

# THE JEWISH MESSENGER.

מבשר טוב משמיים ירוקה

"A MESSENGER OF GOOD TIDINGS, PUBLISHING SALVATION."

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## The Jewish Messenger.

Under the supervision of the Rev. S. M. Isaacs.

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### NEVER DESPAIR.

BY M. S. I.

Never despair! Though dangers press  
And threaten soon to sink thy craft;  
But onward strive, and God will bless,  
And thee to happier shores will waft.

Cease to boast of former deeds,  
Direct thy thoughts to greater ones!  
For God who e'en the sparrow feeds,  
Will ne'er forget his chosen sons.

"Never despair!" should be thy theme  
When life's misfortunes 'round thee crowd,  
Let not thy speech with sadness teem,  
But walk erect, no longer bowed!

### The Prisoner of the Inquisition.

Translated from the French expressly for the "Messenger."

BY B. LEMANN.

(CONTINUED.)

"Violence against a man who does not profess our religious belief ought not to be tolerated by him who is truly pious. If such were not the case, it would be in fact establishing the power of the strong over the weak, and the omnipotence of the majority against the minority. It would be lowering faith—that Divine torch—to the condition of ignoble merchandise, which is bought and sold. It would be transforming religion—that language of conscience—into a contagious disease, which obliges those who are attacked by it, to conceal it, for fear of being pursued, sequestered, and even assassinated judicially."

Don Balthazar, seeing that his auditors were moved with the solemnity of his words, quietly sat down near the fire to dry

himself thoroughly; and they were about to request of him an explanation, when Van Klief entered, bringing a large tumbler of smoking hot wine, on the surface of which floated a citron peel.

"Drink this," said he, to the Doctor; "it will warm you; and since you are pleased to wait until my poor wife awakes, relate something to us, you who have come from so far. This recital will help us to pass our time, and will give an opportunity to make the medicine you have ordered for my Boby."

"I consent," replied the physician, with mildness. "That which I will relate will serve as an explication of what I have been telling these gentlemen; and will prove to them, perhaps, that the sacrifice I have made to my belief was more difficult than to throw a man into the water."

The guests, on hearing this peroration, immediately left their tables and formed a circle around the stove, in which was put an additional quantity of combustibles.

All the animated figures that placed themselves on the dark side of the blackened inn, lighted only by the reflection of a smoky lamp, recalled a tableau of Teniers, illuminated *a la Rembrandt*. At the same time, the storm which raged without, adding by its irregular blasts to what was awful in the words of Orobio, accompanied by a rain which splashed against the triangular windows, cased in lead, seemed like a terrible confirmation of his words. He commenced as follows:—

"The scenes which I am about to relate to you are very sad: great misfortunes have crossed my path, and yet I am but thirty years old."

"Thirty years?" exclaimed the assembly, with painful astonishment; for Orobio seemed at least fifty. Grief, no doubt, had drawn those deep lines which furrowed his face, otherwise so noble and distinguished. He proceeded:—

"My father, Don Cæsar Orobio, a wealthy citizen of Madrid, possessed an immense fortune—the handsomest palaces, the richest meadows, gold in immense quantities, sumptuous furniture, and servants in great numbers. These are objects which surrounded me from my infancy.

"These riches had not been acquired by my father, but descended to him by paternal inheritance. To preserve them, very heavy

sacrifices had been imposed upon his ancestors. You have, without doubt, heard of that iniquitous tribunal known as the Inquisition, which, under the pretext of protecting the Catholic faith, has sullied it with an eternal blot of blood! From the first years of its existence in Spain, the Inquisition has persecuted the Israelites; and, finally, on the 31st of March, 1492, it forced them to quit the Peninsula.

"To know how difficult it is to separate ourselves from Spanish life, one must have lived under that beautiful sky; one must have trod on the soil of so rich a vegetation. Exile became impossible to my ancestors. They preferred abjuration, and were among those hundred thousand Israelitish families—forming nearly one million of individuals—who changed the religion of Moses for Christianity; but, as it was necessity, and not conviction, which had led them to apostasy, they remained Israelites at heart, and Christians but in appearance.

"Then the Inquisition, seeing that its mandates were disregarded, took the most severe measures against those who followed the customs of the Jews. Its atrocious punishments will appear to the eyes of future generations as merely the effects of a disordered imagination, so difficult will it be to believe these cold-hearted cruelties.

"My great-grandfather, although appearing in the churches, and acting the character of a pious Catholic, had his son secretly circumcised; and he did the same to my father. But Don Cæsar, in whom the Israelitish zeal had faded, baptised me, and endeavored to train me in the Catholic faith. He did not do this as an act of conscience, for he himself was not a believer; but when he saw that the vengeance of the Inquisition became daily more terrible, he resolved to break off entirely his connection with Judaism, and to make of his children good and sincere Catholics.

"Unfortunately for these projects, my mother had yet a spark of Jewish feeling in her bosom. By her discourses and her writings she accustomed us—my two brothers, my sister and myself—from our infancy, to trust only in the Israelitish faith for the salvation of our souls. This often occasioned discussions in our household, which were, however, quickly ended, because Don Cæsar adored his wife.

"We were growing up, and our educa-

tion was advancing. Destined for the medical profession, I made rapid progress in that science. My sister was very beautiful, and was to be married to a noble hidalgo, when, in less than a week, a fatal disease carried her off, together with my mother and two brothers. My affliction was without limit; but it is impossible to describe the despair of my father. Sorrow placed even him at the brink of death; and he revived but slowly to life and the consciousness of the awful loss he had sustained.

"Since that day his character became morose. Anything irritated him. His eyes were bloodshot; and I soon perceived that painful sensations continually oppressed his heart. I was not long in learning this terrible secret. My father, tortured with remorse, attributed the misfortunes which had befallen him, to the coldness he bore for the Israelitish faith. The voice of conscience told him that the time of disguise was past; that he was an Israelite at heart, and that he should not fear to show himself one.

"In vain I remonstrated with him of the danger of so foolish a project. He would understand nothing. 'I am guilty towards God,' he would reply to me; 'and I owe him atonement.' And when I proposed to fly from Spain, he told me that he ought to die there where, was the grave of his wife. His conduct was no longer a mystery. One night we were both arrested and conducted to the cells of the HOLY OFFICE."

(To be continued.)

### RODOLPHO DE MEDICI.

BY D. E. JOSEPHI.

It was on a lovely morning in the month of June that a stranger might have been seen wending his way through the beautiful meadows and smiling fields which surrounded an old castle on that land of poetry and music, Italy. The sun had scarcely risen above the horizon, and the dew was still trembling on the petals of the flowers. All nature was happy; but on the brow of that stranger anxiety and sorrow were depicted. Thus he mused:—

"Twelve long years have passed, since I sat in those halls the most powerful prince in Italy. Descended from the great Medici, I was feared and respected by all the neighboring monarchs. Twelve years ago, I sat in those halls amidst my vassals, rolling in princely splendor! What am I now, a wretched outcast, a beggar! Alberto, the traitor, ruined me! 'I was he, who having robbed me of my wealth, sent me forth to seek my fortune in the wide, wide, world without a friend—ay, without a friend! For those who professed amity to me when I was a prince became my foes when a beggar. And why did he rob me, why did I submit tamely to be ruined? The law, the law was against me; a forged will beggared me. A will, which, he avowed, my uncle himself had written three days before his death, when he well knew that a paralytic stroke deprived him of the use of his limbs long before that time."

As he said these words, he approached the castle, and opening a small postern gate he stood within the precincts of that domain, which he, as the heir of the Medici had once possessed. He advanced a little way into a park, near the gate of which a wood was planted. He now took the path which led to a large weather-beaten oak under whose branches he labored to open a small trap door, and after some time it yielded to his efforts. Descending a few stone steps, he found himself in an underground passage. Proceeding along, he reached a large iron gate, and having pushed it open, he ascended a few steps and found himself in a large saloon. This was no other than the bed-chamber of the present possessor of the domain, the traitor Alberto. Pressing a small spring in one of the massive columns, a door opened and he was shut in the shaft. He was in this position about half an hour when he heard a voice. It was that of Alberto.

"Oh, that I had never wronged that man! Surely the curse of Heaven has rested on me since the day when I bade him go forth from these halls—never to return again. My wife, my children, and even my best beloved relations, have vanished one by one, before my eyes! Would that I had listened to my mother's dying injunction! 'Alberto, go not into the way of temptation! God may forgive me, but he never will.' Then his uncle's spirit haunts me night and day, crying, 'Where is my nephew, traitorous Alberto?' If he were here, gladly would I throw myself at his feet and make a restitution of all his wealth. Peace has fled from my house since he left these halls." And with a sigh of sorrow the strong man threw himself sobbing on a couch.

'Do you promise all this, Count Alberto?' cried a deep voice.

The nobleman started up and gazed around; but, seeing nobody, he relapsed into his former state.

"Do you promise this?" again cried the voice.

"Did a Medici ever break his word?" answered the nobleman, now gaining courage.

"Then receive my forgiveness," said Rodolpho rushing from his concealment.

Alberto threw himself at Rodolpho's feet and begged his forgiveness. This was granted, and the remainder of the day was spent in the recital of Rodolpho's adventures. They were as follows:—

"Perhaps you remember, Alberto, that at the time of the invasion of the Tuscan prince, I had a cavalier in my army who was named Francisco Rodrigues. He was a brave man; and many a battle was won by his prowess. In a midnight attack upon the enemy, we found them prepared at a point where we least expected it. Rodrigues was the only person who could have informed them of the intended attack; for, trusting to his patriotism, we allowed him the freedom of the camp. Acting upon my suspicions, I publicly reprimanded him. He requested me to retract my words; or else, he said, he would retire from the army. Here was an alternative.

On one side my pride would not allow me to retract; on the other I would lose a brave warrior. I choose quickly. Should a Medici bow to a Rodrigues? Never. He left my army; and I heard nothing more of him.

"When I left these halls, the money which I had with me sufficed to carry me to Venice. There I begged for my daily bread; but not being able to sustain myself in that manner, I worked my way to Constantinople. There I found employment and dwelt ten years. I thought I would take one last look at my parental lands and join the brave Swedes in their wars. In passing through a forest I was stopped by a band of men whose dress betokened them to be bandits. They carried me to their chief and the moment I saw him it struck me that I knew his features.

"Do you know me stranger?" said he.

"I certainly have seen you before, but where I cannot tell," I answered.

"I will tell you where and when another time," said he, 'in the mean time go with yonder man. He will conduct you to your place of rest. We lead a merry life here and I intend that you shall stay amongst us till you learn a mode of living.'

"In this manner the time passed till one day he called me to his private closet and said:—

"Stranger, I have hitherto kept my name concealed from you. You knew me in the war with Tuscany under the name of Francisco Rodrigues. Now you shall know my real name, I am Montaldi the Italian brigand. I have now the power of avenging myself for your reprimand. But there is religion amongst robbers, therefore I will return good for evil. My men will escort you to within a mile of your paternal roof. There they will leave you. Remember Montaldi. Adieu!"

"He walked away and I joined my escort. He kept his promise and I arrived safe here. Now there is no need of going to Sweden."

And here we will drop the curtain after saying that they both led a good and happy life. Alberto felt the truth of the precept, "It is never too late to repent," and Rodolpho that of "returning good for evil."

### THE VOYAGE OF LIFE.

BY MYER S. ISAACS.

"All aboard!" shouts the ferryman, as he rings the last bell prior to the departure of a number of newly constructed vessels on a very long voyage. "All aboard!" is repeated in stentorian tones by the pilots of the respective ships as a few stragglers hasten to reach their allotted places. At last all the passengers are ready; and the vessels are under weigh.

Many were the ships, still more numerous were the passengers. They all had the same destination, and all departed from the same city. Their objects, however, were

by no means alike. They were proceeding on a voyage to the Region of Eternal Rest; the City of the World was their starting place.

The first ship to leave the harbor was that of Pleasure, who, accompanied by a chosen band of happy youths, gaily started on the almost endless voyage. Her galley was most magnificently fitted up. Innumerable and beautiful streamers were displayed on every available spot. Her vessel, however, though the most handsome of the whole fleet, was built more for speed than for strength. Her motive for sailing, too, was not a good one. The sole aim of Pleasure and her jovial band was worldly enjoyment.

Next came Virtue looking infinitely more beautiful in her robe of spotless white, without a single ornament, than any of the other leaders. She, together with a few of the faithful followers of Truth and Religion, was wafted in a vessel which for beauty, speed, and strength, could not be surpassed. A single ensign, tastefully and simply wrought, floated from the mast-head. On it was embroidered in letters of gold, the following verse:—"Turn from evil and do good; seek peace and pursue it."

Next came Wickedness, whose brazen helmet, glittering in the sun, contrasted strangely with the neat and unpretending appearance of Virtue. His ship was the largest of the whole fleet; but was very unmanageable on account of its immense size, and soon fell back to the last place.

How timidly do the frail crafts of Folly and Temerity advance! Like twin brothers, they always keep together, and invariably are near the last of the voyagers. Now rising on the crest of a huge wave, now sinking into the trough of the sea, they appear to sail without chart or compass.

The rest of the fleet consisted of about twenty-five ships of different sizes. Their passengers were of various characters and ages. Mammon had her votaries, and many were they. Wisdom, too, had a few followers and soon reached the head of the fleet in her carefully piloted ship.

The common destination of all these vessels was the Region of Eternal Rest. The Ocean of life, the width of which is exceedingly great, separates that land from the City of the World. In order to cross this sea, it is necessary, nearly at the commencement of the voyage, to pass through the channel of Prejudice, the navigation of which is extremely difficult. Having proceeded

through this strait for the distance of one or two miles, we again reach the open sea and find the rest of the way comparatively easy. There are, however, very few vessels that have sailed even as far as the channel of Prejudice, for, captivated by the beautiful appearance of the Valley of Temptation, they are generally cast upon the hidden rocks which are very numerous in that vicinity.

A grand view is presented at this point. The Channel of Prejudice widens and merges into the River of Prosperity. The navigation of this stream is obstructed by the Torrent of Pleasure, the waters of which rush down with such headlong force as to drive almost every vessel upon the rocks of Adversity. There are some ships which sustain no injury from being cast upon them; for a knowledge of their inability to proceed causes most pilots to take good care of the safety of their vessels.

After passing these rocks, the river presents a magnificent appearance on account of the myriads of beautiful shells and flowers which lie on its banks. The Valley of Contentment is washed by the waters of the River of Prosperity. This region is very thinly inhabited, because very few persons are aware of its fertility.

The River of Prosperity empties into the Haven of Happiness; and there the journey terminates, for the Region of Eternal Rest is reached.

Before reaching the Channel of Prejudice, the ships were overtaken by an unusually severe storm. The rain fell in torrents, the thunder roared fearfully, the flashes of lightning followed each other in rapid succession. Nearly all the ships were tossed about, and severely injured. The vessel of Virtue, however, guided by the veteran pilot Experience, sustained no injury.

The galley of Wickedness was so much shattered by the storm that its occupants were compelled to leave it to the mercy of the winds and waves. Some of them, willing to turn from the path they had selected, begged to be received on board of Virtue's ship; and their prayer was cheerfully granted. Others unwilling to recede, either went down with their ship, or finished their journey on some of the other vessels.

At last, the ships of Virtue, Wisdom, Temerity and Folly, reached the Channel of Prejudice. There a great difficulty was to be encountered. The crews of the last two barks were so enchanted by the beauty of the Valley of Temptation, that they could

not be satisfied without a nearer view. The pilots were, as rash and foolish as the crews; and actuated by the same desire of seeing the valley unconsciously ran their vessels on the hidden rocks in that vicinity. The passengers and crew of Pleasure's bark shared the same luckless fate.

The ship of Virtue, consequently, was the only remaining vessel of the whole fleet which departed from the City of the World under such brilliant prospects. Experience, not ignorant of the perils of the great sea he was crossing, preserved himself, his crew, and passengers, from the terrible fate which awaited his co-voyagers on the other ships, and passed unscathed into the River of Prosperity. After passing the Rocks of Adversity and the Torrents of Pleasure, Virtue's vessel entered the Haven of Happiness in safety.

Joyful was the arrival of Virtue and his noble band at the Region of Eternal Rest. Myriads of cheerful angels welcomed the new comers with most pleasant words. Truth and Religion, who had embarked on Virtue's ship, hastened to the Temple of the Blessed, the abode of all the inhabitants of the Region of Eternal Rest.

The building was exceedingly large and most magnificently fitted up. The eye could plainly discern that the Temple was not the work of mortals. The hand of the Supreme was visible at every point. The elegant simplicity of the exterior contrasted beautifully with the grand appearance of the interior.

Virtue, Truth and Religion, together with their joyful votaries, after having been shown by the happy inmates of the Temple the rewards which awaited them, and after praying earnestly to the Most High to be merciful to their ill-fated co-voyagers, in Heavenly accents poured out to Him their thanks for conducting them in safety to the Temple of the Blessed.

#### Good Sayings From Good Authors.

Virtue unlocks no gates but those of Heaven; and for this privilege she dearly paid whilst on earth.

Be deaf to the quarrelsome, blind to the scorner, and dumb to those who are mischievously inquisitive.

Sorrow is a kind of rust of the soul, which every new idea contributes in its passage to scour away. It is the putrefaction of stagnant life, and is remedied by exercise and motion.

## The Jewish Messenger.

New York, Tebeth 20, 5617; January 16, 1857.

We are pleased to hear from various sources that the enterprise of our youths meets with general approval; and having pledged ourselves to furnish them with an article for every paper they send forth, we most cheerfully redeem our promise.

One of the objects they have in view is to translate good works from good authors; and how can they be better employed than to inspire others with love for Hebrew lore, ardor for study, not only of the works of our own immortal writers, but also of those of other nations who shone conspicuously in the literary horizon. By such and kindred means, the great work of moral improvement may, by an all-wise Providence, be brought about.

The MESSENGER emanates from sons of Israel, from custodians of the Divine records, from the descendants of those who, in the dark ages, were plundered, banished, or massacred, who, amidst the most cruel, yet unmerited sufferings, sowed everywhere the seeds of that liberty which their descendants now enjoy. And how, we ask, can "Young Israel" be better employed than sedulously to plough that field, now, alas! lying fallow? How more profitably engaged than in cultivating that mental soil which now lies stagnant? We shall indeed rejoice when they gaze with admiration on the Judaic tree which has stood firm and unmoved amidst the shock of ages; and be happy when they analyze the good fruit it bears, more especially as their object will be not to trace gall and wormwood where none exists, but to touch with a filial hand the tree planted by the Divinity.

This is indeed a subject for heartfelt joy; a theme for congratulation, a gleam of sunshine amidst a cloud of darkness. Our Divine law was the chart of our spiritual liberty; shall we now deface it? Our Talmud was the hedge to protect this chart; shall we now break it down? Our ancient Rabbies for no worldly emolument, but with undaunted zeal for Israel's welfare, wrote tome upon tome, enlightening us while the rest of the world was embosomed in darkness; shall we allow their works to moulder on the shelves of oblivion?

Shall we now, on freedom's soil, forget those illustrious men whose lives were devoted for Israel's weal; and with a sacrili-

gious hand throw down their books, spurn their writings, deery their doctrines, merely to imbibe the novelties of the age, only to listen to the oral advice spoken by some modern Solon? Shall we with glaring ingratitude, for those monuments of colossal magnitude, deem their lives and works useless lumber, because we are too much engaged in worldly pursuits to understand and appreciate them?

No! we believe not. True religion, a love for our ancient landmarks, is yet the boon and boast of Israel throughout their dispersion. A few may be found here and there who may desire an easier yoke of servitude during their earthly pilgrimage, who may be satisfied with dying in their faith without a thought of living in accordance with their hallowed appointment. They are not "messengers of good tidings." They are as nothing compared with the millions, the great bulk of the family of Jacob, scattered throughout the globe. They merely cause us to unite the closer as Jews, to rouse our energies, to study, to comprehend, and to diffuse a knowledge of our ancient literature.

Let, then, our youth be encouraged in the path they have selected. It is a new way to an old road. We believe they are sincere in their profession of working for the good of Israel. We know that they are desirous to do the best they can. And why should they not be stimulated to deeds of worth? They seek to improve Israel whilst improving themselves.

By our patronage, we may be instrumental in bringing a Mendelsohn to light, who may be buried in obscurity among us; by our friendly countenance to those heirs of promise, we may be the means of producing some bright luminaries to irradiate our Religious Hemisphere, some zealous Israelite to preside over our Synagogues and school houses.

Let us at least assist them in their laudable researches. They may be destined to shed a lustre upon Jewish literature. They may in reality become "Messengers of good tidings, publishing salvation."

S. M. I.

### To Non-Subscribers.

The Messenger presents his sincere regards to those who have received him with so much courtesy, at the same time regrets to state that in future he will be denied the pleasure of hearing the praises they lavish on him unless they will hand in their names to the proprietors as subscribers. He has endeavored to dissuade his employers from so

rigid a course, but they have answered him in language temperate, yet firm, that under no circumstances shall he be sent to exhibit his handsome apparel unless to those who will be kind enough to pay for seeing him, when he will gratefully make his obeisance without fail on every alternate Friday.

### Our Size.

The "Messenger" is pleased to hear that the only fault found with him is that he is too small. If his readers will please reflect that he is but just born they will have no reason to complain. He intends to grow and doubts not that in a twelve month he will be of such an immense size as scarcely to be recognized as the small MESSENGER ushered into life on the first of Tebeth, 5617.

### To the Fair Sex.

The "MESSENGER" presents his most sincere regards to the daughters of Israel acknowledging, with deep gratitude, the encomiums they have been pleased to pass on his first appearance, fully conscious that he is undeserving half the good words which have been said of him. He will, as he grows older, endeavor to secure their constant and merited attachment, assuring them that the height of his ambition will be to please them—and who can foretell the result?

### Financial.

The editors, not desiring to obtain any pecuniary advantage from the publication of the MESSENGER, hereby pledge themselves that at the end of a twelve-month, they will pay over all the surplus they may have in hands to the treasurers of the "Jew's Hospital, in New York," the "Foster Home," in Philadelphia, of the "Widow's Home," in New Orleans, and the "North American Relief Society," as a donation to those laudable institutions.

### To Advertisers.

Congregations, societies, merchants, and others, who may wish to favor the MESSENGER with their patronage, may be fully assured that its pages will offer the best medium for bringing them or their merchandise into notice, as the subscription list is large; not confined to New York, but wherever a Jewish congregation is established, there the MESSENGER will be found.

### To Correspondents.

Persons desirous to co-operate with the editors in contributing articles for the MESSENGER, will please to forward them to 694 Houston street; of course furnishing their names and address.

**Shall we Canvass for Subscribers?**

We regret that our scholastic duties will preclude the possibility of our calling on any of our friends to ask them to subscribe. We shall be happy to hear from them in any way they please, and be most grateful in receiving additional names to the many who already adorn our subscription list.

**Call Accepted.**

We are informed on excellent authority that the Rev'd. Dr. Adler, of Alzei, Germany, has accepted the call of the Emanuel Congregation in this city, to become their spiritual guide for a term of ten years, at a salary of \$2000 per annum, with other emoluments and provisions against contingencies. The Rev'd. Dr. will embark for our shores on the first of March ensuing.

**Foreign Items.****Bromberg.**

Before the royal tribunal, a young Catholic lately declared, that he was about seceding from the Catholic religion, being thoroughly convinced of the truth of the Jewish religion. After having done his utmost to dissuade him from becoming a Jew, the Rabbi Gebhardt at last consented to instruct him in the Jewish religion.

**France.**

We have reported already that in consideration of his eminent services rendered during the inundation, Mr. Valabreque had been nominated knight of the legion of honor. Mr. V. was received in Paris with the greatest distinction by the Secretary of the Interior, who handed him the ribbon of the order. The ribbon looked a little faded, but the minister said: "You must excuse it, it looks so because you have deserved it a long time ago." In Lyons, the trustees of the Hebrew congregation have honored him with a banquet, and his Christian fellow citizens in Avignon, showed him every mark of attention. Avignon, for a long time, has been inhabited by the popes; the Jews were then obliged to wear a peculiar sign on their clothing, but now one of their descendants is decorated by another sign—the star of honor.

**Servia.**

On the 11th of Sept. a shocking murder was committed at Belgrad. On the occasion of the approaching days of repentance the Jews rose at three o'clock in the morning to visit the synagogues, and were called by the beadle, who is accustomed to knock at the doors of the Jewish residences. Profiting by this circumstance, some Turkish bandits knocked at the door of Jacob Cohen, a merchant. No sooner had he opened the door, than one of the criminals rushing into the house tried to get hold of a

safe. Trying to retain him, Cohen was stabbed by a yatagan (bowie knife) in the abdomen. His son, hearing the father's cry, hurried on to assist him, but was knocked down by a terrible blow on the head. At that moment the beadle came. Having heard the noise, he wanted to assist the assaulted, but was caught by another brigand, who pierced his shoulder. Another Jewish servant and a boy arriving at the scene of murder, were also severely wounded. The thieves then took to flight, without having been discovered. Jacob Cohen died the same morning; his son will not survive the wound he has received on his forehead; the two others will recover.—*Austrian Gazette*,

**London.**

**ALDERMAN SALOMONS.**—THE LEGION OF HONOR.—The wish was long since expressed by the emperor that the late Lord Mayor of London, (Mr. Salomons) should have a high rank in the Legion of Honor, to mark his majesty's sense, and that of the French nation, of the part the Lord Mayor took in the recent subscriptions for the victims of the inundations. It is understood that the French Ambassador at London, Count de Persigny, received a communication to that effect, and as no notification of it has since appeared we may presume that the strict rule of the English government, by which British subjects are debarred from receiving a foreign decoration, except for military services, will, even in this particular case, be adhered to, and that the late Lord Mayor will be unable to enjoy the distinction.—*Jewish Chronicle*.

**Jerusalem.**

We are gratified to learn that the sad condition of that part of the holy city known as the Jews' quarter has lately attracted the attention which it has so long demanded. Already, as we are informed, three or four hundred houses have been thoroughly cleansed and whitewashed, and such will be the course pursued with every tenement occupied by our poor brethren. All the streets have been regularly swept, and the offal carried away, so that the Jews' quarter, for the present at least, is as clean as possible. After a while the cisterns are to be emptied and cleansed also; and we hope the steps now taken may be continued, as upon them, and the like, must the sanitary state of the people mainly depend. It is gratifying to state, in connection with the foregoing facts, that hundreds of our unfortunate brethren (such as are so often misrepresented as being lazy and indolent) begged to be employed, even as scavengers; but although the entire work is done by Jews, still the number required is not a tithe of those anxious to be engaged in this or any other undertaking by which, through the sweat of their brow, they might earn their bread.

**Sydney, New South Wales.**

**SYNAGOGUE AT THE DIGGINGS.**—The opening ceremony took place in the presence of between 50 and 100 persons, of

whom a few only were strangers. The building, which is adjacent to the Criterion Hotel, is of wood. The interior is lined with cedar. In the centre of the building, and surrounded by the benches, is the pulpit—if we may so term it—in which are the choristers, and from which the teacher expounds. The choir, on the present occasion, were Messrs. J. Samuels, Faajeon, Wolf, Davis, and Valentino, led by Mr. Solomons, and chaunted a fine old piece of Hebrew sacred music; the officers of the synagogue, Messrs. Heckscher, Moses, and Josephs, at the same time walking three times round the building, bearing the Tables of the Law. An appropriate address was delivered by Mr. Moses.—*Sydney Correspondent*.

**Konigsberg.**

The tribunal has decided that a Christian cannot marry a Jewess, even if he change his religion.

**TRUE LOVE FOR LEARNING.**

It is a matter of interest to all, to be informed, with what astonishing perseverance a learned Israelite will adhere to the study of his religion under the severest trials. The following circumstance, vouched for by a correspondent, will speak more than volumes on the subject we are treating.—Some four years since, a poor but learned Jew immigrated to our shores with his large family to better his and their fortune; his wealth, consisting of a wife, seven children, a few Ducats, and a Hebrew library. He was a glazier by occupation, and daily put in windows for others, in order that he might study by night. Being unsuccessful in his business, he parted with every article of furniture except his books in order to sustain life. Being told by a countryman that he would do well in New Mexico, he determined to proceed thither, if he could only find a friend to loan him a sum of money, leaving his books as security. The friend was found; the man departed. Last week a letter was received from him enclosing a handsome amount for his wife and children, promising soon to send a remittance to convey them to their new home; at the same time paying the amount loaned on his books with this laconic answer: "Pray send my books, I cannot live without them, I want to study my Rabbinical works in Mexico." The freight on the books will be immense, but what cares a true lover of learning for money, when he is determined to feast sumptuously for the soul's happiness?

God exalts him who humbles himself, and humbles him who exalts himself.

### The Three Friends.

*Translated from the Second Volume of Les Matinee's du Samedi.*

(CONCLUDED.)

During several years, Jacob Rodrigues Pereire continued with increasing zeal his studies and experiments. He decided on traveling; and at Rochelle was appointed tutor to the son of Dazy d'Etavigny, director of farms in that city. This youth was deaf and dumb from his birth; and nevertheless, Periere had been enabled to impart to him the most important ideas of human knowledge. Universal and most intense admiration was excited in the public mind, when they beheld this deaf and dumb youth write, draw, calculate, and especially when they heard him read with a loud voice sufficiently intelligible. This cure produced a great sensation; it was spoken of in Paris, whither Pereire accompanied the family of d'Etavigny. The erudite Lacondamine presented Pereire and his pupil to the Academy of Sciences. The learned assembly were astonished at the proficiency of the pupil, and lavished the highest eulogiums on the tutor. Buffon warmly pressed the hands of Periere, and conferred on him immortality in thus addressing him: "You will be numbered among the benefactors of the human race." For some time nothing was heard but of the instructor of the deaf and dumb, in the city and at the court. The King, Louis XV. sent for the youth, and having questioned him by signs and writing on natural history, geography, and arithmetic, was so enraptured that he lavished presents on his teacher, and granted him a pension from his private purse. Nothing further was required; Pereire having attained the summit of public favor.

In his prosperity he forgot not his friends; he earnestly entreated them to come and live near him, and by his influence Perrin was nominated to a curacy in Paris, and Morand appointed physician to one of the principal hospitals of the capital. Perrin, always calm and good, had become even more patient and charitable than formerly; and age had rendered Morand more austere and melancholy; he had been visited with numerous domestic afflictions, and in the rigid duties of the Protestant faith he sought consolation. He was placed at the head of a secret community of the New Church; His restless and mournful spirit influenced his heart and actions; he became unconsciously austere and intolerant, but notwithstanding accepted the offer and came to Paris, his chief inducement being to confide the education of a deaf and dumb son to Pereire. Morand lost his wife in giving birth to this son.

Our three friends beheld each other after a long separation, with a mournful joy, for age had left its fatal impression, and grief had exhausted in their soul the source of the attractive illusions in which they had formerly participated. They were united for a long time in friendship, and yet there was a cold and constrained manner from Morand towards Pereire. His religious

ideas, his title of pastor, and his ascetic life, combined, it appeared to him a duty to alienate himself from the intimate society of the Jew. Nevertheless, a powerful bond occurred to cement his friendship to Pereire, who undertook the education of his son.

The fair and rosy-cheeked youth was named Theodore; his eyes sparkled with intellect, and all his movements were impressed with an infantine vivacity; at the same time, his strongly-marked countenance, pure and milk-white, like the lily, evinced that reflection occupied his youthful mind. Pereire was warmly attached to this child, and instructed him in the rudiments of education; the pupil also evincing fondness for his tutor. It was wonderful to see how the deaf and dumb youth and his preceptor understood each other. Whether Pereire made use of a manual alphabet, employed signs, or only moved the lips, the little Theodore fully comprehended him with astonishing rapidity, even the most difficult lesson, and conversed with a docility and ease that produced admiration in all who beheld him.

Pereire was desirous of fulfilling scrupulously and conscientiously his duty as instructor; and knowing the rigorous religious opinions of Morand, he brought up Theodore in the Protestant faith. The devotedness of Pereire to his pupil ultimately removed the prejudices of Morand; and as pastor he became more tolerant, but as a father he was subject to the most painful anguish, his son regarding him as a stranger. When in his presence he displayed coldness and fear; whilst he would throw himself with joy in the arms of Pereire the moment he saw him, and was only happy when near him. The Abbot Perrin often came to see his friends. He continued at Paris the mode of life he had been accustomed to at Bordeaux; his time was occupied in doing good and prayer.

It was thus he attained that innate contentment—that philosopher's stone of the heart.

Pereire became chief of the Israelite community of Paris, and used every effort to be serviceable to his co-religionists; he was appointed interpreter to the King. His success imposed on him additional labors, and thus in ascending the ladder of science, he descended that of life.

On the morning of the 15th September, 1780, the old housekeeper went in great haste to fetch Dr. Morand, and the Abbot Perrin. Her master found himself suddenly indisposed, he had passed a restless night, and a neighbouring physician, who was called in, announced that he would not survive the day.

They were soon near the bed of the dying man, and the friends were quickly engaged in a mournful and affecting conversation,

"I feel I am dying," said Pereire; "however, I carry with me the satisfaction of having effected some good to humanity, and the hope of meeting you again in a better world; and the consoling belief of the immortality of the soul, proclaimed by the re-

ligion to which I belong. Also that divine and tolerant principle is found which admits to all mankind, without reference to peculiar creeds, and the beatitude of a future life." Pereire observing Morand and Perrin weeping, raised himself from his couch, and said: "Adieu, my good friends, I implore your protection for my co-religionists, the Sons of Israel. Hasten, by your exhortations, the day of their emancipation. Thanks, a thousand thanks, for the aid you have rendered me, and the support you have afforded in my passage through life. Courage my good friends, we shall meet each other again in another world; for God is too good to separate in the realms above, those who were so clearly united here below."

Here the virtuous scholar gently sunk on his death-bed; the anguish of mortality commenced. At this moment the officers of the Jewish community, preceded by their Rabbim, were admitted in the chamber, and they recited that simple and solemn chant which is customary among the sons of Israel, as the prayer of the dying.

An affecting scene was here presented; whilst the Rabbim, with a venerable beard, standing at the head of the bed, chanted in Hebrew a sacred spiritual poem, the Catholic Priest and the Protestant Pastor, on their knees, repeated the prayer of the Christian Church; so that, in expiring, the worthy instructor of the deaf and dumb could blend earthly chants with heavenly concord; the voice of his friends, mingled with the choir of archangels, accompanied his passage from life to immortality.

Poor little Theodore was restless and unhappy; he knew his instructor was very ill, and had been prohibited from seeing him, When they led him to pay the last duties to his second father, at first he could not comprehend the dreadful idea of an eternal separation.

His misfortune was soon, however, but too apparent; and in contemplating that he should never see his good instructor again, he was overwhelmed with despair, and imagined himself alone in the world. Who could henceforth understand him? Who could complete his education?

When the mournful cortege reached the cemetery, a funeral eulogium was pronounced successively by the Rabbim, the Abbot Perrin, and Dr. Morand. Poor Theodore, whose countenance was bathed with tears, his eyes wild and bloodshot, now raised his head to Heaven and then dropped it again, like the stamina of the flower drooping on its chalice. It was observed that he was nearly suffocated, and that the vital organs were relaxing. And as the earth was thrown in the grave, echoed by a dull sound as it fell on the sonorous coffin, suddenly a heart-rending exclamation was heard; Theodore murmured, "Wait for me!" and the poor child fell lifeless on the tomb of his instructor.

At the modest cemetery which the Israelites of Paris possessed at Vilette, and which had been purchased by Pereire, chief of the community, two old men were often

seen in the dusk of the evening approaching with difficulty, supporting each other, kneeling before a simple monument, on which were inscribed these words: "Here lies Jacob Rodrigues Pereire, the first instructor of the deaf and dumb in France."

These were the Catholic Priest and the Protestant Pastor, who came to pray for the repose of the soul of the learned Israelite, and who had been their emulor and their friend.

After fulfilling this pious duty, they felt calm and resigned, returning slowly, their furrowed visages suffused with tears; consoling each other, they said with confidence. "God is too good to separate in the realms above, those who were so closely united here below."

**The Jews' Hospital in New York.**

28th Street, between 7th and 8th Avenues.

NEW YORK, JAN. 7, 1857.

Messrs. B. LEMANN & CO.

Gentlemen:—Annexed is a copy of our monthly report for December:

	Males.	Females.	Total.
Remaining in hospital Nov. 30 19	5	5	24
Admitted .....	10	5	15
Total treated in Dec. ....	29	10	39
Discharged .....	10	3	13
Died.....	1	0	1

Remaining Jan. 1, 1857..... 18 7 25

Respectfully submitted.

MARK BLUMENTHAL, M. D.,  
Resident Physician.

JANUARY 8, 1857.

At a meeting of the Directors, held this day, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, This Board has heard with deep sorrow, that it has pleased our Almighty Father, to remove from this transitory existence SAMPSON SIMSON, Esq., and

Whereas, The deceased was the originator, the first President, and a most liberal benefactor of this institution, therefore it is hereby

Resolved, That this Board, influenced by a deep sense of his attachment to the Jews' Hospital, unanimously unite in their heartfelt regret for the loss the institution has sustained.

Resolved, That this Board tender to the bereaved relatives their deep sympathy, and offer them condolence in their sad affliction.

Resolved, That this Board, as a memento of their respect, do in a body attend his funeral.

Resolved, That the Secretary be instructed to address a copy of these resolutions to the relatives of the deceased, and have a copy of the same inserted in the JEWISH MESSENGER, *Asmonean* and *Occident*.

Resolved, That, as a token of respect to the memory of Sampson Simson, Esq., this Board do now adjourn.

[Extract from the minutes.]

SAMUEL A. LEWIS, *Honorary Sec'y.*

We regret that the unfavorable state of

the weather, on Thursday last, prevented a quorum of its members from being present. We are sorry for this, as it deprives us of the pleasure of laying the report of last years' doings before our readers, from which they would collect information that must interest them beyond our power of description. The cases that have been successfully treated, are replete with interest, demonstrating that the Jews' Hospital has been very successful in binding up the wounds of many who otherwise would have died. We hope to furnish a full statement in our next issue.

**North American Relief Society, for the Indigent Jews in Jerusalem, Palestine.**

JANUARY 8, 1857.

At a meeting of the Trustees, held this evening, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, This Board has heard, with regret, that it has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from our midst SAMPSON SIMSON, Esq., our highly esteemed President, therefore, it is hereby

Resolved, That this Board, influenced by a sense of his attachment to the cause of our brethren in the East, unite in heartfelt regret for the loss the poor of Palestine have sustained.

Resolved, That this Board tender to the relatives of the deceased their deep sympathy, and offer them condolence in their sad affliction.

Resolved, That this Board, as an evidence of their respect, do attend his funeral in a body.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the relatives of the deceased, and be inserted in the JEWISH MESSENGER, *Occident* and *Asmonean*.

Resolved, That, as a token of respect to the memory of Sampson Simson, Esq., this Board do now adjourn.

[Extract from the minutes.]

LOUIS LEVY, *Secretary.*

**Eighth Anniversary Dinner of the Chevra Bikur Choulim Vekadisha.**

This truly laudable Institution celebrated its Eighth Anniversary, by a dinner, at the Military Hall, on Monday evening, Tebeth 16, 5617.

The company embraced nearly two hundred and fifty of its members. The tables were elegantly decorated. Among the invited guests, we recognized the Rev. Dr. Raphall, Rev. S. M. Isaacs, Rev. Dr. Fischell, Rev. H. A. Henry, Dr. Waterman, and several of our most wealthy merchants.

Previous to saying grace, by Mr. Gomprecht, the names of all the members de-

ceased since the organization of the Society, were recited in a plaintive strain, and appeared to leave a vivid impression on the audience.

The President of the Society, I. Swartzbach, Esq., expiated most eloquently on the benefits conferred by the Society upon those suffering from sickness and sorrow.

Eloquent and truly heart-stirring addresses were delivered by the Rev. S. M. Isaacs, responsive to "Religious Liberty;" by the Rev. Dr. Raphall, in response to the "Congregations of Israel;" Rev. Dr. Fischell, in answer to the "Land we live in;" Rev. H. A. Henry, and Dr. Waterman, on other subjects.

A liberal collection was made for the purchase of a ספר תורה, for the use of the Society, and the hilarity of the evening was kept up till a late hour. Too much credit cannot be given to the members of this benevolent Society for the order they manifested in their proceedings, and more especially for the warm hand of fellowship they put forth to succor the distressed, and to alleviate the sorrows of the child of grief.

**OBITUARY.**

When Death enters our portals, and takes some of our young ones, we feel sad; but time obliterates our sorrow. When, however, he deprives us of a man of mark, the community is appalled. Such a man has been called from our midst. SAMPSON SIMSON, Esq., has departed from us: never again shall we behold his benign and benevolent countenance.

Born in Westchester County, in this State, when his co-religionists were few in number, he was reared and educated in the tenets of the faith of Israel, and to these he adhered through all the phases of his existence. Being a man of means, his sole object was to mitigate the distresses of others. He originated the Jews' Hospital, and donated several acres of land at Yonkers for a Theological Seminary. But whether he has endowed these institutions by bequest, is not yet known.

He died at the advanced age of seventy-six, and his funeral was attended by the ministers of his own and those of the Green street and Wooster street congregations, and by a large concourse of Israelites, including the Managers of the Jews' Hospital and the Jerusalem Society.

Although we are young in the profession of writing obituaries, yet we have hearts to feel for the distresses of others, and guided by our sympathies, we offer our poor but well-meant condolence to Israel D. Walter and his consort for the sad loss they have sustained in the death of their only sons.

On Thanksgiving Day, we were pained

in attending the funeral of their lovely boy. Little did we then think that his only brother was destined so soon to follow him to the spiritual world. Yet it was so.

The twelfth of January will ever fall sad upon the parents ears, for it will be marked on the mind's tablet as the day that caused darkness in their abode, and sorrow in their hearts, by the death of their remaining son.

May Heaven bind up their wounds and afford them every happiness in their interesting family of daughters!

**LADIES' FAIR.**—The Managers of the Fair, having concluded their onerous labors, report a net sum of \$2,500 to gladden the hearts of those who are inured to sorrow. We doubt not that, in future enterprizes of this kind, a plan may be devised to secure a larger amount for charity by endeavoring to unite all the congregations in so laudable an object. Shearith Israel is, however, entitled to the credit of being the first in the field to glean for the poor; and they have found plenty to pour into the lap of want.

**Questions on the Bible.**

TO OUR YOUNG FRIENDS.

1. Where is the first classification of animals to be found?
2. Who prophesied the destruction of Samaria?
3. By whom was Gedaliah warned of his danger?
4. How many years after the death of Mosos did David write the Psalms?

The answers to the above will be inserted in our next. Our young friends must send in their answers to any or all of the questions before the 23d inst., of course, stating their names, and the place in the Bible where the answer is found.

**Answers to Questions on the Bible in No. 1.**

1. *The Septuagint.* Answered correctly, by D. J., Phiz and J.
2. *They are both capable of making their way through a fluid.* Answered correctly, by Buzfuz.
3. *Ezekiel.* Answered correctly, by Phiz and J.
4. 2309. Not answered correctly.
5. *Enoch.* Answered by J. and Sabinus.
6. *Esther.* Answered correctly, by A. J. M.
7. 42. Not answered.
8. 11. Not answered.
9. *Omri.* Answered correctly, by Sabinus.
10. *Joash and Jeroboam II.* Not answered correctly.
11. *Hazael.* Not answered correctly.
12. 480. Answered correctly, by Phiz, Buzfuz and J.

**THE THEATRES.**—Owing to the great press of other matter, our usual theatrical notices, by **LORNETTE**, are unavoidably crowded out.

**Answers to Correspondents.**

C. C.—Try poetry again.  
J. C.—We have the "Hebrew Tales."  
MIRIAM.—Your excellent article is accepted.

**Births.**

On Friday night, Jan'y. 9th, the wife of Mr. B. M. Davis, of a son.

**Marriages.**

On Wednesday, Dec. 31st, by the Rev. S. M. Isaacs, Mr. David Cohen to Miss Miriam Samuels.  
On Sunday, Jan. 4th, by the Rev. S. M. Isaacs, Mr. Benjamin Cohen to Miss Esther Raphael.  
On Wednesday, Jan. 14th, by the Rev. S. M. Isaacs, Mr. Alfred Benjamin to Sophia, the eldest daughter of Morris Woolf, Esq.

**Deaths.**

On Wednesday, Jan. 7th, Sampson Simson, Esq., in the 77th year of his age.  
Same day, Eli Shannon, Esq., aged 63.  
On Thursday, Jan'y 8th, Mrs. Lopez.  
On Monday, January 12th, the only son of Israel D. Walter, Esq., in the second year of his age.

**EIGHTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE Young Men's Hebrew Benevolent Fuel Association,**

AT THE CITY ASSEMBLY ROOMS,  
Tuesday Evening, Jan. 20th, 1857.  
Tickets, admitting a gentleman and two ladies \$3.00. Extra Ladies' Tickets, \$1.50.  
Noli's full Cotillon Band is engaged for the occasion. Tickets may be procured of the following

- COMMITTEE
- Lewis M. Morrison, 45 Dey Street,
  - Fred. Schloss, 43 William Street,
  - Morris J. Leon, 119 Broadway,
  - Jacob Pecare, 63 Hester Street,
  - H. B. Heris, Jun., 51 Pine Street,
  - E. M. Swart, 40 Rose Street,
  - Solm. Kohnstamm, 93 Broadway,
  - P. J. Jouchinson, 118 Nassau Street,
  - S. R. Jacobs, 21 Wall Street,
  - Alex. Moss, 51 Pine Street,
  - L. Bierhoff, 74 Cedar Street,
  - J. A. Adolphus, 423 Pearl Street,
  - L. Lithauer, 73 William Street,
  - S. Steinfeld, Cor. Nassau and John Sts,
  - M. Oelheim, 43 Front Street,
  - H. Benjamin, 332 Broadway,
  - L. Berliand, 167 Bowery,
  - A. S. Solomons, 225 William Street,
  - M. L. M. Peixotto, Cor. Division and Clinton Sts,
  - Wm. A. Godfrey, 34 Water Street,
  - Julius Lessing, 112 Liberty Street,
  - M. Thalmessinger, Jun., 76 William Street,
  - John Davis, Jun., 28 Warren Street,
  - Joseph Weinburg, 370 Grand Street,
  - A. T. Myers, 58 Cedar Street.
- SAMUEL COHEN, Chairman, 174 Water St.  
L. VAN COLLE, Treas., 173 Broadway.  
E. DE YOUNG, Sec., 61 John St.

**THIRD ANNUAL BALL OF THE TOURO LITERARY INSTITUTE, AT NIBLO'S SALOON,**

Thursday Evening, February 10th, 1857.  
Committee of Arrangements.

- Mich'l Myers, L. Jacobs, A. J. Dittenhoefer,
- A. Myers, Muscley Lyon, Henry Benrimo,
- Joseph Galingler, H. Emanuel, Michael Hays,
- Simon Marten, Isaac Seixas, J. Bruchman,
- H. Hainemann, M. Dittenhoefer, Abr'm Stern,
- Leonard Hans, A. Cristellar, Lafay'te Gosling.

Mich'l Myers, Chairman of Committee.  
A. J. Dittenhoefer, Treas.  
H. Emanuel, Sec.

Tickets, admitting a gentleman and ladies, \$2, to be obtained of the above-named committee. Further particulars in future advertisements.

**Notice for the ensuing Passover.**

**MARK ISAACS, H M BAKER,**  
191 DIVISION STREET, NEW YORK,

Takes the earliest opportunity of informing the Jewish community that it is his intention to bake מצות for the coming Passover. He relies with confidence, on the numerous friends who favored him with their patronage last year, to continue the same. Country orders executed with despatch. The bakery will be under religious supervision; and his prices will be the same as, if not lower than any other baker.

**Hebrew Books Wanted.**

The subscriber, having been commissioned to obtain for one of the State Libraries a number of Rabbinical and other Hebrew works, would inform those who may possess some of our old works, and who may desire to dispose of them, to furnish a list, specifying the condition of the works, and the prices, any time before the 1st of March ensuing, addressed to  
Rev. S. M. ISAACS,  
694 Houston St., N. Y.

**JOHN REEVES,**  
 **FIRST QUALITY כשר**   
**BEEF, VEAL, LAMB, MUTTON,**  
POULTRY & VEGETABLES,  
663 HOUSTON, cor. Laurens Street,  
**NEW YORK.**

**A. M. CRISTALAR,**  
Auctioneer & Commission Merchant,  
23 BOWERY, N. Y.  
Liberal advances made.

**JOSEPH C. LEVI,**  
**STUDENT AT LAW,**  
(WITH VAN COTT & CADY.)  
No. 29 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.  
Residence 108 Bleecker Street.

Bonds, Mortgages, Conveyances, Agreements, &c., Drawn-Searches made and copying done at reasonable rates.  
**THE CONGREGATION B'NAI JESHURUN,**  
1 Green Street, New York, seeks a קטן ובעל קימה וזן תלמוד to instruct and conduct a choir, and to perform the service according to מנהג פולין ומשכן in all its parts, with devotion and impressiveness. Salary for the first year not to exceed \$1000.  
Competent candidates are invited to present themselves before the 1st of May next, and to submit their testimonials to Mr. D. SAMSON, 267 Washington Street.

The election will take place in June  
**SELIM MARKS,**  
**HOUSE AGENT,**  
342 First Avenue, NEW YORK.  
Office hours from 7 to 9 A. M. and from 6 to 8 P. M.

**JOSEPH DAVIS,**  
**Book, Job & Card Printer,**  
Can now be found in C. A. Alvord's Office,  
NO. 15 VANDEWATER STREET, New York,

Where he trusts his co-religionists will allow him to afford them the opportunity of testing his capabilities.