican Institutions, which rest mainly on the unadulterated Christian morality taught in the Holy Bible, combined with general intelligence; have noticed your defence of the Common and High Schools of Cincinnati, with high satisfaction. The measure now being made upon the American System of Education, appear to be simultaneous and universal; and indeed the North American Continent. We look, sir, upon these hostile demonstrations with the more apprehension of danger, because their source is a foreign despotic power; a power which has for centuries exhibited a persevering antagonism to the principles of civil and religious liberty. Subtle, silent, insinuating; too weak to overthrow the bulwarks of American liberty by open opposition, it seeks to sap their foundation; and perpetrate its low influence by moulding the minds of the rising generation to suit its own religious and political views—thus to destroy the possibility of their becoming a homogeneous and American population. At our times, Sir, we greatly feared that political jealousy and party rivalry would leave our Common Schools a prey to the despotism—that the jewels of the Republic would be left without a protector among those to whom it is confided by public sentiment, the defence of our institutions, and to whom we look for timely warning of the approach of danger.

In this respect, however, our hearts have been lightened by your bold and independent course, as editor of the Cincinnati Daily Times. Consulting only the impulses of your own patriotic convictions, you stepped forward to repel a formidable and unscrupulous adversary of our Common Schools, throwing aside all fear of personal consequences, and regardless of everything but the public welfare.

Under these circumstances we, Sir, would be unfaithful to the cause of republican liberty—we would do violence to our own feelings, and injustice to yourself—were we to neglect to embody our convictions, our sentiments and our gratitude in a public testimonial, as evidence to you, Sir—to the public, and to the world—that republicans are not ungrateful. Please accept, Sir, this Pitcher, as a mark of our personal regard—of our unqualified approval of your course as an editor, and especially of your defence of the American system of education.

The Editor of the Times replied:

MR. CHAIRMAN AND GENTLEMEN—This very gratifying yet totally unexpected visit from so many of my respected fellow-citizens, of all political and religious opinions, and for such a purpose brought them here, will mark on my memory an era of my life, to which I shall ever turn with supreme delight, whatever may be the result in my future career.

No man should look to any higher reward for doing his duty to his country and to society, than the approval of his own conscience; yet it would show a want of sensibility, which I trust is not among my faults, were I not to say, that I do appreciate your estimation of my efforts, even beyond the power of words to express—that I feel an overwhelming sense of your kindness, in thus presenting me with this substantial token of your approbation of my feeble defence of our republican system of popular education. I accept, this beautiful and costly work of art, gentlemen. I shall preserve it as one of my treasures; and transmit it as an heirloom to my children. The cause is everything, the man is nothing; such are my feelings at this moment. I desire that this committee will convey to each of the contributors to this magnificent memorial, individually, my sincere thanks, and accept for yourselves, Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the committee, my kind regards for the agreeable manner in which you have discharged your trust, and the too flattering terms in which you refer to my labors.

We should add, that the pitcher contained a large and heavy gold pen and pencil, set with a corallian; upon which was an engraved appropriate inscription.

This beautiful piece of plate is eighteen inches in height, and about nine in diameter. The pedestal is square and rests upon claw-feet; the bowl of the pitcher is richly embossed, and altogether finished in the richest style of art. Over the inscription is engraved

the American Eagle, with two star-spangled banners, above which is the Orb of Day, casting his beams upon the flag of the free. The Pitcher was manufactured by Messrs. E. & D. KIRBY, of this city, and does great credit to their skill. The engraving is beautifully executed, and is from the hand of Mr. PETER CLARK.

The affair was a complete "surprise party," but the company enjoyed themselves highly. We expect the song of "My Friend and Pitcher," will now become popular again.

A World's Temperance Convention.

The following suggestion from the New York Tribune, we commend to the favorable notice of our readers. Let the Convention be held. It can do no harm, and may result in much good to the cause. We propose the second Wednesday in August next.

"It is judiciously suggested that a WORLD'S TEMPERANCE CONVENTION be held in our City at some time during the approaching World's Fair—say in August next.

"We hope the suggestion will be appropriately seconded and generally responded to. We would have no one neglect his business and devote time and means that he can ill spare to this object; but in every State, and almost in every county, and considerable township or village, some one can be found who will naturally be coming to our City at some time during the Fair, and who will readily consent to time his visit so as to attend the Convention if due notice thereof be seasonably given.

"We have no excessive estimate of the value of Conventions. We readily concede that time and effort might possibly be otherwise employed so as to aid the Temperance cause more than by attending remote Conventions; but we believe a movement like that contemplated will not diminish but rather increase local exertion. And beside, it will tend to convince the doubting or indifferent that the friends of Total Abstinence are in earnest—that they are determined not to remit their efforts until Alcohol is universally recognized as a poison, and so spurned by all save those intent on suicide."

THE WIFE.—As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and has been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rified by the thunderbolt, cling round it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs—so it is beautifully ordered by Providence that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hour, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting his drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.—Washington Irving.

A beautiful young lady having invited a plain, elderly gentleman to dance with her, he was astonished at the condescension, and believing that she was in love with him, in a pressing manner desired to know why she had selected him from the rest of the company. "Because, sir," replied the lady, "my husband commanded me to select such a partner as should not give him cause for jealousy."

Lady or Wife?—The Chicago Daily Journal rather inclines to the custom of calling a man's wife his lady. It then goes on to say—'We believe it is in the English Navy that the distinction is made among the different grades, thus:—The Middy's "thing," the Lieutenant's "woman," the Captain's "wife," and the Commodore's "lady."

Sheridan gives the following humorous definition: Irishman—a machine converting potatoes into human nature.