

THE REWARD OF INTEGRITY.

In one of the most distinguished quarters of Frankfort-on-the-Maine was the street called Juden Strasse, or Jew's street. Although in the very heart of the city, it was quiet and retired, and represented but a small number of the busy residents of Frankfort.

In one of the houses dwelt a Jew, whose love of gain—if, indeed, such a passion had entered into his soul—was under the full domination of his honesty and integrity. These were jewels which he prized far above the gold and precious stones with which his brethren sought to solace themselves for their outward poverty of appearance.

I will not say that he was not earnestly seeking for means to provide against the future contingencies of fortune, and to lay up something for the little ones who sat around his board; but high above all these, was enthroned a pure principle of honor and justice, perfectly incorruptible, to the loss of which wealth and honors could not bribe, nor poverty compel him.

The wife of Ben Heber Rothschild was a fit companion for such a man. Stately as an eastern princess, and beautiful as only her own race can be, in the wealth and brilliancy of her deep black eyes and raven hair—distinguished for the peculiar purple tint that flashes over all in the sun's rays, just as they gleam over the ring dove's neck—Sarah Rothschild was as good as she was beautiful.

Their house was neat and beautifully ordered. Although the furniture was of a simple form, it was made of a rare old wood, that would now bring its weight in gold. One closet was devoted to sets of differently patterned Dresden china—the heirlooms of families who had been impoverished, and who were glad to let them lie in the Jew's closet while they lived upon the money they brought; ah! how few could redeem them. This closet was often carelessly exposed to strangers, and its wealth of beautiful cups and plates was the theme of many lips, as it was the admiration of the children of Ben Heber. They, indeed, were never tired of gazing upon the paintings and fine gilding that enriched the china.

Although the outer closet was thus fearlessly exposed, few would have imagined that behind its seemingly secure back there was an inner one that contained princely inheritances in gold and diamonds. This was the trust closet, so constructed that the closest inspection would not reveal its existence; and in it were hidden—not the treasure that extravagance had pawned, and for which the worthy Jew was receiving profits, but simply those which had been entrusted to his integrity to keep and for which he would never be paid.

One night when the family were about to retire to rest, a faint knock was heard at the door, and was answered by the master of the house. A gentleman, plain and simple in his dress, and carrying nothing, not even a cane, with which to defend himself, appeared on the steps. His person was wholly unknown to the Jew, and it seemed that his was equally so to the stranger, for he was particular in asking for him by name.

He ushered his visitor to the room where his wife was still sitting as he left her in front of the closet, which stood with its wide glass doors quite open. At first the stranger seemed half disposed to object to the presence of the lovely Jewess, but when she turned her superb head, and acknowledged his own presence by a bow, while her grave and serene countenance relaxed into a smile, he seemed content that she should stay and witness his business with her husband. This was soon unfolded. The visitor was a German prince, who, from some political or personal reason, was forced to flee from Frankfort. He had heard of the purity and uprightness of the man with whom he had come to deal, and he wished to place all he had in the world under his charge, if he would accept the trust.

"I wish only," said the prince, "to retain enough for my expenses to a foreign land. Once there, it will go hard if a prince cannot find something on which to exercise his wits sufficiently to obtain a living. If nothing offers nearer, I shall shape my course to that land toward the setting sun, where, I am told, the distinctions of rank vanish, and where every man is as good as his neighbor."

The Jew promised, and asked when he would bring his treasures, so that he might be able to appoint a private meeting to arrange their business.

"I have them here," answered the prince, drawing from beneath his vest a wide girdle. On examination it was found to press apart with secret springs, and in recesses, which were deeply lined with soft wool, was found a collection of the most precious and dazzling stones that ever greeted the eyes of the Jew. Diamonds whose lustre was like a star, rubies and sapphires, each of which was worth a principality, were in turn admired and commented on, and taken an account of. It was past midnight when the examination ended and the accounts finished.

"Now," said the prince, "I would fain see where my treasure is to lie, that, in case anything should happen to you and your wife, I might know where to seek it."

"That is a precaution of only common prudence," answered the Jew. "You shall yourself behold it put in a place of safety, from which it will not be removed until your return, save by circumstances in which even the sacrifice of my life be demanded."

The shutters were closed to prevent all prying eyes. The Jew and his wife removed the china from one side of the closet, and then carefully slipping aside a panel, which was so beautifully fitted in, that no one ignorant of

the secret could have detected it, the girdle was lowered into a receptacle beneath the shelf. In a moment all was replaced. The prince bowed his thanks, shook hands with his new friend, and was soon on the road, flying from pursuit.

Months passed away into years, and the Jew worked early and late. The beautiful Sarah watched the cradle of her children with a mother's tender affection. Her ambition for her sons was not that they should become great, but good men; but she hoped they would become a little more successful in life than their plodding, laborious father.

Then came the terrible French invasion and those revolutions which convulsed all Germany. Frankfort, Hamburg, Bremen, felt the shock, and the poor Jews, hunted, pillaged of their wealth, denounced and persecuted, were scarcely able to escape with life; while the horrible cry of 'down with the Jews!' prevailed over all other sounds, and deafened the ears of the poor Hebrews themselves.

In this time of alarm and confusion, Sarah Rothschild kept a brave woman's heart within her bosom. She did not blench from sorrow, but grew more gloriously beautiful and stately than ever. A mother and a wife, she lost sight of herself in heroic love for the dear objects of her affection. The house was ransacked and pillaged—everything of value was taken by the lawless French soldiery, who scornfully reviled her husband for keeping such a magnificent woman in so poor a cage.

The persecution did not cease here. Every Jew who put his head out of doors was required to take off his hat to the Christians; and if he omitted this act of humiliation he was stoned and abused. And the proud spirit of Sarah chafed to see her husband and the brave beautiful boys, who dared rebel against the multitude, receive insults and threatenings from even the children of the Christians.

Years went by. The Prince returned. He had seen both troubles and joyous times in the far country which he had flown to as a refuge; and now with renewed health and strength, and a brave, strong spirit that was determined to take life as it came, and bear on without murmuring, he settled quietly down near Frankfort. All round him were traces of the recent struggle with a foreign power; but as the grass springs up elastic from the foot that treads it down, so does a city or nation recover itself after the oppressor has been tramping within its borders.

The German prince sometimes thought of the treasure he had committed to the Jew; but he knew what his class was reported to have suffered, and felt that in those times of extremity, human integrity must fall before the absolute necessity that surrounded the unhappy Jews. He comforted himself that, at least, the high-bred and stately Jewess and her husband might have been most essentially benefited by the deposit he had left with them; and thus the matter rested in his mind.

One morning while the prince was at breakfast, he was told that a person wished to see him on business. He desired his presence in the breakfast-room, and, on his entrance, was surprised and gratified by the sight of his old friend, the Jew.

"I came," said he, "to speak about the property left with me."

"Don't mind that at all, my friend," interrupted the prince, "but come and take breakfast with me. Nay, I insist and pray, do not mention the affair. I rejoice that it was there to do you service in a time when you must have needed it so much. Sit down and in this admirable coffee, we will drink away its remembrance altogether."

The Jew took the proffered chair.

"Believe me, prince, your treasure is safe, just as I told you. The closet was searched again and again, and every seam examined without success. The fine old china and, indeed, all our possessions were sacrificed to the plundering rapacity of the enemy; but, thanks to the name of Israel's God, we were enabled to keep secret the trust you reposed in us. Your property only awaits your order, to be restored to you as you gave it."

The prince was astonished. "I had scarcely believed in such virtue, my friend. You have taught me that a man's integrity may be incorruptible, and henceforth I shall have increased faith in the dignity and purity of human nature."

A few days after this, the prince called at the house in Juden Strasse, and received his girdle with not a stone missing. In that very house the children of Ben Heber were educated in the principles of honor and justice. Everywhere the integrity of their father was sounded abroad by the prince, who deemed that his thanks and presents alone were not sufficient. The world heard the tale, and the humble Jew received not only the trust but the companionship of princes and nobles. In all parts of the commercial world men heard the name with veneration; and at this day his family are scattered about in the grandest cities of Europe, the monarchs of finance, the arbiters of the money market, the successful, because honorable, controllers of the wealth of nations.

But though frequently urged to make her home in one of the princely palaces in which they dwell, Sarah Rothschild passed her peaceful old age in the quaint old house in the Juden Strasse. When her sons, who were princes in their own right, and noble by their country's gift of nobility—given, too, to merit alone—when they visited her, she received them in the same room in which they had received their lessons of truth and honor; and the stately woman rose up with a grace and dignity that would seem to belong only to a

queen, and laying her hands upon their heads, would bless them in the name of Israel's God.

"May their tribe increase" is the heartfelt thought of all who knew their worth and integrity. Such is a true sketch of the great 'house of Rothschild.'

A Deacon Story.

The Cleveland Plaindealer is responsible for the following:

In a small neighborhood in Geauga county live three deacons. The first is a Methodist, the second a Presbyterian, and the third a Baptist. All live quite a distance from their respective meeting houses, and as the traveling is excessively bad at this time of year, they concluded to hold meetings in the little red school house in the neighborhood. The question then arose which denomination should hold the first meeting. The Methodist claimed the privilege of opening the ball. The Presbyterian demanded it. The Baptist at the upon it. Here was "a fix." They wrangled over the matter until the dander of each deacon arose to fever heat, and each vowed he would hold a meeting at the red school house the very next evening, which happened to be Friday, and on that evening at early candle light the school house was crowded with Methodists, Presbyterians, Baptists, and several world's people. The Presbyterian commenced reading a catechism. The Baptist, at the same time, arose and commenced reading a tract on immersion. The Methodist, at the same time, struck up an old-fashioned hymn, shouting it forth at the top of his lungs. The effect was ludicrous. Apparently struck the mixed congregation so, for they all commenced laughing. The Baptist was wheezy. He sank, exhausted, into his seat, while the Presbyterian and Methodist continued.

All at once the ludicrousness of the scene struck the Baptist, and he indulged in a protracted horse laugh. This displeased the Presbyterian, and, forgetting himself, he dealt the Baptist a stunning blow under the right ear. The Methodist threw his hymn book down and rushed to the Baptist's rescue. He arrived just in time to receive the Presbyterian's iron fist between his eyes. The Baptist and Methodist rallied, and, together, attacked the Presbyterian, but he was too much for them. The scene that ensued beggars description. Chairs were overturned, window glass were broken, women shrieked, men yelled. We have no wish to make fun of an affair which has caused profound regret among the religious people of Geauga. We merely relate the facts; the matter is in litigation.

Customs.—Scratch deep enough, and I believe you will generally find that the customs of every people are the joint result of many causes acting together—a great network of necessity and compensation. The Oriental costume, for example, is light and loose, because the climate is warm. They do not sit on chairs, because they are hard, perpendicular and uncomfortable, and the relaxed system in that country requires an easier and more recumbent posture to insure rest and refreshment. Under these circumstances, tight garments are very inconvenient and incongruous.

Then, as you observe, they scrupulously drop their slippers, shoes, or boots, at the door, when they enter a room, and keep on their headress. This seems strange to us, but it is necessary. As they sit on the mat, rug, or divan, with their feet under them, shoes would soil both couch and clothes, and, besides, would make a very uncomfortable seat.

The demands of decency and the calls of comfort introduced and enforced the custom of dropping the shoe at the entrance into the sitting room, and it was thence extended to every place entitled to respect. From this to the idea of defilement from the shoe was but a step, and certain to be taken. Hence the strict requisition to put it off on entering temples and sacred places of every kind.

Mohammedans have preserved this idea in all its force, and you cannot enter any of their mosques or holy shrines with your shoes on.—[The Land and the Book.

PIUS IX NOT WITHOUT MONEY.—The Pope of Rome is now in his sixty-eighth year, and even should he be obliged to flee from the Eternal city, he will have quite enough to maintain himself comfortably for the remainder of his life. It appears the "Peter Pence" contributions have already amounted to about one hundred and sixty thousand dollars, of which sum Ireland has contributed eighty thousand dollars, as much as all the other countries of Europe taken together. Besides this it is currently reported that the Pope has no less than twelve million dollars, the pious offerings of good Catholics, packed away in boxes at the Vatican; so that, in case he should consider another hegira necessary, the money for his traveling expenses is abundantly provided.—[Ex.

DEFINITION.—A friend asked us why Irishmen are called Milesians. We could not recall the details of the legend, and resorted to two encyclopædias and to several dictionaries in vain; on turning, however, to Worcester's dictionary, we found "Milsian" defined to be "A descendant (according to Irish legendary history) of Milesius, a king of Spain, whose two sons conquered Ireland, and established a new nobility 1,300 B. C." Such definitions are indeed matters of supererogation—we should not blame a dictionary for omitting them; but we attach a superior value to one of which has them.—[N. Y. Eve. Post.

Latest from California.

The last mail from brought very little news of interest from the land of gold and its concomitant crime, further than what relates to those "twins" which, although not attracting the attention of Congress quite as much as the "twin relics," occupy no inconsiderable space in the history of the times, not only in the United States and Territories, but in other portions of the world.

The Legislature of California after a session of one hundred and one days, adjourned on the 30th of April. About one and a half millions of dollars were appropriated to defray the expenses of the State government, for the next fiscal year and for other purposes; and more laws were passed during the session than the Thirty-sixth Congress will have enacted at the close of the second session on the 2d day of March, 1861—the 3d coming on Sunday, that moral, pious body will not of course desecrate the day by continuing in session after sunrise on the morning of the 3d, unless it should be to provide some law to prevent people from worshipping God according to the dictates of conscience, or to secure more effectually the exercise of certain privileges in the District of Columbia.

The copying for the California Legislature alone cost the State the snug little sum of \$16,000. There were several liberal sums appropriated to pay persons for services not specified, and for the relief of others—favorites, no doubt, who had performed valuable service for the dominant party at some time without just compensation. Relief to the unfortunate, the destitute and afflicted was liberally extended, and prisons and asylums provided for with no sparing hand. The following are a few of the items in the list of appropriations that attracted our attention, as such provisions are not needed in this Territory: For the benefit of the San Francisco Ladies' Relief society \$5,000. For the purchase of a dairy for State Insane asylum, \$1,000. For payment of small accounts due from the Insane Asylum, \$635.96. For erection of a building for a State reform school, \$30,000. For education and care of the indigent deaf and dumb and blind of the State, \$10,000. For the benefit of certain Orphan Asylums, \$13,000, and for relief of destitute females, \$5,000. The sum of \$275,000 was appropriated for cancellation of contract, and the surrender of the State prison to the State; and \$2,000 for the purpose of a State burial place or cemetery where State paupers, defunct members of the Legislature and officers, and those killed in duels at the capital—can be interred at the public expense, if so poor that a final resting place cannot be obtained elsewhere.

Gov. Downey it seems had independence enough to veto several bills that were passed by the Legislature. Among those that did not become a law by receiving his approval was the so-called Bulk Head Bill; the Wagon Road Bill; the Libel Bill and others, in the passage of which, more than common interest had been taken by those in favor of those measures.

Deposites of gold are constantly being discovered and big lumps and nuggets are frequently dug up throughout the mining districts in that State.

To enumerate the crimes reported to have been committed in that region is more than we shall undertake to do, but as a sample, the following, taken from the Sonora Democrat, of April 28, is inserted:

"Last Monday night, the house of Brandt, at Kincaid's Flat, was burglariously entered, and himself and Mrs. B. evidently subjected to the influence of chloroform, as two trunks were taken from his sleeping apartment, and the house locked on the outside. Mrs. Brandt was extremely sick the next day from the effects of the chloroform. No clue to the robbers.—On the same night a miner's cabin on the flat was robbed and completely gutted. Also, three miners' cabins, one and a half miles from Sonora, on the road to Cherokee, were robbed.

Also, two jacks stolen from Cherokee. The same night an attempt was made to rob Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express, at Big Oak Flat. Also, an empty building in the Tigre, Sonora, set on fire. Same night, an attempt to commit rape in Tuttle town. This surely is crime enough for one night, within the compass of a few miles."

W. H. West, one of the officers of Col. Lander's Wagon Road Expedition had arrived in San Francisco. He went out to arrange for the re-organization of the road party for operations the coming season. Colonel Lander and the remainder of his corps were expected by the next steamer. The portion of the line to which his labors will be directed this season is that between City Rocks and Honey Lake.

Catholicism is evidently rapidly on the increase on the Pacific coast. The Mountain Democrat says—the Catholic congregation at Folsom have increased so rapidly within the past year, that it has been found necessary to take steps for the enlargement of their house of worship." Accounts from other places in California represent a similar increase.

A State convention of the Friends of Universalism, to be held at Benicia on the 15th, 16th and 17th days of June, is announced.

The value of the grape crop of California, for this year is estimated at six millions of dollars.

The sum of half a million was coined in twenty thousand pieces at the San Francisco Mint, and ten thousand dollars in half dollars, during the first week in May.

The Nevada Democrat says that Benjamin Lachman, of Nevada, started from Marysville some days ago with a pack train of twelve mules loaded with goods for Washoe. He