

The Family Circle.

RABBI BEN ESRA'S DEATH SONG IN ROME.

Rabbi Ben Esra, the night he died,
 Called sons and sons' sons to his side.
 And spoke, "This world has been harsh and strange;
 Something is wrong; there needs a change.
 But what or where? at the last, or first?
 In one point only we sinned, at worst."
 "The Lord will have mercy on Jacob yet,
 And again in his border see Israel set.
 When Judah beholds Jerusalem:
 The stranger-seed shall be joined to them:
 To Jacob's house shall the Gentiles cleave,
 So the prophet saith and his sons believe."
 "Ay, the children of the chosen race,
 Shall carry and bring them to their place,
 In the land of the Lord shall they be,
 Bondmen and handmaids, who shall be,
 When the slaves enslave, the to keep,
 The oppressor triumph and keep."
 "God spoke, and gave us the watch set;
 He never fold the watch was set:
 "Mid faithless, woe-crow, we keep it yet."
 "Till Christ, He, who at the watch came
 By His name, a bloody name?
 Thought heavy with sleep, too rash
 "O thou, if that thy duty-gash
 The coming to take thine own,
 We gave the cross, when we owed the throne—
 "When all the world, we are bruised thus,
 But, the judgment over, join sides with us!
 Thine, too, is the cause! and not more thine
 Than ours is the work of these dogs and swine,
 When He laughs through and spits at their creed,
 Who maintain thee in word and defy thee in deed!"
 "We withstood Christ then? be mindful how
 At least we withstood Barabbas now!
 "Was our outrage sore? But the worst we spared,
 To have called these Christians, had we dared!
 Let defiance to them pay mistrust of thee,
 And Rome make amends for Calvary!"
 "By the torture, prolonged from age to age,
 By the infamy, Israel's heritage,
 By the Ghetto's plague, by the garb's disgrace,
 By the badge of shame, by the felon's place
 By the branding-rod, the bloody whip,
 And the summons to Christian fellowship,—
 "We boast our proof that at least the Jew
 Would wrest Christ's name from the devil's crew;
 Thy face took never so deep a shade
 But we fought them in it, God our aid!
 A trophy to bear, as we march, thy band
 South, East, and on to the Pleasant Land!"
 —Robert Browning.

TWO OF A TRADE.

When I was a young man, a good while ago, and living in an obscure village of a mountain county, in West Virginia, my uncle was the only physician for miles around, and had maintained the ground alone for upwards of thirty years. Although he was over sixty, yet he was still vigorous and active. He lived in a small white house, exceedingly neat and clean, in the right wing of which was his "Doctor shop," confided to the care of a very timid and rather sparsely educated young man named Simmons.
 Many persons were surprised that the Doctor did not take a partner in business, but he could not bear to hear himself called. The idea of ceasing to be the only physician in the neighborhood, was insupportable. No other man, with his consent, should ever feel a pulse, or prescribe a dose, in that village. Poor Simmons was precisely the help he wanted, and no other.
 He had a daughter, an only child, whom he loved as the apple of his eye, and the whole aim of his life was to amass a nice fortune for her. To accomplish this purpose, he worked hard, in which he was seconded by my aunt, his sister Margaret, who had kept house for him since the death of his wife.
 Deprived of her mother, since her infancy, the daughter, Rebecca, had been reared in a fashionable boarding school, and at seventeen had returned home, an accomplished young lady, that is, possessing divers useless attainments, little solid knowledge, and much less judgment. She was in peril of dying of inanition in our stupid village, when an unforeseen event disturbed the habitual serenity of the Doctor's family, and raised a storm of indignation and emotions in the heart of the pretty little Becky.
 One day, as the Doctor was reading a medical journal, while waiting for his dinner, my aunt Margaret rushed into the room and exclaimed: "What's to be done now? What do you think of that?"
 "Well, Mag," said the Doctor, without moving, "What's the matter? Is the house on fire? Have you seen thieves in the cellar?"
 "Worse than all that! the old house near the church has just been rented, and do you know to whom? To a young man, a Doctor, who calls himself Jerome Fane!"
 "The mischief seize him!" exclaimed my Uncle, in dashing down the journal. "The poor fellow had better go where he came from. I have lived here too long to fear him. Give him my compliments. Ha! ha! ha! A good joke, indeed! Poor Jerome Fane! really I am sorry for him! His future is not very brilliant, is it Becky?"
 "It is a shame, a disgrace!" said the daughter in shaking her long curls. "I already detest this Jerome Fane—what business had he to come here? Is he fool enough to think that people will go to consult him when they have my dear father at hand? But a thought strikes me, Aunt Maggie. This stranger will have the poor people as patients, and then papa can stay at home with us longer."
 "Not a bad idea, my child," said the Doctor. "I hope the poor fellow has not a large family, for he can't live long here!"
 Miss Margaret had learned that the stranger was a young Doctor from Richmond, where he had a good practice, but that he wished to breathe pure mountain air—that he was a single man, and his mother was to live with him, but she was mortified almost to death to think that any body should come to supplant her brother.
 The young Doctor was the subject of dai-

ly conversation in the family, and many were the severe things that were said of him. His appearance, his pretensions, were all carefully criticised.
 My poor Uncle hval. His own old gig he encountered him, while the new Doctor dashed out to see him in church, and at she might meet him, whilst my cousin Becky could not understand it was, that she saw the hateful man, whenever she looked into the street.
 The funniest feature was, that in the midst of these painful circumstances, she always happened to be at the window.
 The other villagers did not share in this animosity. Our minister and his family called upon Mrs. Fane, and found her a very amiable and intelligent lady, and soon after she was visited by all the leading people of the village. The young men began to think Dr. Fane a fine fellow, for he was sociable, jovial, and not the least stuck-up as they express it.
 One day, whilst Uncle was visiting a patient, some miles from home, a child seized the occasion to swallow a pin, which stuck in its throat. The father sent for Dr. Fane, in the absence of the old gentleman, who relieved the sufferer with great skill and promptness. The enchanted mother on the spot consulted him about her nerves and requested him to call next day. The father, however, felt it his duty to explain the affair to my Uncle, but the latter absolutely refused to see it in its true light, and said they should have waited till he returned, and, moreover, that if they preferred the new Doctor, they might take him and go much further than Jericho.
 The old gentleman had no idea that he would be taken at his word. The next week scarlet fever seized several other children in this family, and it went the round of the whole household. Dr. Fane was called in and for several months he had them under his treatment. This was a terrible blow for the old Doctor, for he keenly felt that he now had a formidable rival indeed.
 However, Aunt Margaret and Uncle shrugged their shoulders and said this impostor would soon be unmasked. Becky was silent now, and they knew not why. From her window she could look into Dr. Fane's yard and observe all his movements, when he was at home. She saw that he was very attentive to his mother and kind to his servants. He even tenderly petted the old cat, and Becky could not help pitying that same cat, and one night stealthily placed a saucer of milk for it upon the garden wall.
 The animosity of the old folks constantly increased, and when they met the young Doctor in the street, they returned his polite salutation with disdain.
 However, in spite of all they did and said, Dr. Fane's practice daily increased. The farmers and other well-to-do people employed him, and even the hired girls sometimes fancied they wanted "some doctor-stuff," and consulted him.
 The winter came, and during this season our villagers had concerts, after a fashion, and tableaux, and sometimes even a lecture from some neighboring minister, of law or of science. Uncle never went to these gatherings, but he permitted cousin Becky to go in company with the neighbors. It always happened by accident, that she got a seat near the young physician, who was very polite and entertaining.
 One day, as Uncle was passing down the street, he saw an announcement at the village store, that Dr. Fane would give a lecture that night on Chemistry. He was indignant, and on his return home he pompously forbade Becky from attending that lecture. "No person in his house should encourage that mountebank; not one!" In vain Becky begged and wept—just this once she never would go again. Uncle was inexorable. At length Aunt Mag took it in hand, and begged she might go just to witness the lecturer's failure, and help to laugh and hiss him down. It rained hard, but that did not stop her. On entering the school-house, Mrs. Fane gave her a seat beside herself. The lecture began—the Doctor's voice was full and sonorous, his self-possession so great, and his knowledge of the subject so profound, and yet so clear, that the audience were rapturous in their applause, though many of them understood very little of what he said. He illustrated his lectures with some amusing experiments, which set the house in a roar, and some of them almost broke the benches and desks by their obstreperous stamping. In the midst of this general hilarity, the door was suddenly opened, and a man, in common working clothes, struggled through the crowd to reach the desk where the lecturer stood. The stranger had whispered but a few words to him, when his countenance betrayed the most lively alarm; he spoke a few words to his mother in a low tone and precipitately left the room.
 "What's the matter? Is anybody sick?" asked Becky.
 "My poor child," said Mrs. Fane, "be calm and prepare yourself for a shock. The falling rain has frozen since we are here, and your father, on his way to see a patient, has hurt himself seriously by a fall, and they have sent for my son to relieve him."
 This was the fact. The old gentleman had slipped and fallen heavily—his head striking violently against a stone, and one leg doubled up under the other. He was found insensible, and carried home on a settee. Aunt Mag fainted outright, when they conveyed the unconscious body of her brother into the house. No person in the house appeared to have maintained the least presence of mind except poor Becky, who, pale and trembling, made herself useful in obeying every order of the young Doctor. A bed was soon prepared in the parlor for the wounded man—bandages and splinters were brought and Fane carefully examined the injuries of the patient. His head had

several deep, though not dangerous incisions, but the right leg was broken in several places, besides having received some terrible contusions. Fane calmly and skillfully dressed the wounds, soon after which Uncle recovered consciousness.
 "Send for Dr. Morton," he feebly muttered, (Dr. M. lived about five miles from our village.) "I don't know what has happened," he continued, "but it seems to me that I am sick. But on no account let Fane come. He shall never enter my house."
 The minister who had come, replied: "Dear Sir, it is impossible to send a message to-night for Dr. Morton. The roads are impassable. You have fallen on the ice and have broken your leg, but it is already set, and we hope, with God's help, that you may soon recover."
 "Nonsense!" replied Uncle, in an energetic tone. "I tell you to send for Morton. Nobody shall touch my leg until he comes." Becky threw her arms around her father's neck and implored him to allow Dr. Fane to attend him.
 The old man tried to sit up, but fell back with a deep groan, his countenance betraying acute agony.
 The minister begged him to be calm and not to object to the surgical services of Dr. Fane.
 "But my patients! what will become of them!" exclaimed poor Uncle, with profound anguish. "This fellow will take them all away, and I shall be a ruined man. My poor daughter will become a beggar."
 "I shall not interfere with your practice at all, Sir. Give me your orders and I shall obey them. I hope you will be calm, for you require rest," said the young Doctor with dignity.
 The old gentleman did not reply immediately, but soon after extended his hand to his young colleague and with tears said with deep emotion, "Sir, I am in your power. I shall be confined to this bed for many weeks, and shall never be what I was before this accident. You can do with my practice as you like. I cannot prevent you."
 "Thank you, Sir," said Fane, tranquilly. "Now, Sir, I will go and see the patient you were on the way to visit when you fell. My mother will remain here all night, and she is a capital nurse."
 Every day he received directions and advice from the old Doctor about his patients, though he did not always follow them.
 In a few days Dr. Morton came to see his old friend, and after examination, said he had been most skillfully treated by the young surgeon, and that he might consider himself happy in having fallen into such able hands.
 "Yes, yes, that is all fine talk, but I am a used up man, Morton. I am too old to recover perfectly and this young Fane has regained the confidence of all my patients, but I must confess he is very intelligent and understands his business."
 "Then, why don't you take him as a partner?" said Dr. Morton.
 "That is what everybody says," replied the old man, "but do you think he would be fool enough to divide the income with me, when he might have it all himself. He is young, and I am old; he is a new man, and I an old fogey."
 "Oh, papa! dear papa! do not speak so of Dr. Fane. I know he will be glad to be your partner, and do everything to make himself useful and agreeable to you," exclaimed Becky.
 "How do you know that, my little lady? Are you in the confidence of Dr. Fane? Why do you blush so? Come, daughter, tell me why you think that he would rather be my partner than my rival?"
 "Here comes Dr. Fane himself, ask him!" said Becky, in going to conceal her blushes behind her father's bed-curtains.
 "That which I ask," said the young Doctor, advancing with a firm step, "is to be your son, rather than your partner, and if you allow me to be both, I shall be very happy. Permit me to help you in working for our dear Rebecca. You cannot be more devoted to her interests than I am. Besides, I am not a poor man; I have an annual income from my father's estate of \$2,000. Will you now give me the hand of your daughter?"
 "What's the use of asking her hand, young scamp?" said Uncle; "you have evidently gained her heart. Haven't a word to say; I am vanquished. Becky, where are you? How can you play such a trick on your poor sick father?—are you not ashamed?"
 "Not the least in the world, papa! for you are to blame for it all," said Becky; "if you had not abused Dr. Fane all day, I would not have defended him or thought of him."
 "Good, good!" exclaimed he, "and I am thankful to your father for abusing me."
 "Well, well, do as you like," said the old Doctor, "I surrender at discretion. Make your own conditions, for I have been an envious, jealous old idiot. I owe this avowal to you, Fane, and if it is any consolation to you, you have helped to cool the fire upon my head."
 "To-morrow is Christmas," observed Becky, in gently placing the hand of her betrothed in that of her father, "and we will then say, 'Peace and good will toward men.'"
 PATAPSCO.

domes, and spires. I began to think of the residents of the celestial city. And now there have so many of my acquaintances gone there, that it seems to me that I know more in heaven than I do on earth."

Scientific.

FEARFUL VOLCANIC ERUPTION.

An American Missionary to the Sandwich Islands, gives the following account of the terrible volcanic eruption in Hawaii. In awful sublimity this is something which has been rarely equaled in action, and the ruin which has been wrought is truly serious. We extract from a letter recently received at the rooms of the American Board:
 About midnight of March 27, we began to feel shocks of earthquake. These continued until noon of the 28th when we experienced a shock more severe than any we had felt before. By this the chimney of our cook-house was carried away, fences prostrated, stone houses injured, and much damage done to property, but no lives were lost. We were at the dinner table at the time. Startled by the severity and length of the shock, we made for the door, and all escaped in safety, with the exception of a little native girl, who was slightly wounded on the head. This was the beginning of the trouble. On the 29th of March which was the Sabbath, the people met for worship, but feared to remain in the church, so we held our meeting under a Kukui tree. The shocks still continued at short intervals. On Monday and Tuesday the shocks were fewer and we began to think the worst was over. Vain thought! On Thursday, April 2d, we held our usual weekly meeting in the church. The meeting having been dismissed, and the people returned to their homes, a shock came, compared with which the former were mere child's play. In a few seconds all the stone houses in the District were prostrated; among them three churches, one at Punaluu, one at Waiohinu, and one at Kahuku. The frame houses stood better, but were more or less injured so that the occupants were forced to forsake them and take shelter in tents and booths erected in the fields.
 About the time of this shock an eruption of red mud from the side of a mountain took place. The mud was thrown with such force as to pass like a ball from a cannon the distance of four miles, then falling, covered a space of half a mile in breadth, and fifty feet deep, swallowing up men, women, children, horses, cattle, etc., etc., separating husbands and wives, parents and children, friends and enemies. This occurred some twenty miles east of us. A native pastor has charge of that part of the field. The people had come together for prayer. It is remarkable that not one who attended that meeting perished, while some who had been invited to the meeting, and refused the invitation were carried away and buried in the flowing earth. At the same time a tidal wave came in from the sea, which is described by the natives as being as high as the coconut trees. This swept away all the villages on the coast for miles in extent. Honoopo, the largest village upon the seashore in this part of the district, was completely destroyed; two houses only being left, one of which is a frame meeting house built by Mr. Shipman. This is the only Protestant place of worship left in this field.
 In the adjoining field, however, there is another. Twenty-seven persons were carried to sea from this village, and perished in the waves. Thirty-three at Paluku; thirteen at Makaka; four at Punaluu and three at Kamilo lost their lives by the mud eruption, and the tidal wave. Perhaps not less than one hundred have been taken away from us by this awful judgment. The land and ocean seemed combined to sweep the people from the face of the earth. Thus far we had seen no eruption of lava. From the second of April till the seventh, the shocks continued more or less every day and night. The number of shocks which occurred at Waiohinu from March 29th to April 10, is said to have been upwards of two thousand; there having been some days three or four hundred.
 On the morning of April 5th, we found the surface of the earth covered with a very fine sand, or rather ashes. This was the occasion of some alarm, as we knew not from whence it came. About six o'clock, P.M., of the same day, we saw from our house in the west what we supposed to be rays from the setting sun; but soon discovered our mistake. An eruption had taken place about six or seven miles to the west of us, and was flowing with great rapidity towards the sea; a river of fire some fifteen hundred feet wide, rolling in its course at a speed of not less than ten miles an hour. This eruption was at Kahuku. In that district lived a foreign family, Brown by name. Two miles above their house, and three thousand feet above the level of the ocean, this new volcano burst forth, scattering destruction in all its way. The crater is said to be two miles in diameter. Mr. Brown was in his house reading, when hearing a noise like the grinding of a corn mill, he looked up and saw the molten, fiery flood pouring down towards his house. His family, consisting of a wife and six children, fled for their lives, not even waiting to take anything to protect them from the cold of the night.
 The statue of Luther at Worms is due to the chisel of the celebrated Rietchel who died before the work was completed. Among the numerous speeches pronounced at the late inauguration, notes was especially taken of that of the burgomaster of the town, M. Bruck, a Roman Catholic, who in accepting the monument in the name of municipality, enumerated the many services rendered to humanity by the great reformer, his great moral qualities, and the happy influence which he exercised in the development of the German language.

Rural Economy.

ENGLISH CHEESE.

At the meeting of the American Dairy-men's Association at Utica, N. Y., a very interesting paper was read by Mr. Webb, of the firm of Webb & Turner, dealers and shippers in New York, on the subject of the cheese trade, especially foreign.
 From Mr. Webb's statements it appears the amount of cheese made in the British Islands the current season is, in round numbers, 170,000,000 pounds, an increase over last season of 30,000,000 pounds. The cause of this increase is attributed to the high price commanded by the English cheese over that of this country make. The quality of English cheese has not improved, but rather decidedly deteriorated for the past seven years, owing to carelessness on the part of the makers. As the farmer has become richer, the labor of the dairy has become distasteful and disagreeable to the wives and daughters of the cheese-makers. The dairyman in England has been enabled to acquire competence rapidly, on account of the high prices his commodity has commanded during the same years. Their cheese found ready buyers, and hence they grew careless of making the best quality. This deterioration has gone steadily on till the present season, when they appear to be waking up to the true state of their trade. The prospect for cheese-making in England in the immediate future is decidedly against a large production. The low prices for cheese, together with the poor quality made, are sure to drive the smaller dairymen out of the business, and into wheat raising, since wheat now ranges at double the price it did when cheese-making was at its most prosperous stage. Thus far, the factory system is entirely unknown or unused in England. No further attempt has been made toward introducing it than to call a meeting on the subject in Chester, which, however, resulted in nothing. In spite of the traditional prejudice in England against change, the low prices and American competition may eventually force English dairymen into the adoption of the system. With regard to foreign cheese, the main sources of supply for England are the United States, Holland, and Canada. In 1855, the total import from Holland was 36,000,000 pounds. This increased in 10 years gradually till, in 1865, the import was 44,000,000 pounds, or nearly. The import of 1866 was still greater; but the past years has witnessed a falling off on account of the cattle plague in Holland. The increasing demand by France upon Holland now offers a serious competition to the English market. A new source from which this article of food is beginning to come is Sweden. Here labor is cheap and the land thickly populated. The factory system has, lately, been introduced, and no pains are spared to make it do the largest amount of work possible. The bad flavor in the Swedish cheese is rapidly being overcome, so that, in a few years, Sweden will take the first rank among cheese-producing countries. The present season has been productive of a very large increase in the supply from Canada. This cheese is not so porous as that made in the States, and is in texture and appearance, superior. Yet it does not command so high a price in the English market, on account of the peculiarly bad flavor, which pertains to the most of it.
 The chief objection to American cheese, by the English consumer, is its porosity, looseness of texture, and bad flavor. One English writer says he considers that no progress has been made in the manufacture of American cheese for the past year. The cheeses do not cut so solid as they did two years ago, or more. There is necessity for a great change in this direction, if American cheese is to maintain its hold on the English consumer, and compete successfully with homemade and that brought from other countries. The production in Holland has nearly or quite reached its maximum. As yet no first quality of cheese has been produced in Canada, hence the rivalry competition lies between the English dairy farmer and the dairymen of the United States. Since the introduction of the factory system, the competition threatens to become more and more exciting, and will make necessary greater watchfulness on the part of the American producer. One item of improvement, however, in this country, the past season, has been the use of better boxes for packing. The plan of using double hoops is a great improvement. Better care, also, is exercised in shipping to and storing in New York. Little complaint has been made this season of heating and damaging by carelessness. The cheddar-shape cheese invariably brings higher prices by two to four shillings per cwt., in English markets than that made in any other shape. Colored cheese is decidedly in favor in England over the pale American cheese. In London there is no sale whatever for white cheese. In closing, Mr. Webb urged upon the cheese manufacturers the great importance of not only maintaining their present hold upon the rivalry with English manufacturers, but of improving their work, so as to drive out of the English market the inferior qualities of the home production, and thereby raise the prices of American cheese in foreign ports.

THE CROPS.

Telegrams from a number of localities in the States of Illinois, Wisconsin, Iowa, Minnesota, with two or three exceptions, announce the crops of small grains unprecedented, both in quantity, and the corn never looked better. It is asserted that unless some blight should come, both the small grain crop and the corn crop will be the largest ever gathered in the North-west.