ADELINE.

VOL. I.

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Adeline lay gracefully reclining upon one of the divans, while her fingers capriciously played with the golden chain on her bosom.

ADELINE;

OR,

Mysteries, Romance, and Realities

OF

JEWISH LIFE.

BY

OSBORN W. TRENERY HEIGHWAY,

AUTHOR OF "LEILA ADA, THE JEWISH CONVERT,"

ETC.

"Sketches indeed from that most passionate page,
A woman's heart, of feelings, thoughts, that make
The atmosphere in which her spirit moves;
But like all other earthly elements,
O'ercast with clouds, now dark, now touched with light,
With rainbows, sunshine, showers, moonlight, stars,
Chasing each other's change. I fain would trace
Its brightness and its blackness; and these lines
Are consecrate to annals such as those
That count the pulses of the beating heart."

L. E. L.

VOL. I.

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TO

MY LOVELY AND BELOVED SISTER,

MARGUERITÈ LEVESON TRENERY,

AS TO AN

Ardent Lover of the entire Jewish Nation,

IN THE

PERSON OF "LEILA ADA;"

AND

AS TO THE GOLDEN STAR OF MY HOPES, THE SHARER

OF MY JOYS AND SORROWS,

THE SOOTHER OF MY HOURS OF LONELINESS,

AND MY MOST DEVOTED FRIEND, THESE

VOLUMES ARE INSCRIBED.

Gen. Ray 25 June '54 Pickering = 20

PREFACE.

Rousseau says, nobody reads a Preface. Very likely. Often they are most egotistical, uninteresting things; and likely to be so, since they are the Author's private and privileged corner. Piron used to remark, that the introductory speeches at the French Academy were entirely unnecessary, and that all which the new member needed to say was, "*Grand merci, messieurs;*" and the receivers to reply was, "*Il n'y a pas de quoi.*" Most authors and readers might exchange these courtesies, and the "*Grand merci*" of complacency be answered by the "*Il n'y a pas de quoi*" of public ostentation. Yet there are a few things I must say, and then leave them to their fate.

Happily, we are fallen on times when the novel is taking its true position. People are convinced

that it is the very highest effort—the Aaron's rod in literature, which is rapidly swallowing all the rest. And it is in the nature of humanity to make it so. Men are taught by things rather than reasons. "Example is more powerful than precept." Has an author a new thought or feeling? To give it full effect, he embodies it in a character. History, essays, and even poetry itself—lyrical poetry presents almost the only exception—rhyme is felt to be rather an incumbrance than otherwise—are fast merging into the pages of fiction.

It has always been my conviction that, if Christianity shall ever occupy its proper exalted position—if its glorious ideality shall ever have its full influence on mankind, it will be done by works of imagination. I still think that in the ministry of the pulpit, its wondrous beauty, its lofty poetry, and its sublime philosophy, should not be so lost sight of as they are—things of which the Bible is so full. And yet more to be deplored is it, when it is exhibited, as so often it is, in hardly any other character than a dry, wearying, and, it may be, stern sort of thing. Very opposite is God's own picture of His service.

Well would it be if we did not receive our notions of our Maker from men, rather than Himself. Habit holds over us a more than despotic power. Passing the undisturbed crystal in the fountain, we are content to drink from the dirty, tumultuous brook. If we would allow to human authorities only their proper influence; and, taking up the Bible, make what GOD says about us and Himself chiefly our study, we should no longer stand as in a low confined valley, but as ón a mighty mountain-top, where the whole wide unmeasured future would be constantly unfolding to our adoring eyes.

Were the feelings of Him through whom we live but properly understood—were we not so accustomed to the cold, unattractive views of His nature presented by preachers, who, being sinners like ourselves, see everything in earth and heaven only in the cloudy, misty light of their own feeling—haply injured still by the bitterness produced by blighted hopes, forsaken hearts, and unkind persons; so that their faith in any perfect goodness becomes a thing to be imagined rather than felt—were it not for this, instead of Christian life being turned from as a condition full of hard restraints

and unpleasing feeling, we should understand it as it is—the truth, the poetry of life; full of brightness, and smiles, and rejoicing; breathing only love, and peace, and happiness; possessing all things, "life, death, things present, things to come—all are yours," saith the Gospel. So, far from declining it as an added weight, the wish would be to begin the life of God as earnestly as was in us. Our life is a very beautiful one, if we will only accept it. But if we will come into the world with one destiny—the soft low calm of piety, and, refusing it, take up one of harshness and sorrow, let not God be charged foolishly.

I do not, I cannot, think with the brilliant L. E. L.; that to expect mankind to improve is vain. I must continue to indulge the most exalted hopes of the human race—hopes not the result of an objectless enthusiasm, but peacefully based upon what I find in the word of God, and upon the relations which man sustains with the Deity. God never could mean, He never did mean, that man's mighty energies should sink beneath the task of his mortal servitude—else it implies an imperfection in the plan of his redemption, and makes some of the brightest passages

in the Bible mystical and meaningless. Man came out from God—his existence is sustained by God—to God he will return. Sin erased the Divine image from his soul, and spoiled his powers; but by the suffering of the Lord Jesus the whole may be again attained. This is the simple truth of our life. Let men understand it—let them act upon it; and, filled with bright exulting life, they will start in an eager loving race along the vast untravelled path of light which stretches into the endless ages of the future, and we shall take up a position in the scale of moral and intellectual being, which only to think of now would be deemed the wildest dream.

I have said so much in defence of the religious feeling which, in some parts of the book, I have somewhat freely used. Not so freely, I think, as to make it intrusive. While I wished to amuse, I wished also to elevate and sooth; and there are no means of doing this save those which flow, either directly or indirectly, from the Eternal Source of Good.

Not that I am going to talk of "modesty," "courteous reader," &c. This would be throwing the said modesty and courteous reader away; and,

in a day when both are so much in request and yet so scarce, it is a pity that any of either should be wasted. Prefaces need reform quite as much as the Income-tax. I therefore beg to retrench all such expressions, as not meaning so much as the paper they are printed on. The reader comes to my book to be interested; if he is, it is well; if not, all I can say will make no difference.

Though I shall never believe that a young author is treated with anything like the mercy he deserves—all his work performed amidst a haunting sense of immaturity that often produces heartlessness; heartlessness at times amounting to complete depression. His is not a "far-looking hope." Distrust of his abilities, timidity which is not painful only because it is not anxious, hope vague as the fear that subdues it, yet all mingling with a gentle dream-like trust such as only the young and inexperienced author can know, are the feelings with which his book is presented to the world.

I have exhibited the Cabbala as far as would interest most readers—some may regret that it is not proceeded with further—these, I think

will be but very few. More general would have been the opinion, if I began its spiritualism, that by its wildness, it spoiled the feeling produced by the rest of the work.

Nor must it be supposed that Cabbalism is an old thing, now passed away. Cabbalists are even still a numerous class amongst the Jews. The most eminent among them is Rabbi Joshua Babsis, a member of the Beth-din. He professes to have constant intercourse with invisible spirits, and is regarded with immense veneration. No Jew would, on any account, offend him; believing that his curse would be followed by instant death.

That in modern Judaism there are numerous things and ceremonies which, from their strangeness to Christianity, may have a ludicrous appearance, is what most persons know; but those who come to this book expecting to find them pictured in it, or any of their serious peculiarities turned into a jest, will be disappointed. One of my great objects was, to exhibit the liberality and tenderness of feeling, and the cultivated intellect —even in matters of general taste—which our Jewish brethren possess; in opposition to a very

prevalent belief—*vide* the *Morning Herald*—which holds it "impossible to elevate a Jew to an Englishman"—that they are in this way sadly deficient. And also—may I hazard the expression?—that I trusted to awaken some practical interest on behalf of the high-feeling women, who constitute so great a hope in Judaism.

Amidst that sympathy which is now extended to all classes and conditions of men, the Jews are almost entirely overlooked. Yet no nation upon earth is gifted with so much of that profound feeling, that is the element of the Gospel; and which, rightly directed, shall advance human nature to its perfection. Constancy, which nothing can overcome, disinterestedness, imagination, high intellect, enthusiasm, and a love which "no waters can quench, nor floods drown," are eminently the characteristics of this noble race.

That often they are immoral in their lives, and that their disposition is generally a money-getting one—though this is afterwards dispensed almost as liberally—is true. But what has made them so? Money has, for seventeen hundred years, been their only means of purchasing repose.

And the nation which through so many centuries could receive such abject treatment as the Jewish one, and yet maintain an intellectual and moral character so high, must be a great one.

But ere long their captivity shall be turned; and the church of the Lord Jesus, exulting in the union of both Jew and Gentile, under the peaceful holy reign of the King of all the earth and heaven, shall take up the lofty strain—

> Break forth into joy;
> Sing together ye waste places of Jerusalem.
> For the Lord hath redeemed His people;
> He hath redeemed Jerusalem.
> The Lord hath made bare His holy arm;
> In the eyes of all the nations;
> And all the ends of the earth
> Shall see the salvation of our God.

OSBORN W. TRENERY HEIGHWAY.

Chiswick, November 11, 1853.

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ADELINE;

OR,

Mysteries, Romance, and Realities

OF

JEWISH LIFE.

CHAPTER I.

ELOÏSE.

"Spirit of men,
Thou heart of our great enterprise, how much
I love these voices in thee!"

BEN JONSON.

"Our coming
Is not for salutation; we have business."

IDEM.

OUR story opens in the middle of Aav; the time—afternoon; the place—a large, antiquated mansion, on the banks of the Thames, in the environs of London. The glass door of a verandah, overlooking the water, was open, and on a divan before it a lovely girl was seated. She was tall, even above the ordinary height of women. Her figure was slender, yet not spare; for it was sculptured in the most just and beautiful proportions. Her hair

was very dark, but without the insipidity of perfect blackness: it fell in heavy, clustering masses around shoulders chiseled with the beautiful slope of a Greek statue. Her complexion was that of the brunette—no dimness nor duskiness about it—but softly shaded with a transparent olive. Her eyes were liquid, large, and dark; languid, even to bewitchingness it may be, when she indulged in earnest thought, but brimful of life and fire: their brilliancy would, indeed, have been too fascinating, for it would have oppressed the beholder, had it not been for the cloud spread over them by the magnificent lashes. Her rich dress, composed of the choicest fabrics made by eastern skill; her patrician elegance of beauty and manner, at once proclaimed her rank.

As she sat gazing in profound abstraction upon the rising and falling waters, it could well be seen that her thoughts were of a sombre and by no means pleasing cast. And at times she rose to her feet, and paced the silent apartment with a restless, feverish step; while ever and anon she paused to look in the direction of the entrance, her eyes flashing, her brows contracted, and her whole countenance fixed in an expression of majestic indignation and scorn, which heightened her beauty till she became almost terribly fascinating.

At last her expectation was realised by a young man entering the room. She drew herself up to

her full height, and stood gazing upon him with a smile of cutting, cold displeasure.

"You have come, Ben Megas," she said.

"Yes, dear Eloïse. I wished to spend one more hour——"

"Enough," she returned, with an imperious gesture. "Such words, Ben Megas, are idle now —worse, for they insult me. We meet only as two who have a worldly business to transact. Hear me. You have come here, Ben Megas, in milk-and-honey language, mingled haply with some rare drops of love, to warn me of your perjuries. Spare your pains. I know them."

"And likewise my reasons."

"*Reasons!*" she exclaimed, with a withering sneer. "What else? We shall see, sir. When first you saw me, and addressed my heart in slow and measured speech—and oh! it was enshrined in loveliness to lead captive any woman—I was a pale, shrinking flower, the soul of all——"

"That is most pure as well as beautiful," continued Ben Megas. "And so, Eloïse, I leave you —a thing which nothing but my high mission and determination should have tempted me to do. Heaven and yourself know I shall ever love you, my dearest girl, as I shall no other thing of mortal birth."

"A lie! a base and sordid lie, I say. By Jacob's God, I swear, I do condemn mine ears that hearken to you. Listen, Ben Megas. I have been yours

in sweet and holy ties, in love that time has knit and strengthened—love, though not unwooed, unwon by other men; with nought to think or live for but for you—you in whom I trusted with a maiden's lofty pride, her hopes and fears. And all for this, then! Oh, fear me! I have a gnawing pain here at my heart. It is not outraged love alone, but falsehoods, mean, dishonourable, and pledges unredeemed—and for no fault which I have done—I writhe under. Do you hear me?"

"Your father wishes it, Eloïse."

"To you my faith was plighted by my father. That faith I ratified by mine own vow. The oath was registered in highest heaven. I am yours!"

"Eloïse, be calm and hear me."

"*Calm!* Soft lesson! while I see my young faith crushed, broken, buried,—lone, remorseless, without an epitaph except my tears. Now out upon my foolish eyes. I had thought since yesterday so much weak womanhood slumbered not in me."

"Why don't you say all this to your father, Eloïse? He advises it. I am to be a Cabbalist, and as a good one, you know, I cannot marry. My great object in this transitory state of my being is a constant approach to the Eternal, and an union with Him as near as possible to perfection; for which reason I must avoid all earthly attachments——"

"Now don't—don't go on, Ben Megas, with

cant so villanous," she said, with an expression of impatience that implied she listened to it with agony. "If it were so, I might, perhaps, find reasons to forgive you. But it is false. Your Cabbalism is from first to last a pander to your—— ugh! the word chokes me. I know your holy thinkings, together with your brood of sandalled fiends, for whom my father, in his vile seekings, wrongs and defrauds my mother. Ah, start! your delicacy is outraged, doubtless. Ambition is the God you love so. You expect a stronger power amongst the people. Ha! ha! What next? Heavenly ecstasies! triumphant harmony of glorious discords! and all the offering you bring him is your vile compliances with earthly wills, with wicked and monstrous passions that you nurse and cherish. Mysteries and secrets, purity and spirits, celestials and unearthliness. Excellent!

Ὦ χρυσὲ ἐξίωμα κάλλιστον ἔροτοῖς

contains all your creed. Out, thou unholy thing!"

"Eloïse Aben Baruch forgets who she is, and whence she came, to vent herself in such rebellious wickedness."

"No fear. I remember it all too strongly. A curse upon the day I saw the light of Jewish skies. I spit in the face of my nation—upon a religion which is a libel on purity and common sense. Pride in being a rabbi's daughter!—a Jewess! God! the thought sickens me. A thing without

a heart; no feeling beyond a parent's will; sunk beneath my moral dignity, below my sex. Enough, leave me; for, having burst, why I shall be the calmer."

"What, fling curses on your people! Hath, then, the Prince of Evil such power with thee, Eloïse? Oh, shame! shame! shame!"

"Shame! Dares thy corrupted tongue to cry then shame on me? Hence, away, I say! or thy fine ears may ring with sounds more deep and brazen-tongued. I have no land, no home, no people. Nation! I disown it! Withered be all its glories and its pride! May Gentile voices cry foul shame on it! May its name be gall and wormwood in the mouth of all its children! Fierce now I hurl my deep dishonour on it—my marred life's purpose. A Jewess! Off, vile denial of my woman's pride! Thus, then — now once again I stand and breathe a full, untrammeled woman. How now, Ben Megas? Why stand'st thou gazing on me thus? Ay, 'tis Eloïse — her face has been familiar to thee long ere now, I trow."

"Perdition! Is there no blush to tell of womanhood?"

"Not such as thou wouldst have. Womanhood! Canst thou, who made me what I am, find impudence to prate to me of womanhood!"

"Eloïse, this is useless. Let us forget the past, and look with religious hope to the future."

"Now hence, thou base deceiver! hence, get thee to thy dark room, where hide the filthy secrets that day dares not pry into! hence, and begin thy dreams and mumbled priestcraft. But, by eternal heaven, that has witnessed my outraged trust and deep dishonour! and by the immortal soul that is my hope and my inheritance, I swear, that if it is my destiny that I now shall be flung from thee shamefully, I'll never leave thee; but, midst thy hellish arts, my spirit on the cloudy depths shall ride, flouting the smoky mists thou gatherest round thee, flaming and flashing in thy eyes like some dire, portentous comet, marring thy life, thy hopes, and highest efforts; and, louder than any music thou shalt summon, or the wild roar that swells upon the air from spirit worlds, thine ears shall hear me shouting, 'On, on, Ben Megas! on to victory or destruction!'"

"Eloïse, what you mean I don't pretend to unriddle. If you think to make me fear you, you are far from the mark; your threats fly from me like rebounding shafts. Beware! Else, as a Cabbalist, I may exert a power that shall tame even your high spirit, and check your eloquence."

"Dare you then threaten me, Joseph Ben Megas?" she exclaimed, her whole form quivering with pent-up passion. "Have a care, lest, like some long-compressed volcano, I burst and overwhelm you. Ha! ha! ha! How well and bravely said. A Cabbalist! Why then, if thou'rt

content, we'll brag and brag, and see which brags the most. The vengeance of the Cabbala is a game that two can play at. Go now, summon all the ghosts that fill the past or wide hereafter. Go! Unsheathe your flashing sword; shout over me your war-cry; call up your thunders from the infernal deeps — I'll join the din, and make the solid earth tremble and quake to hear my fierce defiance. Nay, I can threaten, too."

"I believe, Eloïse, you've got the devil in you."

"I have. Hark you. I have loved you as a woman loves but once; that love is changeless, and beyond my power to control or stay it. You found me a woman, spotless, trusting as an angel. I am changed now. You leave me spoiled, crushed — something more to be feared than a man, for I have all his dauntless courage and determination, with a recklessness of what happens to myself that is far beyond him. Take care, I say, Joseph Ben Megas. Eloïse Aben Baruch and you shall meet again: but it shall be either for marriage — to bring you to her feet, the conqueror to the conquered — or with one stroke to bury both in dire destruction. Go."

"Eloïse, let me try to make you feel ——"

"Go!"

"Let me speak."

"Go — I say."

"Then, farewell — for ever." And he left the room.

Eloïse watched him retreating through the door: she drew her hand across her flashing eyes, and then soliloquised aloud —

"Oh! for some death-cold ice, to cool these temples that throb and burn so. My pulse beats heavily — the wheels of time stand still — my days will ne'er be done. Oh! if I but dared to end this life of blight and bitterness!—to rend the veil which shrouds me from the future! Down! down! malicious fiend. I have lain and tossed on my distempered bed, and prayed for day, and day has come at last; and so it will again. There is a heavenly hope which, born in early days, lives on through endless years — heaven's substitute on earth — which shines only through clouds of sorrow, for then it shows the brightest — like the quivering light of a clear sunbeam glassing itself in the convulsive waters, when they howl and dash in horrid warfare. O Love Divine! the spirit of all felicity, the base of faith, the victor-king of death, the heart's evangelist, the breath of dying souls; how, combating my anguish and despair, thou bringest me back the thoughts of holier hours and purer feelings, mingling with quick-winged ecstasies, brought from celestial joys; yet softly shadowed by my soul's dull feeling, that loves thee as flowers the sun, that is their light and life. Be with me still. When earth's tempests foam around me, be thou my faith, my joy, my prayer, breathing

thine own divinity, raising my spirit to that cloudless land from whence I came, and where I yet again must be. Be to me as the perfume in the amaranth's blossom — the type of God's immortal flowers — and like me, His care."

And thus, with her hands clasped upon her bosom, and eyes uplifted to heaven, she passed away from the room.

CHAPTER II.

ADELINE.

"Her lot is on you! to be found untired
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain;
With a pale cheek — and yet a brow inspired —
And a true heart of hope, though hope be vain!
Meekly to bear with wrongs, to cheer decay;
And oh! to love through all things — therefore pray."

MRS. HEMANS.

IT was a mild, genial day — the thirteenth of נִיסָן (*Nison*). The sun shone brightly; and the whole atmosphere, in spite of the slight haze that faintly silvered the broad stream of the Thames, and the distant hills in the environs of London, was endued with that exhilarating freshness, which sheds a poetic charm of animation, vividness, and youth, over an English spring, unknown in other European countries.

The parks and fashionable promenades were thronged by persons, whom the loveliness of the day had called forth. And highly picturesque and varied was the scene composed by the multifarious parties pushing and thrusting along, or gathered

in groups discussing the momentous events of the times. Among the mass of persons that thus swarmed like ants upon the chief passage to an ant hill, in the great winding carriage road that enters the city from the west — or rather going along that part of it called Piccadilly — was a young man, whose personal appearance proclaimed him beyond doubt to be a member of the house of Israel. He was scarcely more than twenty years of age; and this might be seen by the fresh bloom which glowed in his rich olive-tinted cheek. His figure was light and graceful, but yet his carriage had all the bold and masculine ease of a thoroughly English youth. His features were regularly fashioned, and bespoke intellectual powers of the highest order, joined to a frank, open-hearted disposition; and they were lit up with a fitful, happy brilliance, by the bright light which beamed out of his fine dark eyes. Whatever his purpose was, as he pushed stoutly and thoughtfully through the opposing throngs, he was not to be diverted from it by the objurgations of some, whom he was compelled to rather roughly elbow on his way. At last, having passed along Fleet-street, and entered Cheapside, he paused in front of an antique-looking house, through the door of which he entered.

The aspect of the apartment, into which he had thus introduced himself, was exceedingly strange. It was a thorough curiosity-shop. It

presented a perfect study for those skilled in "storied urns and animated busts,"—a place where

> "Curias jam dimidias, humeroque minorem
> Corvinum, et Galbam auriculis naroque carentem,"

you might easily find! On the shelves and the counter were numerous boxes and cases with glass tops, in which were carefully arranged engraved stones, ancient coins, and other articles of *vertu* in wondrous variety. The passage through was encumbered by broken busts, bronze statues, and bas-reliefs piled tier on tier. In a huge dark recess at the end stood a quantity of jars and phials of different shapes mixed with glass vessels, containing strange serpents, and lizards, and horrible deformities of various kinds preserved in spirits. On the opposite side, and quite invisible to any one unacquainted with the place, stood a ponderous iron safe, which seemed to tell a tale of well-stored deeds and papers, and of other modes of business, besides selling bronzes, jewellery, and medallions.

And the impression thus conveyed was correct. A more knowing man than Solomon Steinberg was, in his way, it would be difficult to find. He had not gone through the world without studying, if not the most approved, at any rate the most successful, methods of raising the wind: and he acted accordingly. It would be hard to say, indeed, what all his avocations were. He

had well studied practical archæology. Was a dealer in coins, medals, gems, marbles, bronzes, terracotta, and glass; in busts, and rings, and jewellery, and gold and silver bullion. He was a money-changer and money-lender. He advanced money upon mortgage, and discounted the post-obit notes of profligate heirs in expectancy. In short, there were few financial operations which old Solomon Steinberg's enterprising genius did not embrace.

By birth he was a German Jew, but early placed himself under the efficient tutelage of Rome, where he soon became perfected in his art; *i. e.* the art of purchasing "uncertain commodities" at the lowest, and selling them at the highest possible price. When you knew your man, it was really diverting to have dealings with him; if you did not, it was likely to turn out rather an expensive amusement. His passion for jewellery knew no bounds:

> "Tight girt with gems in massive mountings set,
> Beneath their weight his tumid fingers sweat;"

and few persons had shown greater enterprise in the collecting of these and other curiosities than himself. In his youth he possessed very little money; but he did not, like other German young men, squander it away in beer and cigars. He undertook an expedition into Greece; completely sacked Attica, Acarnania, and Ætolia; went on

through Turkey, and from thence into Egypt; but did not buy Pompey's Pillar, nor Cleopatra's Needle, nor the Pyramids; they were all a little too large for his carpet-bag. However, he found plenty of other things amongst the mummy pits of Cairo, and the lamp-teeming earth of Syenè, Memphis, and Abu Simbel. He came back; sold his curiosities at a very satisfactory per-centage; took a wife; planted a vineyard; eat the fruit, and drank the wine thereof; went abroad again; and came to England. Finding his dealings paid him better here than they did in Italy, he, after proper consideration, consented to take up his abode amongst us.

Our acquaintance with him commences when he was a little over fifty years of age. He was still as deeply steeped in business, and as plausible in recommending his wares as ever; though all his sales were effected in a language singularly compounded of German, French, Italian, and Hebraised-English. Go to his house at any hour of the day, and there the snuffy, gruffy old fellow was sure to be, either standing at the door, blinking away through his great goggle-glasses, or seated at a little shabby old table, fumbling over his curiosities; or else slowly creeping over, snuff-box in hand, to the restaurant opposite to toddle back again, after treating himself to sundry drops of the comforter.

At the moment that the young man before-

mentioned entered his shop, he was, as usual, seated at his little old table re-arranging his treasures. His upper person was engulphed in a great black coat and widely-lappeled waistcoat — both a good deal more than too much of a fit for his spare form; whilst his nether man disported at ease in a pair of trousers, full and flowing, and hanging flappily about his thin shanks like the loose sails of a frigate in a dead calm. Though by no means a logician, Solomon Steinberg was rich in proverbs, and one, which he always exemplified in his costume, was, "familiarity breeds contempt;" for which reason there was always a species of Scotch divorce subsisting between the waistcoat and trousers aforesaid, and again between his wrist and the cuffs of his coat, from the wide sleeves of which were thrust a pair of dirty hands; — one or other of them was ever and anon raised to re-adjust the short pipe from which he was puffing volcano-like clouds of smoke that issued in regular but uneasy jerks from beneath his thin upper lip. At intervals he nodded his head impatiently; and, without interrupting his employment, muttered between his teeth words that accompanied his intermittent puffs like the sullen rumbling which follows the smoke of the cannon on the afar-off battle-field.

The shadow of the young man darkening his door startled him from his occupation; he thought it was some one coming to bargain.

"Ha! Isaac," he said, as his eyes dropped on the new arrival. "Peace be mit thee, my shon. I didn't tink you'd be here so shoon."

"But Adeline did. And it's not so very early either. We are not going to walk fast, I assure you; so we shall not get home much before sunset."

"Eccola! confound be these long feashts!" muttered old Steinberg in a parenthesis to himself. "None the bettersh mit dem all as I shee." And then he began again aloud,—"I ixhpect, Mishter Cohen, the lovesh mit woman more than of her shoul or Jehovah hash brought thee hither. Vell, vell, all natural too; I undershtand it; though I've almosht done at dis present. Yesh, sir, ber sur, old age ish fasht preparing me to give up beesnisse and my life mit it." And at this concession he grunted a little, like a tame seal in a water-tub. "Vell, I knowsh Adeline ish quite in *eine dolors* to see mit you," he pursued hastily, as his glittering eye fixed on a well-known customer entering the door.

Adeline Steinberg was born in England. She presented to the imagination the most fascinating combination of qualities which it would be possible to put together. She had reached her nineteenth year, and was in the full glory of her womanhood. Of middle height, yet exquisitely moulded, her appearance left nothing for the heart to desire, or the fancy to create. Her clear

and heavenly eye sparkled with living joy, and her pure countenance was illumined by its light. It is not often that one beholds a creature so richly endowed with natural gifts,—one uniting in her own person so much grace, sculpture, and expression. She was a perfect specimen of that spirituelle, majestic loveliness which, in many instances, makes the Jewish woman the most beautiful of any nation upon earth. Her manners were the most simple and unaffected. Her temper was always cheerful, always tranquil; some said provokingly so, for she was not ruffled when she ought to be. This opinion was only the result of their more confined intellect being quite unable to understand her character. Her repose was neither stagnation nor want of feeling, for hers was deep and powerful, but simply that of true mental dignity. Her mind was of the very first order, and cultivated with the strictest care. Her head, and the way in which it was placed on her shoulders was supremely classical; but then the contour was more that of Juno than of Psyche. Her large, dream-like eyes were "darkly, deeply, beautifully blue;" and the long, heavy fringes that hung over them so shadowily gave a Murillo-like softness to her cheek, especially when she looked down. Her features were perfect, rather too piquant to be quite Grecian. Her complexion would have been too bright and clear, had not the coming and going of each feeling and

thought changed it almost as often as the rose-clouds shadowing an Italian sky; while her smile was joyful as the first zephyr of summer,—a thing of music,—

"As any fair lake that the breeze is upon
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun."

There was a nobleness, a queen-like dignity in her air; yet there was nothing of the "precieuse" about her,—no enthusiasm after effect. She had indeed no arena for display, and the wish for it was never excited in her mind. To the greatest strength of character, she united a thoroughly feminine sweetness of disposition. She had grappled with all sorts of books,—of history and poetry, of philosophy and science,—and was familiar with courses of deep reflection. But her cheerful calmness of disposition quite concealed these more strenuous efforts of her mind. The top of her father's house was occupied by a very large room, which had grown old with the Tower itself. It never could have been built with the house. It must have formed part of some venerable Norman mansion, which, while trying to escape from the Great Fire, had lost its way, and so had taken up its position there. It was sedulously avoided by old Steinberg, who considered its dark and mouldy-looking panels as decidedly testifying that the ghosts had built it there for their own private meetings, and therefore any

human intruder might reasonably expect that his temerity would be visited by no very equivocal signs of their displeasure. In the middle of the room there was a great oaken table, contemporary with the place itself, and near it a massive chair of the same material. The window looked out on a lovely savannah of house-tops and chimney-pots, until at last the view was bounded by the range of hills that stretch from Holloway and Highgate to Harrow.

The only person who had, perhaps for many scores of years, frequented this room, was Adeline. It was her delight to bring her books with her up to this solitary chamber, and there, surrounded by the deep loneliness and peace, ponder over their contents, or plunge into the profundities of reverie. Had she been requested to tell all her reasons for preferring this musty apartment to her own warm and comfortable parlour, she might have found the answer a very difficult one to make. One thing she would have said, the charm of being quite alone. Youth feels a strange yearning after solitude. When the world's breath first passes over the heart, and fades some of life's fresh bloom from the spirit,—an inevitable consequence, and a wise one, perhaps, though sad for us all,—it inspires a soft and tender pensiveness, the existence of which is cherished in the soul with a sweet, but mournful, delight. No wonder that she loved to spend so much time in that

deserted chamber—it so exactly suited her restful, placid spirit. In our own memory we never knew even a barrel-organ, or a hurdy-gurdy and tambourine, commit a trespass upon its quiet; the aspect of the house, colder than the proverbial coldness of charity, was quite sufficient. No peripatetic music ever wasted its charms on old Steinberg.

What Adeline read and thought she revolved in herself and was content. She loved her father devotedly, and mourned his low, grovelling nature, and she wondered how he could be so. What was money valuable for, beyond being the means of obtaining the comforts, and, if you like, the elegancies of life? Her father had already more than thrice what would suffice for this; yet he was not content. She had never experienced such a feeling; neither could she understand it. Her mother was of a higher and intellectual nature; but the noble tone of her feelings had been dreadfully depreciated by contact with the sordid mind of her husband. Still she was a woman of a superior class; and to much loftiness of spirit she united great moral and religious sensibility. But the necessity she again and again felt herself under of recording her protest against Steinberg's practices, had induced an excitability of feeling, and a sourness of temper, which her daughter could not always feel called upon to receive; and, therefore, she was fain to

steal away into the neglected room oftener, perhaps, than else she would have done.

Her profoundly tranquil disposition made her seem quite incapable of being impassioned. And so thought several of those who had solicited her hand in marriage, but who had been graciously refused. Their summary of her character was, that she was a lovely girl; very amiable, though much too reserved and retiring; too fond of her books to be capable of much sentiment; of a temper vexatiously placid; sang and played beautifully, and excelled in every feminine adornment; in short, was a perfect lady, but absolutely unable to feel the meaning of the word love. They did not know the world of affection that was pent up in Adeline's loving heart, ready to lavish forth its blessedness the moment a proper object presented itself. She was generous and uncalculating; pleased with the attentions of gentlemen, and was ambitious to deserve them; but it did so happen, that, until the offer of marriage made to her by Isaac Cohen, she had not received one from a person of a character sufficiently elevated and refined to produce a perfect sympathy between her and himself. And, in her intellectual view of the married state, there was nothing in it that could compensate for this.

When Isaac came, as we have before described, Adeline was enjoying her solitude in the forsaken room. He bounded up the stairs, leaving three

steps behind him at every leap, and the next moment she had returned his chaste embrace. As he entered she had dropped her book upon the table. He picked up the elegantly bound volume, and opened the titlepage. "An Alfieri, indeed!" he exclaimed. "I am not at all surprised to find such a book-loving lady devouring whole volumes of Italian; but really I should have expected to find a Tasso, not an Alfieri, in your hand."

"And why not?" she inquired gaily. "I have read Tasso; but I cannot prefer him. To my mind, Alfieri is altogether congenial. What think you of the Inamorato and Furioso? The Inamorato, if less poetic in execution, is perhaps more amusing than the continuation of the story by Ariosto. There is more of the fairy tale in it. It is less known than the Furioso, but certainly should be read before it. Ariosto is a love-devoted poet—it is one reason that I like him so: we may easily perceive it in reading his Satires; I allude to his affectionate regrets at absence from his endeared home. In the Furioso, too, there is great variety; gentleness and majesty mingled with the most fascinating beauty. Then what a fine scene is that for the painter, where the war-horse, endowed with his 'intelletto umano,' is chased by a flying hippogriff."

"I suppose, too," said Isaac, looking round him, "a damsel discovered reading in this old chamber ought to have a book of chivalry in her hand."

"Yes, indeed! And that was, perhaps, part of my feeling when I selected Alfieri,—though not much I think. Alfieri presents me with a world quite as fresh and fascinating as Tasso, while it is far more real. As I read him I feel that my understanding is enlarged, and that I am becoming acquainted with the real feelings of mankind. It seems to me very strange that poets, painters, and sculptors, who should be of a kindred spirit with those enthusiastic panegyrists of love and chivalry, and of all that belongs to the pure, the gentle, and the beautiful, should read their works so little, or, at least, make so little use of them—works that abound in magnificent descriptions of scenery and incidents, so congenial to the true poet's soul."

These observations were uttered in the most modest and unpretending manner. Adeline had not the most remote idea of talking criticism. She simply expressed the partialities which resulted from her own thinkings.

"Adeline, you are a poet," said Isaac.

"Oh, pray," she replied, laying a taper finger upon his lips, "don't tell me that; for, if I am, to tell me of it would, I think, for ever banish the inspiration. To assure you, sir, that I cannot possess any poetry, let me prevail upon you to quit this quiet seclusion, and accompany me amongst the tumultuous matter-of-fact masses that now throng Cheapside." And with a playful

courtesy she placed her arm in his, and they proceeded together down the broad staircase.

Far from shrinking from the distinction of being a devoted Jewess, Adeline would have gloried in it as the most acceptable that could be applied to her. She attended to all the prescribed forms of her religion with scrupulous zeal. The dispersion of her people, their melancholy degradation, occupied her thoughts by day and her dreams by night. A careful student of prophecy, she fixed her enraptured eye on the future glory promised to Israel when the Messiah came unto Zion as she expected, until the outbursts of her higher feeling could not sometimes be restrained. But she was only smiled at as a pretty enthusiast, for few of those whom she visited could understand this loftier tone of spirit. The Talmud and all its foolish fripperies she looked upon with intense disgust, while her father as cordially relished its very palatable superstitions. But since she had engaged her affections to Isaac Cohen, she invariably accompanied him to his father's house to keep all the feasts and fasts appointed by the Judaic ritual. In the bosom of this family she found a feeling which accorded with her own. The only thing which gave her any cause for sorrow was, that all of them, except Isaac, gave more or less credit to the inanities of the Talmud.

CHAPTER III.

EXHIBITS SOME OF ADELINE'S FEELINGS AND OPINIONS.

To one long accustomed to the quiet and monotony of a country life, it would be difficult to present a spectacle more novel or striking than that of Cheapside at mid-day. The impression which it makes is that of a street where noise and turmoil, and commotion have reached their climax. Carried one step further, and "chaos would come again."

Here, too, you may see every style of beauty and every variety of *coiffure* that has ever been known. Some young men of genius have ringlets hanging down over their shoulders—they are scented shockingly with tobacco and bergamot pomatum—you might smell them across the street; some have *toupées* in the famous Louis Philippe style; some have straight locks, black, wiry, greasy, and redundant; some are cropped close, so that you could not get a tug at their hair if it were ever so; some patronise the present fashion—which he who would adopt must, in

order to do so, part his hair on the left side quite straight, place a basin upside down on his head, cut his hair all round exactly by the rim, grease it with grease, gum it with gum, till it is about the consistence of a treacle plaster, iron it down with a flat-iron perfectly smooth, and then, taking the tongs, make one long row of curls quite round the whole head — such curls as her majesty's coachman wears beneath his gilt three-cornered hat when he drives in state.

And as for the whiskers and beards, there is no end to them. All young men cultivate whisker and beard if they can by any possibility raise them from the soil. They are pruned and trimmed in all sorts of tastes, and each is considered by its owner a perfect accomplishment of the true sublime. So that a value almost incredible is often placed upon them — not without reason, for many of these magnificent groves of whisker would fetch fully one-and-sixpence a pair in any respectable barber's shop at the West End.

Fancy, if you can, these heads and these whiskers and beards under all sorts of hats and caps — gossamer hats, Paris hats, opera hats, exquisite hats, and all-round-my-hats — jockey caps, peaked cloth night-caps, Chinese caps, Albanian caps, Kuzzilbash caps, Russian caps, and sixpenny caps — fancy all this, and you have before you as well as pen can describe, the appearance of these important sprigs.

"It always makes me thoughtful," said Adeline, "when I enter these crowded streets. It seems to me like commerce bewildered in pursuit of gold. And as I look on the many anxious faces I ask myself, where will all these busy hearts be a hundred years to come?"

"This is quite a relief," she said again, as they stood in the shadow of the magnificent St. Paul's Cathedral. "You wonder, perhaps — but this is one of my friendly spots. How soon does that which has yielded us the purest feelings of delight and admiration become a loving scene!"

"How majestic! how beautiful it is!" said Isaac. "So grand, yet simple. Let us walk around it!"

"Its noble proportions often excite in me strangely powerful emotions," said Adeline. "It reminds me so of our own glorious temple. And, at such times, my thoughts seem spell-bound, and I feel — oh! a wondrous rapture — beyond what I could express. After all, the Christians have no building for their worship equal to ours which the Roman leveled with the earth. I am inclined to wish they had — I should often visit it. I love the Christians, Isaac, very much indeed. I think them an exceedingly lovely people. I am only sorry that they mingle with their worship addresses to a man. Yet, who can wonder at it! Both we and they are in a position to excite pity. They are sweetly fervent — it is saddened by a

mistake. We worship only God — but to worship Him as He describes is impossible. Out of the depths of His love may He pardon them and pardon us! forgive us all! — for oh! how dreadful is the cloud under which we all are living, the mistakes we all commit. I am sad when I think; and sometimes it makes me go desponding indeed."

"You will get melancholy, Adeline. But anyone at all capable of feeling rightly, it is enough to make him blue. However we will, if you please, quit that subject for the present, and return to this church. If I could, I would sweep away all those dingy ranks of bricks, which surround the edifice, and produce so ridiculous an effect."

"Who was it," said Adeline, "that, in his oracular criticism, pronounced this noble portico to be an addition injurious to the general effect of the building? He never could have formed such an opinion while looking at it. If he did, he must have been strangely destitute of all true sentiment and refined taste."

"I should rather think his taste was too good by half," remarked Isaac sententiously.

"Well, to return to this portico," resumed Adeline. "With so flat a façade — the only part of the building respecting which I am inclined to make a carping criticism — I am obliged to decide, that the portico is absolutely necessary.

How the gates seem to invite the whole world to enter them."

"And why should we not see the interior. I suppose Jews are admitted; shall we go?"

"I was about to propose the same question."

They ascended the steps, and entered the building. "Oh, Isaac," said Adeline, in a subdued exclamation, and a tear gemmed her long lashes, "does not this remind you of long past days? But I am not sure I do right, when I allow the sight of this lovely temple to so depress me. Those days will come again. See there, where the golden light flows in so solemnly. I could almost fancy myself in the Temple of the Lord, looking in the direction of the Holy of Holies."

"Now let us look at these tombs. Don't you think their arrangement admirable?"

"Yes, indeed. Do you observe that child? How expressive are those hands! and that countenance! so full of angel-hopes! What devotion! it merits to be eternised. And there is the genius of Time, with his eternal accompaniment of a scythe. I never could agree with those who regard this as a happy emblem. Indeed, were it not for the associations, which habit teaches us to connect with it, I think we should have much difficulty in realising the allegory at all. Time destroys all things, as far as earth is concerned; and ultimately will consume even that earth itself. It is impossible for us to understand de-

struction by the figure of cutting down. The resemblance is only partial. It seems rather to hint the necessary thought, than embody the thought itself. I had far rather see him reclining like that Death yonder, with torch flaming, but reversed, and always on the point of being extinguished; or perhaps holding a lamp, with the flame ever-flickering, ever-dying in the socket. Something of the kind would, I think, be a far more congenial emblem. *En passant* of that figure designed to typify Death — how tender! how expressive! what could be more so? And how sublime is the effect of that Faith or Religion — whichever she is intended to represent. After all I have seen of sculpture, I must confess, that no work of art ever so intensely affected me. There is so much of soul, as well as beauty in the countenance — such a thrilling union of profound peace with perfect loveliness. And look at that closed door: so irrevocably closed! so silent! and the dead are within, and the living are shut out! it is like the entrance to eternity. What an object!"

"And let us not pass over that Hope — as I suppose she is. I think I never saw flesh better represented in marble. And the conception is so chaste. There are no silly affectations — no offensive solemn simper — in short, no caricatured sentiment whatever."

"In good metaphysics, Hope, like Truth, can-

not easily be symbolised," said Adeline. "But such representations are sufficiently justified by their beauty and their brightness. The mind is charmed, and the ordinary ideas of utility are forgotten. The eye fills with loveliness, and the spirit is content — enough that it is beautiful."

"Yet I am bold enough to suppose, that even such unmanageable allegories as these appear to be, might be made far more expressive, if the great minds among us would study more profoundly the laws of thought and feeling."

"Undoubtedly they might," replied Adeline, "but such an effect is not worth thinking of when compared with another, which would as certainly follow — the loftier philosophy that would pervade our literature. No study is so ennobling; but the progress which has yet been made in it is not great. The mind is as much a mystery to us as it was to Plato."

"The powerful sympathy which we feel for the mighty of the past, however elevating it may be in many respects, is injurious to the highest faculties of thought. It makes it difficult for the soul of the nation to turn itself to those loftier contemplations, which Plato and his disciples saw before them, yet obscured by a golden mist, which only future generations could dissolve. And this strong pervading feeling would render it a heartless, perhaps an impossible task, even to the sturdiest minds we have,

who sought to recover that zeal, and that fire of conception, which belonged to those of old. Our metaphysicians do nothing; it will be done by the poets if at all."

"I understand you thus," said Adeline, "that you do not wish to see any of the admiration bestowed on their works diminished, but only that this passionate affection for the great creatures of the past should inspire us with the same masculine boldness of spirit, the same vivid energy of thought, the same unconquerable determination to understand the great truths, which to a self-collected mind are ever unfolding in the unmeasured future."

"True. If I get beyond my depth, I shall rely upon you to fish me out. This admiration is the source from which all elevated knowledge springs. Our first conceptions are imperfect; but from hidden, urnlike deeps within the soul, a thousand streams of thought come flowing, each one invested with a purer brightness, and reflecting shapes still more divine, till at last the creative mind, led on by the same wonder blending with its intelligence, bursts——"

"Be intelligible, now."

"I'll try. Bursts into higher life, and perceives that its own burning spirit is the only muse it must invoke for the inspiration of its genius. It is thus that the human being ensouls all dead, insensate things in that deep and delicate sense of

their seeming life in which they sympathise and smile before the eyes that 'love all they look upon;' and his own spirit animates the stone, which breathes back again upon him a more exalted, more divine inspiration."

"Thus," said Adeline, "no sooner does he behold the forms of the past standing before him in palpable representation, than his ideas soar to a loftier height, and all the energies of his awakened and upspringing spirit are roused in conceptions for eternity."

"Yes," replied Isaac; "so should such examples be used."

"'Ecquid in antiquam virtutem, animosque viriles,
Et Pater Æneas, et avunculus excitat Hector,'"

said Adeline. "But away with criticism. Let us take one loving look at this magnificent dome. It is the poetry of majesty, and the majesty of poetry. The decorations are superb, yet chaste and beautifully harmonious. And those columns which support it, how lofty they are! How exquisite, too, are those bas-reliefs next the circular mosaics. Mighty as are these pillars — and they are a feeling of the tremendous — they disturb nothing by their immense magnitude. It is a sublime whole! — it is perfection! The dove, in its golden atmosphere of glory, seems to be floating amongst them. Do you observe, also, that altar, as I think it is called, with its pilasters

veined with gold in imitation of lapis lazuli. I wonder that any one can succeed in persuading himself that the taste which introduced such adornment in this position is puerile. Yet so some have said, I believe."

"If you go into a church professing another form of Christianity, Adeline — the Roman Catholic, I mean — in front of that altar they place a semicircle of burning lamps, or else great wax candles, arranged in trinities, as they say. These throw a pale, unsteady light upon an image of the cross and a man upon it. Just fancy it here, and away goes the poetry."

"For the lamps I could offer no objection. I should prefer them," replied Adeline. "You remember the lamps which night and day were kept burning in our own temple. Lamps burning at midday might, on a first thought, be expected to produce an unnatural effect; but a little reflection would, I think, induce me to change that opinion. The light is a mystical and brilliant adornment. It is not placed there with the low intention of being useful. Like flowers, or the soft, ever-breathing music of the fountain, every feeling is absorbed in one — it is a thing that is beautiful."

"But, my sweet young poet, how if they use them as helps to devotion? and I have some fear they do."

"Oh, if they really use them as things to affect

the imagination in religious exercises, sweep them away, for such an evil is an immense one. The eyes gaze in admiration, the heart glows with a solemn feeling of the beautiful, which we might be too apt to mistake for an emotion of love to Him who dwelleth in the light that no man can approach unto. Yet I never like to speculate on the superstitions which some among the Christians indulge. I think upon our own Talmud and Cabbala, and my mouth is closed."

"But you know, Adeline, that the Talmud is 'the wall of defence to our holy law,'" said Isaac ironically.

"Would to God, then, that the wall were swept level with the dust."

"Amen! And you would pray that prayer over again, if you knew as much of the Talmud as I do."

"I am thankful that I do not. I know not what account I could give for such worse than wasted hours, nor what I could do to blot their fearful register from the records of eternity. Its impurities always disgusted me; its puerilities, its worse than childish follies always offended me. I used to be a strenuous advocate for educating our people in the rabbinical writings. I imagined that many as were the evils which must result from this instruction, it was the best means of elevating the cadence of their religion. I shall never support that cause again. To educate them in

the opinions of our learned books — what is it but to seal their degradation? — to weave the chains of their bondage around them still tighter? — to sink them still lower in the depths of sorrow and uncertainty? It would perfect an instrument to be used only as a means of strengthening our rabbis in their usurpations; it would complete a superstitious dependence, which they could use as best it pleased them. A priesthood like ours, not teaching alone, but ruling — ruling with a rod of iron, and pursuing those who differ from them with an unrelenting, heartless bitterness — training the thinking part of the people to pitiable hypocrisy, and the unthinking to gross credulity — it is a spectacle which exasperates. No! Even if the very existence of our religion should require that the nation be instructed in the opinions of our rabbis, I still would oppose it to my latest breath."

"I entirely agree with you, Adeline. But really this is heresy, and had better be spoken discreetly. Think now if the rabbis heard you say so."

"Well, the consequences would most likely be rather serious. For it is quite to be supposed that they would believe my wickedness entitled me to be brought to trial before the session, and to become the subject of a special prayer in the synagogue: while, at the same time, they might resolve that I was an unfit person to be allowed

intercourse with orthodox Jews again. So, indeed, would all my personal friends, except a few tolerant ones."

Their conversation was interrupted by a little girl who came running up to them with a bright smile upon her rosy mouth. Her large, blue eyes peered into Adeline's with a dreamy earnestness of expression, and an air of bashful, timid uncertainty, as though inquiring if she might safely make overtures for acquaintance. Adeline's deep and affectionate nature, ever yearning towards the pure and lovely, was immediately impressed; and she and the little one soon got on quite intimate terms. For the soft melody of gentleness in Adeline's voice had, like the low music of an Æolian harp, floated murmuringly and beautifully over the spirit of the child.

But the busy fleeting spirit of the little one could no more be confined in one place than a sunbeam or a summer breeze. In a short time she began to exhibit various signs of restlessness.

"Indeed, dear, you must kiss me then, before you go," said Adeline, as she folded her in her arms. Then putting her down, she said fervently: "May Heaven bless you, and make you happy here, and fit you to live in the enjoyment of God for ever!" And with an airy innocent playfulness, the interesting little being bounded nimbly away.

"Your blessing that sweet child, dear Adeline,"

said Isaac, "reminds me of a law, written in the Talmud, with which, I apprehend, you are at present unacquainted; because, I think that it is not likely you have ever read the part which it is in. If so, if you do not already know it, it will startle you, perhaps; although you may believe yourself quite prepared to hear the worst passage that can be quoted from that book. The command is that, instead of caressing that lovely babe and praying for a blessing upon her, you shall SEEK HER LIFE."

"Isaac!"

"It is true. How do believers in that book get beside such things? They aver, most emphatically aver, that the Talmud is of EQUAL authority with the Bible. Indeed, we might as well say right out, that what God says in the Bible, is sixth-rate compared with what He says in the Talmud. It is from this feeling that they have prohibited the Bible—allowing only the rabbins to read it—and enforced the study of the other."

"Oh, it is surpassingly horrible! You have frightened me. I cannot comprehend the thing. I have scarcely force of mind sufficient to realise that the command is there. And you are perfectly serious? It is exactly, as you have said? Tell me more."

"I will show you the passage when we get home. It alone is enough to brand rabbinical Judaism with infamy and everlasting contempt. I

know it so well that I am able to repeat the whole from memory—it is in the Hilchoth M'lakhim: 'Moses, our master, did not give the law as an inheritance to any but Israel, as it is said, "the inheritance of the congregation of Jacob," and to those among the nations who might wish to become proselytes. Moses, our master, has also commanded us, by Divine appointment, to *compel* all that come into the world to embrace the commandments given to the children of Noah. And whosoever will not embrace them, is to be *put to death!*' You know, perhaps, what people are meant by the children of Noah?"

"They are those amongst the Gentiles, who are, according to Jewish judgment, perfectly clear from the charge of idolatry."

"Exactly. In the Gemara mankind are divided into four classes — Israelites, Proselytes, Children of Noah, and Idolators. The last class comprises all Christians; the third, those whom you described. But this division can only be entered during a jubilee; consequently, no one can be enrolled in it now. So then, to the believer in the Talmud, there is no going aside. There is God's word — he must slay the child."

"It is dreadful to think of. How fearful will be the account of him who dared to write such a command; and more terrible still, to impute such a devilish feeling to the God of love. There is one ray of brightness breaking through the cloud,

which else would be blackness visible indeed—the most superstitious Jew amongst us, would sooner kill the person who told him to do it than the child."

"I know it."

"Which proves that gross as are the powers of credulity possessed by some of our people, not one of them can in his heart and soul believe that the Talmud is divine, else they could never neglect its commands in this and a thousand instances beside. Let us go."

CHAPTER IV.

THE FEAST OF THE PASSOVER.

"Eulalie — a lovely and spiritual child,
As e'er on her image in lotus-cups smiled.
The morn's pensive shadows and day's sunny skies
Have pictured their beauty in her deep silent eyes;
While Peace, brooding gentle on young angel wings,
Around her sweet brow a starry light flings."

OSBORN W. T. HEIGHWAY.

THE house of Isaac's father was situated in the suburbs of Kensington, overlooking the parks and Kensington Gardens. It was one of those sweet sequestered spots which are to be found nowhere in greater perfection than in the neighbourhood of London. Around it meandered a walk paved with gravel, smooth as a marble tablet; and this again was encircled by a gently undulating lawn, plentifully interspersed with the choicest trees and flowers.

Mr. Cohen was now a widower. He was an earnest-hearted, even an enthusiastic Jew; but his views were held as free from a fiery bigotry

on the one hand, as they were from an undue looseness on the other. He was a strict Talmudist; as, indeed, was each member of his family, except Isaac. These were, David Cohen, of the same age as Isaac, and who, at the time of which we are writing, was on the verge of marrying Hermon, the youngest daughter of Dr. Aben Baruch, and the only sister of Eloïse; Mary Cohen, aged eighteen; Jacob and Joseph Cohen, aged fourteen and eleven years respectively; and Eulalie Cohen, aged six years. Besides these, there was a young French lady — Miss Hallevi — whom he had lately taken to reside with him; the death of her father, a near relative of his own, having left her an orphan and unprotected.

It was already past four o'clock when Adeline and Isaac drew up to the door, and consequently there was no longer any space to idle over their preparations for eating the passover; for the usual duties connected with the offering of the evening sacrifice had to be performed, as well as those appointed for the feast.

"Oh, my dear Miss Adeline!" cried Eulalie, bounding into her arms immediately she entered the hall. "I am so happy now you have come. But where is it you have been staying so long? Isaac promised me he would bring you early."

"Well, you see, my love," said Adeline, kissing her, "I think you can pardon that, for I shall be with you a long time now."

"Yes, dear, so you will. And you know how glad I am — how much I love you. Now, come upstairs with me, if you please; for I have some things I greatly wish to show you, and especially a sweet book that papa gave me yesterday, that I want to ask you about. But I suppose I must wait for you to undress first. I'll help you — do, dear, let me."

"I must be alone for a little while, my darling," said Adeline, as she lovingly pressed the child's forehead to her lips. And then she resumed, in a slow and gentle tone, "I am going to worship our God, the King of Israel, and to ask Him to bless my dear Eulalie, and to restore us to our own beautiful country, where you so wish to go."

"Oh, it is delightful to think about it!" said Eulalie, clasping her little hands rapturously. "I dream about it often, and then I seem as if I am there. When shall we go there, Miss Adeline? When will Messiah Ben-David come to deliver us, and to be our King?" And in a thoughtful voice, and her large serious eyes fixed on Adeline's, she repeated that verse so dearly cherished by her people, "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth is Mount Zion, the city of the great King."

"The time is near, very near. We expect Him soon; indeed, almost every day we look for His appearance."

"Oh, I do *love* Him so," said Eulalie, in a soft,

dreamy voice, and rather in communion with herself than Adeline. "I know He's coming. He often speaks to me—in the night—and tells me I shall see Him soon." And the young face was illumined with holy joy.

Adeline's eyes filled with tears, and kissing her fervently, she hurried away, with a promise that she should not be absent long.

A striking characteristic of the Jewish people is their intense feeling of nationality. Their pride, their trust, their life is in the land of Palestine; and it is their glory to conform, as far as they can, in their houses, usages, and even clothing, to what they would be if they were restored to their inheritance. Consequently, many of those whose means enable them to keep two kinds of costume—the one Eastern, the other suited to the country in which they live—change themselves when the public business of the day is done.

The inner circle of a Jewish family is an intensely interesting—an exceedingly lovely scene. But it is a sacred one, too; for in their positively private apartments the Jews do not receive visitors, except they belong to their own nation. And very special, indeed, must be the friendship under which a Gentile obtains admission to the interior of their household. To the romantic this consideration would, doubtless, heighten the deep delight which all he sees is fitted to inspire.

Now, then, we must request the reader to ac-

company us into the drawing-room in Mr. Cohen's house that was emphatically *his*, and therefore the room in which the passover was to be eaten — a large apartment, furnished and decorated with all the luxury which oriental taste could possibly require; and, except a piano and harp, almost buried amongst the folds of damask, there was little English about it. The walls were spanned by a gently-arched ceiling, encrusted with purple and gold, and flashing with little pale blue stars, which appeared to give fond intimations that an ethereal treasury of peace and repose was above. At the entrance rich curtains of Damascus silk were gathered in voluptuous folds between pilasters of polished cedar, and the windows were concealed by hangings of the same costly material. The floor was covered with a Persian carpet of great beauty, that yielded with luscious softness to the pressure of every foot. It was plentifully strewed with billowy cushions; and in the midst of it stood a stainless marble fountain, filled with water bright as crystal, and sparkling with little golden fishes. In one of the corners a large alabaster basin stood upon an exquisite carved mahogany pedestal: this was used for washing the hands before eating — a thing never omitted to be done.

Near this was the desk with the volumes of the Talmud, and other works of the rabbins, by its side. It was made of one piece of solid cedar, and was about three feet in height, supported on

a square dais, which raised it a few inches higher. On this dais the cushion was laid, seated upon which the various members of the family studied the law.

The wall at the end was adorned by a large painting, wrought by the hands of Adeline. It was executed in most masterly style. There was no paltry mannerism. All was modest and unpresuming, like the work of a lady, and that lady a genius.

Of the subject of this picture we cannot expect to convey any adequate idea. In the centre the irreversible declaration of Jehovah, and the fond pass-word of the house of Israel was written in Hebrew characters, שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל, &c.—"Hear, O Israel! the Lord thy God is a Unity." The colour of the letters was purple, suggested by the curtains of the tabernacle; and the whole sentence was surrounded by clouds and a golden glory, —"a bewilderment and mist of brightness." Amongst the upper folds of the clouds two seraphim reposed; their wings embracing and their faces looking towards each other. On the left and near the top, a dim and dreamy circle of pale white rays shone indistinctly through the solemn mists, immediately suggesting the bright and beautiful heaven beyond. While by a consummately artistic blending of the light and shade, the light of the whole picture seemed to flow from thence.

Adeline had finished her devotions and her toilette rather earlier than any of the others. And there she lay, gracefully reclining upon one of the divans, while her fingers capriciously played with the golden chain on her bosom. Upon her beautifully rounded arms, jewels gleamed. Her long rich tresses hung wavily around her neck and waist, falling in a lustrous cataract amongst the silken cushions that were scattered around. The elegant white muslin turban embroidered with blue, and crimson, and golden flowers, forming the most poetical head-dress that the warmest imagination could create, imparted a soft, fascinating dreaminess to her large mystic eyes, illumined so brightly with the sunshine of intellect. A tunic of light silk was covered with a loose robe of pale blue crape floating airy as the rainbow about her statuesque form. A chain composed of six rows of pearls, jointed together with brilliants, encircled her waist, and from thence it depended to within a few inches of the ground. Round her loins a cashmere shawl, soft and unsubstantial as a film, was negligently tied. And a veil bright as her own crystal skies, and spiritual as the sunbeam, enwreathed her in shadowy folds from the languid forehead and throbbing bosom to the rosy-slippered little feet, that scarcely displayed themselves from amongst the folds in the large flowing trousers. The whole portrait bore a soft visionary hue, made up

of love and peace harmoniously serene. It was the poetry of repose; so profoundly calm that you could almost hear the thrill of life which gushed through her palpitating veins, varying her cheek with every changing thought as often as the zephyr-clouds shading a summer sky.

Picture to yourself one of Eve's fairest daughters, bright in her beauty as in Eden's fresh land.

To the lover of that flower-soft calm which Eastern style always inspires, even into the coldest bosom, the effect of the whole scene was very beautiful. But to the Christian, who with an enlarged soul and refined heart feels this character of repose in its fullest degree, and is besides moved by higher thoughts and nobler sensibilities, it was touchingly, oppressively beautiful. The maid of Israel, in her exile fondly surrounding herself with the costume and associations of that beloved land, about which her soul-deep memories had entwined themselves; and dreaming away the heaven-calm moments in bright visions of the glory which should again rest upon it; in strange yearnings, and strong dim emotions after the joy which she saw in the cloudy future; in the exuberance of tender thoughts and sacred shadowings such as impassioned natures love to feel.

The next person that entered the room was Mr. Cohen. He was stout and portly, clear-headed and warm-hearted; an average specimen

of the strict, enlightened Jew. He was dressed in the light and flowing drapery of the East, wore his phylacteries between his eyes—"Thy law is ever before me"—and was covered with his *Talith* or Veil, the "garment of fringes," which was commanded to be worn in memory of the deliverance from the bondage of Egypt. The smaller Talith the Jewish male wears constantly.

Adeline rose from the divan as he came in. She bowed herself slightly. Then erecting herself, she remained with her forehead lightly resting on the tips of the fingers of her right hand, while, with her eyes bent downwards, she gave the left to him. He took it, and as he did so, he kissed her, and then extending his hand over her head, he pronounced the blessing in Hebrew, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace. The Lord bestow upon thee riches and honour, and may thine eyes behold the salvation of Judah and Israel." Adeline sat down again.

It was now full sunset, and the rest of the family began to assemble. David Cohen was a young man of strong and vigorous mind, a noble spirit, and a generous heart. His age has been told. He was attached to the Talmud, and attended as closely to its study as the best young Talmudist among his people; and he was moderately strict in fulfilling the ceremonies which it enjoins.

Mary Cohen, after embracing Adeline, seated herself on a divan by her side. She was the beloved of her father, and of the whole family; indeed, who was it that knew her could avoid loving her? She had mingled with society a little, and a gush of the world's breath had passed over her; but as yet it had faded none of the fresh bloom of innocence from her spirit. Her manners were gentle and elegant; and her softness of disposition, her maidenly blushes, her child-like simplicity, proved how little she dreamed of that impassioned devotion, that noble heroism, which now slumbered within her peaceful breast. Her countenance was of the clear intellectual expression, with—for all her light-heartedness—a shade of sadness about the mouth, which one so seldom sees but in a picture; but which, when seen, haunts the imagination and the memory, rather than excites any very palpable feelings of admiration—and then only in those who, like herself, were of a calm and thoughtful turn. Yet though, like Adeline, there was a touch of melancholy in her disposition, her smile was a thing brimful of happiness, clear, and very joyous. Her voice, slightly modulated by the accent of her nation's language, was rich in tenderness; steeped in beautiful pathos, like violets in dew, by "the mossy stone half-hidden to the eye." But every motion was itself music, ere her voice was heard. Every fibre—face, frame, limbs—was eloquent, and told

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tales of feeling and passion beyond the power of mere airy words. In the thought flashed into speech by every glance of the unclouded eye, in the movements communicated by the gladness of a heart untouched by sorrow, the motions, not merely quickened by the spirit, but seemingly themselves spiritualized, and that, too, into forms and outlines of nature's perfect loveliness, that needs no instructor but the soul-felt impulse from which it springs, and the "innocent brightness of the new-born day" of bliss in which it lives its beautiful, and floating, and ethereal being — (oh! gentle and middle-aged reader, pardon this perhaps too poetic style; though ornate, yet unambitious) — in all this who could excel those two of Israel's loveliest daughters now sitting there with inlacing arms and touching cheeks, the charm-and-spell-bearing Mary Cohen and Adeline Steinberg?

Then there was the precious little Eulalie — there she is, full of life and gladness, constantly thrilling over a tune shadowily, for her heart is overflowing with music, and gliding hither and thither with the airy, undulatory motion of thoroughly happy childhood, startling the eye as it wanders now here now there around the room with apparitions of unexpected beauty. She was no more to be kept still in one place than the light clouds in a summer sky, or the young leaves rejoicing in the first breathings of spring. She was

tall of her age; of a thin, but not lean figure: indeed, if we set aside the consideration of her height, we could scarcely convey an idea of her form better than by describing it as the perfection of epigrammatic beauty. Her face was lit up with all the witchery of innocence peculiar to childhood. A hue of tender pensiveness it might have — and its having it was an addition to its fascination — but there was not a single shade of sadness in its expression. She was doubtless a beautiful, even lovely, little being. But pictured beauty is a fading flower — so fading, that we approach and delight ourselves in it with a trembling fear. We think not of the gracefulness of the stalk when it is crushed, flower and all; but feel only that there is an end or extinction of something we had loved, and that all our future delight must be drawn from the depths of memory. It was not so with Eulalie. Light came and went across her dream-like features with the coming and going of each feeling or thought; yet faint was the change of hue ever visible — and then it revealed itself only to kindred innocence. It was the lovely countenance of a seraph enshrined in mortal life — in the angelic-calm stillness of its idealised beauty instinct with all the emotions of the human heart, yet strangely full of a spiritual fire that seldom lives on earth, and never but in childhood. Idealised beauty! Yes — for that face, so full of purity, was overshadowed with a

radiance for which the name must be withheld only because it seemed more divine, inspiring a sacred love that overpowered while it mingled with delight — an expression from immortality. Surely that man's nature must be radically defective who does not feel his heart purified and exalted by such an image. Her hair excepted, which, not at all unusual amongst Jewish children, was of a light golden hue, she was exceedingly like her sister. There was the same whole-hearted laugh, the same sunny smile, the same loving eyes —eyes that amongst that mellow sunset overflowed with an unconsciously alluring expression of innocence and gladness, and that impassioned but calmy brilliance which must have shone through the lofty fringes of the large lamping orbs of the fond Juliet, when she watched for her Romeo amidst the starry hours. Many a thoughtful student, with book in hand, slowly pacing his early morning walk on the flowery sods of Hyde Park or Kensington Gardens, or in the shadow of their arching trees, cheating himself into the belief that he was taking a healthful exercise, has met the vision of those eyes, and that pure and guileless face, and spoilt his reading for the morning. In vain has he struggled to rid his mind of the heterodox notion which, with horrid pertinacity, would still creep in among his thoughts, that there might, after all, be things in the world better worth living and striving for, blessings far more valuable, than

out of musty old tomes, to get the reputation of a scholar, or the degree of LL.D.

Of course, we must not omit to notice Elde Yehudah Elihu, who generally honoured the feasts at Mr. Cohen's with the light of his countenance. He was a somewhat queer-looking piece of humanity. His features and movements were all indicative of a bustling, fussy individual; good-hearted at the bottom, but of limited intellectual powers. His little round head, resting on his no-neck, was surmounted by an enormous stack of stiff, stubby hair — it made one's eyes smart to look at it, it was so sharp and scratchified. This stack of hair he was in the habit of constantly tussling and bristling up. In the intervals of this employment he flashed a bandanna of fearful dimensions; occasionally mopping up his face with breathless energy, and producing a succession of very happy imitations of the rejoicing notes of the big trumpet in the big organ at Exeter Hall. After this description we feel it to be almost unnecessary for us to say that he was an ultra Talmudist. He scarcely believed there was any other book in the world, the Cabbala hardly excepted; at any rate, he had quite concluded that there was not another of a tone sufficiently elevated to meet *his* refined tastes. Not even the Bible? Dear, no; for in his own elegant comparison — though we think *he* picked it up, for we have heard others use it — "The Bible is as dish-water, the Talmud choice wine."

Few require to be told that the Jews compute their years by lunar months—from new moon to new moon. Consequently, to make their time correspond with solar time, it becomes necessary, twice in five years, to add an extra month. This is called וְאֲדָר, *Vau-Adar*, and is placed between אֲדָר, *Adar*, the sixth month, and נִיסָן, *Nison*, the seventh month. The Jewish civil year, reckoning from the creation of the world, commences with תִּשְׁרֵי, *Tishri*, which falls about the middle of September, or the beginning of October. But when commanding the observance of the passover, God changed also the beginning of the year; therefore, the religious year commences with Nison.

The law enjoins that the feast of the passover shall be kept seven days; on the first and last no servile work may be done. It is to commence on the fourteenth of the first month at even, and end at the same time on the twenty-first. But the Jews in exile amongst us, set apart eight days to its observance, beginning on the thirteenth at even, and making the fourteenth a שַׁבָּת, *Sabbath*, as well as the fifteenth and twenty-first.

All were assembled now. Every one's dress was exceedingly rich, as well as beautiful. But there was no false display; all was sweetly harmonious and chaste. All the associations of the Jew—the gorgeous ceremonial of the temple worship—the magnificence of his own beloved land—unite to foster the love he has for brilliant attire.

Mr. Cohen rose, and taking a book of Jewish prayers in his hand, recited several from it, at the same time walking slowly up and down the room. The reason for this is taken from the thirty-fifth Psalm, "All my bones shall say, Lord, who is like unto thee!"

The men stood; the women went upon their knees, their forehead bent towards the earth, and resting upon a cushion. It was an exquisitely touching scene; one that no heart, rightly tuned, could witness without tears. With a voice, tenderly modulated to the various emotions excited, Mr. Cohen feelingly expressed the throbbings of Judah's heart.

The exercise finished, a servant entered, bearing a large basin made of pure beaten gold. It was half-filled with the blood of the lamb that had been slain for the passover. She placed it on the table, and a bunch of hyssop by its side.

"Every one is in the house, Rachel?" inquired Mr. Cohen.

"Yes, sir."

"Then, bid them come to the Lord's passover."

The servants came, dressed in walking attire. His family being thus collected round him, Mr. Cohen read from the Law the precept commanding to make the מזוזה, *Mezuzah*, or signs upon the doorpost; after which, accompanied by two of his sons, he proceeded to affix the marks upon the lintel and side-posts.

"This is the bread of poverty and affliction, which our fathers did eat in Egypt; whoso hungers, let him come, and eat; whoso needs, let him come, and eat the paschal lamb. This year we are here, the next (God willing) we shall be in the land of Canaan; this year we are servants, the next, if God will, we shall be free, children of the family."

And then the lamb, seasoned with bitter and nauseous herbs, was distributed amongst those present, together with biscuit or "unleavened bread." When all had eaten what they required, the remainder was taken into another room, and there consumed by fire; for the Law allows none of it to be kept until the morning.

"Of what, sir, is this service designed to put us in remembrance?" said Isaac.

Mr. Cohen took a book, and read in Hebrew an account of the bondage in Egypt and the deliverance therefrom; interspersed with comments, partly taken from the book before him, partly extemporaneous. This done, all burst forth in chanting, in their own majestic language, the הלאל, (from the 95th to the 100th Psalm,) constantly used in the Sabbath service. Adeline accompanied with a vivid symphony upon the piano. The effect of the whole was of the true sublime. The fine bass tones of Mr. Cohen, rising in force and expression according as the tremendous imagery heightened in majesty, mingled in harmonious grandeur with the

clear silvery notes of the women. All the family possessed, in an eminent degree, that general gift of their people, a rich melodious voice. But now, inspired by such a time and such a theme, voices and instruments gave forth their sounds as if gifted with a spirit life, that, echoing to the soul's expectant nature floated her above the darkling mists of time, and unfolded an uncertain trembling view of the eternity, which is her home.

CHAPTER V.

ELOÏSE AND HERMON.

"I can't say that I am at all surprised, for I never thought much of him."

COMMON-PLACE OF DOMESTIC CONVERSATION.

THE same afternoon, at the house of Dr. Aben Baruch; the same apartment, in which we first saw Eloïse.

At full length on a couch, adorned with the most gorgeous tapestry, and in the richest eastern style, lay Eloïse—once the pride, the day-spring of her father's house—the hope of her mother's heart. Never in her beauty's most glorious pride had she looked so calm, so great, so noble; but it was a fearful shade of fevered grief, instead of the softness of the past.

Hermon was stooping over her.

"Eloïse, I pray, do speak to me—do smile once more—what tears!"

"Tears, Hermon! Oh, no! no, no! My sad heart calls no such rare drops to witness my affliction. Each source is quenched. My soul is

parched like a shadowless lake beneath a burning sky. But I am well—and very strong, Hermon, albeit I smile not."

"Oh, sigh no more—forget all these vain dreams; be wise, be gay. Heavy clouds may be outspread to-day, but suns of joy will shine to-morrow."

"Yet not on me, Hermon."

"Why not? I do not see. Wherefore allow your heart and soul to be so irrevocably fixed on *one?* Gladness is not confined to one bower, to one spirit, to one place. Her realm is boundless, like eternity. Come, cheer you, sister; it is only action that befits great energies like yours. Why, dear, seas are broad, and earth is wide; you will find friends to love you everywhere. One has been untrue — well, heed him not — since he deserves no sorrow — the world has plenty more."

"Oh! rayless and cheerless, Hermon, darkness and storm—no light—none!"

"Eloïse, it is not in vain that you have loved me so, and been so kind. My heart is twined around you. Your grief hurts me terribly. I cannot have it so. Why, this torture will end in madness."

"Madness! oh, no!—not madness. It is not grief, Hermon, that haunts me—but—but—no matter. Be assured it is not grief. I do not feel enough to grieve. I could believe my heart were chiseled out of marble, but for the throbbing life that burns and trembles in it."

"You who were so kind, so gentle, and who loved so?"

"Ay, Hermon. I, who once deemed womanhood my crown and glory, am hardened thus. But it was not in my nature—earth has done it—and tried the harshest mettle in my soul. You, Hermon—you are and will be happy—your dreams unspoiled—the still small voice of fondness never silenced. Around you love will breathe its soft and best enchantments—while I—oh! stay with me no more!"

"You are becoming such a mystery, dear Eloïse. *He*—I never liked him—I hate him now. He never was worthy to be your husband. Why do you think about him so?"

"Oh! Hermon, but when woman waits for man to be fitted to receive her deep engrossing love—her love so changeless and immeasurable—and to understand it—she'll seldom love at all. I loved Ben-Megas—too much, for it was idolatry. But I could have borne to see my love crushed and trampled in the common earth, and dust and ashes heaped upon it—oh! I could have borne that!—all of it!—and still be proud."

"Eloïse, if you knew how this troubles me. I cannot think you feel right about it. 'Set thy hope in God,' is the command of Him who knew what was in man. If I can love you even more dearly than life itself—and I *do*, Eloïse—how much more He who made you and knows your

weakness; and who has no feeling but love for you; and who sustains your being that you may be happy in the enjoyment of His love for ever."

"Oh, if there be a hope and promise—a home where the spirit shall again be bathed in purity and love, and lost in a cloud of immortal fragrance, I yet again might be happy."

"Yes—and *here*, Eloïse."

"Oh, not on earth, I think, Hermon."

"Why not, Eloïse? Your love believed Ben-Megas true—never mind—don't think about it any more. But, you know—as you seem to like him so—but, after all, I wouldn't recommend it—Ben-Megas will be compelled to marry you if you cite him before the rabbis."

"I know it. But I have decided on other means of avenging myself. I cannot stand up and tell my—— Oh! Hermon, it is not love but passion! I will be near him yet, and will either marry him, or else destroy him."

"Cease such thoughts, Eloïse. Come now, I think you ought to feel a good deal better. Let us go and eat the passover. Ben-Megas will be there, of course. But you must not speak—nor look—I never do. Show him how you disdain him."

"Disdain him, I never can.—I am ashamed of it—that love's soft unnerving power should so enthral me. But I will not sit with him to eat that feast of joy and love."

"Father is determined. I wish you would."

"Determined! I owe him no allegiance now. He has broken the bonds of union. I am wronged at his command."

"Yes, dear. But don't arouse him. I dread it. And you know whatever he does the rabbis will second it. And then there's that horrid, hateful cabbalism—I hate cabbalists—he may curse you."

"And then you think I should die directly," said Eloïse.

"Well, one does not like to believe such horrible things; but you know every one says so. I never like to provoke them, for I do believe they are very hardened people, all of them."

"And so do I."

"Well now, make me happy, dearest; join us this evening, and I think it will do you good."

"It is useless, Hermon. I am determined I will not go down. I will not hear prayers mouthed by that white-washed sepulchre, Ben-Megas."

"The will of God be done. It is a great trouble to me, Eloïse; for you are dearer to me than any one."

"Except Mr. Cohen, dear," said Eloïse; and a faint, mournful smile floated across her pale rose features.

"Well, of course he is very dear to me," said Hermon, blushing crimson. "But then that's a

different sort of thing, sweet Eloïse. I love you, it seems, as dearly as I can love any one."

"Thank you, my beloved sister," said Eloïse, with a grateful kiss; for Hermon's simple and unaffected kindness had subdued her warring spirit.

"Now, come down with me, Eloïse."

"No, Hermon. That is what I cannot consent to. Now, don't press me."

"Well, dear Eloïse, if you won't come with me — and I need not say I would go on my knees if you would — I must leave you, for it is quite time you see," and she pointed to the setting sun.

"Yes, my sweet sister — go," said Eloïse. "You cannot feel as I do about it. Perhaps it is better that you should not. Farewell." And having kissed each other, Hermon left the room.

. . . . . .

Eloïse heard a step on the stairs. She knew the sound instantly. For a moment her face flushed, and her lips quivered; but it was only for a moment, and she resumed her cold, impenetrable look.

Her father walked into the room.

"They tell me you refuse to keep the feast, Eloïse," he said.

"And they say truly," replied Eloïse quietly.

"You —— hussy! Come down and keep the Pasach! What's all these flim-flams about?"

"Need you ask? But I prefer to be left alone; and also that you would preserve your oaths for a fitter use and place."

"Oh! woman, who since Eve hast ever been a tenfold curse — branding with sin man's life's best purpose — and from the evil harvest of thy passions, scattering fruits that mar his highest efforts. What wast thou born for? Happy is he whose spirit rises free above thy vile influence — whose holiest joy is that he lives without thee."

So spake the cabbalist — and he said more — and worse.

Eloïse looked through the window — her face was on fire with subdued indignation, mingling with a look of contemptuous scorn.

"A father's curse light on thy rebel head; and Heaven will hear it. Thou hast broken God's holy law — see to it. Two days hence I take you before the session. The seal is set. Repent, or thy name will be numbered with those who have disgraced their nation, and blotted out for ever."

Eloïse had expected it. She knew it must come; and now she did not blench beneath it. She went to her mother.

. . . . . .

Two days afterwards there was great confusion and hurrying in Rabbi Aben Baruch's house. Servants ran up and down, and whispered to each other, with faces full of blank consternation The

rabbi swore with a fluency and fervency they had never heard him surpass. Eloïse had disappeared. Where could she be gone? No one could think — no one knew. Yes, there was one in that house knew — the mother of Eloïse; but she was silent as the grave.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE JEWISH WOMEN, WITH A FEW ET CETERAS.

RETURN we now to the house of Mr. Cohen, and on the same evening.

As soon as the singing was done, the servants rose to leave the room; the family proceeded to arrange themselves for conversation. Benjamin, a man-servant, remained behind, as though there was something he wanted to say.

"Well, Ben, I see there's something; what is it?" said Mr. Cohen.

"Why, sir, I jest wanted to ask you if it's true about that synagogue bein' carried away from the place where it was built to another place. Our people downstairs seem to believe it."

"And don't you?"

"Well, I dun know what to do about it."

"Perhaps if you ask David or Isaac, they'll tell you what they think about it."

"Do you believe it, Mr. David?"

"Why not?" asked David. "To be sure I do; for I make it an invariable rule to believe everything I read or hear. What is it to me if the

angels can find nothing better to do than to become synagogue-porters by night, in order that they may have the pleasure of seeing how dreadfully the people are surprised in the morning? Or what business have I to inquire how much their backs were galled, or their wings sprained by the carriage, or how many rests they had by the way? The result is everything. In an age so material, so full of utilitarian philosophy as the present, when each man, if he could, would turn all his fellow-creatures into prize cabbages, I can scarcely conceive of any position more honourable than to stand forth as the champion of the Invisible world."

"Then you think it's true?"

"Haven't I said so?"

"Well, I don't know," said Ben, pensively. "It seems a little too tough, one would think."

"Not a bit of it," returned David. "I myself have a most pious and fervent faith in almost every known kind of diablerie, necromancy, and witchcraft. I am ready to contend for the propriety of believing in the Heloth-Shechi, Barrosh, dreams, omens, spaewives, cantrips, tatie-bogles, and the squadrons of elfin chivalry; in fairies, brownies, kelpies, Boo-men, wraiths, spells, and Holloway's pills; in the divination of fortunes by means of the sediment of a teacup, or the worsted clue dropped into the haunted kiln; in terrible phosphoric writings on the door, and the appalling hideousness of turnip-lanterns stuck on the lonely

churchyard wall. Finally, to reach the sum and 'tottle of the whole' of my amiable weaknesses, I believe in the vagaries of 'extravagant and erring spirits' by moonlight."

"No, no, Benjamin," said Mr. Cohen, "you must believe nothing of the kind. He knows better than this."

"Then you don't think a word about the synagogue is true?"

"Certainly not. I wonder you could be so foolish as to suppose it possible."

"Well, I must say I had my doubts about it."

"To be sure you had."

"Thank you, sir; I shall go and upset their faith downstairs, then."

"Yes, if they need it."

"How could you talk so, David, dear?" said Mary, smilingly, when Ben had left; "he half thought you were earnest."

"Science, Mary, a votary of science. Science makes fools of more men than you could count in a twelvemonth."

No one is allowed to leave the house until the morning, so Mr. Elihu of course remained amongst the family. Miss Hallevi had not been in England long enough to know much of the language, and, being so young, she had not yet acquired proficiency in Hebrew; therefore she engaged herself in talking to Adeline, who spoke French with fluency. Mr. Cohen addressed himself espe-

cially to Isaac and Mary. After some time thus passed, he turned to the contemplative gentleman who sat rejoicing in a glass of madeira, a handful of raisins, and the title of Elder Elihu.

"Have you heard, Mr. Elihu, what some of our brethren in Poland are suffering?"

"Anything fresh, then?"

"Oh, very sad! Some of the accounts are paralysing. Hundreds have been ejected from their homes—never allowed to remain in too much quiet—and left in the possession of nothing. Some of them are literally stripped of all. We had a letter here yesterday; it was sent to Rabbi Aben Baruch from a gentleman, who says that himself and his wife, after having been dreadfully ill-used, were turned into the fields in a state of perfect nudity, and that this has occurred in many other instances. Their sufferings I cannot bear to think upon. The Roman Catholics are foremost in the persecution. The infatuated people, headed by their priests, paraded the streets of K—— with banners, on which a price was enumerated for various animals, concluding with such a sum for a hog, and, beneath this, such a sum for a Jew. Unhappy Israel! when will the Most High deliver him out of his afflictions."

"If I had been there I would have hurled a hog in their teeth, if I had died for it," said Isaac.

"Or hung a few red rags about it, and they

would have worshipped it for the Virgin Mary," suggested David.

"Excellent! And the necessary lamp could be hung by the nose-ring."

"And the tail cut off for a wick."

"Confound it! I've always said it," said Mr. Elihu, "These Christians, the cusses! Upon my soul!——"

"Hush! my brother," said Mr. Cohen; "though we must feel our sufferings deeply, it is no part of a Jew's religion to call any people hard names. And I always feel very warmly when such language is applied to Christians. My respect for the morality enforced by Christianity is unbounded. It is as perfect as that commanded by our Holy Law. I am sorry our people don't understand the feelings of Christians better than they do. Since I read the book they call the New Testament, I have known better how to think, for I there found that true, ardent love to God and man is the summary of their religion."

"I often think, dear papa, that it would form a very interesting subject of conversation if you would tell us something about the New Testament," said Mary.

"Well, perhaps I will. I shouldn't like you to read it, because I think your mind is not sufficiently fortified by fixed principles. The character of Jesus is a very lovely one, and His doctrine is very fascinating. He said so Himself.

I can't recollect the precise words, but it was substantially that whereas the law of Moses—blessed be he!—was heavy, His law was easy and light."

"How did you feel, dear, when you had read it?"

"I was a Jew when I begun; and when I finished, I was, if possible, more a Jew than ever. Now for our poor afflicted brethren. Efforts on a large scale must be made. What can we do? And how can we do most?"

"I thought on a ball," said David. "We could easily get one up, and have it here."

"The only thought that had occurred to me was to go round personally, and solicit contributions. But I think what you suggest. A good sum might in that way be collected, as many would come to it who would otherwise give much less, perhaps nothing. It will do. Now when shall it be? Not before your marriage, David?"

"Oh, my dear father," interposed Mary, "I think that perhaps something better than a ball of that kind may be devised. I have got quite out of heart with such assemblies, where anybody can come in exchange for his few shillings. A very queer company is often collected; and contact with such people is not unpleasant merely, but dangerous. But I almost feel I am doing wrong, because I say so much to you. Yet it seems to

me that to think there is expediency in doing good by such means, goes against our common sense."

"Well," replied Mr. Cohen, "if you think you ought not to consent to the thing, why, so be it. But with the conditions proposed, I am glad to avail myself of it. Our Holy Law imposes upon us to do all the good we can, you know. When you get a little older you won't think as you do now."

"So, dear, you always tell me. But if you will allow me to say it, I notice that many of the persons who attend these unions are very deficient in moral principle — some of them we know to be openly wicked in no small degree. And yet there is no way to make the thing more select, for fear our people would talk of it as a scandal."

"Still, Mary, you must think also of the good which will result from this. While we on this evening are peacefully collected in our home, our persons and property protected by the laws of the country of our adoption — the smile of Jehovah be upon it! — many of our brethren wander hungry, shelterless, and almost naked. I wish I could make you properly understand the principle that is the standard of our faith — the rule by which God judges us, and by which we examine ourselves. Here it is — 'Every one of the children of men has merits and sins. If his merits exceed his sins, he is righteous; if his sins exceed his merits, he

is wicked. If they be equal, he is a middling or intermediate person.'"

"You see — a — beg pardon, sir, for interrupting," said Mr. Elihu, obsequiously; "but I would make a few humble rigmarks on this interesting opportunity. Women are not allowed to know — they can't, sir, as it were, be igspected to know the ins and outs, so to speak, of our Holy Law."

"It is true that our women are distressingly ignorant in that respect," replied Mr. Cohen. "But I am much grieved about it. It is the cause of much of the hardness of heart amongst us; and will have to be removed before we shall make any good hand of our religion. I wish I could blot out the passages that bar them from knowing it, such as that accursed one in the Hilchoth Talmud Torah, so often quoted, 'Women, and slaves, and children are not to study the law.' It disgusts me. What is good for our teachers to know, must be good for our women to know. Is not their soul as valuable? Are they not more able than

* Very likely it will be said of Mr. Elihu that he is quite out of place, for he would never be tolerated in society — and that of the best. I don't know that. We Christians often have to endure bores and ninnies of the first water. But I am sketching from Jewish life; and here that brotherhood, the strict Jew must acknowledge, compels him often to submit to the inflictions of spirits most ungenial.

some men to understand it?" And he laid a tremendous emphasis on the word *some*.

"Mr. Elihu," said Isaac, "can you express any sympathy with the feelings which our religion inspires respecting woman? Can you, well-pleased, respond to any of those abominable sentences we so often hear; such as, 'Blessed art Thou, O God! King of the universe, who hast not made me a woman!' 'Blessed art Thou, O Eternal! who in mercy hast not made me a partaker of woman's nature, through whom sin entered the world.' The first, you know, we regularly hear in the public worship. God forgive me if the feeling was sinful! but when it has been uttered in the synagogue, and I have tried to get a glimpse through the gallery-screen to observe the effect of it upon our pure-souled women present; and have seen it in the languid eye, and flushed and downcast cheek, I have felt my heart good to knock the [illegible] out of the chair: and I have despised — from the very depths of my spirit have I despised — the men and boys around me, for joining so devoutly in the response. I find nothing about this in the Bible — but the opposite. How dare any one affirm that either on earth or for the eternity before us, a woman's position is far lower and more critical than a man's. It's abominable. It offends me, disgusts me, rouses my whole nature when I see the effect of such a doctrine upon our purest wives and daughters.

To see them kneeling with their face on the earth, when the higher and safer position of us men, if you please, permits us to stand. Enough. My feeling chokes me."

"Now collect your thoughts, Ike, and then start afresh," said David, in a kind tone. "I like to hear you."

"And I know you feel with me too. Though what can one do? It's a part of our religion; so all one says must end in mere vexation and waste of words, after all. Well, to resume. If woman really occupies this lower position in the sight of God, He must have been something worse than unfortunate in choosing her as the type of His beloved people all over the Bible. Solomon's Song is full of it; and expressions too, suggestive of the highest typical purity and vital beauty. 'A garden enclosed is my sister, my spouse.' 'As a lily among thorns is my love among the daughters.' But, leaving these, there is one verse in the Psalms that blows the whole concern overboard: 'That our daughters may be as corner-stones, polished after the similitude of a palace!' Now this, it seems to me, is quite a compliment to the ladies. The corner-stone occupies the same place in a building that the key-stone does in an arch; the whole edifice depends upon it. It binds the walls together. So then the daughters have a special place, and a *primary* place, assigned them in His spiritual temple; a place upon which the existence

of the whole depends. Then again to what our rabbins say, woman herself presents a living lie. If woman is morally worse than man, how are we to account for the fact that she has a far more exquisite sensitiveness to moral beauty? And how is it that we instinctively look into woman's breast for purity; and there, if she is a woman, we are sure to find it? Men balance motives and actions, and by an exercise of deliberate judgment form an estimate of character; woman decides with an intuitive consciousness, whether she may approach and delight herself in it, or whether she must shrink from it. Now no metaphysician would desire more conclusive proof that she possesses a finer moral sensibility. In fact it's clear to common sense."

"Now, pull up a moment, and wipe your forehead," said his brother David, soothingly. "You'll be able to go on again after you've taken a little rest."

"I'm afraid I've nearly done; for I can't say what I want. You know well enough what mighty ideal views I've got of the sanctity and amount of woman's moral influence. It is a theme worthy of the highest genius; and I never heard that I was a great genius. Did you ever hear anybody say that I was?"

"I've heard an opinion expressed that you had got far enough to be able to dress a common-place truth in queer, not to say ragged, apparel—like

a sumph at a masquerade in the character of a sage."

"Thank you. Well, David, let us thank heaven for according to us the talents of mediocrity. Earthy are we, and of the earth. Glimpses of the sublime are more rare to us than dashes of sunshine on a bad November morning. Let us then thankfully leave them to those to whom they properly belong—the great geniuses and the donkeys; while we are contented to live below, merry and humble."

"But you are come to a full stop."

"And your fault. You always turn the most serious conversation into something ridiculous. Well, I had got as far as to say that woman is a fit theme for the highest genius."

"You have repeated that dogma a dozen times."

"Only once. Let any one try to describe her influence; let him endeavour to bring into light all those elements of good which to us, at present, lie more than half buried in her character; let him attempt to paint the little world which woman creates around her, making it all one paradise, herself the deity of the place, and to apply to his picture all those syren touches—endless as fancy!—which woman gives to the heart, and he will find the task he has undertaken to be one far beyond his power, and he will fain content himself with that emotion of admiration with which the mere conception of excellence is formed, and

that transport of sympathy and love which attends it."

"I say, Ike," said David, "I'm not given to compliments, as you know; but by the key of an elephant's trunk, it seems to me that this homily on woman is fit to print. You'll be paid half-a-crown a line for it. But it wont do to think of sending such heresy to the 'Voice of Jacob!' Any more to say before we compare notes?"

"More, indeed! I've only been making a few preliminary rhetorical flourishes. I haven't cut into the marrow yet."

"Oh, patience! Well, old proser, proceed."

"And I suppose I may as well be serious as I come on; for there is abundantly more contained in this principle than is felt on a first, or second, or third impression. You know how I always warm up——"

"You are hissing hot now."

"No—how eager I always feel to get at truth; and it has often pleased you to have a fling at me about it. Truth must be sought for with anxiety—in all matters, however trivial; in all directions, however distant. Without this honest and good temper of mind we can know nothing rightly. No pure passion, no combination of noble, self-sufficient delights can be understood, except by purity of heart. The base, sin-stained feeling sees itself in everything, and sets down blasphemies. It writes down the holiest passion to an unholy

cause; it sees Lucifer in the humblest aspirations to the Deity; it finds its treasure of stinking flies in every box of precious ointment; it knows God Himself only as a lying, shuffling, unprincipled Being. And the disposition of mind which is required, in order to accurate conclusions respecting truth, is simply an earnest, loving, and unselfish attention to our impressions of it, by which those that are hollow, false, whitewashed, or imbibed from ignorant judges, may be distinguished from those that are eternal. Yet this will not come up to what I wish to express, unless it be accompanied by a full perception of its being an emanation from and a manifestation of God; since only when we thus feel is its nature comprehended. The character of mind thus formed is great, sound, gigantic; yet ever learning, humble, astonished, worshipping, because it finds all things with 'Holiness unto the Lord' written in eternal characters upon them. It is loving and pure, and ready to see love and purity in all things. Nor is its patient search to be deceived. All that is submitted to it it grasps so tightly, that it crushes it if it be hollow."

"Well," said Dâvid, "all this is very excellent, and carries conviction with it. But what has it to do with what we were talking about—the moral status of woman?"

"Give me time and you will see what I am driving at. Though I may as well say that if

you could see two jumps before you, you might see what I intend; for it is not so dark even now. There is need, bitter need, to bring back to the minds of men—but I do believe of the Jews especially—that to live is nothing, unless to live be to know Him through whom we live: and that He is not to be known by a selfish vain-glory, in the foulness of wicked thoughts, or an ungrateful self-dependence. Nor by marring His fairest works, and denying the evidence of His influence upon His creatures. If man would view all things in their heavenly, God-ward tendency; if he would reverently observe how they might lead his own spirit and the spirits of every one else to those immortal objects which diverge from the throne of God for ever, there would no longer be only a few stunted, distorted objects visible to the eyes of his understanding. He would live as on a mountain-top, where the impressions that flowed in upon him from all surrounding things, would cause him vividly to feel that man is a being full of rejoicing life, placed in the midst of a system ordained by Divine wisdom and goodness, inhabiting a world full of wonder and beauty, moving amongst creatures, in which every part is a manifestation to human understanding of the wisdom and love in which it was made. We should thus start in an eager, loving race. Not the jarring competition of selfish interests, but the aspirations of noble hearts —hearts lifted above the region of unholy passion

—hearts filled with bright realisations of the good to be attained in the ever-enlarging and unmeasured future—hearts of whom each one is striving to accomplish most in the service of its God, yet each rejoicing in what the other has achieved. It is when the mind is thus glorified that the admiration of beauty, and love, and wisdom attains to its utmost grandeur; the intelligence is exalted; science, poetry, piety, and life become one, and we feel our connection with our native skies. This is the source from which the highest delight of knowledge springs—a loving admiration blending in an unpolluted holy mind with the impressions received from outward things, and the workings of the ever-brightening intellect within—a spirit which, may it exist vivid and unalloyed in my bosom, until I turn my weary eyes upon the last setting sun!"

"Amen," said David. "I thought of begging permission to attempt a slight sentiment myself: but I shall wait till you have done. Go on."

"What I have said, you may sing as my own requiem. For my soul is dead. I long for a stronger arm than my own to rest upon—Judaism supplies it not. I strive; and strive again; but I can no more gain a footing than if I were climbing the ashes in the crater of Mount Etna. My spirit remains unsoothed still, unholy still. There, the murder is out—let it pass—for if I think, I shall get melancholy. Now please to notice me while in

some sense I sum up. Man's office is to glorify God by a loving obedience, and by the happiness to himself which results from that obedience. The essence of moral beauty in all created beings is the Divine stamp upon them. God has made all things to lead to Himself. From which it is evident that the source of moral beauty is the immediate operation of the Mind Supreme. That where it exists in any measure it implies a condition of the whole moral being in some degree right and healthy: and that to the entire exhibition of it there is necessary the perfection of the whole God-like character. Out of which perception, then, we esteem those creatures most beautiful whose functions are most loving, pure, and noble. This is the standard of moral perfection by which we test ourselves."

"You have proved your point, Isaac," said David. "You have shown, and well too, that, compared with man, woman possesses in a superior degree the sympathetic faculty which leads to the perception of moral beauty; and, therefore, it proves that her moral being — or, in other words, her intuitive affection for the good, the pure, and the beautiful, is naturally higher than his."

"Undoubtedly."

"Then the expressions concerning her in our service are irrational, cruel, and wicked."

"Certainly."

"I believe it. Ladies! what have you to say to this?"

"Indeed, we are more thankful than can be expressed, to be so kindly vindicated," said Mary, blushing deeply; "but it seems so serious to decide against the opinions of the rabbins. Don't you think that perhaps through the transgression of Eve, women labour under religious disadvantages which men do not?"

"Pshaw!" said Isaac, with a movement of impatience; "it sickens me. It is not true, dear, and I won't have you believe it. If it had suited my fancy to prove the lie which our rabbis perpetrate, by such short and simple means, I should at once have gone up to Eve and, taking the Bible as my faith, have said that she was created pure and holy as man himself—like him a mirror of the Deity. So then I should have blown the whole scheme to the devil—to whom it belongs—in a few words. God gave to woman a depth, a supremacy of feeling, which man had not, in order that by her softer, more yielding, trusting nature, still conquering all outward assaults and 'to the end persisting, safe arrive,' He might be more glorified than He could be by the victory of His other and stronger creature. And so He ever has been. Where is the sweet and quenchless love which religion inculcates exhibited as it is in woman's heart? Piety seems there in her native home. And more than this,

you know very well you feel the reverse of what the rabbis say. And it is true of woman everywhere. Woman in every nation exhibits greater instinctive purity of heart than man. Truth cannot be self-contradictory: then I wish you to tell me how you will reconcile the two voices. If women are so bad, I wonder, in these days of reform, they don't try to get a bill into Parliament for the suppression of the female sex altogether—as a thing not only quite useless and a great trouble, but the cause of nearly all the sin in the world."

"It is, indeed, very kind of you, dear Isaac," replied Mary, smiling, and she turned upon her brother a look of grateful, trusting love, which to attempt to describe would be almost sacrilege. "One thing, at least, is very cruel—the introduction of those expressions into parts of the service at which we are present. If they knew how keenly we feel it—always. For time can never reconcile us to them. And then the hearty response, and the boys looking up upon us—in blank wonder, I suppose, as to what the words mean. It is very hard, and quite unnecessary."

"It is a piece of insolent wickedness, my dear sister," said Isaac warmly; "but it is like the whole of Talmudic Judaism—all a glorious self-righteousness from beginning to end. Everybody thanks God that he is better than his neighbour; and when he thinks he has done an extra good thing, crows over him like a turkey-cock upon a

barn-door. I hate it. The sacrifices of the Mosaic law were commanded by God Himself; but when abused by self-righteousness they became so odious to Him, that He exclaimed: 'Bring no more vain oblations, incense is an abomination unto me.'"

"Isaac, my son," said Mr. Cohen in a kind and earnest tone, "I told you it was my opinion you had better have nothing to do with the Bible. You cannot understand it. Its hidden meanings can only be unsealed by our rabbins. Besides you should have a care. What you are saying, if carried to the chief rabbi, would compel him either to cite you before him, to answer for your language, or to cut you off as an apostate."

"I am sorry, my dear father, if what I said grieved you, and I ask your forgiveness. But will you not say that the degrading estimate which our service teaches women to form of themselves, has a fearful effect upon the morals of our nation?"

"I entirely agree with you; and I wished to have said so at the first."

"What would our almost worshipped Rabbi Ben Israel say to that, I wonder?" said Isaac.

"Poor Rabbi Ben Israel," said David laughing, "Which is he like? — Balaam, or Balaam's donkey."

"You reely — a — shouldn't speak so irreverent, as it were," said Mr. Elihu reproachfully.

"I think so too," said Mr. Cohen. "Though I

have no sympathy with the feeling at which they aimed, Mr. Elihu. There is my dear child Mary. I have instructed her in the Law. I felt it to be my duty. She is to be governed by it—she is to expect to be judged by it. Will any one say I have done wrong. Is not she as well able to understand it as Rabbi Moses, Aben Baruch, or even Ben Israel himself?"

"Quite right, sir, quite," was the obsequious response.

"And now, my dear Mary, as I suppose Isaac has done his say, I wish you to promise me, that you will superintend the indoor-arrangements for the ball. I myself will get the information to our friends."

"Oh, certainly, papa; I will do anything you tell me about it. When do you wish everything to be ready?"

"We must think. It will be as soon after David's marriage as possible."

"Miss Hallevi — pleasure of your attention, ma'am — glass o' wine, ma'am?" said Mr. Elihu, at the same time throwing his most benignant regards on the lady in question.

"Thank you, monsieur. I veel zhrink allsh at dish fairst. Je comprend Inglis vurry — vurry — little. Vous bettairst to shpoke French."

"Mr. Elihu can't, my love," said Adeline, in French. "Don't agitate yourself. I have no doubt you will be able to make yourself under-

stood." Turning to Mr. Elihu, "You will be kind enough to relieve her all you can."

"O ah!—yes! You must not mind me," said Mr. Elihu with conscious condescension. "I am —a—nobody, so to speak. Always like to be spec*u*liarly dilicate in my igttentions — a — as it were, to ladies."

Miss Hallevi looked blank. She was evidently not able to appreciate the gallant sentiments enunciated. Adeline translated them for her.

"I fill — all — all — I veesh I could spoke — *Je — Vous avez bien de la complaisance,*" she said quickly, with an air of great embarrassment.

"Views shabby, ma'am? beyond, ma'am — a —? dull and pleasant larks, ma'am? Exactly, miss — yes, madcemoysel, at this time, so to speak. But we have too as you — a — observed some pretty birds — feathered songsters, for example, as the poet says — and some places, miss, full of delicious beauty and repose — a — such great *poetry* surrounding them, miss."

"Yes, yes, vara goot. I don't *know* — I *can't* — *Vos champs sont très beaux, vos bois sont magnifiques.*" And turning an intreating look upon Adeline, she continued rapidly, "*plus de bonté que de jugement.*"

"You are more than half right, dear, I believe," said Adeline. "Mr. Elihu, you see Miss Hallevi cannot speak English, even so well as she understands it. So if you would converse with

her, you really must make me interpreter between you."

"Oh, thank you. Igspress, if you please, my flattering — a — my interesting sense of the honour I have, in speaking to your relative — or beg pardon — your relative that is to be — Miss Hallevi; and my sweet and delightful hopes that we shall have many of these instructive opportunities of — a — imparting to each other, as it were — a — our various ideas on all subjects."

Adeline translated this elegant concatenation of compliments, as well as she could. Whereupon Mr. Elihu was favoured with a graceful bend; which he celebrated, by rapturously tossing off a bumper of punch *à la romaine*.

The punch fairly swallowed—and the glass refilled — he returned to the attack. The endless themes he enlarged upon to the great satisfaction of himself, and the infinite annoyance of Miss Hallevi, we really have neither the courage nor the strength to describe.

CHAPTER VII.

MARY'S CONFIRMATION.

Next day, Mary was confirmed in the Jewish faith, by the chief rabbi.

The whole of the day, until evening, she spent in fasting and prayer, mingled with many tears in consequence of the solemnity of the service in which she was about to engage. At evening she took a light meal of unleavened bread, with fruits and tea; and then retired with Adeline to dress herself for the ceremony.

Her attire was very elegant, but all of light colours. Her frock was of white silk; over which she wore a robe of rich pink barège.

As the clock struck six, Adeline led her into the drawing-room, and placed her to sit on a divan. The Talmud and catechisms were open upon the table. The room was lit by numerous wax candles, burning in exquisitely-fashioned candelabra. Adeline sat by her side, until, the family having assembled, Rabbi Aben Baruch came to begin the service. Then, taking Mary's hand, she raised her to her feet, and conducted her to the opposite end

of the room, where Mr. Cohen and the rabbi were seated. When they stood before Mr. Cohen, she pulled Mary's veil over her face. The rest of the family placed themselves in a circle round and chanted a hymn selected from the Psalms:

"The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice; let the multitudes of isles be glad thereof.

"And of Zion it shall be said, This and that man was born in her: and the Highest Himself shall establish her.

"For the Lord is our defence, and the Holy One of Israel is our King.

"Then thou spakest in a vision to thy Holy One and saidst, I have laid help upon One that is mighty. I have exalted one chosen out of the people.

"I have found David my servant; with my holy oil have I anointed him.

"Zion heard and was glad. Rejoice in the Lord ye righteous, and give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness."

Mary removed her veil and presented her hand to her father. He rose and kissed her.

"My dear child," he said, in a voice brimming with tenderness, "in the distinguishing mercy of the Almighty, He has made you a descendant of Abraham, and constituted you, therefore, one of His peculiar people. You have, moreover, increased cause for gratitude to Him, because, though our genealogies are lost, we can have no doubt

that the family of the Cohanim, to which you belong, is lineally descended from Aaron. Are you thankful to Him that you were born a Jew and of the family of the priesthood?"

Mary replied in Hebrew, "My dear father, I am indeed thankful."

"But, my dear child, your nation is scattered to all corners of the earth; your country is given to strangers; your brethren are everywhere spoken against; often made to endure much suffering for their religion's sake. This may be your lot. In the wisdom of the Most High you may be called to those countries where oppression, poverty, and misery are the results of your being a Jew; where one of your people is of less consideration than the humblest animal in a Gentile household; where his name is but another term for the vilest of the human race; where to insult him, rob him, imprison him, even kill him, is thought a service to Jehovah."

"My dear father, I would still be thankful."

"Will you never shrink from a full avowal of your religion? Or will you try to hide it, if worldly occasion should offer an inducement?"

"My dear father, strengthened by my Almighty Father, I never will."

"Will you love your brethren, wherever they live? Will you, according to your ability, help their necessities—yea, beyond your ability, if need so occur? Will you feel interested in all their

trials, and be diligent in distributing alms amongst those of them who want it, whether at home or abroad?"

"My dear father, to do this is my fixed purpose."

"But, while you give to them first, will you also be merciful to any amongst the Gentiles whom you find need your help? Will you love the whole human race? Will you feel that you are bound to be kind to them as younger brethren? Will you pray for them earnestly, that the Messiah may come to dispel the gloom with which we and they are surrounded?"

"My dear father, all this it shall be my delight to do."

"But, at the same time, you will keep yourself separate from them in your house, your food, and your clothing, as the Lord has commanded you?"

"My dear father, I will."

"Will you love the land which God gave to your fathers?" Wherever you may go, will your heart turn towards it?"

"My dear father, I do love it; and I will continue to love it above all others."

"Let this ring be the token of the pledge you have made." He gave her a ring with the word ירושלם engraved upon it; that word which is written so deeply in Israel's heart. "Wherever you are, that shall be your remembrance."

"The Lord has given to us a perfect law. This

law we are to obey, or be no longer His people. Will you keep it in every particular? And will you honour and reverence the holy rabbis who teach it to us?"

"My dear father, I will."

"In so doing, you shall be blessed."

"Yea, she shall be blessed for evermore," said Rabbi Aben Baruch, rising and opening the Book of the Law to read.

"These, Mary, are the commandments given to us by our Law-giver and our King." He read selections from the six hundred and thirteen precepts, and then asked,—

"Do you, in heart and soul, assent to the excellence, and goodness, and wisdom of this law?"

Mary replied, "Sir, I do."

"The daughters of Judah rejoice because of Thy judgments, O Lord," said Rabbi Aben Baruch.

Mr. Cohen handed him a girdle in which was a piece of parchment with the שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל written upon it. It was surrounded by a crown of silver leaves and pomegranates.

"And now, my beloved child," said Mr. Cohen, "you are going to make a solemn sacrifice of yourself to Jehovah. Let it be done with joy—

עוּרוּ לְבַבְכֶם, קוֹלְכֶם תַּגְבִּיהוּ, וְשִׁירוּ,
"גִּיל, אֲמָרַי כְּפַעַם, בִּרְנָנָה זַמֵּרוּ:

"I will bind Thy law upon my heart," said

Dr. Aben Baruch, as he passed the girdle to Adeline, who immediately fastened it upon Mary's bosom.

The rabbi took a glass of water, and putting it in Mary's hand said, "As in water face answereth to face, so let thine heart be pure, that God looking into it may see His own image reflected with uninjured brightness. Then thou shalt never be moved, but find love, and rest, and peace for ever and ever."

While Mary drank a portion of the water, Dr. Aben Baruch and Mr. Cohen each held a hand over her head, and the doctor blessed her; which concluded the interesting service.

"Miss — a — Miss Cohen," exclaimed Mr. Elihu, in a voice of brilliant encouragement, a little while afterwards; and turning his lustrous rubicundity of countenance full upon that lady.

"Sir," said Mary, with a slight bend.

"Glass o' wine, miss?" was the tender and insinuating proposal.

"No, thank you, sir."

"Miss Shinebird? Do me the pleasure, miss, to help you — a ——?" pursued Mr. Elihu.

"I can take no more, sir, thank you," replied Adeline.

"I have been thinking, Miss — a — M — M —

Miss Shinebird," resumed Mr. Elihu, pensively, "I've been thinking, miss, what a beautiful thought is the ingscrutable wisdom of the prigsent age. It seems to open such a wonderful prospect for our cumsideration—our sweet meditation—yes, ma'am. Dear me. Why, miss, if they keep all on in the nigxt gineration to make us as learned as they do in this, the whole of this *won*derful terrikackious earth will be one great solid flame of light. Do you see—a—M—M—Miss Shinebird? M—Miss Cohen? Do you take in the magnificent scope of the idea?" And Mr. Elihu laughed aloud with ineffable rapture, and proceeded to settle himself down with more than his usual ease and dignity.

Adeline tried to collect her thoughts to see what she *could* reply to this; but before the difficult process was completed, Mr. Elihu, finding he had got somebody to talk to, renewed the attack.

"I always seem sweetly drawn out of myself, as it were—a—when I contemplate—when I *take in*—when I cover with my WHOLE MIND that igstrornary tree, the tree of knowledge. What lots of different kinds of all the various fruits which can be imagined, are all sweetly collected there, miss? There's nice tender pears, and cherries for the children, and apples, and speaches, and raspberries, and what not, for all descriptions of the grown-up mental sconstitution, —and delicious cooling strawberries for the dessert.

You observe the charming appropriation — a — and beauty of the figure, Miss Shinebird? Often and often, miss, when I've been lost to all, sweetly dissolved, as it were, in meditation upon it, and I've been called to my meals, as might be, I've been inclined to transpose the igspression of the poet, and say,

'Thinks I to myself, here's a dinner for me!'

And then there's igstronomy; that overwhelming study, carrying us up among the stars—like going up a ladder, miss. Just think a moment of that great orb, the sun, the sole source of daylight, so to speak, with its great round — a — a — something or other — ughm — a — m — m — miss, what i — is it, miss — a —?"

"I understand you, sir, as speaking of the sun's disc," said Adeline.

"I — egzackly, miss — yes, miss — that's the word, miss. To think of that wonderful globe striking a light every morning, and never missin'. And then to think on the wonders of the mind to take in and understand all this. What is your opinion of the mind, Miss Shinebird?"

Adeline suddenly remembered that there were a few questions of some importance, which she wished to put to Miss Hallevi; so with a bend and a courteous "Excuse me, sir," she turned towards her. But Mr. Elihu was not to be shaken off in that way; he waited till her solicitude was satisfied, and she had again composed herself.

"Miss Shinebird—pleasure of your attention, miss? I feel sweetly inclined to spend the time with views to our mutual edification. My opinion is that the real properties of mind are not understood. I think that its thoughts, and faculties, and ideas, and what not, are all governed by the same rules as the musical scale. So I think that the only proper way to cultivate it is on the principles of that scale."

"The musical scale, sir!" echoed Adeline, in undisguised astonishment.

"Yes, miss, the musical scale—gamut," he continued with a benignant smile, at having thus made it plainer to her capacity. "I think that the mind may be played upon, like a piece of music—a flute, for instance, miss—tee—ti—tum—ti—tee—tum," and he fingered some imaginary keys upon the table. "Tuning the tender thoughts, as Mr. Shakspere says; keying up the ideas, miss, till they stretch like Inja-rubber things. How touching! how pleasing! You perceive, Miss—a—Miss Shinebird? Miss Hal—Hal—levi? This is why I read so much poetry; it seems to be getting my ideas into such grand and musical order. I was—a—sweetly convinced of this one morning last week. I was reading a stray piece signed by Milton, the great comic poet. You have read Milton, I believe, Miss—a Shinebird; and therefore I have no doubt that you are well acquainted with Satan?"

Adeline's smile approached to a downright laugh. She couldn't help it. And she sat wondering what he could possibly mean.

"Oh, Adeline," said Mary, "I am inclined to suppose that, as Mr. Elihu refers to a quoted piece, he means Satan's address to the sun."

"Y—y—yes, ma'am. Igzackly—yes. Hope Miss Shinebird didn't mistake me?"

"I certainly did not understand what you meant, sir. But now that I do, I am prepared to say that I think the poetry very fine."

"Jest so. Jest so. And that description of Referelle, and so forth; there's a grand imagination in that idea."

"What's Referelle, sir?" said Adeline.

"It's a Greek word, I believe, and means head gate-keeper."

Adeline did not know what to say; and so she said, "Indeed."

"Yes, Miss—I—"

"Mr. E—li—hu!" said Isaac, with a huge aspiration, as at this juncture he entered the room. "What are you saying to Miss Steinberg? I positively will be jealous indeed."

"He!—he!—he!" grinned Mr. Elihu, with intense satisfaction. "You needn't, I'm sure—need he, Miss—a—Miss Shinebird? Only making myself agreeable, was I? The—a—idea, now—as if I'd do such a thing, for example—get the affections which had been given to an-

other, so to speak." And Mr. Elihu disposed himself afresh in his seat, with an air of injured innocence, and virtuous decision.

"O, you needn't be under any apprehension there, Ike, I believe;" said David. "I hear that Mr. Elihu has been winking his eye at Miss Moses."

"*They* falling in love together," said Isaac. "Mr. Elihu, is it so? If it is, I'm sure I congratulate you on your choice. Why, she is fitted to become the wife of a prince."

"Reely—I—I—O dear!—wh—what's to be done—Mr.—Mr. David?—I feel—peculiarly delicate—yes—i—it's a mistake—a libel—I assure you. My attentions, sir, to that dear—I mean excellent young woman, have been chiefly, sir—all, sir, of a religious character, as it were. A—h! Y—e—s! Miss—a—my dear Miss Cohen, you are aware of her obstinate attachment to —— Oh dear!—wh—what's his name, miss? I—I'm so strangely excited."

"I presume I understand what you mean. It is her preference for ——"

"Yes, miss; igzackly, miss. Jest so. Her infatuated preference for—a—Jchudah Hakkodesh."

"Oh! well, if there's a prior engagement, of course you couldn't expect to be accepted," said David.

"Oh! i—i—it's incorrect. I mean his writings—a—yes, jest so, so to speak."

"Oh, she likes his letters better than yours? Well, sir, you can't complain if she believes his character to be more congenial to her own than yours is."

"Reely, sir—c—can't you help me—a—Miss Shinebird?—that innocent young lady—no—I mean myself—oh, my!—I'm—a—it's the author, sir—yes—as it were."

"An author, is he, too?"

"Y—e—s. Bless me. Mr.—a—Mr. Cohen, it's Rabbi Jehudah Hakkodesh, that selected the books of the Mishna, sir—yes, sir."

"Selected the Mishna for her, did he? But why didn't you try to cut him by giving her the whole Talmud, Cabbala, the Targums, Aben Ezra, and all?"

"It looks more comfortable here than out of doors, Adeline," said Isaac. "The evening is excessively foggy."

"And after so fine a day—and so many fine days. I'm rather surprised."

"Yet the weather has been very variable of late," said David.

"Very," chimed in Mr. Elihu, "and trying, too, I believe. I hear that a comet of a new and peculiar construction, and a—delightfully alarming character, has passed over North America, accompanied by a powerful smell of brimstone, that completely suffocated all the lions in the Persian Gulf. We—I and Miss Shinebird, sir—

have been trying to sweetly edify each other upon the wonders of the human mind. What's your opinion of the human mind, sir?"

"I've no opinion at all about it, Mr. Elihu. It's a wonderful thing—far above the comprehension of a mere mortal man like myself."

"Well, now, I seem to think I can comprehend it in some faint measure, sir, as it were. I do, indeed, sir—Mr. Isaac—a—Mr. David. I think our mind, igspecially our infant mind, isn't correctly understood. In our schools, discipline isn't elicited on a large scale. In training the faculties of English and Greek—the foreign and such like—the best means are not consistently and lovingly instructed upon. I have no doubt, Mr. Isaac, that it is your full opinion, that in rearing the talents—the genius, for instance—of our little ones, we should be more or less attentive to the cultivation of the mind. And the consequence of the present system is, sir, that our children don't like school—play truant sometimes, smoke cigars to make themselves sick, and oblige their dear mammas to keep them at home, and so forth. And when they are there, they are always, as it were, playing and laughing, so that the attention of the other scholars is taken off their delightful contemplations, and in wondering astonishment they are led to exclaim with the poet:—

'Two mulls make one spin,
Two chuckles make one grin.'"

"Yes, sir."

"I feel in a lovely frame," he pursued tenderly. "Miss—a—Miss Shinebird, do me the pleasure —a—of a tune—please. Sing

> 'The cedars wave on Lebanon,
> But Judah's statelier maids are gone.'

And sing it to Meshullam."

"Oh, certainly, sir," said Adeline, at the same time rising. "Mary, dear, do you know if Meshullam is amongst your music?"

"I don't think I ever heard the name before," replied Mary. "I am quite sure we haven't got it; at least, not in that name. Still, if Mr. Elihu will kindly sound a few notes, you may find that you know it well enough, perhaps, to play it. Can you give us an idea, sir, what it is?"

"Well, I think that the key-note must be — a —upper G, miss. Let me see," beating time with the dexter forefinger upon his sinister palm. "Doh-ray-me-fol-de-dol-i-o—ugh!—ugh!—a—ahem! hem! Try again. La-la-la-la-le—um—haw—ho-o-o. That's D flat, isn't it? Ughm-m-m. Slight cold. So hard you see to catch—them semi-tones—dee-di-dum. Dear me! my voice seems quite gone, miss. So sweet as I generally sing, too. Ce-e-dars—state-ly—ma-a-aids—are —g-o-o-one. That's the key! Tol-ol-de-rol—that's it, Miss—a—Shinebird. That's the note, M-M-Miss Cohen. Hum-um-dum. No, not that.

He-he-hi-ho. That's it! that's it! Do you catch it—a—l-l-ladies?"

"I think, my dear, I know now what tune it is, Mr. Elihu means," said Mary. And she proceeded to ring several changes upon the piano.

"Yes, Miss—a—Miss Shi—Miss Cohen; that's it! that's the tune!" screamed Mr. Elihu rapturously. "Tum-de-um-de-ti-i-i-i-i. That's it!"

With an intonation clear, pure, and brilliant, Adeline sang the piece desired; which, though written by a man who possessed a head without a heart, has some touches full of pathos; and any one who stood near Adeline, as she sang with mournful tenderness the following verses, might have seen the large tears tremble on her long silken lashes.

"More blest each pine that shades those plains
Than Israel's scattered race;
For taking root, it there remains
In solitary grace.
It will not leave its place of birth,
It cannot live in other earth.

"But we must wander witheringly,
In other lands to die,
And where our fathers' ashes be
Our own can never lie.
Our Temple hath not left a stone,
And mockery sits on Salem's throne."

All her auditors possessed to the full the home-loving, patriotic, Jewish heart; and the vivid feel-

ing which inspired her voice chained their faculties like a syren spell.

"Do, Miss Steinberg, have mercy upon us, and strike up something a little more lively," said David, when she had finished. "Here's Isaac crying like a waterspout in a thunder-shower."

"Even if I were," said Isaac, "you had no business to notice it. If I chose to say it, I could tell them I noticed a very suspicious quivering about your own upper lip."

"David likes the 'Com' è bello,' dear," said Mary. "But I don't know if you would prefer it now."

"Oh, that I think is too light," replied Adeline. "It has too much of the *aria di agilita* to concord with what we have been singing. The 'Crudel Perché' will do better. And there is a chaste and lofty grandeur in Mozart's music which makes me always prefer it to Donizetti's. Will you take your harp?"

"Adeline," said Isaac, "I know you will forgive me what I am about to do—beg you to sing one of your own compositions. And I would choose 'The Hebrew Maiden's Dying Hymn.'"

"Is this just?" said Adeline, and for a moment the blood rushed a beautiful crimson into her face and neck.

"What?" inquired Isaac.

"To expose me."

"Nonsense—expose! Didn't you know, David,

and everybody else, that Miss Steinberg wrote poetry?"

"I myself certainly had no knowledge of it," replied David.

"Then I'm sure you must have guessed she did; and that comes to nearly the same thing. More than that, she writes music also: she composed the music for this very piece which I have now asked her to sing."

"Oh, do give it us," said Mary entreatingly. "We shall all feel it to be an inexpressible favour."

"And you know, Adeline," said Isaac, "you needn't fear *our* powers of dissection. You know very well you possess the finest abilities of any one in the room."

"Thank you. That is a thing upon which I have an opinion, too," she said smilingly. "There is no need that I should tell you how much I dislike all false humility. I have no feeling of that kind. Had it been my choice to publish it, I should have cared nothing if it had been the most despicable effort imaginable. But I do say that I have a right to demur, because I never, of my own free will, allowed even you to know that I made such attempts. You discovered it by accident. Having made that protest, I have the deepest pleasure in consenting to your desire, so kindly expressed."

And, accompanied by Mary on the harp, Adeline sang—

THE HEBREW MAIDEN'S DYING HYMN.

My God, my father's God! I lift mine eye
To the high forest-shades, the mountains old;
Where oft the lute's low thrill of melody,
And the wild fountain music uncontrolled,
Hath hymned Thy majesty
With Spirit utterance fraught. The tomb was riven;
With the triumphant strains came blending thoughts of heaven.

But ye have kindled with a wilder voice, oh, hills!
Ay, sounds of harsher, deeper, sterner tone,
Have wakened the haunted solitude that fills
Your echoing depths; this silvery sward hath known
Other life streams than its own.
Stout hearts have fell; the cold thick shadow cast
By Death's untiring wing hath o'er these valleys past.

'Tis gone—from the calm ether's pure expanse,
No more we see Thine awful presence shine;
Kindling our altar with a mystic glance
Of light unfathomed, shadowless, divine;
Thine unsealed mercy's shrine.
No more Thy conquering banner o'er us waves;
The war-horse and the spearman sleep in those urn-like caves.

Here Love, unsleeping Love, hath loosed its springs;
The love of woman, struggling with its doom;
Saddest, most tearful, of all earthly things;
Girt, like the o'ersweeping Phantom of the tomb,
In Death's mysterious gloom.
Yet nerved by gushing faith, its woes have sown
The hopes upspringing clear whence round men Peace hath grown.

And many a blighted one! whose yearning tear,
Distilled like dew upon the violet's head,
In its lone weeping o'er the unconscious bier,
Where, hushed in dark reposè, its soul lay spread,
Felt mystery, doubt, and dread
Dissolve around the free heart's burial sod;
For all was pure — a consecration unto God.

But that bright day is changed: the mountain height,
Whence Hope soared dove-like midst a crystal sky,
Is veiled in haunting shadow — still too light —
Making it all one death's gulf; the mingling cry
Of love and agony
Comes darkly gushing from grey rock and cave;
And heavy sighs o'ersweep the sounding torrent wave.

God hath looked on thee, Love! Lift up thy head,
Heart-stricken one! thy Lord hath heard thy cry.
Hope to the nations! Life to the spirits dead!
Joys from the fount of immortality!
Heaven to the illumined eye!
Calmly I lift my earth-song's fading breath;
And then triumphal sink in love's rejoicing death!

"How are your servants going on, Mr. Isaac? Trying to live by the rules of the Holy Law?" inquired Mr. Elihu.

"They are very good and attentive, sir, I believe," replied Isaac. "But, no doubt, there is plenty of room for improvement."

"Reely — a — M — Mr. Cohen, I seem to feel peculiarly desirous to speak affectionately to them. I do, indeed, sir."

"We should be very glad if you would be kind enough to go down amongst them, I am sure. And I incline to think, they wouldn't greatly object to listen to you. Indeed, they might be pleased."

In the full consciousness of being called upon to pronounce his oracles *ex cathedrâ*, Mr. Elihu proceeded to shamble downstairs; in which act we must leave him for the present.

CHAPTER VIII.

LIFE IN THE KITCHEN.

On such occasions as the feasts, when the requirements of their religion demand a complete cessation from all physical exertion, except that of the sternest necessity, it was very usual for Mr. Cohen's servants to assemble together in the same room, and occupy the time either in reading or conversation; or sometimes they spent it in devotional exercises; Benjamin, the man-servant, or Dinah, the cook, conducting the service. Very plentifully was it interspersed with singing various anthems; Ben roaring out the words with all his might—then Mr. Cohen could hear him: for it was his high ambition to maintain that reputation for peculiar sanctity which he had succeeded in gaining from the family.

Dinah was the mainspring which regulated the movements of this little second circle at Mr. Cohen's. She was a gentle, single-hearted person, with a motherly solicitude for the welfare, spiritual and temporal, of all with whom she came in contact. And all her peaceful counsels were irresist-

ibly seconded by the placid light which looked out from a pair of loving dark eyes.

Like many of the unlearned members of her nation, Dinah was excessively superstitious; and Judaism surrounded her with things and beliefs in every way calculated to strengthen her confidence in the supernatural. Dr. Faustus and the renowned Cornelius Agrippa were trifling taxes on her powers of credulity. In her opinion their exploits, and the beings whom they saw, were well enough in their way, but not sufficiently practical. Viewed in the light of her belief, the miracles of Apollonius of Tyana, as related by Philostratus, were the most common-place performances. She thought even the Arabian Nights probable. Nothing that might possibly be imagined as happening either in the celestial or terrestrial world, could be so unlikely as to prevent Dinah from uttering the saving clause, "You don't know—it *might* be true." Most fervently did she believe in that miraculous unguent, which, when applied to the eye, has the virtue of disclosing the whole secrets of the Invisible World; and she thirsted for a knowledge of the Cabbala, that, by becoming a practical magician, she might supply herself with a pot of it. Dinah had also been favoured with an introduction to several ghosts. And highly interesting were her nervous delineations of their personal appearance, and of the remarks which followed their presentation to each other. Beside these, there

were many others whom she had only seen: they wouldn't speak. Probably, these belonged to the upper classes of spirits, and considered Dinah's position in society as placing her entirely beneath their notice.

And Dinah was a bit of a Cabbalist. A brother, younger than herself, used to come regularly to teach her. And truly awful were the mysterious things they did, and the experiments they performed. And then the smell—to say nothing of the noise—they kicked up sometimes, when the way was clear. Thames water was a perfume to it.

A small closet, formerly used as a receptacle for lumber, at the back of the kitchen, and joining the wine-cellar, Dinah had fitted up as the operating room. The servants looked upon it with a kind of holy awe. Not for worlds would they have ventured one step within the door. A rumour was current, that once, after a bottle or so of fortifying port, Ben had ventured to raise the handle, and cautiously poke his head just around the post; but what he heard, and—we mention it with regret—what he saw, produced an extempore fainting fit, and a vitiated appetite, which could take nothing stronger than beefsteaks and Burgundy for a week. For just at the end, where the floor shot down precipitously into a deserted ice-well, with sides covered with phantom hair, floating and sighing amongst the gloomy winds, and to

which no bottom had ever been found — there we say, where the sides were broken, and the chasm was no one knows how deep, was a hideous caldron pool, covered with patches of black and hissing foam that whirling in slow and gurgling eddies tumbled over the horrid crags into some infernal den below; and, on the quivering marge of this spectre lake, a white female figure flitted backwards and forwards, wringing its hands in agony, and crying with piteous wail; when suddenly the Headless Fiend emerged from the depths of the seething waters, his wife at his side, all bejewelled and glittering with a thousand prismatic stalactites, her face black as night with shifting shadows, through which broke at times, struggling like drowned star-light, a few fitful gleams of her fiery eyes, "seen but by glimpses." Ben could look no more. For, lo! a thrill of horror pervaded his being, a film gathered upon his eyes, and the whole scene evaporated in a whirlwind of smoke and infernal mist. No wonder that he took to his bed that night at half past eleven punctually, in order that he might be drenched in slumber before the sonorous tolling of the midnight; at which mystic hour all who are acquainted with the laws of demon-land assure us, the infernal gates are thrown open wide, the princes of darkness sally forth in search of victims, and the miser returns to earth, to sigh and gibber over his treasure of buried gold.

Dinah had often laughed at their fears, and invited them to visit her *séance;* with an assurance that it should not involve them in unpleasant results at any future period of their being. They could trust her; but not her brother. They feared to commit themselves to the power of a man who might, after all, have connection with some wicked agency, and who might take advantage of their credulity by reporting them to the Powers of Evil. Dinah assured them he had nothing to do with supernatural arts; and even if he had, he was too much of a gentleman to exert any disagreeable influence on them. Wouldn't do.

But the room. There was no smell of sulphur about it— none of the approved apparatus of magic —none of those mysterious preparations which are terrifically depicted in the "Wolf's Glen;" no owl beneath the blasted tree, with ominous flapping wings, hovering over the edge of a caldron of lurid flame; no circle of skull and bone, not even the orthodox ring of pale blue light that should flicker round it. In the middle of the room there was a large table, on which were distributed a variety of bottles, vases, boxes, and other chemical apparatus. Along with these was a little text-book full of mystic rites. Such deep phrases as, outer and inner life, subtle spirits, ethereal essences, invisible fluids, connection of cause and effect — which connection, in our ignorance, we humbly presume must be the sea-serpent—we put

it to Brother Jonathan — mind and matter, hidden things, formed a pretty considerable item in the commodity: so much so, that one could hardly help suspecting a good deal of it to be imported duty free from the stores of Ignazio Palazzio. Around the walls Dinah had hung a series of portraits, intended to represent the passions and emotions. For Vandyke to have seen them would have been inexorable madness. One head was supplied with a pewter face and goggle brass eyes, and a coronal of erected hair, like the gilded spikes which bristle on the top of the Monument on Fish Street Hill — this was Terror: it was enough to frighten the Wellington Statue from its propriety. Resignation was the perfect incarnation of Despair. Amativeness seemed the embodiment of Hydrophobia. Destructiveness was shadowed forth by the countenance of a weak, irresolute ninny. Happiness was just what one would fancy a person being done to death by tickling. Self-esteem was a lackadaisical blockhead.

To return to the second evening of the feast.

"Well, Dinah," said Benjamin, "there's a-goin' to be no more winter now! I hear as how they've bin and fun out a plan for stopping the earth from going away so far from the sun — always keep it in the same place as near as may be, don't you see. And they're goin' to take out a what-d'ye-call-'em; them things, Ruth, as they has to keep any one else from doing the same sort o' work?"

"A paytent," suggested Ruth.

"That's it — a paytent," resumed Ben. "The shpekification is now at Shomersit House."

"Lor'! ha mussy," exclaimed Dinah, putting up her hands, opening her eyes bigger than the glasses of her spectacles, and the great borders of her white linen cap quivered with fright. "Well, the world's coming to an end, sure enough. I allus said they'd never stop these presumtshis inventions till they made the Lord come down and confound 'em, as He did at the Tower of Babel — goin' up in the skies in balloons, and sich like. He'll be down upon 'em yet afore they thinks on it."

"How much further, then, is the earth away from the sun in winter than in summer?" asked Ruth.

"Oh, child, I don't know. P'raps Ben there can tell ee'."

"Eight or nine miles," replied Ben.

"Lar!" exclaimed Ruth with modest surprise. "Well, I never; as much as that!"

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Anna, bursting out a laughing. Anna was lady's maid to Miss Cohen, and was decidedly a girl of a high class compared with the rest of the servants; and she had received a good education.

"What pain has got into your temper, my lady?" inquired Ben. "Now, Dinah, if you'll please to stand pudd'n, I can rise a glass o' wine

a-piece," and he deposited a bottle on the table. Dinah immediately started off to the pantry.

"Why, to hear your mistake made me laugh — and enough too," said Anna.

"What mistake?"

"To say that the earth is further from the sun in winter than in summer."

"Well, now, you certainly aint a-goin' to have the emperdince to say it isn't?" replied Ben, as he beat a contemplative tattoo with the tips of his fingers on the table.

"Impudence? It wasn't when I went to school."

"Altered a-puppos, dessay. How was it then?"

"Three millions of miles *nearer* the sun in winter than in summer," said Anna, with decision.

"Oh, my Lord! there's a choker!" cried Ben, as he pensively cut a notch in the table to try the quality of the wood. "See what it is now to be a scholar."

"It's truth, however," replied Anna, quietly.

"Oh, cuss me, yes!—coz you said it — sure to be."

"If you have anything to say to me, Mr. Machir, I beg you will use more becoming language; and also remember what evening it is."

"Oh, bless me! I forgot — yes, ahem! my lady. Ye couldn't now do a poor undone sinner

the kindness of puttin' up a prayer for the good of his soul? Your own lies are as much as ye can answer for — enough to do to keep them square, I reckon?"

"I believe I am much less addicted to lying than my accuser; and I certainly don't break the third commandment, nor the sabbath, nor yet get drunk on the Great Day of Atonement. I'm not such a reprobate as that."

"Me break the shabbat? — me get drunk on the Great Day of Atonamint?"

"Yes; and swear too—most vilely."

"Me swear?—You— I'll have you up before the rabbis."

"Whew! You daren't, Mr. Machir."

"Daren't, Lady Pious?"

"Yes. They'd have to put you out of the synagogue. If Mr. Cohen knew your goings on, you wouldn't be here another week. But I don't want you to speak to me; so if you wouldn't compel me to insult you, you had better say no more. I am vexed with myself for ever having anything to do with you."

"When is it I breaksh the shabbat?"

"Always. You generally cook and clean your boots—do anything you want, I think. And you never do without boiling water to make your tea and coffee. In the synagogue though, I look down and always see you more sanctified than enough. As to that, so you are to Mr. Cohen."

"You've no judgment, nor yet sense, nor yet principle, Miss Gersom. Phuph! I wonder I talk to you. *Women* a-comin' to teach the law now. We ought to be holy; time to be gathered home—Eugh."

"I've too much principle to try to pass myself as a better Jew than I am," said Anna.

"Do you know how often you go out in your lady's clothes?" inquired Ben.

"Do you keep account how many bottles of wine you steal from the cellar?"* retorted Anna.

"Lau!" said Ruth, soothingly, "what a pity it is to hear you two quarrel. I'm *so* sorry. Come, make it up, and be comfortable. Dare say there's six o' one to half-a-dozen of the other."

"No, indeed, there isn't," replied Anna. "I'll never be friends with the great fool again. Let him keep his distance from me in future, else he'll get a lift in Miss Cohen's opinion that he little thinks on." And, with this resolution, Miss Gersom left the kitchen, and went to her own room.

* "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn," is a principle obeyed to the letter in many Jewish households. The servants are allowed to take freely of any viands for their own use. Conscience and respect for character are their restraints. This is one of those thousand perverted interpretations of the Word of God which render modern Judaism a burden grievous and intolerable.

"What's the matter with Anna?" inquired Dinah, who had met her in the passage.

"Huffy," said Ben concisely.

"It's a sad thing, with everything to make us happy, we can't live in peace," said Dinah, with a sigh.

"Never mind, Dinah; sliver up the pudd'n. That's jest my style o' taste—plenty o' plums in it," said Ben, as he poured a glass of wine for himself. "Well!" he resumed reflectively, as he elevated the glass to his lips, "Here's, 'May the lover of this never want!'" which sentiment he endorsed by swallowing the contents at a single gulp.

"That's gone!" he said pensively—and he rested the glass on his knee,—"and I feel the good on it. Here's a riddle for you Ruth: 'What's the height of gallantry?' Now that's a good un' for a lady to answer!"

"You must give us time to think," said Ruth.

"Well, ponder it over a glass of wine," said Ben, as he filled several, and passed them round.

"Now your answers," he resumed after a while. "D'ye all give up?"

"Yes," said everybody.

"Kissing a woman as takes snuff!" said Ben, triumphantly.

"Eugh! you nasty fellow," exclaimed Ruth, with becoming alteration of countenance.

"Ruth," said Ben, after a few minutes of deep

and solemn thought; for, like many other gentlemen, Ben always felt his piety enlarge over the wine-bottle, "I see jes now you tipped that glass off as if you liked it."

"Well?" said Ruth.

"Well, now, jes listen to a bit of a moral sentiment that's none the wus becorz it comes from me. Whatever you do, don't you never take up a love for wine or strong drink. It's brought many a fust-rate man, Ruth, to be scragged. A ruined fortun is a bad thing, a ruined constitution is wusser; but of all ruins, Ruth, the wust of all is blue ruin, for that kills up both body and soul."

"Lau bless us! *You* to advise—what next? *You* don't like a glass—do ye?"

"Now Ruth," said Ben tenderly, "speak kind when anybody's tellin' on ye for yer raal good. I don't mean to say as I'm not given to take a little drop *some*times. 'Twouldn't be no sort o' use, cos you knows it. But women's nat'lly less strongly gifted than men. One of our rabbis says, 'Don't even look upon it in the glass, for it will bite like a serpent and sting like an adder.' Now, no simile could say more than that. We all know about a serpent,—how if you comes near it——"

"There, that'll do, for Heaven's sake!" interposed Ruth. "Pious talk isn't your forte, Ben, and you'd best to let it alone—more especially

while you act so different. Rabbi Aben Baruch can tell me all I want to know."

"Well, we'll drop that," said Ben, "since you won't take it as it's meant, Ruth. I'm going up the river a-Thursday, for master, and you might square matters so as to come with me, if you'd like a treat."

"I've got a treat already laid out for Thursday," replied Ruth, "I shall be by the water-side all day."

"He? I didn't know as how you was a-goin' anywhere. Goin' to Brighton long o' Miss Cohen, I reckon?"

"No; I wish she *was* going there. What I mean is, I've got to stand to the wash-tub all day. I've got a month's washing to do for myself."

"Now, Ben," said Rachel, "you know plenty of stories, so tell us one or two."

"Oh! and he tells them so soft, too," said Ruth, "so touching! Don't you think so?"

"Well, what shall I tell?" asked Ben.

"You know plenty, tell anything you like," replied Rachel.

"Very good! I will," said Ben.

And then he proceeded to arrange himself in the proper manner for story-telling. Having tenderly, by the help of both his hands, guided one knee over the other, he cleared his throat, spit at the stove, sniffed, took out his bob-pipe,

tapped it on the table, swept away the tobacco ashes with his hand, drew a whiff or two to see if the way was clear, and then, filling it with the fragrant weed, he deposited the "'bacco-box" in his waistcoat pocket, and raising the candle to his mouth, lit up his pipe, till with the fearful energy of his puffs it vomited forth smoke and cinders like a little Etna. During the whole of these preliminary steps, he continued vacantly staring at the fire, to collect his thoughts: and then he told his wondering auditors the following:—

CHAPTER IX.

LEGENDS.

Of a certain animal named Oannes, that came up out of Yam Suph, or the Red Sea, near the confines of Babylonia. He had a human voice and two heads, one growing beneath the other. His body resembled a wonderful fish; and from the tail of this fish body proceeded his feet, which were like those of a man. At sunset every evening this creature retired into the sea to spend the night. As well as conversing with mankind, and vocally instructing them how to build cities, make laws, and acquire the arts and sciences of civilised life, he wrote concerning political economy. He told them of the colossal ship; which was so large that the captain had to be drawn about the deck in a carriage to give his orders. The masts were so high, and the sails so big, that the sailors who went aloft to rig them while youths, were gray-headed with age before they came down. Once this ship was in great peril from a storm. The sailors were obliged to discharge some of the ballast, in order to lighten the vessel; when, to their

surprise, first one island rose above the waters and then another and another until the land was formed. He told them how Abraham whilst he lived in his native country was put into an oven for worshipping the true God; and that he came out uninjured. He told them of the great raven that always flaps its wings in the windows of the dying. He told them how the man in the moon causes the tides: his share in the matter is to pour water from an immense bucket. Being an excessively lazy fellow, he often ceases work to indulge himself in a nap; and the water takes this opportunity to subside to its level. He told them moreover of Zechariah Hildoth. How he apostatised, and tried to make proselytes to his false religion; how one day, whilst he was preaching, he suddenly died; and on undressing him, "Keep yourselves from idolatry," was found written on the tail of his shirt!

One or two of the traditions which he told we feel inclined to give; but, as we are not so foolishly sanguine as to imagine that we could repeat them with Ben's amplifications and embellishments, we must beg permission to write them in our own way.

One referred to the Garden of Eden and our first parents. The Sacred Garden was separated by a vast ocean from all other parts of the world. It was filled with luxuriant trees, and ever-blooming flowers, and delicious fruits; and the climate

was one perpetual, heavenly spring. In the sixth day of the work of creating the universe, God made the first man, and placed him in the garden to cultivate and to keep it. He called him Adam, or *the man*. The name likewise signifies *red earth*, or *mould;* and also *beautiful, lovely, elegant*, descriptive of his perfect personal beauty. Before creating Adam the Deity assumed a human body, after the frame and shape of which he modeled him. He consisted of two bodies, the one male, the other female. These bodies were joined together by the shoulders; and Eve was formed by merely separating the one from the other. His stature was gigantic. He reached unto the heavens, and extended from one end of the world to the other; but, after his transgression, his height was reduced to one thousand ells, or nine hundred cubits. (Some of the rabbins say that his measure was lowered to one hundred ells.) This reduction was made, not of the arbitrary will of the Deity, but to appease the jealousy of the angels: for they were terrified on account of his enormous height and powers, and requested of God to diminish them, lest, now that his innocence was lost, he and his posterity should make war upon heaven. His body was spiritual; yet tangible and to be seen—like an angel: but through taking the forbidden fruit it was transmuted into one earthy and material. Eve herself was the forbidden fruit. God created her as an intellectual com-

panion for man; a being who, by converse with him, was to enlarge his views of the Deity; and they lived together in a state of virgin innocence. But beguiled by the serpent, she tempted Adam; who eagerly acquiesced in everything emanating from so dear a person, and they fell. The serpent afterwards produced Cain. Adam invented the Hebrew letters, and was the author of several inspired books — one was on the Creation, and another on the Deity. He also wrote the ninety-third psalm; this he did immediately after his creation.

In the tradition respecting Og, king of Bashan, Ben was obliged to contradict himself at every turn. And it really is such a labyrinth, that we know not how to get through it except by deviating somewhat from the usual style of story-telling.

Og, king of Bashan, was the last of the Rephaim,* a race of giants in Canaan, of whom there were several families. The giant Og is a prodigious favourite with the rabbins, and figures alternately as the Orion and Hercules of the Talmud. They give the wildest accounts respecting him and Sihon, who, they say, was his brother. In their wild, imaginative flights, and quite re-

* The word which, in Deut. iii. 11, is translated *giants*, should be rendered by this proper name, Rephaim; for Og was not the last of the giants, but only of a particular race of them.

gardless of the sacred Book they professed to illustrate, they have surpassed the exaggerations of all the Oriental poetry, whether Persian, Arabian, or Indian. A principal subject of the rabbinical traditions is the fable of the Loves of the Angels, that absurd perversion of Genesis vi. 2, which describes the apostasy of the children of Seth, and their taking wives from amongst the proscribed posterity of Cain. The variety of narratives based upon it are extravagant in the highest degree. By them we are told that Og was an offspring of this angelic intercourse with mankind; and—strangely enough—that he was the son, not of a good angel, but a bad. It is thus said that his father was the evil angel Schampiel, and that his mother was no less than the wife of Shem himself. Og was born before the deluge, but his brother Sihon was born in the ark. Their power, in itself past all human comprehension, was vastly increased by the connection which, through their father, they obtained with the Prince of Demons. In the *Jalkut Schimoni*, Moses tells the Angel of Death that "he had been forth to war against Sihon and Og, two heroes of the heathens, who were of so vast a stature, that the waters of the deluge could not drown them, for they reached no higher than their ankles." To exhibit the unconquerable prowess of Israel, it is said of Sihon, that "he was harder than a wall, and taller than

any tower, and no creature born of earth could withstand his strength."

With the usual inconsistency that marks the traditions in the Talmud, we find that the later rabbins began to entertain doubts about Og's being higher than the waters of the deluge. To any ordinary man this, after what Moses had been represented as saying, would have been an insurmountable difficulty; but to the rabbins it was not even a poser. In the *Sevachir* they contradict the *Jalkut Schimoni*, and declare that on the commencement of the deluge, Og, assisted by the power of the Prince of Demons, made an impudent attempt to thwart God and stop the flood by placing his hand over the windows of the firmament, and his foot upon the fountains of the great deep; but God immediately made the waters boiling hot, scalding the giant so severely, that the flesh fell from his bones, and he was compelled to give way. Thus frustrated, he straddled his legs over the ark; and when, by the swelling of the waters, it had reached high enough, he seated himself upon it, and so defied the storm. How he, outside the ark, and his brother Sihon, inside the ark, were supplied with food, we are not very satisfactorily told. If Og retained his appetite in healthy vigour, he required something substantial for his bill of fare. This, as given in the *Sopherim*, was 1,000 oxen and 1,000 head of game, washed down by

1,000 measures of wine.* But in the *Berachoth* we have the monster destroyed at last, after having lived nine hundred years.

Og heard of the approach of the triumphant Israel, and determined to meet them before they set foot on his territory. Tearing from the earth a sheet of rock, six miles in breadth, he lifted it on his head and sallied forth; intending to hurl it on the camp of the Israelites, and crush them beneath it. But some ants were miraculously set to work on the stone as he was on the way; and having eaten a hole quite through it, it fell over his head upon his shoulders, nearly strangling him by its weight. He was thus rendered powerless —a thing of which Moses courageously took advantage. But, even then, the office of dispatching him was no sinecure. Moses — himself being, according to the modest statement of the rabbins, ten ells high — took a battle-axe ten ells long; yet, even then, he was obliged to leap other ten ells to enable him to reach the giant's ankle. There, however, he struck him valiantly; bringing him to the ground; when he succeeded in completing his destruction.

An important evidence of the divine authority of the Scripture may be drawn by comparing the sweet

* Called measures *par excellence*, because the largest in use amongst the Jews, *i. e.* the chomer or ten baths, — sixty-one gallons, three quarts, one pint, imperial measure.

simplicity of the Bible with the vagaries of the Talmud. The Talmud and the other rabbinical writings prove that the Jewish mind is, like that of all the Orientals, inclined to extravagance and romance. Even the reports which the spies brought back to Kadesh-Barnea go to strengthen our assurance that, left unrestrained by Divine power, the Jews could never have written us such a book as the Bible—apart from those wondrous portions of the sacred page which have inspiration stamped in celestial characters on every letter. The correctness and moderation of the language used by the sacred historians, are unequalled by the ancient books of any nation, especially an Eastern one.

We turn from such traditions as these to others of a more pleasing character. The following allegorical saga is thoroughly poetic, and explains the rising and setting of the sun. When the tired sun rests the tip of his orb on the edge of the earth in the western hemisphere, a company of lovely nymphs station themselves beneath the horizon to receive it, and cut it into a thousand parts, with which they pelt the beautiful youths who eternally guard the great gates of the eastern skies. The gallant sentinels, not to be outdone by the frolicsome spirit of their fair antagonists, ascend to the top of the gates, and from thence they sportively throw back the glittering balls, which, careering through the heaven's calm ether, fall in golden showers upon the heads of the beau-

tiful virgins in the west. The Father of the universe looks well-pleased on the innocent diversion of His children; and when it is time for the sun to rise, He opens the doors of the temple in which the dawn is kept, and the nymphs observing it, hasten to collect the golden balls, and uniting them together into one brilliant globe, they suspend it in garlands of flowers culled from the fields of heaven, and bear it amidst singing and harping to the eastern sky. Elevating it above their heads, they launch it forth upon its course; and the beautiful rosy light which we see hovering around it, is the reflection of the retiring virgins' lovely forms.

Here is one connected with that season, when, in the far north, the sun does not set for several weeks, and, if possible, more exquisitely poetical still. The Almighty had a band of lovely virgins and youths who always waited about his person, and accompanied him in all his walks through the celestial paradise, and collected for him the most beautiful flowers and the choicest fruits. Two of these being more faithful than the rest, he confided to them the care of the sun, saying,— "To thee, my son, Shanna, I give the office of kindling the light of the sun every morning, and placing it in its course towards the west." And to the other, he said,— "To thee, Hassim, my faithful daughter, I confide the charge of extinguishing the light of the setting sun, and guard-

ing the celestial flame that no evil happen to it, and its source remain undiminished." Faithfully and untiringly did the youth and the virgin perform their work. In the winter they lit the sun's lamp at a very late hour, and extinguished it early. But as spring advanced, and the birds began to warble joyfully, and mankind came forth to enjoy the beauty of the fresh-budding flowers, they allowed the heavenly flame to stay longer in the sky. At length the summer came, when in the northern world the constant presence of the sun is required to ripen the fruits, and by its brightness to bring the flowers to perfection. Then its lamp must be kept always burning, and it must cast its golden light on the mantle of night, and lose no time in idle slumber. It was then that the two children met face to face for the first time, as Hassim stood upon the western verge of heaven, and received from the hands of Shanna the fading sun. And, as she passed him the lamp with which to rekindle its beams, their eyes met, and Hassim's immortal blush cast an enchanting colouring of light on the whole face of nature, while the gentle pressure of their hands sent a thrill of holy love through their palpitating veins, and filling their hearts with purest joy. The Father of all things saw the loves of his children, so he called them before him, and said, "For a whole year ye have faithfully fulfilled your charge. Ye have safely extinguished the

precious light at night, and kindled it in the morning to awaken the flowers to life and light, and rejoice by its brightness the hearts of men. Henceforth ye shall fulfil your duties conjointly, as man and wife." And, from that time, Shanna and Hassim have performed their charges together; and every morning when he rises from their couch to trim the lamp, he presses a kiss upon her lovely lips, and her rosy blush throws a soft and enchanting light over the whole eastern sky.

What more exquisitely lovely creation than this, dear reader, could we leave for your midnight dreams?

The constellation Ursa Major is the chariot in which Enoch and Elias ascended to heaven. As there is no hope that any mortal will ever be sufficiently pious for it to be required for such a purpose again, it has been given to the angels to carry them about in their various nocturnal excursions amongst the stars. The coachman, who is changed every night, keeps his eye steadily fixed on the celestial focus, the polar star, so that he may keep the two stars which form the shafts of the chariot in a direct line with it. If he were to swerve from this for a moment, the balance would be lost, the whole concern upset, and the angels in the carriage would have their ride spoiled by a precipitate descent to the ground.

Ben had scarcely concluded his tales, when Mr.

Elihu entered the kitchen. A chair was immediately placed for him; and all expressed their gladness at his advent amongst them, in proper orthodox fashion.

"Jest come down to see how your—a—reg'lar habits, so to speak, is getting on," said Mr. Elihu, as he took out his great handkerchief fussily, and wiped his round, fat, oily face.

Ben looked blank.

"O, I'll be bound," said Ruth, looking wisely at him, "it's Miss Cohen, has sent Mr. Elihu down Ben, to see if you've done them two riding-habits of hers as she give you to brush."

"O, beg pardon, sir," said Ben, brightening up; "they ain't done yet. You see, I knowed well enough as how Miss Cohen wouldn't be goin' out this afternoon or evening, so I left 'em till to-morrow mornin', when there 'll be plenty o' time."

"In what particular view is it that you wish me to understand you have left something till to-morrow morning?" asked Mr. Elihu, with conscious greatness.

"Them things as you was speakin' about, sir—Miss Cohen's habits."

"I didn't refer to Miss Cohen's habits," answered Mr. Elihu; "I spoke about your own—want to know how they're gittin' on."

"We, sir!—we!" said Ben, aghast. "Lor bless you, sir, *we* ain't got no habits. What should such as us do with habits?"

"Not got no habits!" exclaimed Mr. Elihu, in alarm. "What *can* be the reason of such a melancholy event?"

"Got no use for 'em, sir. Lor, why I don't suppose as Ruth or Rachel, nor yet Dinah, was ever on the back of a hoss in all their life. Was you, Ruth?"

"O yes," replied Ruth, proudly; "when I was at home, I often used to git up and ride to town behind father."

"Well, I never heerd as how you'd ever riz high enough to have a reg'lar ridin'-habit, howsomever," answered Ben.

"Ah!—yes!" said Mr. Elihu, with a contemplative sigh; "I perceive—a—onquestionably, that you stand in great necessity of some sound personal advice. Excuse me if I say, gentlemen—a—a—Mr.—Mr. Machir and ladies, that I must be very plain in my remarks upon you—I must indeed. In short," he continued graciously, and putting on his grandest style of diction, "I want to know how the religious faculties—the devotional genius, for instance—of your minds is gettin' on, and see if the moral tree of your piety is bearin' plenty of fruit—to speak in a flower. I always feel igspecially interested in our young people. I think they are responsible for enlarged measures of our intellictual desire and attention—our affectionate sympathy, so to speak."

"Well, I'm very fond o' children, myself," said

Ben. "I always thinks you can't be too particular how you trains 'em up."

"Do you like children, Mr.—a—M—M—Machir? Do you take any interest in them, I mean?"

"Oh, much," replied Ben.

"I've jest been giving my views of children, upstairs," said Mr. Elihu, thoughtfully. "And I flatter myself I have reason to hope that my instructive—I mean humble efforts have not been all wasted, as it were. They're rather peculiar, sir; indeed, I believe I may lay sole claim to the honour of inventing them—but they are sound, and, I think, humbly think, might be made a means of extensive usefulness. What's your opinion of the infant mind, Mr. Machir?"

"What do you mean?" enjoined Ben.

"Lau! how stupid you make yourself, Ben," interposed Ruth. "Mr. Elihu means, what sort of a thing it is, of course. Plain English, aint it?"

"Ig—igzackly, miss," replied Mr. Elihu.

"Well, I don't know," said Ben, pensively. "I never thought much about it, you see. Like a man's, only on a smaller scale, I reckon."

"It's strange, sir; but I can hardly find anybody as seems to *me* to rightly know anything about our infant mind. It's a most igstrornary thing, too, in a wonderful overwhelming age like this is, when there's such igstensive desires—such a going out after, as it were. And our young

people, sir, seem to *know* that we don't rightly understand how to manage 'em, sir, and take great liberties with us, and laugh and make faces at us behind our backs, and call us disrispigful epitaphs, and so forth. In eliciting, sir, the talents of love and affection, strengthening the faculties of their spellin's, as it were, learnin' them the genius of ciphering, for example——"

"Excuse me for interrupting you," said Ben; "but are you much of a hand at ciphering?"

"I believe I can do a' most any question you like to ask me," replied Mr. Elihu, in a voice of triumphant decision.

"Well, a young man as I know gave me some questions a little while ago, and I can't do 'em; and nobody else as ever I've come acrost yet."

"W—wh—what are they? If *I* can't do 'em I'm sure nobody else can't."

"Well, you can try," said Ben, unfolding a paper that he had just taken from his pocket. "These is them:—

"'If the light takes three years and a half to come from Sirius, the Dog-star, to the earth; how many bunches of carrots will it take to make a lean donkey fat? and how many ladies' dressing-combs might be made from one of the horns of the moon?'

"'If a man, five feet ten inches high, require a nose three inches long, to set off and make stylish a shirt-collar whose diagonal from the side of a

square is just four inches and a half; how broad must the tails of his coat be?'

"'If three of the staves of a water-butt and the tail of a comet will make a soup strong enough to feed one man for a fortnight; what amount of strength would be required to pull the boot off the foot of a mountain?'"

"Ah, they're some of Mr. Euclid's Problems," said Mr. Elihu, in a *sotto voce*, and wiping his spectacles as he said it; "and I never went through *his* works."

"Well, I've always been given to understand as they were to be done by common figurin'," replied Ben. "I've been told that they are only simple rule of three sums."

"O dear no—mistake, I assure you," answered Mr. Elihu. "If you look among Mr. Euclid's Problems, I know you'll find them there."

And then there was a foolish silence, for Mr. Elihu couldn't help feeling as if, somehow or other, he had lost dignity.

At last he plucked up courage again. "Well," he observed, "as you are all present, I feel at liberty to make a few affectionate reflections, to which I beg your serious regard and attention. I have no doubt,—a—brethren and sisters, that you often let your inktillictual understandings walk abroad, as it were, among the brooks, and trees, and purling fields (as the poet says), and the pretty affectionate little flower-gardens of the

country cottages in this wonderful land of earth. And you have been given to feel that, whichever way and manner you contemplated upon them, they always led you—interestingly led you—inscrutably led you—to observe a kind overruling Providence over all. But it is not merely in everything connected with this world that we may see this; but in all other things that we can possibly invent and imagine—ourselves, for example—our providential existence and life, so to speak. Jest think, now, on this one forcible thought and idea a moment. We all know how much we deserve death for the many inscrutable times as we've broke and transgressed the Holy Law. But, in mercy, this thing that we have so much deserved has been placed, you see, my brothers and sisters, at the end of our life, so to speak. Observe, now, M-M-Mr. Machir—observe, my fellow-sisters, for a short space, how utterly worthless life would have been if the order of things had been changed—if they had been altered, and we hadn't been born first, I mean—and death, ladies and gentlemen, had been placed at the beginning. I don't know whether I can convey to you the precise force of the idea. I don't know——"

Mr. Elihu's lecture was here ingloriously brought to a close by a strange, unearthly clattering on the stone steps that ascended from the kitchen.

"My gracious! Why!—what's that?" sobbed Rachel, starting to her feet.

"O, don't be agitated, dear!" gasped Ruth, her teeth chattering and her lips quivering like an aspen leaf. "O—i—its given me such a turn, you can't think. Ben, what is it? There, it's coming in! Mercy on us! O!"

"Be quiet!" said Ben. "It's only rats, I expect."

"He!" screamed Rachel, gathering her petticoats and leaping upon a chair.

"P-p-pray l-l-ladies, d-d-don't be alarmed," intreated Mr. Elihu, as he dodged about the fireplace, his face blanched to the colour of a winding-sheet. "I'll come inside there, if—if—you please—I m-me-ean I'll take c-c-care of you—yes—a—h! I'll not allow any—O my! O dear!" he exclaimed, jumping upon the table as the clattering entered the room like mad. "I-i-it's a sp-sp-spi-irit, ladies! Oh!—a!"

"Ha! ha! ha!" roared Ben, in a convulsion of laughter. "Well done, it's the cat!"

"*Lau!*" stammered Ruth. "Why, how did she make *that* row, then?"

"Why, some one, Master Joseph, I'll be bound—jest like his tricks—has been puttin' shells on her feet, and then started her off."

"Goodness me!" sobbed Rachel, shaking out her ringlets, and coming down from her pedestal. "But such frights don't do one any good though. Do they, Ruth?"

"O there, I'll tell master of it," said Ruth.

"I mean to say such things are wicked. I'm fit to drop. I do believe I'm going to faint."

"What an alarming instance of the nat'ral inward depravity," remarked Mr. Elihu piously, as he shuffled himself off the table. "Well, as the child is upstairs, I feel at liberty to go and make a few observations to him upon this igstrornary event;" and having so resolved, Mr. Elihu at once retired to act.

CHAPTER X.

MYSTERIES OF THE CABBALA.

Most persons have heard of the Cabbala, but only a very few of them have more than an indefinite idea of its contents. No chapter in the whole history of human life would be more curious, or more astonishing, than that which embodied this philosophy. Nothing so fully exhibits the power, but, at the same time, the utter depravity of the human understanding.

Cabbalism is a strange, unintelligible thing. Its spirit cannot be understood in any valuable measure, except by a course of close, earnest investigation; added to which — and it is no small difficulty — is the mystic, obscure cant pervading the whole style and dialect of the sacred books in which it is written. Inflamed by the poetic fancies of an ardent imagination, joined to a disposition for metaphysical and psychological speculations, the Cabbalists have endeavoured to penetrate into those mysteries and remote things which, as they were not necessary to be known, God has wisely kept hidden from our dim and limited per-

ceptions in the present stage of our existence. The consequences of that pride of human wisdom against which He so emphatically warns His creatures, may be recognised in the self-deifying theories of these wild religionists. The beginning of this philosophy seems to be a dissatisfaction with the amount of Revelation which the Deity has seen it fitting to impart to us, and an enthusiastic desire to set up a theorem of the relations which mankind hold to the Creator and all created things. Thus, these Jewish doctors indulged in profound, abstract ideas upon the nature of God and man, and all the other beings whom He has created, and of the universe itself; until, in strong minds, their speculations were changed to visions of incoherent wildness; and, in weak minds, approaching, in various degrees, to absolute insanity.

The alchemical, or hermetic initiations, as instituted by the Cabbalists, cannot be separated from their theosophic initiations in general; for they all form one mystical and occult whole. Alchemy is used in the beginning, middle, and end of the Cabbala; and it was not until the sixth century of the Christian era that any attempt to make it a separate science was made. It was then that, incited by the enthusiastic Geber, an Arabian philosopher, the European initiates took upon themselves to form a course of initiations for the distinct prosecution of hermetic researches, unbur-

dened by any of the transcendental spiritualism of the Cabbala.

That alchemy originated with the Jewish cabbalists, and that its existence amongst them was, perhaps, coeval with the whole of their theosophy, we have the strongest proof that history and deduction could afford. The Jews themselves declare it positively. But a better evidence than that, is the alchemical interpretation which they give to many passages in the Old Testament; and which we may certainly conclude they would not have done, had they already a fixed theorem respecting them, as viewed in the light of their transcendental spiritualism.

But another proof — and we incline to think it sufficient, if there were no other — is the internal evidence of the Cabbala itself, which shows us that the Jews early commenced an earnest research after the philosophic fire; and even that there is a probability that their alchemical initiations resulted in their mystic spiritualism.

With these remarks we proceed.

Ben Megas and Rabbi Aben Baruch are seated together in a room in the rabbi's house.

Now, before we give cabbalism as a living dramatic reality, we must note that, if anywhere the Cabbalistic philosophy and researches seem to make distinctions between things which, in other respects, they conclude as one — and they do seem

so — it is only because their nice distinctions can never be properly conveyed by *words*. Cabbalists, however learned in their rites, can never give us details of them in common language. They themselves only know them in *spirit*, and after a course of long and patient study.

"Ben Megas, you wish to be a Cabbalist. It is a wish worthy of thee. Our mysterious studies will immediately exalt thee above other men. They will give thee a power which none may slight or contemn. Yet must thou be careful. There are secrets in the Cabbala, which, if touched by one contaminated with the materialism and sensuality collected through contact with mortals and earth, will destroy him utterly. Are you prepared?"

"I am."

"To leave all sensual thoughts and things?"

"Yes."

"Good." He bent forward musingly, his eyes fixed in a thoughtful rapt expression; and he seemed to be intently listening as though he could hear a sound.

"Hush! Soft fans the amorous air — my bright Eliel speaks —

> She weaves around her magic spell,
> Sings of our love, while spirits tell
> How she outshines them far;
> With light that dims each star.
> Being, beautiful as day,

I gaze my life, my soul away,
Ecstatic in thy glance divine:
I feel I soon shall call thee mine,
Joined in a world of light for ever,
Where death and sin can sunder never.*

Peace be with thee, my gentle spirit!

"Well, Ben Megas, I now shall know how I may initiate you; for be assured that, had I any doubts of your intention, so I would be no party to your ruin. I should keep you quite ignorant of the highest mysteries of our learning. Listen while I expound to you the great objects of your life then; which, having done, you shall commence seeking them at once.

"Mankind is a retrograded, degenerate race. In its relations with the Great Eternal and Ideal elements, it is altogether changed. Every generation since the creation, and even the Jews themselves — alas! that I should say it — get worse, more sensual, more material. Even our religion is rapidly becoming gross and material; as that of the Christians and all idolators is quite so. Sin is not that thing which it is generally understood to be. It is an infusing of the spirit with sensible and mundane things, until it becomes so completely mingled with earth, that it is entirely sepa-

* Mingling with the mystified cant with which the Cabbalists surround their secret rites, they extemporise poetry in the dialect of the Cabbala, whenever the spirit takes them—and that is often enough.

rated from its spiritual Source and Essence. The spirit is the life; and every pleasure we give it through physical means, adds a link to the chain that ultimately makes us quite material and sinks us down to original darkness; where the Infernal begins. You comprehend me?"

"I do, so far."

"This degradation commenced when Eve, leaving her high occupations, felt desires to gratify the spirit through the body. She tempted Adam. He listened to her, alas! Their simplicity and innocence were lost. The foundation of sensual pleasures was laid; and, since then, mankind in all generations have been adding to it, till it has attained its present mountain size and deadly power. Have you marked me?"

"I have."

"By the Cabbala, Ben Megas — listen now! — By the Cabbala we penetrate the secret soul of the universe, the hidden spirit of the material; we unite ourselves to the spiritual; we get the command over the sensible and infernal, the relation to the celestial which man had when first created. We attain the power to dissolve all that is gross in our nature, till we rise to the spirit of all things — the Primeval Æther — Life — Intellect. I have said."

"I understand."

"It is well. All matter consists of three prin-

ciples, the celestial — the gross, or sensible — and the infernal."

"Yes."

"That is the outline, then. Now to approach it in detail; and may success crown thy learning! Come with me. Fear not. Thou wilt see a strange room and strange things; but if thou art to be a Cabbalist, Ben Megas, thou wilt see stranger yet."

Aben Baruch walked away with a quick step, Ben Megas following. He descended the staircase to a large apartment on the first story.

CHAPTER XI.

MYSTERIES OF THE CABBALA CONTINUED.

THE light of day was entirely excluded. A solitary lamp threw its pale rays around on the walls hung with white draperies, and the huge agglomeration of implements used in the mystic rites. At the end of the room a curtain was drawn in massive folds, forming a smaller chamber. It was furnished with the voluptuous luxuries of the East; the sun lit it by day, softly glistening lamps by night; and on a rich lounge or bed, both of which it contained, the Cabbalist reposed in transporting intercourse with the heavenly sylphs with whom his mystic rites brought him into contact.

But indeed the whole apartment was so festooned and draperied, that it had a mysterious influence upon the spirit the moment it was entered; and everything was arranged with consummate reference to excite a voluptuous and transcendental ideality.

In the midst of all were the two mystic vases. The one used to dissolve and purge away all matter till only the spirit was left; the other to ex-

plore for the elixir vitæ and philosopher's stone. The elixir vitæ is the cup of immortality — the drink of angels — which the heathen poets have sung with raptures trebly intensified. The philosopher's stone is to turn all that is true, or mercurial, in matter into gold.

The door was closed. Aben Baruch spoke.

"Spirits of earth, and fire, and water, and air! In the name of the Eternal Light and Essence, of whom ye are an emanation and expression, I speak peace!"

"Ben Megas, earthly questions intrude not here, nor earthly thoughts. Remember! Here we explore and unfold the secrets of another world and life."

He took several books from a table near, and spread them open before him. As the soft white light fell round his silvery hair and beard, he presented an appearance so fascinating in its dim obscurity, that one could not look upon him without a strange veneration. Ben Megas began to feel those mysterious emotions which coincidence of things, and scene, and mental predisposition could not fail to excite.

"All things have a destiny," said Aben Baruch, in slow and measured cadence. "But even destiny, impossible as it seems, even destiny may be unravelled — may be exchanged for the possible; even for the probable. For destiny is merciful as well as inexorable; and, like all other things, has

its laws. Which laws, if found, we may make a destiny for ourselves; for we subvert, combine, dissolve those laws, and make or mingle them entirely to our own caprice.

"All that we now see in the actual world is a mere monumental pile of that material love and worship which, in all ages, has usurped the place of pure elementary communion with the unseen. The mysteries of extinct eras might perhaps appal the most transcendant courage; therefore it is that they have faded into myths. Happy is he who believes without questioning — who, by the medium of purity and the ideal, converses with them without inquiring.

"Our learning, Ben Megas, commences with the traditions and philosophy which Moses handed down to the Jewish doctors; and thence it includes all the investigations made by them from time to time, in the schools of initiation, together with the theories based upon them. Thus it forms one great system of what are called the transcendental and occult sciences of initiation; which mankind know by the names of mythology, astrology, theurgy, geomancy, magic, soothsaying, and divination; but which is really and properly the circle of mystic sciences comprehended under the title of theosophy. It is thus that it was studied, eulogised, and enforced by Aben Ezra, Cornelius Agrippa, Scotus, Reuchlin, Alcuin, Albertus Magnus, Paracelsus, Erigena, Helmont, Poirel Cam-

panella, Drexelius, Rabenus Maurus, Geber, Lullius, and Boehmen, with many others. Those esoterics who were so widely distributed over Europe and Asia during the mediæval ages, under the varied names of diviners, prophets, Manichæans, freemasons, astrologers, alchemists, Rosicrucians, *et id genus omne*, damaging our glorious science by their blundering initiations, were not Jewish Cabbalists, but only half-learned scholars who had diverged from them.

"Mark me now. We divide our initiations into three classes — the celestial, the intelligible universe, and the infernal. Between these three, the alchemical or hermetic researches, are the mediative power.

"Am I understood?"

"So far, well," replied Ben Megas.

He opened one of the books of the Cabbala, and read: —

"Alchemy, Ben Megas, is the science which discovers 'the most secret laws of chemistry, the essences of material natures, and the composition or decomposition of all physical things.' This is the wide and sweeping field, which by this branch of learning lies open before you, Ben Megas. You see it solves all that is essential and real.

"Very well. The first thing we require is the philosophic fire — without this nothing can be done. The want of it is the cause of the invariable failures committed by the subordinate theoso-

phists — who are able to attain nothing but the common kitchen fire. This philosophic fire is the Ἠλεκτωρ, or the fiery essence which is the *primum mobile* of the universe. It animates all physical things; it puts all in motion. It is the first element in nature. It elicits all. This principle was worshipped by the ancient Greeks and others, under the name of Jove — or Jupiter Elicius; and thus Ovid applies the term:

> 'Eliciunt cœlo te, Jupiter; unde minores
> Nunc quoque te celebrant, Eliciumque vocant.'

This fire is the soul of the universe, the mediator between all physical and spiritual things, the first great emblem of God. Some of the Cabbalistic philosophers believe that the Eternal resides in it; others that it might contain the seat of the blessed. I believe neither of these. Nor are you to confound this theory, with those embraced by the Persians, Indians, Arabs, Sabæans, &c. They derived theirs from us; but, in passing into their hands, it was transmuted till it became merely gross and material — while ours is transcendental and ineffable.

"Artephius has devoted much attention to explaining this fire. His enthusiastic and learned convert and disciple, Pontanus, followed in his steps, and treated of it yet more fully, when giving directions to his scholars, so that they might make no mistake. Hear what he says:

"'Our fire is mineral, it is equable, it is continual. It does not evaporate if it be not too strongly excited. It participates of sulphur. It is not taken from matter. It destroys all; it dissolves, it congeals, it calcines, all. Artifice is required both in discovering and preparing it. It costs nothing, or almost nothing. Moreover it is humid, vaporous, analysing, metamorphosing, penetrating, subtle, etherial, gentle, unconsuming, uninflaming, surrounding all, containing all, and absolutely unique. It is also the fountain of living water, in which the king and queen of nature continually bathe themselves. This humid fire is essential in every work of alchemic art — in the beginning, middle, and end; *for the whole art consists in this fire.* It is both a natural fire, an unnatural fire, and an anti-natural fire. It is a fire at once hot, dry, moist, and cold, which neither burns nor inflames. Think of what I tell you and labour diligently, and do not avail yourself of any foreign material.'

"Here, Ben Megas, is what another says:

"'Our *philosophic fire* is a labyrinth from which the most sagacious can scarcely extricate himself; for it is altogether occult and secret. The fire of the sun cannot be this secret fire. It is interrupted and unequal. It cannot furnish a heat, exact in every degree, measure, and duration. Its fervour cannot penetrate the depth of mountains, nor kindle the coldness of rocks and mar-

bles, that receive the mineral vapours of which gold and silver are formed.

"'The vulgar fire of our kitchens hinders the amalgamation of miscibles, and consumes or evaporates the delicate ties of constituent particles. It is, in fact, a tyrant.

"'The central and innate fire in matter has the property of mingling substances, and propagating new forms. But it cannot be this philosophic heat, so much renowned, which produces the decomposition of metallic seeds; for that which is in itself a principle of corruption cannot be a principle of restoration, but by accident.'

"This thaumaturgic fire, this essential spirit — πνεῦμα — is perfectly invisible, and can only be seen in its second development, *light*, and felt in its third development, *heat*. It is the parent of light and flame, but must not be confounded with them, since these are but its sensible developments — the external manifestation of an internal and mysterious principle. It is a secret element in the universe; difficult to be discovered; difficult to be retained; and difficult to be used.

"In distilling this fire from the labyrinthine being of nature great care is necessary; for any error on the part of the Cabbalist might cause his destruction. This has happened. The philosopher neglected to attend to all the rites prescribed, and was smitten by the fiery spirit.

"Having obtained this philosophic fire, we are

furnished with the key that unlocks the whole mysteries of nature. The power that is to set matter free from spirit, spirit from matter. We pour unceasing streams of it upon 'the womb of metallic seeds' [*i. e.* the alembic]; we come in connection with all that is spiritual—*for this fire is the initiation to spirit life*—and are prepared 'to throw light on every part, and reduce to order every anomaly of materialism.' We can compose and decompose; resolve all that is 'mundane, essential, sensible, material,' on the one hand, till it is reduced to formless matter or Darkness, the Principle of Evil; and, therefore, where the Infernal commences. On the other hand, we analyse, metamorphose, combine, and exalt it until it attains the form in which the essential is lost in the super-essential or ideal; from which spring life and intellect. And then we have reached 'Eternal Innocence,' 'Free Spirit,' 'Time without limit,' or 'Immortality;' and there the celestial being commences. Between these two sole Principles in being—the Principle of Good and the Principle of Evil—the celestial and the infernal—the occult or philosophic fire is, as I have before said, the 'Mediator.' Understand me?"

"I believe I do," replied Ben Megas.

"Before you arrive at this stage in your researches, you will be brought into contact with the spirits who reside in matter. At another time I shall speak of these more plainly. As your

efforts approach perfection, these pure and beautiful beings will be more with you ; until at last when your studies are realised, you will join them completely. This will be when you have arrived at that part of the initiations where the material dissolves in the ideal and intellectual. You will then have found the exact combination necessary to make the elixir vitæ or essence of life—the cup of Immortality. This cup of life will, when drunk, purge away all in your body that is material, essential, and leave only that which is spiritual, intellectual, life, immortal. The same ingredients which compose this cup of life, that sets the spirit in matter free from all that is simply sensible in it, will in another proportion produce the philosopher's stone, which will convert all that is true or *mercurial* in matter into the purest gold ; while all that is not mercury will be destroyed.

"In this I have given you, Ben Megas, a partial outline of one portion of our ineffable philosophy. There you see the two vases ; there is the small one, in which I make the secret fire ; there are the nine primitive forms of matter.

"This will be as much as you can remember and understand at present."

CHAPTER XII.

TREMBLINGS OF THE SPIRIT.

STEINBERG was a Jew of the credulous sort. He believed in the Talmud, Cabbala, the Targums, Maimonides, and everybody—if they were only a rabbi. Some of his superstitions were ludicrous enough. He had few things in common with either his wife or his daughter. He had his own sacred plate, and his own knife and fork; and he tried to inspire a devout and ardent spirit even into the hard hearts of his stone-ware and crockery; for all his personal property was marked with the words *עורו לבבכם—even to his frying-pan! This was Steinberg's seal royal, and woe be to him or her that used the article it was on. If any one did, a perfect pantomime ensued. Steinberg swore, stamped, danced, prayed, spun, and threatened, all in a breath. He never sat upon a seat after a Gentile either. He had a great liking for their money, and, as it was, most of his business was done with this race; but Stein-

* Lift up your heart.

berg entered into the necessary arrangements never to have his rule infringed. In the room where all his business of any importance was conducted there was one chair with a wooden bottom—for that could be washed—which he always appropriated to himself. If, however, by some extraordinary stroke of ill-luck one of his visitors forestalled him by applying this chair to his own use, Steinberg was furnished with an enormous handkerchief, with which he instantly began fussing and mopping over the seat of one of the others, all the time complaining of "dusht," and "lazy shervantsh," and grunting like the learned pig when nuzzling amongst the letters of the alphabet, though the chair was already as clean as hands could make it. The result always was, that he could not dust it sufficiently clean to be allowed contact with his old, rusty, drab terminations; and so the wide-spread handkerchief left open upon the seat.

At the time we see him now it was the last evening of the passover feast. He was intensely engaged in his devotions; for indeed he was very pious in his way, and fasted every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday, till sunset. He was reciting his prayers, at the same time walking up and down the room at a violent pace, working his arms rapidly, rolling his head, and wagging his tongue between his teeth. At intervals he paused to pat his dog upon the back; who for the most

part occupied himself in spinning around like a whipping-top, in the vain attempt to overtake his tail—emblem of the vanity of earthly expectations. Having concluded his prayers, Mr. Steinberg went to a seat, and taking up the Gobar,* a book of which he did not understand a word, he began reading it with indefatigable energy, while he continually rocked his body to and fro.

The only other person present was his especial friend, Levi Abraham. Mr. Abraham was, in a small degree, an initiate of the Cabbala. He was a man of about fifty years of age, and of very reverend aspect. One could not help feeling awed in his presence. His severe physiognomy was half buried in a long, grey beard. His skin was of a deep olive tint; his nose sharp and aquiline; his black, piercing eyes gleamed from beneath a pair of shaggy eyebrows. His light coverlet hung very loosely around his spare form, fastened at the waist by a girdle, and leaving a passage for his thin, cold hands. He was incessantly engaged in writing, while he mumbled half sentences to himself. Ever and anon he suspended his work, to perform various mystic operations to a small lamp that burnt before him; and then he presented to it, by means of a small pincers, some metallic body that inflamed, while a blue sul-

* The Gobar is the text-book of the Cabbala; and the reading it, even by those who know nothing of its meaning, is considered very meritorious.

phureous vapour hovered round it, and then dropped, melting hot into a small vessel that he held beneath. Having collected as much as he wanted, he poured a liquid into it from a vial at his side; and then he placed it over the flame, constantly stirring it, and muttering broken words. Small scintillations escaped from it with an explosive noise; and when these had ceased, he mingled it with another liquid, and the process was complete.

Mr. Abraham had been ill, and was supposed to be at the point of death. When in this condition, he made a vow that if God would restore him to health, he would write His name on parchment, with the most durable ink he could procure from the arts, a hundred times every day, until he had done so a hundred thousand times. And at each time he would repeat the name to himself, and say a prayer.

By his knowledge of alchemy, he had invented an ink, which he called the "concentrated ink of metallic substances;" and he proposed that it was durable as the parchment itself. It evaporated rapidly, so he was obliged to make it often, and in small quantities.

After a long while, he seemed to be much wearied with his task. So looking on Steinberg, who was still deeply absorbed in his book, he said,—

"Dost thou know, Solomon, of the dying of Rabbi Ben-Uzziel?"

"Yesh; I know. My dear nobil freund! Hish mind, they shay, ish in ein state of unendlich irritation."

"Yes, brother; he suffers much on account of the awful change that must soon pass over him."

"Ah!" half soliloquised Steinberg. "The shtruggle mit death! Zhat's mot it ish. *Il timor di morire fa tremare i più coraggiosi,*—the fear of death shakes the strongest man alive. An excellent ixhpounder of the holy law, Levi, ish fallen amongsht ush."

"Moses himself—blessed be he!—could hardly be better."

"I'm bin sehr krank myshelf seyne thee wash here lastly. I'm had much dolors, and never could get no slipp. Cosht me drei poundsh to pay my medicine wit."

"How is the child? Is it well with her?"

"Ya, ya," groaned Steinberg.

"The time of brother Cohen's marriage with her is approaching now, isn't it?"

"'Tish shettled for the last eine briefe to be on the shecond of Tammuz—in ein fortnight after the Shabuaut."*

"God has blessed thee with a lovely child, Solomon. She is an ornament to our afflicted race. I'm glad so suitable a husband is found for her, and pray they may be as happy as we expect."

* Feast of Pentecost.

"Ja, ja," growled Steinberg, off the loss of his three pounds. "Happy enough."

"What portion hast thou fixed to give her, my brother?" inquired Mr. Abraham.

Steinberg looked inexplicable: then he turned his eyes upwards for another dose of comfort: and then he slowly raised his fore-finger to his ear. In this way he signified to his "freund" that he had some suspicion he was earwigging him.

After a few moments, however, he relented, and drawled out, with an uneasy jerk—"It'sh not shettled."

"But you know."

"No. Due or drei hundret shoverinsh I thinksh to sink mit her."

"Nay, Solomon, I say. To such a man as Isaac Cohen—what will the brethren say?"

"Shay! Vat caresh I als any of them shay! Vat doesh it matter to me vot they tinksh mit? *Cospetto!* Vat should I give away my shubstance for? Vat for should I pay my monete to Isaac Cohen for no goot? Did I shay to him, mill you take mein daughtersh to you for eine wife? Prayersh of Abraham! If he can't become her his wife witout monete, let him leave her. I vantsh him not."

"This sounds ill, Solomon, I tell you, for an Israelite: and especially towards one of the family of the Cohanim."

"For vat! I'm a poor man, brother Levi:

Vater Abraham knowsh I'm a poor man. I'm bin torn to pieshes wit dolors. I'm had losshes —schr losshes: and mit all my thrifty shavins I can hardly cover them. Vosh dere not de affair of Jacob Frankein, which losht me dirteen dousand shoverinsh? And then there wash my agent in Naplesh, to whom this commission I conshign —'Shend me a parshel of the finesht shpecimens of antic coinsh and gute bronzes mich you can getsh: and wit these 15,000 ducati you alsho shall worth them mit.' Vell, he resheive my ducati and my conshignment, all simplesh and direct; and the firsht ting I hear mit him ish, dat he'sh made up eine marriage mit some antiquary's daughter, and all my monete ish spent wit flaring up on hish Julia or Sharah, michever she is. Then, vash not mein best boxh of jewellery shtole from my shop eine monat past, and I no trace of the roguesh. To shay notin of billsh and coinsh unpaid: and the bankrupt goldsmith, mit whom I lent a hundert tousand poundsh, and I'll not get als many pennish. I'm a needy man, Levi, I tell you. The God of my vaters grant I may not be broughtsh to want." And Steinberg clasped his hands in a seeming passionate conflict with his misfortunes.

"Never mind a feather or two, Solomon," said Mr. Abraham; "You have enough left, and you will fly the lighter."

"Oh Cappita!" gasped Steinberg. "You

know not vat you shay. You've gotch too much noishy voice—*il s'emporte trop facilement.*"

And then he took up his Gobar and began to read with tremendous fervour. Abraham turned to make himself some more ink.

CHAPTER XIII.

BARON PUTOWSKI.

It was the same evening, and about ten o'clock, that two travellers, seated on horseback, rode at a rapid pace over the great road that enters London from Bath and the western counties. One was a young man of about seven-and-twenty years of age, moderate stature, and slightly built. His ample military cloak, a very little open in front, disclosed a short braided jacket, buttoned to the throat. His cavalry overalls, strapped and topped with leather, had rows of large silver buttons down the sides. Double-rowelled spurs were fixed to his boots; which ever and anon, with a gesture of impatience, he pushed against the sides of his jaded horse. Suspended to his belt he carried a heavy sabre. A pair of long epaulettes of silver bullion marked his rank as that of lieutenant of Prussian grenadiers; and on his head he wore the low flat foraging cap belonging to the officers of that corps.

His companion was a man of widely different stamp. He was taller, broad-chested, and pow-

erful; long limbed, muscular, and wiry; altogether he looked the perfection of military hardiness and activity; equally ready to endure exposure and fatigue in the field, or to enjoy a temporary repose in good, snug, snoozy quarters. A black, shaggy beard and immense hanging moustaches adorned the lower part of his countenance; and the purple scar produced by a recent sabre-cut, from the eye-brow completely across the cheek, gave a rather unattractive appearance to the upper half. Contempt of danger and reckless daring were legibly written on every feature; and when he smiled—which was but seldom—his glittering eyes, and certain lines about the mouth, gave a cruel, almost a savage expression to his physiognomy. He wore the uniform of a captain of heavy dragoons, and a ponderous sword hung by his side. He kept his cloak wrapped tightly around him; as much it seemed to screen him from observation as to protect him from the cold; for the night was excessively foggy.

"How far are we from London now, Putowski?" asked the younger one.

"'Tis hard for me to say. *Bagatello!* Those few dim rays before us flickering like drowned star-light must be Brentford, I think. *Diavolo!* but the musty air smells homely still."

"Would you like to be an Englishman again?"

"Santa Vergine! Not I. No power, even if it were the devil who has served me so well yet,

should have brought me here if it had not been to carry away some of their heavy gold. Wo betide Maria Theresa if I get it!" he muttered between his teeth, and clenching his fist with convulsive energy.

"I'm all of a toss with impatience to be at our work," said the younger one. "What do you think will be the first move?"

"If I have a word in the matter—and that all the direction will, as usual, fall on my shoulders, I make no doubt—well then, I say, we shall advance upon Lintz at the same time that Velasquez bears down upon Vienna. But curse me! if we are not quick the Hungarian Diet will be assembled, and Maria Theresa will make an impression that a few ounces of blood will not suffice to blot out."

"And then?"

"Victory is ours—that must be. But it would cost many a brave man his mess, Motjisk. No matter. A soldier or two will be a cheap purchase of such ends. Look you:—the plan already mooted, if acted upon with due precaution, will carry triumph through Vienna and up to the gates of Presburg, before Philip or Charles Emmanuel have collected a single regiment. And, if we can get the country without their help, why, by all law—human, celestial, and infernal, the place is our's—isn't that just?" he asked with a diabolical sneer.

"Go on," said his companion.

"The plan is, that our division penetrate into the Austrian territory and take Lintz by surprise. A small force would be enough to effect that. This expedition might commence between sunset and sunrise. A party of active guerillas, well acquainted with the country and accustomed to such enterprises, might accomplish it with little loss. Not so, if we approached it in broad daylight, with the few light troops which we can afford to devote to this service. The country is wild, and swarms with the Austrians. Our first shot would bring overpowering numbers against us, and not one of us would ever enter the gates; while the narrow defile between the mountains would render a safe retreat impossible. But to approach under cover of the night, and throw out a few videttes to feel the way, and give the main body an alarm in case of necessity, though a little desperate, will most likely be successful."

"If we are discovered, it will be certain death to us all," said the young man. "Our bodies would be riddled like a hair-sieve, and we not able to pay back a single shot."

"Well, that's an after consideration. When there's work to be done, it must be done," replied the other tersely.

"Oh, yes," said his companion in a careless tone. "When we are in for fighting, there's nothing to be done but take it kindly, and mix up

the neat and the ugly jobs together, so as to make a middling sort of stuff."

"And hark you, Motjisk," resumed the other; "should my lucky demon, who has helped me so faithfully in many a less honest cause than the present, fail me now; and should he take to flight, the coward! before a few pounds of cast-iron from an Austrian cannon, I'll even risk my last adventure by myself without him. *Cospetto!* The Virgin be praised! I'm no schoolboy to quail before bamboo and popguns, nor a mad Jew in search of the philosopher's stone. And if, boy, I am out in my reckoning for this, the first time in my life, I'll even take a last random shot at the head of Maria Theresa herself—understand me. And if in my way to her throne I should stumble either over an amorous dame awaiting her adored, or an insane lover serenading his mistress, *bagatello!* I'll still play my part to the life, and send them to paradise with her."

"You are not overburdened with conscience, Putowski," said the young soldier. "Confound it all, I don't like what you've just said—I may as well out with it."

"Conscience, boy! Too unsalable a commodity in this world, whatever it may be in the next."

"What place is this?" asked the other.

"It should be Hammersmith. Holy mass! what light is that bouncing and jumping about

like an opera girl in the fields there to the left of us? Mayhap it's some old woman's sprite come out to entice us to her den to-night." And he laughed ironically at his suggestion. "An ugly piece of weather this," he pursued, "to measure out for two who were able and willing to pay for a better. A curse upon this rotten mist! I can see nothing to perfection. Around and about is a thorough English fog, as if it were cooked up from Beelzebub's Sunday caldron on purpose to blind and choke me; while the blinking stars squint mockingly on my confusion. Push the spurs into the flanks of that lazy beast of thine, Motjisk; the old ivy-owl will else have gone to roost, though it is not quite morning."

The steaming horses struck off into a maddened gallop, which was scarcely checked before they were pulled up outside Steinberg's door.

"This is the house, or my memory plays me traitor," said the elder horseman. "No matter. If it belongs to somebody else we'll knock a reply out of it. Have at my mark, and no time for parley," he pursued, as he thundered away at the door.

Strange mutterings were indistinctly heard, accompanied by a short cough. A window over the door opened slowly; and a head, buried to the throat in a white cotton nightcap, was thrust forth.

"*Pazienza!* Whosh dat? Vatsh the matter mit you?" said a voice—whose but Steinberg's?

"*Corpo di Bacco!*" replied the horseman. "Matter, man! What should be the matter when people knock at the door? Isn't it they want to come in?"

"Vat beesnisse ish it you become mit this house?" growled Steinberg.

"That's old Steinberg, else I've forgotten his croak," observed the traveller.

"Ya, ya, mein title ish Mishter Steinberg."

"Well, look you, *Mishter* Steinberg," said the other, with a sneer, "I don't use to stand on words or trifles. So, if you don't see fit to come down and receive a friend in a delicate, lady-like manner, I'll even do what I've often done when I got my living at the trade of an Italian lover, and had to carry off a new mistress every week—try the virtue of my sword at door-hacking;" and he drew it as he spoke.

"Vater Abrahamsh! Here'sh a shtorm and turmoil. Who are you? Vat are you come mit? Vat do you mean wit dis *strepitusness?*"

"Let me in, and I'll tell ye, friend usurer, antiquary, coin-seller, miser, swindler, or whatever name you call yourself. A right understanding is sympathy, *amico mio*, and sympathy is bond and union. Eh, Steinberg? Look at me—do I look like a spendthrift in want of money? or do you take me for a thief?"

"*Ne temo moltissimo*—I am very much afraid of it."

"A curse upon your fears and your Greek. Are you coming?"

"Ja ja!" conceded Steinberg, with a cough and a grunt.

"Carl, take the horses to the nearest stable," said Putowski to the lieutenant. "You'll find me up aloft in the old raven's nest."

"It was ill done, Steinberg, it was ill done, I tell you," he said, as the door was opened, "to keep a friend there, palavering and juggling in that way. But—*per un Ebreo!*—it is well you've come as you did, for I was bent to kick up the devil."

"But I didn't know only a shight mit you."

"Then make a breach in those thick ears of thine, and I'll try to make it plain to thy stupid scull. Hark you. I am, or rather I was, Arnold Percival; now Baron Putowski, at your service," and he bowed with mock servility. "And I want some of your money; so tip up handsomely, friend miser, if it's only for old acquaintance sake."

"You've come wit bad timesh, signor," muttered Steinberg, deprecatingly. "I'm shwimmin' in troublesh—eat up mit kranks, even in my slipp. I'm a needy man, signor; livesh no tag witout much caresh. Mine ish no *letto di dammasco*—damask bed."

"Look ye!" said the stranger, in an indifferent voice, throwing himself into a chair, resting one

hand on the hilt of his sword, and crossing his legs composedly, but at the same time fixing Steinberg with his glittering eye. "Look ye, friend Steinberg! it's many a year, now, since we first met—no matter where, for whose occasion, upon what business, or to what intent—and you tried hard to swindle me out of twelve hundred pounds, in good English sovereigns; and, *dottore mio*, would have succeeded, only, my stars be praised! in me you found you had your match for wit and cunning—so, Fortuna be thanked! I know you pretty well, body and soul—in designation, avocation, character—in everything but *creed*. Have a care, man, I say, how you trifle with me. Money I intend to have, if I can find it in your den or any of your cosy crannies," and he grasped his sword-hilt menacingly as he spoke. "Humph! Think you not," he pursued, seizing a book which lay upon the table, and flinging it open on his knee; "think you not, Master Steinberg, I know that this is the book by which you profess to act for the eternal well-being of your soul—humph! that is, if you have a soul—and that in this book, I say, this book of saintly hieroglyphics and Hebrew trumpery, lying is forbidden and made a crime to merit endless punishment here and hereafter; and yet, Mister Steinberg, look ye, you—old and grey-headed sinner that you are—whom God could have made 'eine vater' of such a daughter as you have, but to save you from

utter reprobation— you, I say, can look me in the face and tell me you have no money—a pretty tale, *cospetto!*"

"There'sh als the billsh and monet I lent to your freund the Tuscan *ambasciatore*. I'll loozh every ducat. It's trown me in much *imbarazzo*."

"Well, never mind him now, *amore mio*. *Egli è un pretto furbo*—he's a very knave. Like you, friend swindler, *egli è il più gran briccone che mai sia stato*—he's the greatest rogue that ever lived."

"Bonesh of Jacob! You no neet—"

"*Affare!*—business," said the soldier, oracularly.

"Vat monete do you mont, signor?"

"Half a million—say six hundred and fifty thousand,—every sovereign of it."

"Vell, call eine due or drei tags and I'll treat wit you, signor."

"*Per Jovem!* two or three 'tags!' Why man, I must leave here in an hour or two. What you do must be done now."

"I can't. Itsh the feasht of the Pasach."

"The feasht of the Jew's harp?" said the stranger: and he laughed immoderately at his suggestion.

"Ja! ja!" grunted Steinberg uneasily; "you musht come when itsh done."

"I shall have the money now," said the stranger, coolly.

"What bondsh am you gotch to leave wit me?" asked Steinberg.

"Here—and to them you see the king's seal, and the great seal of the kingdom."

"This the king'sh *sigillo*, signor?"

"Didn't I say so, friend usurer?"

"Ber gute! I shuppozh itsh all shafe."

The soldier smiled an ironical smile. Whereupon, Steinberg shuffled off to his strong box, and produced bills to the amount of six hundred and fifty thousand pounds; which, with fatherly tenderness and an uneasy growl, he deposited with the cavalier.

"I shall ixhpect to be paid wit the entire shum mit one lot."

"Certainly," said the stranger. "How else would you have it, man—*un tanto la settimana?*—so much a week."

"And if I should be in want of monet I shall write mit you."

"To be sure, friend; you must write often to your humble servant. *Le vostre lettere mi sono sempre grate*—your letters are always welcome to me. Eh, Steinberg? *Molto fedelmente il vostro*—very faithfully yours. That's the style, *amico mio*, isn't it? Ha! ha! ha!" and he laughed at his joke to his heart's content.

"*Addio, favorito!*—farewell, darling;" he said, placing his great hand in Steinberg's. "*Io vi amo—da capo al piede*—I love you, from top to

toe. Enough—*temo d' esservi nojoso. Addio!*—I fear I shall tire you. Farewell."

The same hour the horsemen departed.

Our readers may dislike being presented to such a person as this. But we have an end to serve in giving his character such prominence. What that is, their perspicacity will hardly fail to discover in the proper place.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MARRIAGE.

Immediately on the close of the Pasach, the seven days' feasting and rejoicing which precede a Jewish marriage were commenced at Mr. Cohen's. For David was now to be united to Miss Hermon Aben Baruch, to whom he had for several months been affianced.

It is usual to keep the feast at the house of the father of the bride: but for various family reasons Mr. Cohen desired that all the friends of the betrothed should be assembled at his own. These are, indeed, days of festivity. Visitors are made welcome at all hours; but the guests usually assemble at about from one to two or three o'clock. They are all of the gentle sex; male visitors being jealously excluded. If, however, they come — and generally they do — they are allowed free intercourse amongst the lower rooms; where the tables are kept constantly and abundantly spread with cakes, preserves, pies, pâtés, wines, and fruits of the richest description, in endless variety.

But on no terms whatever are they admitted into the presence of the family circle. This is the rule; but, like all others, it has exceptions. These are, when the male visitor is closely allied to the family, or is on terms of very intimate friendship with its members. Then, "by particular desire," he will be admitted to the upper house. Here the display is very brilliant.

It was the seventh day of the rejoicing. At the head of the room sat Mr. Cohen. This was the first marriage amongst his own family; and as he looked around upon the young and blushing beauties present, he seemed the embodiment of calm and quiet delight. On his right hand sat his son David; on his left the expectant bride, Miss Aben Baruch. Miss Aben Baruch was supported by Mary Cohen; David by his brother Isaac. And next Isaac sat *his* affianced bride — Adeline. Beyond them were the guests, all clad in the most brilliant attire. The display of jewellery, in the form of bracelets, stomachers, necklaces, earrings, &c., was immense. To one who entered the room without a previous knowledge of the love which, ever since they were a nation, the Jews have had for profusion of ornament, it would have seemed to border upon extravagance. Most of the guests were very young. Few of them were older than the bride — eighteen years — and seldom could so large a company be met with, in which every face was moulded with

such classic loveliness, as were the faces of these Jewish women. Many a soft starry eye amongst the happy group was turned upon the bride with trembling rapture—the favoured object of

"Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles,"

from all that was fair and beautiful!

To conduct the ceremonies on such an occasion is a post of distinguished honour. The bride is suffered to take no part in the entertainment save that of sitting down to look on. She was very elegantly dressed. A large veil, airy as the rainbow, and spiritual as the Italian summer cloud, wreathed her in misty folds, from the pensive brow, where it was bound with orange-blossoms and flowers of paradise, to the beautifully slippered feet, buried amongst the billowy cushions that scattered the floor.

The management of the entertainment was confided to Mary and Adeline. Both were magnificently dressed. Adeline's attire was a tunic of pale-rose crape, covered with a long robe of amber-coloured silk damask, richly embroidered with crimson and gold. It was open at the bosom, and from thence was buttoned downwards to the feet. A scarf of brilliant cashmere encircled her waist; and an embroidered jacket of pale blue velvet, with loose, open sleeves, completed the costume. Bracelets of costly stones gleamed soft and star-like on her finely-sculptured arms.

Her long glossy tresses fell in negligent masses around her shoulders, flashing with jewelled drops, such as must have glittered on Danaë when she came forth from her shower-bath.

A cold collation was served first. This over, music, singing, and dancing formed the principal entertainments. Adeline graced the festivities by some of her most brilliant performances, and Mary most ably supported her. The dancing on these occasions is kept up in great spirit, and many of the dances performed are ancient ones, and therefore exceedingly simple. There is one round intended to represent the human passions. The dances in it are generally performed singly, though sometimes two persons stand up together. That one which is intended to symbolise the beginning and triumph of love, is perhaps as interesting as any, and merits to be described at length. It is a very expressive lively dance. One of the ladies commences tripping about on the "light fantastic toe" with much airiness and vivacity; at the same time enacting to the life all those feminine artifices, which characterise the courtly and finished lady when first slightly affected by the evil genius of flirtation. A male member of the party, who personifies her admirer, describes a single half circle around her, dancing all the while. He imitates an earnest pursuit, while she as dexterously avoids him—either by retreating till she gets almost behind him, or else

waving her handkerchief to forbid his approach. This is continued some time—how long depends quite on the tact of the lady—when he gets rather down-hearted at her unsusceptibility. And then she accords him a few gracious smiles, a few attractive airs; but all mingled with that damp cold kindness, which none but the ladies know so well how to assume, and which so often puzzles us of the sterner sex to know what encouragement means. At last, completely out of spirits, he gives up pursuit, and with a gentle, mournful motion, turns his back upon her. And now it is her work to calm and pacify him. At first he refuses to be pleased with her, and avoids her in the same manner as she avoided him. But of course it is a hopeless task for him to try to be vexed with her—nothing else could be expected—and he is soon completely overpowered by her fascinations, and again approaches her. The lady rewards him with a smile of satisfaction, presents him her hand, he takes it, kisses it, waves his handkerchief above his head with a triumphant air, and they perform a *balancez,* facing each other. The dance is effective on the spectators in proportion as the persons engaged in it have exhibited dignity, gracefulness, and skill.

The musical and Terpsichorean part of the rejoicing terminated at about half past six o'clock. Soon afterwards a sumptuous banquet was served up. All was carried out in the most splendid

and luxurious style; and, to a gourmand, the scene would have been like the whole of Paradise let in at once upon his vision. Soup, fish, flesh, and fowl ranged the ample mahogany in triple column; thickly interspersed with bottles of wine. The table was also decorated by magnificent candelabra, and a princely service of plate. More than forty of the guests sat down. Mr. Cohen asked a blessing, and the entertainment began.

The whole scene was most inspiriting, and the dinner passed off delightfully. Enlivened, too, by the harmless *petit morceau*, or the innocent pleasantry of the youthful company; and if the truth must be told, Mr. Cohen entered into the feeling of the occasion as heartily as the most buoyant damsel present.

Then the gloriously majestic 145th Psalm was sung. Adeline played a vivid accompaniment; Mary joined with her harp. Sublime was the soul-breathed melody of so many female voices, that with fine emphatic utterance chanted forth the glowing aspirations, their countenances enkindled by the high and lofty theme:—

I will extol Thee, my God, O King;
And I will bless Thy name for ever and ever.
Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised;
And His greatness is unsearchable.
The Lord is gracious and full of compassion;
Slow to anger, and of great mercy.
The Lord is good to all.

And His tender mercies are over all His works.
The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon Him;
To all that call upon Him in truth.
He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him;
He also will hear their cry and will save them.
Our mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord;
And let all flesh bless His holy name for ever and ever.

"Miss Steinberg!" cried one of the ladies, as she skipped up to the piano and threw her arms upon Adeline's neck. "*Won't* you give us applause now? Didn't we sing that in true and proper spirit?"

"That very thought was just passing through my mind," replied Adeline. "Your execution was admirable; but better than all is the fervent feeling with which you breathed forth the triumphant strain. Is it not very glorious — and God hath said it." And Adeline hummed in a dim and cloudy voice — "He will fulfil the desire of them that fear Him; He also will hear their cry and will save them! Do you expect to prove this, Miss Lowitz?" asked Adeline, pressing her hand.

"I can't say that I have thought much about it. One doesn't half feel these beautiful things as one ought, you know. Indeed the character of the proper servant of Jehovah seems to me so sublime, that he who fully possesses it must be almost a wonder in creation."

"Well, my sweet friend, I certainly won't do

anything like lecturing you; so I will only say, that I should like you to think on these and similar assurances in future. Do try. If all our people would but do this, and then act upon the convictions of duty thus obtained, we should no longer go mourning and uncomforted, our captivity would soon be turned."

"But, Miss Adeline, *we* have no business with it. The law and the prophets were never meant to be studied by women, you know. It's only the men, and chiefly the rabbins, that have to do with them. That's one reason why I so like these times — they are almost the only ones when we are supposed to be entitled to talk about them. It is very hateful to feel so excluded from spiritual things as we are."

"It is. But it is an exclusion entirely of man's doing. Do let me entreat you, and prevail upon you, not to believe that doctrine of corrupted Judaism, that woman is not to read the Bible. The Bible is written to you as much as to any individual of the human race, and as much as though no one beside yourself had ever lived. For mark, the eternal condition of all the rest of mankind has no effect upon yours; it is between you and God alone — and the Bible unfolds to you what His will and purpose is with respect to your salvation, the way in which He desires you to walk, so that ultimately He may take you to live with Him for ever. Then think how important it must

be that you should read His conditions again and again, so that you may know them well, and thus never break them. You might perhaps think me rude and troublesome, if I urged this in a manner commensurate with what I feel to be its importance. Begin now, my love. I cannot express to you the sweet serenity and happiness I have enjoyed, since I commenced to read the Bible, and make its laws my delight. You are not happy, Miss Lowitz? I know you will excuse me—even if for a moment my earnestness should seem disagreeable. I have always felt greatly concerned about you, since I became aware that you possessed such serious views."

"I should like to converse with you alone," replied Miss Lowitz; "and if you will allow me I shall be able to find a convenient season. I will indeed think on what you have said to me — I promise you that. But I must be careful; I am already tried much. I believe if my father knew me to read the Bible, I should become the victim of such persecution as would compel me to abandon either that or my home. Now indeed, somebody will be getting impatient if I don't say what I came to say. You play the office of the Hosanna Rabba excellently. Nay now, I wont be stopped." She pursued, as Adeline placed her finger upon her lips, to impress silence. "We have had the whole account, with marginal references, of the way in which you perform that hor-

ridly hard music; so I have been requested to come to you and ask if you will kindly give it us now. Will you?"

"Will you allow me to make one suggestion?"

"Oh, certainly."

"Well then, in my opinion, it can never obtain universal favour in a large and mixed company like this. The music is all in headlong time — the words require it should be; and the responses produce a regularly returning clink which, to some ears, is disagreeable. So, you will think it isn't best to choose it."

"Then one of the Hosannas from the Daily Prayers is what we shall all like."

"As you pass her, then, will you tell Miss Cohen, if you please?"

And then Mary and Adeline burst forth in another of the sacred chants in constant use among their people.

"O, thou sanctuary of the King! O Royal City! Arise, and come forth from thy subversion; thou hast dwelt long enough in the abode of calamity, for He will now pity thee with kindness. Come, my beloved, to meet the bride.

"Shake off the dust; arise, O, my people! and adorn thyself with thy beautiful attire; for by the hand of Jesse the Bethlehemite redemption draweth nigh to my soul. Come, my beloved, to meet the bride.

"Rouse thyself, rouse thyself; arise, shine, for

thy light is come. Awake, awake, utter a song; for the glory of the Lord is revealed upon thee. Come, my beloved, to meet the bride.

"Be not ashamed, neither be thou confounded. O, Jerusalem, why art thou cast down? why art thou disquieted? In thee the poor of my people shall take refuge, and the city shall be built on her own heap. Come, my beloved, to meet the bride.

"They who spoil thee shall become a spoil; and they that swallow thee up shall be removed far away; thy God will rejoice in thee, as the bridegroom rejoiceth in the bride. Come, my beloved, to meet the bride.

"On the right and on the left wilt thou be extended, and the Eternal wilt thou revere; through the means of a man, the descendant of Pharez, will we rejoice, and be glad. Come, my beloved, to meet the bride.

"O, come in peace, thou crown of thy husband; also with joy and mirth, in the midst of the faithful and beloved people. Enter, O, bride! Enter, O, bride! Come my beloved, to meet the bride."

Then came on the interesting ceremony of presenting the bride with a marriage gift by each of the family and guests. Mr. Cohen gave first — a copy of every one of the books used in the Jewish services, together with the most important of their standard theological works; quite a large library — and, as he laid them before her, he blessed

her. Each gift is accompanied by a motto suitable to the time. Some of the mottoes presented to Miss Aben Baruch, we shall write here; and, if any of our fair young friends are verging on that important period of their life to which they are especially applicable, they may find that several of them will repay the trouble of a little serious thought.

Mr. Cohen's motto was business-like and practical:

> Lovers may live on very aërial food,
> But husbands require something solid.

David's was a delicate tribute to his bride:

> The great felicity of conjugal life consists in the reflection that we are beloved by one whose love we have deserved, and that we are NECESSARY to his happiness.

Isaac's was very like himself:

> What is a Young Lady? A thing to dance, sing, flirt, play well on the piano, talk flippantly in poor English and worse Italian, order the servants about, have her own way in everything, dress tastefully, make a nice cup of tea, and preside elegantly at the table.
>
> What is a Woman? A being of intellect and feeling; who, by the instincts of her nature, is made the guardian of peace, and love, and innocence; the first who initiates man into a knowledge and apprehension of something above the sensual and selfish; the barrier between amity and discord in social life; the soother of anguish and sorrow; the fountain of gentleness and pity; an unchanging friend; and the link of spirit beauty which connects the natures of earth with those of heaven.

Adeline's was like herself — gentle and womanly:

Woman should manage her sensibilities in composing the happiness of herself and all in connection with her, as gardeners do their flowers in making a chaplet — first select the choicest, and then dispose them in the most proper place, where they will give a lustre to each other; each one reflecting a part of its colour and gloss on the next.

Mary's was of the same high-souled character:

To create and preserve a happy home is the ultimate result of woman's office, the end to which all her enterprise and labour tends, and of which the whole of her desire prompts the execution.

Miss Hallevi's, written originally in French, was translated by Adeline. It contains truth too excellent to be slightly passed over:

Nothing in the character of woman is of more value than the possession of a sweet temper, for a very large proportion of her native virtues have their source in this. Home can never be happy where it is wanting. It falls on the heart of man like warm sunshine on the young blossoms of spring. He is made loving and happy, and the pains of life are forgotten. A good temper diffuses a heaven over a whole family circle. It is the smile of nature, and captivates more than outward beauty. It is a thing which man can converse with, and the language of which he can comprehend, and deeply feel, and retain through life. With gentleness in himself, comfort in his house, and a sweet temper in his wife, the earthly felicity of man is complete.

Mr. Nathan's — a valued friend of Mr. Cohen's family — was clear and pointed:

Pertinacity is one of the most disagreeable qualities in human nature. An ounce of it in the maiden will become a pound in the wife.

His brother's — though somewhat eccentric — comes to us with the seal of truth attached to it:

It is never too late to repent, to do good, to get married, to train children for God, nor to prepare for heaven.

His sister's has the same seal:

Purity in the heart,
Intellect on the brow —
The sum of human happiness.

Miss Lowitz's will bear reviewing more than once:

Sexual Distinctions. — Man is bold and daring; woman timid and unassuming. Man has a stern and confident heart; woman a soft and gentle one. Man is great in doing; woman in suffering. Man has judgment; woman sensibility. Man has knowledge; woman taste. Man is a being of justice; woman an angel of mercy. Man's study is to prevent affliction; woman's to soothe and relieve it.

Miss Carolina Lowitz's is very good:

Love is the health of the soul —
Passion is its fever.

The following — by a young friend of David — we like much:

The Mother!
The first beloved —
The latest remembered.

The next two may go together:

All Love! —
All Faith! —
All Happiness.
Love and smile —
And man is conquered.

The last we shall give is by Mr. Elihu. And put into sense, and then into English, it contains a sound maxim.

The mind—igspecially the infant mind—is one of the most inscrutably important of the domestic duties. Therefore it should be our constant study, miss, to mildly and sweetly elicit all the various degrees of learning and genius, and talents, so to speak, from the affectionate little a-b-c books up to the tip-top summit of that igstrornary tree, the tree of knowledge, miss, in the most loving and consistent manner possible.

The next morning rose clear and cloudless, and calm as at the dawn of the first sabbath. The golden overarching sky looked down upon earth, as though it longed to clasp it in an embrace of unutterable love. And so thought Adeline, as passing out of her chamber, she glided softly down the staircase, and descended the steps into the noble garden. The slightest breath that crept among the trees was audible, and bore on its wings the scent of fragrant flowers. After lingering awhile amidst the vine-wreathed borders, and the bright lilies, and the large trees of

damask-rose, she went on through the shadowy paths, until she reached a small conservatory that stood in a sweetly secluded spot. Here she sat down, completely enshrouded amongst green leaves and pearly blossoms, and taking a book of prayers, began to compose herself for reciting the שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל, Hear, O Israel, or Shema of the morning.

But Isaac had seen her go into the garden, and pass along the porch of trees which led to the conservatory. And, as was to be supposed, he followed her; and perceiving that she had not commenced the devotional exercise, opened the door.

"I seem to intrude; will you mind?"

"Oh, certainly not. But I cannot attend to you yet. Have you said the Shema?"

"Dear no. Isn't it horrid, Adeline? I do believe I'm going desperately wicked."

"If it is so, I am glad you are able to see it. That is a hopeful sign. But it is not so; for I happen to know that you are generally pretty strict, sir. Yet if you mean to attend to your duty this morning, it is indeed time. Our friends will be coming soon."

"It is quite true; may I join you?"

"Nothing could give me more pleasure. It is a very important time; and I am glad to mingle our prayers together. I should be yet more delighted if Miss Aben Baruch were here too.

"And such another time, Adeline—beloved Adeline," said Isaac, and there was a soft tremor in his voice, "there will, in six little weeks, be here again. Do not be angry."

And Adeline was *not* angry, as with consummate delicacy he pressed a kiss upon her blushing cheek. Of course, in a novel, we should be expected to say she was; but then, in real life, well-regulated people do not display any such false sensibility. Adeline had long known that Isaac loved her with all the profound, unwavering affection of which a perfect man's heart is capable. And the love which she returned him was too pure, and her nature too noble, to allow her to profess any indifference to whatever she was assured would be an addition to his happiness. She repaid his chaste embrace with a smile that was heightened in beauty by her changeful cheek; and accompanied by a look from the lucid depths of her large blue eyes, such as only a woman can look, and with the power of which to fascinate hearts none were more eminently endowed than Adeline.

The Shema concluded, they both walked into the house.

"Very fine, Mary! you expect a day's enjoyment, no doubt?" said Isaac to his charming sister, as she tripped gracefully into the room where he sat, and courtesied before him to display the fairy-like dress of pink gauze which floated airily around her elegant person.

"Before I answer that question, sir, I should like to hear why you think so," replied the damsel.

"By that stream of brilliant eloquence now pouring out of those tell-tale eyes which it is your privilege to own, miladi," answered her brother. "Have a care, oh! blue-eyed maiden, how you use your ocular powers. Don't be such a sweet innocent as to suppose that we of the rugged sex cannot read the language of the eyes—that most cultivated speech of all speeches, and which has flourished since Adam and his gentle wife Eve first mingled their loving looks together."

"Enjoy myself? well, let me think. Why, certainly—what should prevent? I think I ought to. Come, now, do you like me?" and she turned with a gay smile to a full-length mirror that revealed her graceful form and her expressive countenance lit up with a world of living delight.

"You are got up with some measure of taste, at any rate," replied Isaac, with a sort of half-thoughtful smile, that was peculiar to himself, when he wished to throw a damper upon her. "But I think, sweet sister, I like you quite as well when you are sitting placidly down to bake cakes and your face covered with smuts," he pursued, taking up her prettily arranged head between his hands and laying a double kiss upon her lips, as the good people did in days of yore.

"Yes, sir, but you are spoiling my hair and

hurting my dress," cried Mary, struggling to release herself, "and you know I can't have you do that. Come, Isaac, this minute! save up the displays of your affection till you see me quietly stirring pancakes or reading the Talmud. I am fully aware of my matchless attractions; but fraternal love and admiration of them is quite out of place at these seasons, when things will not permit me to receive them graciously. Isn't this the fifty-second time I have told you that there are occasions when young ladies are only to look at, not to touch? Just as I allow myself to believe that after a half-hour's advancing and retreating before my toilette glass, I have successfully laid on the last finishing touches, you always find a sudden inspiration of the 'feeling beautiful and infinite' that destroys half my labour. Be more recollected in future. I haven't time to extend this lecture to a more judicious length. The Doctor's carriage has just come; and we must go to see him. So, sir, take up your book and follow sail."

The queenly scold was sweeping out of the room; but seeing that Isaac followed, she stopped, and walked away leaning upon his arm.

During this little episode between Mary and her brother, Adeline had retired to assist in the last duties of Miss Aben Baruch's marriage toilette. First, her long hair was cut off: for, according to Jewish custom, the wife is not allowed to wear

her own hair. It is perhaps striking that the women feel no regret at losing this becoming adornment, and which — so say the Macassar advertisements — is "a woman's pride." Habit seems completely to reconcile them to the spoliation. Next her eyebrows and eyelashes were painted, and her nails dyed with henna. Then the bridal dress was put on. It was made of silk, with satin stripes, and profusely encrusted with jewellery; and the scarf, head-dress, and veil achieved the toilette.

Then she was conducted to the room in which the entertainment of the preceding days had been held. At the upper end was a raised dais, with a chair of state, in which she was placed to sit. A maiden was stationed on each side — both holding in the right hand a long wax candle.

The friends and relatives of the bride and bridegroom were all assembled, and the important moment which was to indissolubly unite two spirits amidst the duties and sorrows of life was near. At exactly nine o'clock, Dr. Aben Baruch entered the room, followed by Mr. Cohen, Isaac, Adeline, Mary, and the bridegroom. The bride pushed aside her veil; her father kissed her; and pronounced over her, for the last time with the sole and supreme authority of a parent, the injunction to faithfully serve the God of her fathers, and the blessing. Then the ceremony began. Rabbi Aben Baruch placed himself in front of his

daughter, and Mr. Cohen immediately led David to his right hand, the friends present forming a circle around them. The religious, moral, and social duties to be observed by the husband and wife were read aloud in Hebrew. The greater portion of the service is chanted — every one taking part in it. A large gold ring was then given, which the rabbi placed upon the forefinger of the bride's right hand. This was followed by the prayers; all present joining in the responses. On the conclusion of that part of the ceremony, Dr. Aben Baruch placed the right hand of the bride in the right hand of the bridegroom, and repeated over them the marital benediction. He then gave the bride a piece of sugar, and taking a glass, filled with water, broke it over her head. The sugar is intended as a type of the solace and support which love is amidst the trials of earth, the water of its purity, the broken glass of the irrevocable nature of the union so solemnly made.

The scene seemed to awaken memories — memories lonesome and painful — in the bosoms of some of the women present. Was it in one a remembrance surpassingly sweet at the moment over all others — of a thousand nameless graces which had now ceased to exist, each of them inspiring the spirit with the delight of its own mournfulness — of a succession of vivid emotions mingled with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," as when love and poetry happily meet together,

flowing softly and harmoniously from lips that "murmured near the living brooks a music sweeter than their own?" Had some seraph child, fading away in the cold embrace of untimely death, soared through the immense abyss on steady wing, and attained the crown worn by the triumphant spirits in those abodes of perfect felicity, where the centuries of our noisy earth seem nothings in the eternal silence?—oh! lofty thoughts!—she looks, and her heart is in that heaven—but it fades, and the grassy hillock that marks its resting-place—the last of earth—by the working of some secret power, far buried within the heart's deep infinite, suddenly rises in palpable representation to imagination's eye, covered with the mellow sunset, there so often seen, glancing in quivering flashes through the leaves of monotonous yews and hoary eld, and brightening with stripes of burnished gold the oblivion of the wavering burial-place—and instantly feelings "sweet but mournful to the soul" as the thoughts had being and breathed themselves forth with the accordant prayer that, long after the mourned and mourner are forgotten, will continue to mingle its elegiac music with the feelings of stored hearts—for when will earth be unvisited by such sorrow?—in the same chant, "most musical, most melancholy," surcharged throughout with one sigh-like note, elevated or depressed in modulation only as each singer has her soul touched or her heart

saddened by a fainter or a deeper shade of sorrow or of grief—until, it may be, that eternal Hope lifts up her voice, so that, like the echo of the afar-off forest hymn, it appears to reach the sky, and tells, in tones that seem heralds of the immortal melodies, the spirit-music calm and clear of angel voices, that God is heaven and heaven is God—and therefore to live is love. And yonder is another—her princely head prostrate with all its plumes, heroic yet with dying falls, for the singer weeps! Haply she is thinking of the days of light and joy when her head so gently rested on her young lord's bosom—that hour of purest bliss—tranquil as the waveless summer lake when its mirrored crystal mingles with the heaven's calm ether; or the peaceful summit of the far flushing cloud, soft sleeping in the glory of the sunshine on the blue serene of the meridian sky, when there is not a breath in heaven—yet in its deep hush, fraught with strong and passionate affection — strong and passionate as the heart's fullest worship could inspire—oh, cruel husband! how much more loved than lovely! how couldst thou find a heart so irrecoverably lost to goodness, as to quit — desert — thine adoring wife, who, if it could have added to thy happiness, would, like the turtle-dove in the dim and lonely forest-tree, glad only in the present, have bowed her noble head and died, without one sign given to the fading brightness of heaven and beauty of earth

— nothing except one last long loving sigh, breathed from the immortal depths within her soul — and breathed for thee — as her spirit spread wing for its eternal flight, and her gentle form fell lifeless on thy bosom. Peace to ye, grieved ones! and may your trust breathed forth with the low mourning notes of Judea Capta's prayer be realised, and ere the sun measures other summers more, your feet, early sandaled with immortality, shall wander in company with holy angels and blessed spirits, on the pellucid crystal which surrounds the fountains of eternal life.

And it was so. One young mother had just stooped over the unconscious bier of her first-born. Another had been separated from her husband, because he was a fiery Talmudist, and she a simple student of the Bible. Another — yon beautiful pensive-looking woman; so exquisitely lovely in her mournfulness—had just before been, at twenty years of age, divorced from her husband, after having been married to him rather more than two years, because in that time she had failed of presenting him with an infant. From her disappointed, defrauded, and despairing heart ascended the groan-like prayer, which is the language of the soul's deep yearnings towards the bright and lovely, that the young and blushing bride before them might receive a happier fate!

CHAPTER XV.

THE BALL.

"O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits."
SHAKSPERE.

A FEW evenings later, and that appointed for the ball. The room was superbly lit up with that most chaste and brilliant of artificial lights, the wax candle, suspended in magnificent lustres. There were in truth grandeur, profusion, and style sufficient in the entertainments of that evening. Both eye and ear were ravished by the luxurious pleasures collected around them. All useless furniture had been removed. Immense mirrors hung around the room, reflecting the beauty that stood or passed before them. Along the sides, and at each of the corners, were large vases filled with exotic plants, which scattered far and wide a delicious perfume. At intervals clusters of candles glistened in soft radiance on snowy marble stands. Elegance and splendour seemed to outvie each other in the disposition of everything. The first step into the room was like entering an ideal world. The most stoical

philosophy was for a time unable to resist the power of its enchantment; and acknowledged, against its will, the tremendous sovereignty of Mammon.

The room was filled with company; and sundry preliminary flourishes, in the form of agonising shrieks from the fiddles and the great bassoon in the orchestra, announced that the proceedings were about to commence. The leader started up, twiddled his fingers about his nose with great glee and importance, hit a couple of smart cracks on the edge of his music stand, and the band struck up a selection from Verdi. The floor is covered with dancers, all ready for action. That instant the exhilarating march changes to a spirited waltz, and away go the whirling couples, gyrating like mad. One pair after another comes before you, and is immediately lost in the bewildering mazes of the dance. You see a face that you know—you determine to watch it—impossible. In a moment it vanishes amongst fifty others; it is lost in a maelström of faces. The men flag; the women appear so heated, that to the calm bystander the impression of faintness becomes painful. They will cease directly, and give themselves time to recover. But no—a fresh impulse seizes on both musicians and couples; the leader's stick flourishes with redoubled rapidity—the movement becomes more furious—the music, itself gone mad, has maddened the dan-

cers; the men augment their speed, and the women, with dress flying abroad, and ringlets given to the wind, are whirled away, away; we shut our eyes and draw back, quite dizzy from the scene.

David Cohen and his young wife threw themselves amongst the flushed multitude. But Adeline—where is she? Seated at the upper end of the saloon, under the orchestra; the only part where there is any reasonable share of elbow-room. Often during the evening, when for a moment the pulsations of the great artery had ceased, she had met the enraptured gaze of the gay cavalier, and heard the hushed exclamation of applause. But Adeline felt no answering throb within her placid breast. It was rather strange, perhaps, thas she should not; for the triumph of conscious power is one of the strongest emotions that can agitate the heart of woman. But amidst the giddy fluster her spirit maintained the same clear tranquillity which always distinguished it —a tranquillity as free from stagnation and insensibility on the one hand, as from hurry and excitement on the other. You saw at once that those deep reflective eyes, from which she looked out with such calm and observant inquiry, were not to be imposed upon by gauds and glitter; that she perfectly understood the true meaning of the scene before her. Her disposition to profound thoughtfulness fulfilled the office of expe-

rience. To her it was a phenomenon which would commence a new moral epoch—a shadow on the soul's dial, moving, though too slowly to be noticed by the superficial and unheeding. To every solicitation that she would join in the dance, she made but one answer—that while exceedingly obliged by the attentions thus shown her, she had no desire for it, and would greatly prefer to remain a spectator. She was chiefly interested in speculating on the characters of the persons who came near her, as illustrated in their manners, dresses, and physiognomies. At a little distance from her stood a lady of about forty years of age, who evidently plumed herself much upon her dignity. She was exceedingly fastidious and select in her introductions, and all her movements, and even the tones of her voice, were modulated by the cold rules of etiquette. Yet Adeline thought she could discover a true woman's heart beating beneath that formidable exterior of silk and ceremony. There was another that Adeline noticed, who, if any one crossed her in her efforts to elbow her way from one part of the crowded room to another, would let her eyes fall upon them with the petrifying glare of a Medusa, and then turn them elsewhere to enact the rolling witchery and the fascinating languishment of flirtation. One, too, she observed with a face redolent of light and pleasant scandal; she was talking to another, whose malicious light-heartedness could not be

mistaken. By the rapid twinkle of her eyes, and the caustic pleasantry of her countenance, it was plainly exhibited that the repartees passing between them were such as to make the ears of the absent tingle. There were several exquisites, too —exquisites just "come out." Adeline noticed the elevated smile that curled their lips, as they moved about with that vulgar advertised modesty which seeks notice, while it professes a supreme and haughty indifference. One amongst them Adeline might easily have supposed the whole place belonged to, if she had not known the contrary—he strutted up and down so, gazing about on everything and everybody with an air of such sublime satisfaction, and neck straight and erect like a superannuated stork, walking about with his tail between his legs.

And then the eyes. Adeline looked upon them till her conception grew confused, and they indolently floated through her imagination in picturesque disorder, like a dream on the shell-wreathed shore of the sunny sails of long-absent ships seen coming homewards on the main. They conveyed so many different kinds of expression. Why doesn't somebody write an essay upon eyes? Even a collection of passages, describing their effect, from those of Eve, as painted by Milton, in "Paradise Lost," down to the large, lovely, lamping orbs of the Marchioness of Abercorn, would be an intensely interesting study. The

expression of Europa's eyes must have been tremendous; for, as the story is given us by Lucian, her beauty tempted Jupiter to steal her; and, judging by the fine ado made over her, he was no little proud of his theft. He swam with her from Phœnicia to Crete, making the sea calm, the winds hushed. Neptune and Amphitrite rode before them in their best chariot, to clear the road and level any refractory waves. The Tritons, each one holding a torch, danced about them; the Syrens, sailing on dolphins' backs, sung to them in harmonious measure; and Venus herself came behind them in a sea-shell, strewing roses and flowers on their heads. And who will do justice to Psyche? Who captivated Cupid, enlisted the favour of half the gods — all it may be, for all of them came to her wedding; Vulcan cooked up the feast; Ganymede served the nectar; Apollo strung his harp; the Muses sang; and Venus tripped about to her sweet heart's content. Petronius—who is a great authority in these delicate inquiries—gives to the eyes the appellation of *facetos:* and describes the Loves, and Pleasure, too, living in the midst. Musæus, in the story of "Hero and Leander," imparts a wondrous brilliancy to the eyes of the lady.

Οἱ δε παλαιοι
Γρεις χαριτας ψευσαντο πεφυχεναι εἷς δε τις Ἡρους
Ὀφθαλμος γελοων ἑκατον χαριτεσοι τεθηλει.

If the reader is at all interested in such contem-

plations, we would invite his special attention to the word τεθηλει.

And Adeline's observation was also attracted by several gigantic specimens of the ancient Jewish beard. Not a beard gracefully trimmed and pollarded till it was nothing but a mere luxuriance, but thoroughly patriarchal ones of wondrous dimensions. There was no end to them — they were faces that might have walked out of Titian's canvas. Adeline loved everything that belonged to ancient Judaism; and she would have been quite contented that every Jew should wear his beard; but these — it was too much — she would have preferred them in the canvas. They seemed to her a little too sublime for so common an occasion.

The course of her meditation was stopped by a voice so well-beloved, close to her ear. It was Isaac's.

"I am glad, dear Adeline," said he, clasping her hand warmly, "to have finished my work at last. And after all, in adding those lights and vases at the end, it seems to me we have not much improved the general effect. If you turn your eye full in that direction, don't you become impressed by a disagreeable glare?"

"If you looked on them only, perhaps so. Yet I think them quite necessary. They certainly harmonise well with the whole; they supply the something that was wanting."

"I would rely upon your taste in a thing of a

thousand times the value; the excellence of your decisions is established. We look magnificent to-night."

"Oh, certainly."

"To look around upon all this life and gaiety, one would think that there can be no such thing as unhappiness. Ours is a beautiful life, if we will but make it so. And those men are wondrously ungrateful, who represent the world as simply a scene of melancholy, desolation, and woe."

"In that I entirely agree with you. I have very high views of the happiness which might be attained by a proper exercise of our intellectual powers, and conferring our deep and solemn affections upon pure objects. If mankind would only begin to love each other — to feel nothing else but love — and let no grosser emotion intercept it, what delightful consequences we should soon witness. But to talk of this in the present condition of mankind is valueless. For selfishness must first be eradicated. And this can only be when every human being has received the impress of the Divine Mind — for God is love, and love is God."

"The world is said to be divided into two classes," said Isaac; "those who believe all men to be honest until they are proved to be false; and those who believe all men false until they are proved to be honest."

"There can be no doubt which mode of belief

is the right one," said Adeline; "and I devoutly hope we shall ever preserve the lucid transparency of a pure heart, which, having no evil intentions and feelings in itself, cannot imagine them in others."

"A ball-room is a remarkable phenomenon in some of its aspects; though a selected pleasure of all who aspire to a position in the world pre-eminently called '*ton*.' My great delight is to contemplate it from such an elevation as this—the mysterious evolutions of the throng put me so in mind of those heavings and movings one sees in a cheese, when in what some call 'prime condition,' but which all people of good sense call rotten."

"Well, do not let us quarrel with it either," replied Adeline. "An ingenious mind may perhaps discover a profound philosophy in it all. It may be a necessary safety-valve by which the mere rage of movement can escape, and thus preserve the balance of that quiet deportment which is so essential in cultivated life. I myself take no pleasure in the scene. But there are numbers who do, and a great one. Very well; if dancing makes them happy, let them dance. I think the mode of recreation which you and I prefer by far the best, because in it we obtain intellectual as well as physical pleasure. But I very much dislike that vulgar stoicism in philosophy, and that splenetic misanthropy in religion, which, without any knowledge of the individual characters of

those engaged, would treat the whole with a bitter, scornful sneer. This is not the way of God, nor of the Bible; and I believe He must be very angry with those who act it. Let our labour be, first to gain the deepest love towards ourselves, and then, in a spirit of love, try to turn the minds of those who compose our circle, habitually to studies that are great refined and pure — the loveliness of virtue, the majesty of truth, the beauty of holiness — and all these things, as far as mistake is connected with them, will peaceably adjust themselves. There will then be no difficulty in discovering true and eternal sources of happiness. Every day in our career of bright rejoicing life will open to us fresh springs of delight in our intimate and filial communion with Him who being nothing but love Himself, feels nothing but love for His creatures, while He sees them humbly striving to know Him, and to perform His will; we shall feel that to rejoice always is the law of Him who has filled earth and sky with gladness, so that wherever we turn our eyes, they are met by the *ἀνήριθμον γελασμα* of nature."

"Excellent truths, eloquently spoken. I have been watching that pale, intellectual girl, now stretched fainting on the lounge yonder. The mighty-looking man who stands by her side walked up, looking cold and frosty as an iceberg, newly imported from the pole, bowed himself

into her notice, and led her out to dance. And, now observe; instead of the quiet, graceful being reposing in a flower-soft calm, as though wrought by Praxiteles in marble, there is a flushed and breathless young creature, almost gasping for life from tight-lacing, weariness, and excitement. What is it, Adeline, can possess young ladies, that they crucify themselves by such slow lingering means as those modern inventions of steel and whalebone? Some judicious friend should persuade them to believe the truth, that no man with the three grains of judgment necessary to make him worth having for a husband, likes a small waist in his wife; he is afraid of it, for he knows it is unnatural, and he cannot expect her to be healthy; therefore his domestic joys will be spoiled, because it is impossible he could accept happiness, while the being who is dearest to him is incapable of sympathising with it."

A hand unceremoniously laid on Isaac's arm, stopped the conversation, and at the same time his right hand was grasped as if by a vice.

"Adolphus!" gasped Isaac, as he turned round to the new-comer.

"Indeed it is. How are you, my friend?"

"Perfectly well. And you?"

"Exactly."

"Have you seen father—David—Mary?"

"Not yet. I inquired for you first; and your Cerberus was going to call you. But I had no

patience to waste over such shuffling: so I expressed a desire to go on the voyage of discovery for myself. He thought you were in the refreshment-room. I elbowed from room to room, until to my horror I found myself in one that had all the appointments of a lady's drawing-room. However, to cut short, I at last arrived here in safety. You wonder why I came earlier than you expected?"

"I wished to ask the question."

"Well, I've come to get married."

"An excellent reason, certainly. Couldn't you manage it in India?"

"Not to my satisfaction. And there was no policy in waiting to be miserable."

"A young man in an elegant position, and miserable because he couldn't get a wife, might, I should think, soon make a thumping fortune by going round the country in a caravan, and exhibiting himself as the Unfortunate Youth."

"I should be glad, Isaac, to leave here now. This heat is too oppressive," said Adeline.

"I observed that a price is paid for admission. What means it?" asked St. Maur.

"That the ball is for the benefit of our poor people in Poland," replied Isaac.

"This sort of charity is just like Judaism."

"And Christianity, too," suggested Isaac.

"Exactly. You get up a ball and make yourself mad with enjoyment, out of simple benevo-

lence. There's something grand in the invention — dancing out of pure sympathy with sorrow, misfortune, and death. The arrangements, however, are marked by superb design and elegant taste; under whose presiding genius were they made?"

"Miss Steinberg's, assisted by Mary."

"The balls don't look half so gay as they used to, I think. In India they sometimes carry them out on a fine scale. A little before I left, I attended one at which a live governor and his wife were present. The lady wore eleven thousand pounds' worth of jewellery — so they said."

"Her appearance was sufficient to cast a glow over the whole company, I should think. But read Pliny's account of the embellishment of Lollia Paulina: 'Smaragdis margaritisque opertam, alterno textu fulgentibus toto capite crinibus, spiris, auribus, collo, manibus, digitisque.'"

"You have some odd people here. Who is that with the copper-face yonder? He is positively a *rara avis*."

"None of us know much of him. He is a Moorish Jew; and is reputed to possess enormous wealth."

"A Jew! is he? I'm ashamed of him, then. I haven't often stumbled over a more unlucky phiz. Gracious! there's a spectacle," he pursued as the Moor exhibited his molars in a free-and-easy grin. "You're too late. He has closed the

doors. And I do declare he's got the assurance to offer the loan of his blackness to that pale young person opposite. And she accepts—bless her taste! Smothering is too good for her — she deserves doing to death in a bag of soot."

"Now, we must introduce you to father, Mr. St. Maur; so come." And making their way through the crowds as gently as they could, they passed out of the saloon.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. COHEN'S PRIVATE SYNAGOGUE. ITS FURNITURE, DECORATION, AND DEDICATION. AND A FEW OTHER MATTERS.

"Beautiful art! my worship is for thee —
The heart's entire devotion. When I look
Upon thy radiant wonders, every pulse
Is thrill'd as in the presence of divinity!
Pictures, bright pictures, oh! they are to me
A world for mind to revel in. I love
To give a history to every face, to think —
As I thought with the painter — as I knew
What his high communing had been."

L. E. L.

For a long time Mr. Cohen had been determined that, like many others amongst his brethren, he would have a small synagogue attached to his house. Yet in all this long time he had never really had it built. At last he had begun it in earnest; and in the month Nison, of the year of which we have been writing, it was finished; and on the first of Ayier it was to be dedicated as a house of prayer.

Beautiful exceedingly are these little temples. For ourselves — we never can think of them save with feelings of deep delight. That caricatured simplicity—that palpable, undisguised meanness—which so frequently characterise the house of God amongst Christians, and especially dissenting congregations — as if, although nothing is too good or too beautiful for their own house, anything is good enough for His — this, we say, is not known here. Elegance, grandeur, harmony, and chasteness, mingling in a thousand forms of perfect loveliness, mark the disposition of all within them. And vases of flowers and blossoms are often there — filling with lovely perfumes the soft and solemn atmosphere of "dim religious light."

Mr. Cohen's was sixteen cubits, or twenty-eight feet long, and eight cubits broad. Each side of it was a row of seventeen pillars, which — with their capitals and their entablature lying across them, carved in exquisite imitation of clusters of grapes and pomegranates — were all of cedar. These supported the ribbed roof — so chastely decorated, and divided into compartments distinct yet never separated from the whole — and with the floor, the steps, and the sides, all composed of polished cedar. A carpet of goat skins, dyed a brilliant crimson, covered the floor; and upon this numerous costly divans of sky blue satin damask were strewed.

A cornice of brass, adorned with carvings of

the flowers, and leaves, and fruit of pomegranates, stretched from pillar to pillar; and from this were suspended hangings of blue, and purple, and scarlet Damascus silk, splendidly wrought with gold embroidery in various devices, as cherubim, &c. by the hands of Adeline and Mary. At a distance of three cubits from the end, a curtain of the same material was drawn across the room. Behind this was the ark.

The ark was made of cedar. It was a cubit-and-a-half high, a cubit wide, and a cubit deep. A pair of folding doors enclosed it; and the whole of the inside was inlaid with plates of pure gold. Over it were two cherubim; the tips of their wings touching each other. In this ark the "testimony" — the Old Testament in Hebrew was deposited.

In the midst of the room was a large table, covered with a luxurious drapery of lace, brocatelle, and damask; which would almost stand alone, from the stiffness produced by the gold and silver thread woven through it in clusters of flowers and leaves. A golden candlestick—which for delicacy of workmanship and elegance of design, seemed as if it might have come from fairy-land—occupied the centre. Gleaming amidst the burnished leaves and branches, were seven lamps, each tipped with its steady, unwavering, little globe of light, kept constantly burning. It was a brilliant and mystical ornament, a loveliness placed

there for its own sake—not to *give* light, but to *be* light. Like the deep still lake sleeping in the tranquil glory of the moonbeams, or the wooing brightness of the stars; or the crystal waters rising and falling in the fountain, the ordinary purposes of utility were forgotten — enough that it was a feeling of admiration, that it was beautiful.

On the same table were also two basons; the one used to hold the blood of the Passover, the other that of the sacrifices on the Great Day of Atonement; and several vases, spoons, and dishes, all made of pure beaten gold, and used in the various services. Each of the basons weighed nearly one-third of a maneh. *

A smaller table stood behind it. On this the sacred books were arranged. And in the middle of it there was a large silver dish, heavily laden with grapes, and other fruits, all the growth of the beloved land of Judea. Any person who entered the synagogue took freely of these fruits, if he chose; and when the supply in the dish became scanted, it was refilled.

A large silver laver, surrounded with lotus-cups, occupied the space beyond the larger table. This laver was filled with water of Lebanon,†

* A maneh, or 60 shekels, is 2 lbs. 3 oz. 6 dwts. 16 grs. Troy.

† This perfume, called by way of eminence water of Lebanon, is indeed a most delicious one. In vain should

which cast around and about a most delicate and lovely perfume—that winged the imagination far far away amongst the flower-groves, and spice-woods, and starry-winged birds of Canaan's bright land. This was used for the various purposes of ablution.

Mr. Cohen allowed no distinctive places to be set apart for the men and the women. He hated it. They mingled in their worship indiscriminately together.

Joining with this sanctuary there was another small room, in which the ecclesiastical robes were kept; and whither the family adjourned to clothe themselves in the Talith, and put on their Phylacteries. It was, in fact, furnished with books, and altogether fitted up as an elegant library. On a stand at the end the robes were deposited. The stand was covered with white watered silk; on this the robes were laid; and over all was thrown a priceless lace spread of the same material as the finest and most expensive capes are made. The window curtains were of lace and watered silk looped back with bright blue cords and tassels, and orange flowers. A luxurious brocatelle lounge was placed for the family to occupy whilst reading. Over it was a statuette standing on the tip of one foot with outspread wings, and holding in one

we search amongst the dealers in modern essences for anything to equal it. It is composed of myrrh, spikenard, calamus, cinnamon, aloes, and the chief spices.

hand a wreath of roses, from which depended a curtain of gossamer lace that floated dreamily around the seat, inviting to delicious contemplation and repose. And the ceiling and the wall were very beautiful. The ceiling was painted with the most delicate flowers in their natural colours; and from it to the floor all round, the wall was draped with fluted cerulean silk damask, and adorned with large paintings in massive gilt frames.

On the first of Ayier, Rabbi Aben Baruch came to dedicate this beautiful little temple. At twelve o'clock he went into the library to robe himself for the ceremony. The colour of the robe was blue. A girdle of blue, and purple, and scarlet cord fastened it around his waist. On his head he wore a mitre, upon the front of which was a golden plate with the words HOLINESS TO THE LORD inscribed upon it. The men put on the Talith and Phylacteries, and the service began. A great deal of it is chanted. As soon as it was over, the rabbi and Mr. Cohen's family retired from the synagogue to meet the rest of his friends who were coming to join him in keeping the feast of the dedication. For such a season is a time of immense rejoicing, and every one enters into the feeling with much gladness of heart.

"I think, Adeline, father has fitted up this place very tastefully, and made it quite one of the

prettiest synagogues we have amongst us," said Isaac. "Do you think so too?"

"I do," replied Adeline. "It is a work quite after my own heart."

"Now indeed, then, I shall like it better than before. Well, come into the next room, and let us look at his pictures. I haven't seen them since they were hung."

"The more I study this picture the greater is my admiration of it," said Isaac, as he stood before a copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds' fine composition, "The Infant Samuel." "There is more of the simple smiling beauty of nature, and less affected sentiment, about it than can be found in the works of many Italian masters with high-sounding names—out with it, and say Raphael at once. The feeling throughout is pure, elevated, and sustained. It seems *the* perfect realization of the subject. If you notice, when they are present, you will see women look very lovingly on this delightful picture; and what triumph would a painter have more?"

"Very fine, sir!" said Adeline smiling. "But let me keep tranquil, for I want to understand it. Indeed, I feel with you. Those eyes! and lips! —and that face—so holy!—so ethereal! My sense of delight is overpowering and I tremble. It was a happy skill which prompted Sir Joshua Reynolds to make all his portraits historic," she

said after a while. "This always confers the charm of novelty, and gives dignity to feebleness. I wish you to understand that reflection to be a general one, and not at all intended to disparage the great master. The organization of his mind constituted him a painter; and his peculiar genius made him a painter of portraits. But let me say that, while I admire his fine talents in the master qualities of colouring and expression, I must think him confused in his conception of story, and elaborate without correctness in his outline. He had more ease but less elegance than Lely; more grandeur but less pathos than Vandyke; and few native artists have exceeded him in rich variety, profound feeling, and nobleness of design."

"And he had a very accurate practical knowledge of even the commonest details of nature," said Isaac; "and hence he has so successfully given that consistency of expression which prevails throughout the muscles of the whole body, and so perfectly depicted the nice changes produced in them by the various emotions of the mind, pain, grief, joy, &c. Yonder is a mighty picture —a full-sized copy of the 'Last Judgment' of Michael Angelo. It is indescribably, painfully august. That, I say, is a sublime—a true sublime—a new sublime—more sublime than the Greek sublime, although so worshipped. And now, as they say contrasts are best, look at this Baroccio—'Hagar and Ishmael.' It will touch

you most exquisitely—it is a tearful picture. I can never forget the effect it had when I first saw it. My feeling was so intense that I was glad to turn away from it to rest, and prepare my mind for a new view. I sat down; determined to translate my feelings into words, and send them to a friend to whom I was writing. But in what a wonderful way has the painter managed to create out of a few colours and a pot of varnish. I laid down my pen, leaned my head in my hand, and thought and thought. All the figures arranged themselves in perfect order, all the colours were properly reflected in the little camera obscura of my brain. But it was useless. I could not have described what I felt if pens were brushes, and words were bladders of paint. Having attempted which sentiment, let us turn to look at a bad picture—a bad conception—badly drawn—in a bad imitation of Michael Angelo—De Loutherbourg's 'Deluge.'"

"You are severe," replied Adeline. "Remember that to discover the faults in an effort of that kind is exceedingly easy, while the subject is the most difficult that can be undertaken. Few who have attempted it have been anything like successful. And indeed, the Deluge is just one of those pictures respecting which the opinions even of acknowledged judges must always disagree. But come, what have we to do with a carping criticism? Let us cease, and search for beauties."

"Well, here's a landscape by Claude, that I think you will like."

"It quite sustains me in my high opinion of everything he did. Whenever I see the *classic* ruin which he so loved to make into compositions —the Corinthian pillars, with their entablature lying across them, and the broken capitals and friezes at their feet—it gives me deeper delight than I can express. So exact, complete, and well-defined, it seems to speak to me of an age of calmness and order—when Time allowed himself to stand still a little, and look placidly on what he was about—and not as now, an age of wondrous intellect and majestic conceptions, but incongruous and disorderly withal; as if Time, anxious to overtake in the future what he has lost in the past, was hurrying on in confused march, with leaders and baggage, standard and the sutler's wagon, all jumbled together. Claude's distances, too, are matchless; yet they are the smallest parts of his pictures, always subordinate portions of a grand whole. There is no mapping. The air comes to us clear and pure over a country free as the savannahs of the West. But see this nymph crowned with flowers. And *such* a head; and such life-breathing flowers. And she wears them so serenely—so profoundly. Oh, I like that!"

"One cannot pass from such works without taking away a certain pleasing, dreamy feeling of delight and musing," said Isaac. "I cannot

think of any decoration to a man's study more beautiful than a few landscapes. They seem eternally suggesting new thoughts in your bosom, as they do fresh and richer beauties from their own. I think, too, I would prefer them all pretty, cheerful, third-rate pictures. To gaze upon those tremendous first-rates is often enough to put us ordinary people in a fever. Some of them, too, seem to have been drawn on the old supposition—that no man could be a great author unless he wrote a big book, nor a poet unless he wrote a big poem; and so they have painted us canvases of overpowering dimensions. Confess now, if you have not sometimes felt your head ache while you were gazing on one of these vast performances; and has it not made you long for the sight of a couple of donkeys and a few yards of common? With which, turn we to a brilliant composition by Gainsborough. That river stealing through the wood is a thing of life. It is a fine specimen of the ideal pastoral—like Gaspar Poussin's."

"That prince of painters of the poetic pastoral! The author of 'The Picturesque' strangely concludes that spring is not a painter's season: Gaspar Poussin is a living refutation of this assumption. He loved the bright, transparent, thin leaves of spring, bursting into the full leafage of summer. He never indeed presents you with positive spring; and happily not. There is too much of the gloom of winter retained in it—too much of the upspringing of the new from the

grave of the old. It is the office of the true poet and painter to produce something which, though true to nature, is elevated and refined above it. He has therefore painted a season quite Elysian —one which conveys the idea of unfading bloom. True poetry bursts in beauty over all his country; there is no 'false glitter.' Fresh spring its flowers from the 'dædal earth;' or seem—they are so very beautiful—as if spring had indeed descended from heaven, 'veiled in a shower of shadowing roses.' I think all seasons suitable to the true painter—'Ut pictura poesis,' and ut poesis pictura. I have an autumn scene of Gaspar Poussin's. It is evening; and the poetry, as it should be, is melancholy. Everything exactly accords with the season and the hour—that when

'Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,'

the birds will soon be asleep in their forest-tree,

'And leave the world to darkness and to me.'

The whole picture is very true and very simple; the colour brings to one's fancy that of objects in dreams. There is the 'sear and yellow leaf;' mixing with the dull hazy brown, which connects itself with the solemn green of the foreground. In the second distance, a black river steals with oppressive silence amongst the shadows of a deep wood. The air breathes heavily. You hear ominous whispers in the vast forest gloom. A few clouds are perspectively going off to their repose, float-

ing in a sky of cold blue, mingling with the faint ruddy light which continues to linger behind. There is no figure—the subject would not bear one. The spectator himself is all it will allow. Thus the whole tenderness and peace of departing day is preserved."

"Let us turn to the statues," said Isaac. "First, we will do reverence to Aristides the Just—great, austere, self-contained—the stern enemy of vice, the worshipper of virtue."

"Full of his grand and unapproachable abstractions," said Adeline, "he asks nothing but justice from all—even from the gods. Nay, they shall submit to justice, too! Great leveler! But virtue so proud, so uncompromising as this, in a creature who feels his proneness to sin, is more than a mistake—it is rebellion. But here we have Truth, with her invariable mirror. Which mirror, it has always seemed to me, is a very poor allegory. It certainly images, and images faithfully; but it is only the surface of things. That sort of truth is not very valuable; and often we are better without knowing it, for it leads us to wrong conclusions respecting what is concealed beneath."

"But whatever is presented to it, it reflects *faithfully*," said Isaac.

"Which has a very humble significance," replied Adeline. "It would do to illustrate the simple thing, to *speak* the truth — a prime excellence in

morals, but the humblest condition of eternal truth — but it leaves the exalted act of attaining truth quite unsymbolised."

"Here is a work of art which you will not greatly admire, Adeline; that little boy — cherub he is called — that holds the drapery."

"Very pretty; but so sage, so serious. An infant that must not smile — what can be made of it? And must not smile, lest he be mistaken for a thing of earth — for some other love than the celestial. Strange! that the artist should so mistake the conception. Love on earth and love in heaven is the same feeling: emanating from the same source — the bosom of our God: only the one is shackled and distorted by sin and sense, the other large, unconfined, bright, pure as eternity. An infant without a smile! Heaven is filled with smiles; light, bounding, joyful as a summer sunbeam."

"Now, dear Adeline," said Isaac, in a soft and tender voice, "I have to show you something that you *will* like—above all else. It is a little group of two infant children. The one is kissing the other, whom he is supposed to have just crowned with roses. I was quite sure that if you saw it first, I should find much difficulty to persuade you to move from it. And therefore it was that I hid it."

He went behind the drapery and produced the group, which he deposited in its place in the

centre of the table. "Now come and sit here while you look at it," he pursued, as he drew her towards the lounge.

"How exquisitely natural! How serene, how guileless they are!" exclaimed Adeline. "Oh, it is perfect loveliness! Those countenances so full of thought as well as beauty — of love and angel hopes. And those brimming eyes — brimming with innocence and bliss — and all is realised! Happy is the function of the poet, the painter, and the sculptor. To move the world, to sooth it, to re-people it; but to shun its confusion and toil! To create, to fill with beauty, to persuade, to elevate, to command. To dream back the greatness and goodness and glory of the past. To image the mystery, the grandeur, the majesty hidden in the misty future. To inspire men to moral purpose and achievement. To exalt earth to heaven!"

"Adeline, dearest," said Isaac, "are you the author of the 'Natural History of Enthusiasm?'"

"I am not. I might be glad, perhaps, if I were; it contains so much that is excellent. But I rejoice to possess the ardent spirit of an enthusiastic admiration. Admiration! from which the nobler delight of knowledge springs — without which sense and intellect were vain — which in the vast immortal cycles that are before me, shall, gushing in unpolluted, unperverted streams, be my life, my joy, my bliss—in the constant suc-

cession of its vivid emotions for ever increasing my delights, because it lets me into God. The feeling which even on earth—clouded and dimmed though it is—enables me to fling off the inexorable necessity of life: and when beneath its melancholy skies, so seldom irradiated with gleams of redeeming happiness, I am inclined to weep and be restless, it imparts a flowing, calmy peace, a felicitous tranquillity like some sweet monotone in music, stilling my unquiet heart into supreme repose. Strengthened, inspired by it, I dash off the thraldom of the present and take refuge in the illimitable future. There I can command, make my own destiny, and attain the summit of my highest wishes. It is only by thus living beyond reality, and hoping beyond possibility, that I can ever expect to attain the pinnacle of human happiness and the utmost limit of human power."

"You are a philosopher, Adeline. It is well for you. To me existence seems a heavy bondage. What is our life? A disconnected series of broken fragments — good and evil jumbled together — blackness mingled with little brightness — an unconsciousness of itself — a tomb to pure feeling and passion — a mystery which seems to make us fools — a destiny in which innocence is only the sport of malignity and death. It is vain to feast the imagination with bright remembrances. In such a being, then, how deadly is the strife of an impassioned soul. Hunted and scourged by weari-

ness and suffering—weeping only that it may longer live to weep—its highest, noblest, purest affections wasted or turned against itself—and exhausting itself in mighty but useless longings for succour and deliverance. In vain man struggles to escape from this bitter subjection. He looks around and above, but there is the same inclement sky. As a Jew, Adeline, I often indulge a momentary pride in the trueness and origin of our religion; but whenever I do, a cold chill always comes over my heart. One invisible chain of suffering links us, Jews and Gentiles, all together. Indeed, I think the Christians especially must be happier than we are. They have an object of faith, though a mistaken one. We have nothing but uncertainty."

"While it is our duty to strictly examine ourselves, that we may justly estimate our position with respect to God, let us not too presumptuously aspire. Whenever we feel tempted to doubt the kindness of our Father in those things which surround us, let us strengthen ourselves by the reflection how much the spirit of earth must always mar our best and most sacred conceptions. So, instead of wasting in idle despondency, we shall *think, feel,* DO; and then *think, feel,* DO again. Nothing which falls short of this can be called LIFE. And oh! how does the intellect kindle when, out of simple trust in the knowledge and goodness of a Mind that is higher than it, and which

cannot err, it has built up for itself a place of rest. It is this 'feeling and faculty divine' within us that visits with illumination our uncompanioned heart, and preserves our happiness calm and self-consoled even in the longest, darkest hour. Till, filled with a loftier inspiration, our conception itself changes, our soul enlarges, our feelings are stimulated almost to the point of realization, as by 'touch ethereal of Heaven's fiery rod,' our hearts burn with love, lit up with celestial fire."

"That was indeed well, even eloquently, uttered, Adeline. But mind you, I too can harangue like one of the German poets, if I have a will. At present I would prefer to be silent. For you have left me almost where Jacob was when the candle went out."

"Let us, with a calm certainty which He Himself will impart, offer unto God the sacrifice of a contrite heart and humble spirit; it is one which He has declared He will accept. It is such doubts as you have been expressing that stand between us and our inheritance. Jehovah will not exercise his power on our behalf while we question the wisdom of His ways. We are to be humble, yet confident. You are a noble-minded Jew, Isaac; be a patriot Jew too. We are now fighting in a moral struggle for our country, for our own sweet Judea. That is our country, not where we have lived and breathed alone—not that land which we have loved because in it we first saw

the soft spring time, the beauty of summer skies, the brightness of heaven and the gladness of earth—but the land for which we have longed—for which we have hoped and suffered—for which our souls have burned, and our hearts have beat in unison with the hearts of thousands of heroic breasts—that land for which we have lived, for which we have prayed—of which we honour the mighty exiles living, of which we love the illustrious dead."

Adeline had perhaps never spoken so impassioned before; at any rate, Isaac never witnessed it if she had. And, as the fervour of her spirit kindled her countenance, and lit up her large beautiful blue eyes, till at the closing sentence her usual dignified look heightened to the majestic, he gazed in irrepressible admiration.

"Adeline," he said, after a brief pause, "I didn't think you *could* speak with such passionate ardour as that. In future I shall believe you can do anything you like."

"Oh, no!" she replied, in her old voice, so profoundly calm. "I cannot do so much as that. Though I believe my mother would have taught me the broadsword exercise, if she thought it could be of any possible use. But our friends will be wondering what detains us. Let us go."

CHAPTER XVII.

MYSTERIES OF THE CABBALA CONTINUED.

One thing we would whisper to the reader. If by means of these papers on the Cabbalistic initiations we introduce him to the art and mystery of transmuting the common metals into gold, we shall expect a very handsome present in acknowledgment of our share in his fortunate discovery, if, indeed, we do not claim a regular per centage upon all the "yellow mischief," he may thus manufacture.

As to the elixir vitæ — the cup of life, the ambrosia of the gods, the vase of immortality, the beautifier of the body, the exalter of the soul — he is perfectly welcome to the names of the ingredients which compose it.

Nor is it a thing to be sneezed at. No doubt medicines so strong in their therapeutic properties, so tremendously energetic in their action, may be so commingled as to produce a wondrous purgation and exhilaration of the whole constitution. For ourselves, indeed, we have had some

thoughts of getting a professor to mix us a mild dose — stipulating of course, that it shall be made after Dr. Faustus's infallible recipe.

At the same time, they must not be so insane as to expect from it the gift of immortality—not even a restoration of youth, like Godwin's St. Leon. These are consequences which can only exist in the imagination of the Cabbalist. We observe this, to save the trouble of seeking after the apportions necessary to produce these the sublimest results expected from it.

Aben Baruch and Ben Megas are seated together in the Cabbalistic room.

"Well, Ben Megas," said the rabbi, "I need not ask if you are ambitious, even ambitious to be rich."

"'Εα με κερδαίνοντα κεκλῆσθαι κακὸν,' says Euripides. Ha! ha! But we don't feel in that way — though men may say it of us. Yet what matters their judgment? No, Ben Megas; gold is of little worth except as a means of doing good; to yourself and family first, others after. A desire to be rich is not only natural, it is right, it is an excellence.

"Now not only is the means of turning the metals into gold a thing desirable in itself, Ben Megas, but it comes in the way of all our initiations. The three bodies we use for that purpose are the same three upon which we rely in all our operations upon matter. Else I can hardly tell if

we should be justified in occupying so much valuable time in the research as we do.

"Often you have heard the philosopher's stone laughed at — you have heard it abused — treated as a fable — the wise men who seek for it called madmen — maniacs. And yet, Ben Megas, it is true — it exists. It is very easy to ridicule that of which we know nothing — or which is past our comprehension — nothing easier.

"Listen now! Ben Megas. I have myself succeeded in the transmutation of lead into gold; but it was very impure, and so charged with salts, that on submittng it to the action of fire, it became a compound mineral, hard, malleable, ductile, but valueless. Other philosophers are reputed to have found the exact proportions of the stone necessary to make fine gold, as Helmont, Rosencreuz, Helvetius, Pontanus, Berigardus, &c. If they did succeed the secret died with them.

"This stone is of exactly the same weight as gold, it is of a deep crimson in colour, breaking like glass, and melts like wax if held to the fire."

"In what way does it act?" said Ben Megas.

"Now tarry a little," replied Aben Baruch. "You will know all in course. I was speaking of the philosopher's stone. It is a specific preparation of chemical powers, a most fixed, strong, concentrated essence, which when mingled with metals while in a state of fusion does 'by the impulse of a spiritual love'—what among men

would perhaps be styled a magnetic virtue—immediately and indissolubly unite itself with all that is true in the metal, which is its mercurial body; while all that is gross and impure, is burnt or volatilized, leaving behind nothing but a mass of the purest gold; gold purer than any that is dug from the mines. Am I comprehended?"

"Certainly."

"Not only can we make the philosopher's stone to do this, but we can bring it to what will be its perfection. That is if it be thrown into a quantity of gold while melting over our secret fire, the whole shall be changed to philosopher's stone. Also if it be projected upon pure mercury, the whole shall be transmuted to philosopher's stone."

"And what are the ingredients that compose the stone?"

"Once more, sir impatience! wait. Ben Megas, hearken now; this hurry of thine will work an evil end. All our trials are made in a cold, impassive, deliberate spirit. Thine ears have caught the earthly itch. It is not the ineffable interests of our mysteries draw thee so, it is their newness; thou art simply curious. Once more, I say, be careful; be quiet; be profound; or thou wilt do nothing here."

"I am sorry I was led to interrupt you, I will remember."

"It is well. Attend to me. There are but

nine primitive earths: and yet the smatterers in chemistry—those shameless pretenders to alchemic learning, who pronounce with unblushing impudence upon all questions of our science—these reckon thirty-eight simple metallic substances. Nor will they ever be reduced by their useless blundering labours, because they can only attain the common flame.

"All metals are composed of earth and fire. The difference in metals arises simply from the varied proportions of the fiery essence, and the earth which form them. Now, mark me; every metal contains as much fire as its nature will absorb. If more were added to it the whole would be sublimated. So then, we say, if we find a body which by subtilising, purifying, and digesting, will mingle with the hidden and occult basis in the metal — which is always the same — the whole will be converted into gold. This the philosopher's stone will do. You understand what is intended?"

"As far as mere explanation serves, I do."

"Very good. We go to experiments anon. And now for the ingredients which compose the stone.

"The elements of the cup of immortality and of the philosopher's stone are three of the most active and universal agents that have ever been discovered in physical things — mercury, nitre, and sulphur. The exact quantity and order of

mingling these being found, a strictly prescribed amount of gold is added to them, and we have the cup and the stone — the one liquid, the other solid or in powder as we please.

"The first of these elements — mercury — is the basis of all metals.

"The second element — nitre or azote — composes nearly four-fifths of the atmosphere, and enters very largely into the composition of all physical things. In truth, it is a principle constituent of the fiery essence which they contain; and which, mixing with the earth, mineralises it, thus forming a salt. Joined to an alkali, we obtain the natrum of the ancient alchemists; what is now called saltpetre. From nitre, we distil aqua fortis and aqua regia — solvents which no metals can resist.

"The Scripture figure 'vinegar upon nitre' is taken from the dissolving powers which this salt has when mingled with that liquid. Its cleansing properties is why we, even to this day, use it in our baths.

"The next element, sulphur, is also a simple substance. It operates with irresistible power upon all bodies when assisted by nitre, aqua regia, or aqua fortis; and if projected with them upon mercury, enables us to make transmutations.

"As to the gold which still more exalts the properties of the elixir especially, it is an ingredient in every metal yet known.

"The basis of our research in transmuting metals is, that, by maturation, we will do as much in a short time as it takes nature perhaps ages to accomplish.

"We transmit incessant streams of the secret fire through the vase in which the metals we desire to transmute are in a state of fusion; these we continue to exalt and modify with the ingredients composing the philosopher's stone, mingled as our increasing knowledge may suggest.

"To illustrate. We wish to convert lead. If we find a body which will so dissolve or agitate the salt which is its secret nature as to blow away or burn all that is not mercury therein; and if in this body we have also the strict amount of sulphur necessary to concentrate the mercury, the whole will be converted into a mass of the finest gold.

"But remember, Ben Megas, that this is one of the lowest efforts of our lore; one upon which I shall not suffer you to waste much of your time; for the Cabbalist has so many objects, endless in variety, leading him onwards to a higher life."

And then he proceeded to experiments: which, as they present no points that could be laid hold on for description, we must leave amidst the darkness in which they were performed.

CHAPTER XVIII.

DEATH OF BEN UZZIEL.

Poor Steinberg had got a soul: and, like everybody else until it has found repose in the bosom of its lovely Father, he felt it was a very tremendous, unquiet sort of possession. The Sabbath morning had been ushered in by an account of the death of Ben Uzziel—the language of sorrow and uncertainty upon his lips. Steinberg shuddered when he heard it. If *he*, a prince in Israel, felt so disturbed in dying, who was to expect peace? It was vain that he read the Talmud—that he went to his Gobar—that he took neither breakfast nor dinner—that he recited prayers by the dozen, strewing dust upon his head, and beating his forehead upon the ground—that he repeated the most encouraging portions of the Jewish casuistry—he could get no comfort. He tried still sterner modes of recommending himself to some expression of the Divine favour. He exposed himself to the coldest water he could obtain—he beat his bare body till the excessive pain of the weals obliged him to desist. To symbolise his sense of the bit-

terness of sin, he chewed one of the most nauseously-bitter roots: and then the violent sickness produced by it compelled him to cease that also. He vowed to devote large sums to charitable uses: and yet, dear soul, though he fully believed that all these things put together had certainly made the scale of his merits preponderate, and so his safety was secured, he could not feel satisfied. No still small voice within his soul whispered of love and joy and peace on earth, and soft rest beneath immortal skies—nothing except a low, desponding melancholy. To be sure, he felt a sort of hope, but it brought little comfort. There was no undisturbed confidence, no sweet assurance, such as the Christian possesses; nothing but an indistinct and shadowy trust that the Divine mercy would be extended to him, although he knew not why.

O hard religion! Unlike—how unlike—that generous, loving trust which the Lord of glory delights to receive from His creature—that blessed relationship into which He waits to enter with all those who believe upon Him, as He has revealed Himself in His written word.

"Father, dear, it makes me very sad to see you so unhappy. What is it?" said Adeline, rising from the tea-table to throw her arms upon his neck and kiss his pale lips.

"Death! my child—death!" he said, slowly. "The death of Ben Uzziel has shook me. Tell

me again what it was his disciples said to him when they found him weeping."

"Don't be angry with me, dear papa, if I seem to be undutiful to you, and cross your will; for it is from reverence for you that I speak. Your nerves, just now, are much excited; ask some other time. Calmly rest your spirit upon the infinite love and mercy of our Father, leaving the vain teachings of man, and you will find a happier death than Rabbi Ben Uzziel."

"I believe that my soul is safe, if thy wishes can make it so. Blessed be the God of my fathers for the comfort of thee, my child! and may His blessing be upon thee for ever. Dost thou pray that I may be right at last?"

"Oh, yes, yes, dear papa!" said Adeline, kissing him fervently, her face bedewed with tears. "I do indeed pray very earnestly for you, and for dear mamma, too."

"Thank thee, my daughter. Kneel then, and let me bless thee."

And Adeline bowed her head, while with outspread hands her father repeated over her the usual benediction.

"Now, my child, tell me what I asked you."

"It was this, my dear father: One of his disciples, seeing him weep in prospect of death, thus addressed him: 'Rabbi, Light of Israel, thou strong rock, right hand pillar, why dost thou weep?' He replied, 'If they were carrying me

before a king of flesh and blood, who is here to-day and to-morrow in the grave—who, if he were angry with me, his anger would not last for ever—if he put me in bondage, his bondage would not be for everlasting—and if he condemned me to death, that death would not be eternal; whom I could sooth with words and bribe with riches; yet even in these circumstances I should weep. But now I am going before the King of kings, the only blessed God, who liveth for ever and ever; who, if He be angry with me, His anger will last for ever—if He put me in bondage, His bondage will be everlasting—if He condemn me to death, that death will be eternal; whom I cannot sooth with words nor bribe with riches. When, further, there are before me only two ways, the one to darkness, the other to paradise—and I know not to which they are carrying me, should I not weep?"*

"O God!" said Steinberg, clasping his hands, "if our sins are so great that Thou wilt not forgive, save us by the merits of our ancestors—of Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob; by the merits of Rebekah, Leah, and Rachael; by the merits of our holy law; by the merits of our holy men and teachers; by the merits of Jesse, the father of

* This reflection of one of their chief rabbis is taken from the Jewish prayer-book. In the Talmud, it is said that Rabbi Inani, "on his death-bed," made a similar reflection.

David—of Abner, the son of Ner—of Utheal, the son of Kenez, who constantly protect us; through the merits of Moses and Aaron, and all the illustrious of our nation. Adeline, my daughter, you will say the Kaddish when thy father is gone from thee?"

"O my dear father," said Adeline, "I *cannot* hear you speak of it."

"But will you, my child?" persisted Steinberg, in a hard, dry tone.

"Papa," said Adeline, in a steady mournful voice, "it sinks into my heart, it unnerves me when I see you resting your hopes on the wicked falsehoods of men." Adeline was frightened at what she had said; and a cold misty thrill of alarm quivered to the extremities of her palpitating veins, lest her father should be angry at her daring to hold such language to him. The whole conflict was too much for her gentle spirit, and in thick-flowing tears she continued brokenly, "Papa, do read the Bible. The moment our spirit quits the body, we rise to the abodes of happy angels and blissful spirits, or" — she could proceed no further.

"The Bible is for the rabbins — I believe the rabbins — O God, all against me — my child unfaithful — Curse upon——"

"Father! father!" sobbed the terrified Adeline, "Do not say so! I will say anything you command; I will do anything to make you happier."

"Lay your hands upon your breast, and promise that when I am dead you will say the Kaddish * every morning."

* Death to the Jew is fraught with sorrowful contemplations. In the grave his body is beaten by the Evil One, and suffers other terrors too numerous to mention. His soul goes away into some dreadful place, and endures a process of burning for eleven months. Thus after all the fasting, and mortification, and charity, the soul of the dying Jew is not to expect the rest of heaven. It enters into a purgatory from which the prayers and alms of his children are requisite to free it. One of the Jewish prayers has this preface: "It is customary among the dispersed of Israel to make mention of the souls of their departed parents (or other relatives) on the Day of Atonement, and on the ultimate days of the three festivals; and to offer for the repose of their souls."

This is the prayer—called Kaddish:

"May God remember the soul of my honoured father who is gone to his repose; for that I now solemnly vow charity for his sake. In reward of this, may his soul be bound up in the bundle of life, with the souls of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; Sarah, Rebekah, Rachael, and Leah; with the rest of the righteous males and females. Amen."

In reference to the time of offering this prayer, we read: "The custom is for eleven months to repeat the prayer called Kaddish, and also to read the lesson in the prophets, and to pray the evening prayer, at the going out of the Sabbath, for that is the hour when the souls return to hell; but when the son prays and sanctifies in public, he redeems his father and mother from hell."

The same high authority says, that the prayer "should not be offered more than eleven months, lest reproach

"I do promise you that I will," replied Adeline, placing her hands upon her bosom.

"For the full eleven months?"

"Yes, dear."

"Blessings be upon thy head, my daughter. And you will perform charity for my sake?"

"I will, my dear father."

"It is well;" and he again blessed her. "And now, my child, get the books; it is time to offer the evening sacrifice."

should be cast upon the character of the departed father and mother, as if they were wicked, for twelve months are the term appointed for the wicked." For "Israelites who sin with the body, and also Gentiles, descend into hell and are judged there *twelve months*. After the twelve months their body is consumed and their soul is burnt, and the wind scatters them under the soles of the feet of the righteous."

These are passages which must touch the tenderest chords of every Christian heart; and awaken the most vivid emotions of sympathy and love.

CHAPTER XIX.

INTRODUCES A GREAT MAN.

To every man of wisdom — and to find an Englishman without *much* wisdom, is so extraordinary a thing as almost to be matter for history — to every Englishman, then, we say, it is as clear as the sun at noon-day (the effect of which rare and exquisitely poetical simile, dear reader, varies considerably according to the place at which we may happen to use it, or you to read it — from Temple-bar, London, to the Piazza di San Marco at Rome, or the Strada di Toledo at Naples), or as clear as—clear can be, that one of the first principles of the bipedal genus to which it is his honour—as it is his glory—to belong, is politeness, and merciful consideration of any individual failure from the national standard of character: but when, in addition to the original sin of a miserable exterior and a soul shriveled up like an over-dried Scotch herring, is added a disposition to stuffing and guzzling—to doating on great hunks of meat, and flagons of strong drink, till the brain-pan being filled with a compound of

pudding, and beef, and sausages, there is not even room left for the shriveled-up soul aforesaid —then the person becomes as fair game as any that is to be met with from September to February inclusive.

It was a few days after the events narrated in the last chapter. Steinberg was sitting placidly down to breakfast; when he was startled by the sound of short hurried hurrahs beneath his window, like the rumbling of distant thunder. Sufficient to set afloat "that windy suspiration of forced breath" was such a noise as this in such dangerous proximity; and he went to gain tidings of the cause. And lo! the green-grocer opposite, having in the opinion of the Man of the People ill-used his tenant—his next-door neighbour—the lollipop shop—by distraining her goods for rent, when he knew she would have paid him if she could, was being treated to summary justice by an irritated London mob. He was none too soon. Beneath the soft aerial, yet dusty, almost husky haze, rolled and raved a sea of men, women, and children, heaving in multitudinous motion, as when cross seas, cross winds, and cross tides meet with tumultuous rushing and whirlpool fury, in some mysterious sound between unfathomable sandbanks and inexplicable capes. The air darkened, and the mischief thickened, till it seemed that Steinberg, house and all, would be hustled off amongst the ragged, raging regiment. * * *

Imagine a colony of wasps disturbed by an unlucky schoolboy threading his dubious path amongst the lattice-loving trees at the meridian hour of the hottest dog-day within the memory of the oldest dog; or—better and higher comparison—fancy a hornet's nest blown to rags with gunpowder in the hollow trunk of an old beech tree—there's a ferment! No wonder that poor Steinberg turned death-pale as he would faint. It was useless that he implored, expostulated, threatened; he might as well have said not a word. Some insultingly muttered in his face something about "old clothes"—and, whish! away goes the side door before the backs of the awful crowds pressing over the "airey" in front; the passage was thrown open, and the whole penetralia of Steinberg's mansion was laid open to Mobby's vision; dining-room door on right hand, parlour door behind it, kitchen door under the stairs, and garden door at the end of the passage, through the glass light of which might be dimly seen the large flower and flower-pot—a "chayney" one—which Steinberg always persisted looked equal to the "besht Bohemian glassh." Amidst the thunder-shower-ferment, the worthy knight of carrots and turnip-tops sat in his shop, hang-mouthed and crest-fallen, affording to philosophers one of the finest opportunities of lulling into perpetual peace that *questio vexata*, whether greatness of mind is most severely tried

by prosperity or adversity. For he, who on the day preceding was perched like a gay young bridegroom bird on the topmost twig of the tree of felicity, making the woods ring with the joy of his song as he looked down upon his unhappy victim, was now sitting like an old sick widower crow at its foot, incapable even of a caw, and deepening the gloom with that of his torn and dishevelled plumage, which bore strong symptoms of Erebus and Friesland.

"Dear me! surely you don't say so?" whispers with an enchanting smile, and the sweetest of all susurrus the pensive Young Lady. But *entre nous*—you are a Greek scholar and know our harmless meaning—we really must be excused, for, if we stop to converse, it will be impossible to compute the longitude of this sketch. And this brings us back with a beautiful graceful motion, like a ring-dove on bright and emboldened wing floating airily in the warm sunshine homeward to its rose-encircled tree—back, haunted by no other thoughts save those of sweet recollection, and as innocent of all mischievous intention as our own dear little French pup who, it gives us much pleasure to observe, has, for the last quarter of an hour, been vainly attempting to enlarge a casual fracture in our slipper—back to the beginning of our chapter.

The morning had advanced; and, by the aid of the police, quietness was again established in

Steinberg's street. A carpenter was busily employed repairing the broken door. Steinberg was as usual seated to his little old table, snuffling over his treasures and occasionally talking to himself, when a customer entered.

Before we proceed to describe the transactions which ensued, we must of necessity introduce this brace of personages to the reader. The oldest of the two, Lord Derescourt, at that time high in office under the Government, was a tall portly individual aspiring towards six feet in height. He had been what is called a handsome man: indeed, he was handsome then. His features were mild, and harmonized well with his expressive eyes. He wore his hat in a jaunty fashion, and cast his regards about him with the air of a man who knows more than he chooses to tell; and does not intend to be taken in.

His friend, Earl Vernon, was a queer-looking piece of humanity. He was a thin, grizzly, little man, with a tiny pot-belly wagging from side to side over a pair of spindle shanks, always full of business, fussy, doing nothing, and confused, like an elderly innkeeper at whose house the Cheap-and-Hasty changes horses and stops twenty minutes to gin-and-water. Like all such people, he was always in bad condition — purfled and short of wind, flabby and dabby, as if he had been steeped for three hours in a hot bath. His appetite was carnivorous; and, though his cook

mixed and minced his beef with all the choicest little tid-bits that she could devise, all her efforts to fatten him proved an unmitigated failure. Fatten! pshaw! she might as well have tried to plump the cheeks of a statue by feeding it on oatmeal and barley-water. One look at his vinegar-face was sufficient to set every tooth in one's head on edge; it couldn't have looked sourer if it had been soaked an age and a half in verjuice two hundred per cent. over proof. It was surmounted by a terrific pyramid of fiery hair and a great tall hat, half the height of himself, on the top of that. His small grey gooseberry orbs, throwing a shifting and uneasy light over his pea-soup complexion, were expressive of a restless, discontented, and unprincipled mind. He had a nose too, quite in keeping with the rest of his physique; it was a profound exaggeration of that classical style called Roman, and we should be inclined to draw its likeness here upon our paper, only we are fully assured, kind reader, you would pronounce the production of our genius to be, either the work of an inexperienced draughtsman or one of *Punch's* caricatures. All his clothing was made with growing room, and hung about him shapeless and voluminous as a balloon when the gas is out. What information he had managed to scrape together put one in mind of the *Penny Encyclopedia* begun at the wrong end and printed upside down. His carriage practically illustrated

the vulgar proverb, "He looks as if he had swallowed a poker;" and his little high-dried legs and feet were awfully engulphed in a pair of riding-boots of brigand-like dimensions, bristled with doubled-rowelled spurs, menacing and terrible as those of that fearful knight who comes riding in upon "Zohac, or the Wild Horse," as transformed into a Drury Lane Easter spectacle. After this description it is almost unnecessary for us to add that he always wore a blue coat and brass buttons, lavender silk waistcoat, with a yellow sprig, thunder-and-lightning breeches—painfully nipped about the bottom of the legs by an untimely frost—cream-colour gloves, and a very large primrose cravat, tied after the Tam O'Shanter order of architecture, as cast in plaster of Paris, by Venovali and Co. of Shoe-lane.

"I hope we don't disturb you, Mr. Steinberg," said Lord Derescourt.

"Niente — not a bit of it," replied Steinberg, with an innocent shake of his head, and putting down his snuffy old magnifier and a coin.

"Well, then, introduce us to your very best things. The earl here has no appreciation either of vertuosi or vertù. His judgment concerning both is as crude as an unripe medlar; so I purpose to lend him mine."

The earl testified his profound sense of the compliment by bursting into a sort of triple-toned bob-major laugh, in which—it being his own by

natural entail, and neither left him by will with his escutcheon nor acquired by ingenuity—he was wont to indulge on all occasions, even when nothing laughable had been said; but suddenly recollecting—as he generally did—in the midst of his euphonious peal, that he was a "great man," and therefore entirely above such vulgar imitations of the low, snorting, common herd, he checked himself with a flash of energy, and an effort to be dignified ludicrous in the extreme; much more so than the sudden stop, of the sudden laugh, of the sudden apparition in "Sah-ban-he-sad-berk, or Gulguna and the Enchanted Head," in Assa Behn Hilali's hair-stand-on-end Eastern tale. And having partially recovered from the convulsion produced by the violent effort required to rein himself in, he twitched the sleeves of his coat and said, "True, true," with an effort at gentility beautifully ridiculous.

"Ya, ya," said Steinberg. "I've got some coot coinsh and tings. Dese here, mich you see, are simplesh blaytings als any childer might blay mit. If you'll go up stairsh, gentlemensh, I'll pring dem and be wit you in eine meenut."

So accordingly up they walked into a moderately sized room, where blazed a bright fire of Gilmerton coal. A servant entered, shook the cushions of a baregère, drew it to the fire, fidgetted over a few more things, and then withdrew. Lord Derescourt seated himself on the baregère;

the earl disposed himself on a couch at the other side of the fire—in the elegance of his position and the disposal of his drapery looking alarmingly like Cheops redivivus.

"Here, gentlemensh," said Steinberg, as he placed a collection of coins and stones before them, with a most bewitching tenderness, "I trusht we shall shatisfy all parties. It vash only yesterdag zhat I resheived these coinsh from my agent. No one wit myself has ever sheen them bevore. I babtise dem all antic and all nice."

Lord Derescourt and the earl drew up to the table, and packed themselves closely by the side of Mr. Steinberg; the three forming an object for Rembrandt, well and fittingly grouped for the canvas.

The earl began to finger the coins. Passing over Himeras, Messina Hares, Hieros; the bearded coin of Metapontus, with Ceres or Mars on the reverse; Arion on his dolphin; these most beautiful of coins were all too common for his practised eye. It at length dropped, kite-like, on an Æmilianus, with a rare reverse. He took it up and turned it about, with the air of a man well-instructed in such matters. And one good turn deserving another, he turned it about again. "Five pounds," and he cleared his throat in approbation of his magnificent offer.

"Eh?" said Steinberg. "Letsh shee vot it shez." He fumbled it up in his snuffy old hands,

rubbed it on his snuffy old coat cuff, wiped his snuffy old goggle glasses, hung them on his snuffy old nose, laid the coin for contrast on his snuffy old account-book, and having done so, screamed, "*Che!* Five pounds! Vat tink you I doesh to live wit — *celare boni maltolli?* — receive stolen goods."

"No! no! no!" said Earl Vernon.

"Yesh you musht, to offer five poundzh for de gute ting to begin wit. Doeshn't any childer know that a Piscennius is cheap for fifteen poundzh? Zhat the man may preak hish heart wit hish unendlissh fortunate that gitsh the Velian lion for twenty-five poundzh? That Æmilianus, Julia Pia, Matidia, and Plotina, can hardly shildom be bot for forty poundzh? And that Crotons, Constantines, and Ptolemy Evergetes, are almost unpurchasable?" Turning to Lord Derescourt, and looking half with an air of injured grandeur, half spitefully, "I have notin to say wit him more." And he took a handful of snuff, and wasted a deal on his snuffy coat collar and shirt frill.

"Don't be cross, Mr. Steinberg," said Lord Derescourt. "I myself believed the coin to be as common as blackberries."

"That coin! all antic, and all scarsh. *Cospetto!*" He was awfully vexed. He turned himself about; he *cospetto'd* once: he took a pinch of snuff; he *cospetto'd* again: he took out

his snuffy handkerchief, wiped his snuffy nose, and his snuffy magnifier; and he *cospetto'd* again. "For dis reason I spoke not, vat I did say to you lashtly. You are too much so onreasonable."

"Well, Mr. Steinberg, what *will* you take?" inquired Vernon.

"*Eccola!* I don't care if you takesh it away wit you for forty shoverins."

"Too much," said Derescourt, tersely.

"*Pigliate lo per trenta* — take it for thirty." And he gave a short, stiff grunt.

"Twenty-five," replied Lord Derescourt.

"Twenty-five!" echoed Solomon. "Vere have you left your conscience pehind? Itsh impossible I should let you have it for that. You shee I should lozh shixty per shent. But never mind. I shuppozh, eine brief, you musht take it. There it ish, then for twenty-five poundzh. Vatsh nexht?"

"This Julia Domna?"

"*Alla buon' ora* — well and good. That goesh for twenty."

"Only give ten, Vernon," suggested Derescourt.

"Ah! vell. No use, no use. You musht take it." And Steinberg sighed heavily.

Lord Derescourt hoped he had not offered too little. For he had no intention to act wrongfully, or to take an improper advantage of his desire to sell. Not a bit of it.

But Steinberg was already convinced that they

would do "notin wit him that was not fair and not nice." So, all reassured, they again proceeded to business.

"What's this?" inquired Vernon, picking up a thing that looked like the mummy of a newly-born kitten, and turning his visage full upon it like some keen-eyed tarantula.

Steinberg, who was occupied in nuzzling amongst the contents of a large Etruscan jar full of all sorts of odds and ends from the Creation downwards, looked wistfully up at this address, not suppressing an anxious sigh when the scrutiny was over.

"*Caro lei!*" said he, stirring the fire, and looking either at the poker or the mummy, his spectacles preventing us from seeing which. "Dat ecsh my ver beshtest and finesht piece." Taking it up, "I shall confessh to you, signors, for vonce for allsh, dat de preis of dis ish shomevat dear. De leastest preis als I can take vill be a chent." He proceeded to unswathe the article; and after much wheeling and turning about, the unbinding of the rags was successfully concluded, and a small Agrippina — Claudius' Agrippina — exhibited herself upon the table.

"*Ah! ché bella faccia!* signors," said Steinberg contemplatively. "You shee, gentlemensh —you judge ber sur, and can tell the worth of dis ting—you shee it is a bargain, and can't be got ein any tag of the wick."

"How did you get her, Steinberg?"

"'Tis yestertag," replied he, looking guilelessly, "seyne mein old freund, mein nobil freund, Signor Pozzuoli—(a man who vould shooner trow hish head away than hish character, eesh Signor Pozzuoli)—Vell, 'tis yestertag seyne he came here from Napoli wit coinsh and shertain other antics. 'Steinberg,' shay he, 'I have gotch eine prize, mich I foresaw not ven I did write to you lashtly.' So I shay to him, I shay, 'Letsh me leuk at dis your prize for me.' Den he takesh out a dirty little voman, with a face allsh covered in filt. 'Ya! ya!' I shay to him, 'dat eesh no gute. Vat she ish I foreshee not!' 'No gute!' say he, in eine great dolors, '*dottore mio*, you shan't have her den. I'll take her back wit me if datsh de vay you do beesnisse, and veesh you coot night.' 'Vat you vant for her?' I ashk. 'You shall have her cheap, and wit a small trouble you also shall clean her; itsh a shimple ting als any childer might do.' So I gotch her a bargain, you shee, signors."

"And how did you manage to clean her so nicely, Mr. Steinberg?"

"*Col pazienza ed il temperino*—with patience and a penknife."

Vernon took up the Agrippina. He twirled her, and turned her, and finally squinted on her. Each moment he became more and more absorbed in the contemplation of the lady. Until after

taking his fill of admiration, while he appeared gloriously oblivious of time, his pent-up enthusiasm at the sight of her charms burst forth in a very rusty, creaking exclamation of, "Be-ea-*u*-ti-ful! What is the least you can possibly take for it?"

Before Steinberg could tell the forthcoming lie, Derescourt requested to examine the bronze. It was very correctly shaped; and he allowed himself to be convinced that it was, beyond doubt, an authentic one, and therefore valuable.

"Is it an edited figure?" asked Vernon. Not for worlds could he have explained the meaning of what he said; but he had heard Derescourt talking of edited and inedited coins, and other articles of vertù. So he coughed nervously, and gathered himself up at the thought of his question with an overwhelming dignity; for he felt he had spoken like a connoisseur.

"The price?" asked Derescourt.

"Dat eesh fifty poundzh, den, ready monet."

"But you bought her a bargain, Steinberg, you said. Can't you, now, let us have a little benefit as well as yourself?—just a *little*, you know."

"Not a shixpence lessh."

He dared to propose forty.

Steinberg exploded with virtuous indignation. "Dit dey tink he shtole her? Dit dey tink he could afford to part wit de goot ting in such a manner? Als nice and als clean as a young baby,

too—she vash. No. He would botel her off, and keep her for himshelf to leuk at. Fifty he had said, fifty he would have—dat was de mosht leastest preis."

Of course, as he had so resolved, and they really wanted the figure, there was no alternative but to dub down the fifty.

This bargain, then, being satisfactorily adjusted, they proceeded to make others equally favourable —as Steinberg condescendingly assured them. He rubbed his hands, and rattled his snuff-box, and snuffed his snuff, and was very pleased; for it seemed their intention to buy up his stock. They purchased a Plotina, a Mariana, a Matidia, a Maximin, a Germanicus' Agrippina, an Annia Faustina, a Marinus, Crotons, Lipari bronzes, and all the Julias of the Roman empire, even to Julia Paula, who married Eliogabalus, and Julia Mammæa, wife of Maximin. Last of all, Steinberg brought out the very best coin in his collection; a highly-preserved Valeria — most noble-souled of Roman empresses—of a rare coinage, and, as he approvingly declared, "als goot als ven it came fresh from her mint."

Whilst Steinberg was engaged in the transactions just related, a Jew belonging to the same synagogue as himself walked into the parlour, and

requested an interview with him. Mrs. Steinberg being absent, Adeline replied,

"Vell, Miss Steinberg, as usual, you see — come a-begging."

"But, sir, you always come with a good cause. What is it now?"

"Death."

"Where?"

"Pet-tee-coat Lane."

"And what, sir, are the particulars?"

"A young woman. The father and mother, my childsh, is dead — long, long, timesh. She kept four or five childsh by doing work and thingsh among the brethren; and von of the boysh vent out vith a elo' bag. But now she's dead — died this morning. There'sh no monish in the housh, so ve mush do liberalsh, you know, 'cause of the childsh."

"What is the sum which the necessities of the family require each person to give?" inquired Adeline.

"Vell, all whosh shubstance will allow it ought to give ten shillings; none less than five. Brother Levi, though, gave only half-a-crownsh — he'll lozh the reward, for the Eternal hash blessh't him with plenty of monish."

"I'll see father — I'll not detain you long," said Adeline, as she placed a sovereign in his hand. And bounding up the stairs, she gently pushed aside the door of the room in which Stein-

berg and Vernon were occupied in closing their accounts.

The blood rushed crimson over her face and neck, as she perceived the eyes of the two strangers turned upon her in undisguised admiration. Her father buckled himself up with conscious pride in his daughter, and either could not, or would not, understand the meaning of her uplifted finger. Stepping lightly up to him, she whispered hastily, "A very distressing case of death and want; ten shillings at least."

"Ja, ja," said Steinberg; and he grumbled the money into her hand, ludicrously mingling his discontented mutterings with an effort to seem hearty and willing. Having received the donation, Adeline retired as noiselessly as she had entered; and it was speedily transferred to the box of the collector.

"Can I have a little conversation with you in private, Mr. Steinberg?" asked Lord Vernon, as he handed him the cheque.

"Shertinly you can. Let'sh shee; yes, 'um—if you mishes for such a ting," replied Steinberg, contemplatively, for he was admiring the cheque.

"This is new," said Lord Derescourt. "What's afloat now, that I can't hear?"

"Nothing," answered Vernon, in a high-dried,

uneasy tone. "Tell *you* some other time," he added, as they quitted the apartment.

"Fact is, Mr. Steinberg, I've took a fancy to your daughter," he said, bustling himself up and down the room.

"What do you mean by fanshy?" drawled Steinberg.

"Why, I've taken a liking to her. I want her to keep house for me, receive the company, live with me, instead of the one I've got."

"She's going to be married wit a hushband in eine wick or two. But if she vashn't, I shouldn't let her go shervant mit anybody."

"Going to be married! eh?" whined out Mister Vernon; a faint gleam of light finding its way somewhere within him. "Then, I suppose, if I'm to have her, I must marry her?"

"Augh! vatsh that you shay?" gasped Steinberg.

"I'll marry her. She's a —— fine, beautiful girl — no mistake. I think she'll suit me exactly."

"Make her eine wife mit you, do you mean?"

"To be sure; to-morrow, if she likes."

"Mill you love her ber gute — als I have loved her?"

"All my heart and soul I do!"

"Vell, I daun knaw," said Steinberg, thoughtfully. "You'll treat her wit all the same manner als you would your wife?"

"I'll marry her, as I said. Make her Countess of Vernon, and present her to the highest circles as my countess. I'm glad I've seen her — so grand and queenly; one would have thought she'd been bred at court. She'll suit me first-rate," said the youthful expectant with quite a flash of intellectual energy.

"Ver nice. But there'sh her shweetheart," ventriloquised Steinberg.

"What odds of him? She'd, of course, sooner have *me*. He'll soon find some one else — trust him; plenty o' women."

"She mightn't likesh to part herself wit him," suggested Steinberg, tenderly.

"Haw! haw! haw! Haw! haw! haw!" roared the noble earl. And he was so sublimely overjoyed at the intensely preposterous idea that a woman *could* have any feeling in such a matter, that, in his excitement, he rose from his chair and walked about the room, indulging his enjoyment to his heart's content.

At last he recovered a little.

"Haw! haw! What's she got to do with it? She'll have a husband, and a finer fellow than he is, I reckon. What more does she want?"

Steinberg was quite brought up by this view of the affair. A husband — wealth — rank — title — high connexions — how sweetly refreshing.

"You know she's a Jewess?" he asked.

"Why certainly I do; that is, I took her for your daughter, so I reckoned she must be."

"You'll let her come to the synagogue, and keep all the feashts and fasts?" he asked, with praiseworthy solicitude.

"Anything she likes. All I want is her; then she may be an atheist, if she's a mind. What does it matter to me what she believes!"

"You don't mean any ting unhonoursh wit her?" persisted Steinberg.

"I mean just what I've been saying."

"Ber goot, ber goot," remarked Mr. Steinberg cheerfully.

"Do I consider the thing settled then?"

"That you shall take her to you for eine wife?"

"Exactly."

"Yes, ber sur."

"Well then I'd better see her," said the ardent young lover, looking down upon his leggikins, and eyeing himself from top to toe with tender complacency.

"No, no. No, no. Let me breaksh it wit her firsht. She's ver timeet to anthward shtrangers."

Vernon did not coincide with this proposal at all. But however reluctant he felt, there was no help for it.

"When *shall* I see her?" he said pettishly, and twirling his gold-headed cane.

"Vell, let me shee," soliloquised Steinberg. "Dis ees Montag, to-morrow den ees Tuestag; ven she mill be off mit her Isaac to the feasht, before I shall have time to say wit her what you have said to me lashtly. De mosht simples direct, den, als I can give you ish, to shee her in about ein wick; and then you can have her conshent."

"Oh, yes—she'll consent—no fear," said the earl in a decided voice. "Well, I shall call in about a week or so then."

"Ya, ya. Do in such a manner; that will be goot." And they left the place together.

CHAPTER XX.

THE FEAST OF PENTECOST.

"Be mute who will, who can,
Yet I will praise thee with impassioned voice!
Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine
In such a temple as we now behold,
Rear'd for thy presence; therefore am I bound
To worship, here and everywhere."

WORDSWORTH.

"Could we but keep our spirits to that height
We might be happy; but this clay will sink
Its spark immortal."

BYRON.

"She was a fairy thing,
Like day-light in its opening."

OSBORN W. T. HEIGHWAY.

ISAAC's engagements of a business character were never very numerous nor pressing; and therefore he almost entirely resigned himself to the society of Adeline. Every day brought some new excursion to scenes of chaste and quiet beauty, in companionship with one of the most lovely and gifted of women. Isaac's theory, that what is most

beautiful in nature ought to be enjoyed in solitude, he found to be quite impracticable. He never felt a desire to visit any place if Adeline could not accompany him; and every ramble which they took together derived its higher gratification from her presence. He could always realise the hope, the joy, the poetry of life, better when she was near to direct his thoughts. Between them there was sympathy of taste, and thought, and feeling; sympathy of high purpose and noble sentiment; sympathy which no time nor change of circumstances could subdue. Solitude indeed —

> "O Zimmerman, Zimmerman,
> Hadst thou but a glimmer, man."

But he had not a glimmer of sense, else he would never have dreamed and prated of a thing so unfit for man on this earth as solitude, where Nature has furnished every fragrant bower, with or without license, episcopal or parliamentary, to hold *two*.

And it was something like this that Isaac decided when, one evening, he went out alone to look upon the scene near his home, which of all others he preferred, it so completely *fascinated* his spirit. To his surprise he found that he, a devoted admirer of nature, was standing by the deep stillness of the water, beneath a beautiful starlight, watching the heavy flush of the trees

and hills with a distracted mind. All the enchantment had vanished! Where now was the water, and the starlight, and the hills, and the mysterious profound above him! Evidently Isaac was no longer his own, *half* of him was somewhere else.

It followed, therefore, that he and Adeline made many expeditions alone. Few who looked upon that soft and quiet exterior, might have imagined the exhaustless well of poetry and blessedness which was ever gushing over in Adeline's bosom. She possessed not a faintest tinge of the wild fervour of the enthusiast; all her manner was serene, peaceful, still. Yet to a kindred spirit it was revealed in the brightness ever hovering so dreamily over her beautiful cheek, and the vivid feeling which lit up the pellucid deeps of her large earnest eyes, with a light belonging to other worlds.

"I cannot tell you," said Adeline in one of these walks, "I cannot tell you the pleasure I feel when I get away, quite away, from all the haunts of men, and find myself serene and still under the crystal azure of a cloudless summer sky. There all seems made only to minister to my delight; and I feel in its fullest, most enthusiastic degree what a beautiful thing is life. Beauty is an all-pervading presence. It haunts everything in earth, and sea, and sky; and an infinite joy is lost to men because they so inade-

quately understand this precious principle of our being. Its delights are so refined, elevated, and pure; it is so inseparably united with our noblest and loftiest sensibilities, that I often grieve that any one should omit to cultivate this spiritual life; for let the world think how it will, the life of the soul is like God, from whom it emanates, all beauty. Were men's eyes opened to this truth how would their existence be elevated. All we see, and all we feel, would be transformed — recreated. Everything visible and invisible, would, like our own spirit, be love and peace. That any one can live and move about among these beautiful scenes, daily forgetful of the Deity of whom they are an expression made intelligible to mortal eyes, would be a puzzle did we not accept it as a proof how low sunk in sin our spirits must be. To me the earth and sky do so seem to mingle, that I can scarcely separate them; and feeling thus, I often indulge myself in dreamy and delicious speculations that, if the misty veil of time were drawn aside from my eyes, I should see myself surrounded with blissful angels, and holy spirits with their golden lutes, and immortal suns, and fadeless bowers, and all the glorious love and beauty of eternity."

"It must have been from some such feeling," replied Isaac, "that the great painters have thrown a mystic dimness over their Elysium. It was quite necessary that there should be a dif-

ference between it and earth: they found themselves unable to imagine a world more lovely and beautiful than this, and therefore they painted a land of shadows and mysterious twilight, where the spirit might wander and fill with heavenly beauty for itself. Adeline," he pursued, and there was a quiver of intense feeling communicated to his voice, "I often think it strange when I hear some people talk of a desire to go to heaven, for thinking and feeling as they do here, I wonder how they can expect to be happy there. The change produced by death is not a metamorphosis but an emancipation. The soul renewed in the spirit of God begins the divine life here; in this life it is as impossible to stand still in time as it is in eternity; but at present all our aspirations are clouded by sense, all our efforts confined by the body. At last, God commissions Death to come and throw the shackles off, that we may be admitted into the higher sanctuary. But not a feeling in the soul is changed—they are simply heightened, enlarged, elevated to the illimitable degrees of immortality. The unbound spirit finds itself in the visible presence of Him, whom before it could feel and behold only faintly and at a distance; and free as infinity itself, is searching, learning, increasing in the enjoyment of God for ever."

"What you have said," replied Adeline, "brings to my mind the thoughts I had when I

first began to read the Bible. One of the things that I earliest deduced from it was, that heavenly spirits are not equal in their degrees of enjoyment. For a moment I felt disposed to object to this. But a very little reflection enabled me to discover that in the very nature of things it must be so. As God is heaven and heaven is God, it follows consistently enough that they who imbibe most of His spirit here, will in heaven enjoy a bliss of which less earnest ones can form no conception, for they will *know* more of Him, consequently *feel* more of Him. Of course, those who have the less happiness, do not miss the higher, because they are quite incapable of feeling it. So each in his own measure feels a heaven. Just as here, the simple unlettered man can have no idea of the immense and inexhaustible delight which flows from a cultivated heart and intellect, and thus believes that his happiness is as great as it is possible to enjoy on earth."

"You are one of those, dear Adeline," said Isaac, in a playful voice, "who have learned to begin their heaven in this world."

"If I do not begin it here," replied Adeline, "I never shall at all."

"Well would it be if all would strive like you; for then the curse and misery of sin would almost have passed away, even in this life. You would have what you so fondly picture — a world all love — no jarring chord in any heart."

"Oh, beautiful! beautiful!" exclaimed Adeline, her eyes radiant with soft rapture, and a crystal tear trembled on their drooping lashes. "And it would all be so if we would only allow God to govern in *His* way, instead of madly persisting with our own. But I think we really must stop our transcendental contemplations if you please, else we shall imbibe such a disrelish for the actual world, that when we return to it we may be somewhat out of humour. Look at the beauty of yonder mansion, with its thick dark shelter of oaks on the one hand, and its graceful avenue of acacias on the other; and the statue, surrounded by that lovely parterre of flowers, looking so thoughtfully — as though in the quivering shadowiness of the water depths he could find aerial companions for his loneliness — on the fountain bubbling up at his feet. And then shift your position of view a little—how fine is the wavy outline of those blue hills, interlacing the azure sky with gently undulating ridges and massy trees that seem to hide themselves in the very brightness — yet so soft — so dream-like — like a shadow on the soul of Love. Oh, that is beautiful!"

"And do you notice that semicircular hill, invested with so much positiveness of hue, that at last mingles itself with the far bright distance which has no limits. The gradation of shades and colours is perfect. It is an infinity, divided

into an infinite number of degrees, but always beautiful. It is repose — perfection!"

"It is earth melting into sky!" said Adeline. "See, it seems expanding, rising higher — higher — ascending in a calm ethereal cloud! — a mist of light! The Spirit of the Beautiful has triumphed!"

It is near the middle of the month Sivan, and one of Mr. Cohen's happiest seasons, for all his family are peacefully collected together in his calm and gentle home, it being the שָׁבוּעוֹת — feast of Pentecost.

The feast of Pentecost has no features of particular interest. None of the sacrifices appointed for it can be offered now. The want of these is, as usual, supplied by prayer and alms-giving.

"A new synagogue is to be opened the day after to-morrow, Isaac, at ——, in Berkshire," said Mr. Cohen. "I cannot go. But you might; and surely Miss Steinberg will too."

"I shall be delighted; and so will Adeline. We can go in the chaise."

"I think so," replied Mr. Cohen. "The distance is about eighteen miles. You won't be there at the saying of the Shema?" and he smiled gaily.

"Why then it would be necessary to start at

once. No. If we get there in time for the late service it will be excellent, I think," said Isaac.

"Yes, that would do. Our brethren there are few in number, and have had hard work to build their little place; and the Holy One—blessed be He—having prospered us, we must take part of their burden. Give this for me." And he placed a bank-note in Isaac's hand.

"This is enough for you and me too, father. Now, David, where is your share in the concern? You have to treble your contributions, you know, now you are married; one lot for yourself, two for Mrs. Cohen."

"Whish!" cried David, "Hermon must pay for herself, I think. But no matter. The money being joint-stock, I may as well subscribe all. What damages do you expect now?"

"Three guineas, at the very least."

"There is need for the utmost liberality," interposed Mr. Cohen. "He can well afford four or five."

"In my opinion, Mr. Cohen, you might generally be more liberal than you are; you have the means," said Mary.

"My lovely accusing angel!" said David.

"Let me see the effect," said Mary.

"Three will do," said David. "One for myself, two for Hermon. Unless," he pursued, as he looked upon his wife, "unless you wish to give more."

"If you will allow me, then, my dear husband,

I will add one more guinea to yours. We have so much cause for gratitude in the peace and love with which a kind Providence so abundantly blesses us." And she drew out her purse.

"Will Mr. St. Maur go with us?" asked Isaac.

"I don't know. It's a very serious question, and should not be hastily answered."

"O, take plenty of time for consideration, by all means," replied Isaac.

"You see I've lost a good deal of my piety lately; and to go would be worse than a Talmudist's penance, and do as little good."

"But you might make a sacrifice to friendship."

"And, besides, get a mouthful of spiritual food. But no; I'll retract that. Far more glorious would it be to go as a martyr to friendship; that then shall be my motive."

"You are a faithful affectionate creature," observed Isaac, tenderly.

"And always was. I learned it at school. We used, you know, to write it in our copy-books—'Amicus fidelis medicamentum vitæ,'—a faithful friend is the medicine of life. We should at all times be ready to accompany a friend either in a triumphal ovation, or on a melancholy march to the scaffold; to place the victor's crown upon his head, or the funereal handkerchief in his hand. And all should be done with the most disinterested feeling—from the mere pleasure of serving him."

"You may perhaps find some tidings of Eva there," said Isaac.

"I wish I might; but I have no hope of it. However her guardian will be back soon."

The entrance of a servant with a letter, which she placed in the hands of Mr. Cohen, changed the current of the conversation.

He rapidly ran his eye over the contents, and then said, "Show her here, make tea, and bring whatever substantial food you have at hand."

The stranger entered. She was a pale, thin woman, with a countenance that bespoke a familiar acquaintance with sorrow. In her arms she bore an infant; and a little girl, of about eight years old, stood trembling by her side. Placing chairs, Isaac requested they would seat themselves.

"Why, my good lady, didn't you make your circumstances known to us before you were reduced to such extremity?" said Mr. Cohen.

"When I was offered a letter to you, sir, I didn't like to take it, if I wasn't obliged, because I am a Gentile; and I felt I had no right."

"How could you allow such a thought!" ejaculated Isaac, involuntarily.

"It was indeed a sad mistake," replied Mr. Cohen. "It matters nothing to us whether the poor sufferer is Jew or Gentile. While we have bread we must help him. How many children have you? Let's see though — I think the letter says——"

"Seven, sir," said the stranger.

"And that in arms is the youngest—of course?"

"Yes."

"And it is very young, I should think."

"It is nearly six months old, sir."

Adeline was quite incapable of rudeness. But, spite of herself, she was obliged to indulge in several very covert looks in the direction of the baby, each one increasing the intensity of her sympathies towards it, until it were hard to say if what she felt was not a downright breach of the tenth commandment. Now, however, that the remarks had turned upon the little creature, she could restrain herself by the cold rules of etiquette no longer.

"I do hope you will forgive me my intrusiveness, ma'am," she said as, with a face beaming all over with love, she advanced towards the stranger lady. "But I should feel much pleasure if you would allow me to nurse the baby while you remain."

Of course no objection was offered. So Adeline took the infant gently in her arms, smoothed down its long white robe very carefully indeed, laid a kiss upon its peach-blow lips, and marched off with it to her seat triumphantly.

"Do you love children, Miss Steinberg?" asked St. Maur.

"Oh! passionately," replied Isaac. "She positively adores them."

"And how do you manage, my good lady, without any furniture? Is it possible you have nothing at all left?"

"My husband went and got a bundle of shavings for us to sleep on; and those with a few bricks ——"

"Spare yourself any further particulars, pray," said Mr. Cohen. "Your circumstances are dreadful; it is a melancholy thought that such things are and can be?"

"The Lord only knows what we have suffered," said the woman, and a strange brilliance flashed in her feverish eyes. "Once I wouldn't have thought it possible to live and endure what I have. But nobody knows how much they can bear, especially when the Lord helps them, till they prove it."

Eulalie—the beautiful, the lovely Eulalie—had all this time been standing with her white arms inweaving the waist of the little stranger child; her mild, angel eyes fixed earnestly upon her father, while her ears drunk every word. She tripped lightly up to Mary, and said in a sad and tearful voice, "Mary, dear, may I go with you next time you go a-visiting?"

"Certainly, my love, you may if you wish; but why should you?"

"Oh, Mary, these things lie so heavy on my heart, and make my head burn so. I cannot bear it. That little baby, with its poor thin fingers;

oh, dear!" and Eulalia buried her face in Mary's bosom.

"Hush, my precious!—don't cry," said Mary, folding her still tighter to her heart. "We shall be able to relieve them and make them better, I hope, now we know of it."

"Yes, dear, but, oh! what they have suffered. What a world this seems; so much sorrow, sorrow, sorrow. I don't understand it. I feel God does not mean it, for He loves us so very dearly; and it grieves Him then, I know it, I *feel* it, dear Mary."

"Yes, my love, sin, by introducing sorrow, has made this world a great grief to our tender Father. But if we suffer now, we shall reign with Him hereafter. Let us be thankful for that hope." And Mary stooped to kiss Eulalia's quivering lips.

"I wish I could do something for them," said Eulalia, sadly; and her voice wandered until it seemed to die away in soft, afar-off murmurings. "I would make them very happy—all of them. I would love them so fondly, so deeply, so faithfully; and be so careful of them. How lonely they must feel, and desolate; nobody to speak kindly to them, nor to share their trouble; but people all passing by them as if they cared nothing about them. Here's this lady, Mary, loves her baby as well as papa or you love me; and it would kill him to see us all lying in the cold, with nothing to cover us. Oh, it is so dreadful!"

"So it is, my love," said Mary, in a voice in which soothingness, benignity, and tenderness were beautifully commingled. "And if we feel rightly, we shall not allow ourselves to enjoy happiness while such suffering is unrelieved, if we can do it."

"But why, dear, do people feel about it as they do? Papa often says that if those who have means would give all they could to those who have none, no person would be distressed for comfortable things."

"It is quite true, my beloved. But we cannot make them feel so; at least if they do, they like their money better than making others happy, and so they will not give it away."

"If papa were to speak to them about it," said Eulalia, in a soft absent voice — "he convinces everybody. Perhaps, dear, they don't know that some little children suffer so much. Of course they cannot help loving people; especially when they see them in trouble and unhappy. And so beautiful as it is to see we have made them all delighted and joyful!"

"Ah! my dear Eulalie, I sadly fear they know all about it; many of them more than even we do," replied Mary.

"Then I don't know how to think about it," said Eulalia, thoughtfully. "What use is money if it is not to do good with? I am sure I should never want it. And so cruel—so wicked—as

it seems to let people suffer when we can stop it."

Mary felt so too, and joined to the music of Eulalia's sweet soft angel voice, the solemn spirit light which beamed from the deeps of her mournful eyes, and her holy trusting look—such as a cherub might wear, while sheltered beneath an angel's wing—as she turned them upon her, it made her heart swell big, and a rush of melodious feeling sweep through her soul as she hung over Eulalia's bright forehead to kiss it.

"I long to go to heaven," said Eulalia, in a still and misty voice; and a bright unearthly cloud passed across her eyes, like a shadow from a seraph's wing, and then they grew light again. "All is so peaceful, loving, beautiful in heaven. All is happy there. All love each other there. I long to go. I often *feel* it, Mary; *near* me, filling me, it seems — and — and — oh! it is so beautiful!—I seem breathing myself away in love. And I see that bright blue sky—that sunshine that I often picture—those beautiful waving flowers that never fade—and I breathe those soft sweet airs which whisper — and oh! it is of such beautiful love they whisper—among the fruit and orange groves of my lovely Father's land. And oh! those happy times. I seem to be falling away in a beautiful gentle sleep, like I do when I sleep in your bosom by the side of the fountain in the garden."

A servant came into the room, and rapidly

spread the table with all sorts of viands: and then in the midst of all, she placed a most inviting pot of tea, steaming cheerful and joyous, and with its musically murmured song seeming to mingle the most irresistible prayers for some one to come and drink it.

"Now, ma'am, be so kind as to draw your chair up to the table," said Mr. Cohen. "Miss Steinberg, will you please to attend to them?"

The poor woman complied with a look of frightened gratitude. Adeline lost no time in spreading cakes, and fowl, and hot broiled beef; nor was cold pie forgotten. It was just the office that was congenial to all the sensibilities of Adeline's loving nature. And, with the look of her beautiful eyes, the sweetness of her smile, and the feeling, quicker than thought with which she passed on from one thing to another, all centering either in the woman or her child, she appeared so blessed, so benignly joyous, that all who looked upon her, felt their soul stilled to the deep rich hush of perfect happiness. How calm, how beautiful, how heavenly is love!

Yet you must not think that Adeline surrendered up her infant treasure. It could not be expected; and she would have smiled if any one had been so sweetly innocent as to request it. She placed some milk on the fire to warm; and while this was in operation she pounded biscuit very finely indeed, and then mingled it with the milk.

To this she added certain mysterious ingredients which we really cannot specify, because the proper composition of this kind of food has, ever since the days of Eve the first mother, been known only to the ladies. Having mixed, she tasted the compound; and finding it in every way satisfactory, began to feed the little creature very carefully, and in small quantities at a time. Adeline was delighted with the remarkably successful manner in which it accomplished the feat of eating; and, indeed, there did appear to be some danger that baby would be done to death with feeding, and hugging, and kisses, and smiles, and expressions of admiration.

"Dear papa," said Eulalia, whispering in his ear, "the little girl is just my size. Could she not have some of my clothes? There are some things I am sure I don't need, because I can wear them so seldom; and I should feel so much happier if I knew she was dressed warmly. How she must feel, dear papa, in our comfortable home!"

It was one of Mr. Cohen's principles never to check the liberality of any of his children, but to do all in his power to encourage it, and show that he approved of it. So he said, in the same soft voice, "Well, my precious child, if you think so, go and see what you can spare them. But mind that the things are warm and serviceable, and suited to the rest of her dress, so

that she may not be ashamed to wear them. Ask Mary if she will be kind enough to go with you, and help you to judge."

At last, when all was collected together, the poor afflicted creature, scarcely able to contain her gratitude, was dismissed with a load of food and clothing beyond her strength — reduced by hardship — to carry; and therefore a servant was despatched to assist her. Nor was money forgotten. And as, on all such occasions, every member of a Jewish family is moved by a noble spirit of emulation, she received a very substantial sum, accompanied by a desire that they might continue to be informed of her circumstances.

. . . . . .

"There's to be some experiments in Animal Magnetism made to-night," said David, looking up from the *Morning Post* with a yawn.

"Where?" asked St. Maur.

"O! at B——, just beyond here."

"Shall we go?" he said to Isaac.

"Why you don't intend to countenance that of all things?"

"Well, I should like to see the concern. I have a decided antipathy to being gulled; and I am quite of opinion that this thing is a disgusting sham all out—in fact, about one of the most elaborate specimens of humbug, which any German quack, in his German *stube*, over German beer, ever perpetrated. I wonder it has been endured

half as it has. But Englishmen have an instinct full of sympathy with medical quackery — from German pills and table-turning, to this magnetism. They hate political and poetical quackery; but they shut their eyes, and open their pockets, to any impudent rogue who professes to render them immortal by a pill. You know I have seen a thing or two in India; where, without any acknowledged contract with supernatural powers, a native will make you a cup of boiling coffee without either fire or water — so he says; and take mangoes and cocoa-nuts from an empty sack before your eyes; and swallow poisons without harm. So I should like to go to this thing to-night. What do you think of the concern, David?"

"Nothing."

"I'm glad of it — shows your extreme good sense. I've made a few experiments myself; but after going through all the flummery of passes, and looking gravely and steadily into a pair of laughing blue eyes for a quarter of an hour, I was obliged to give up, and own that all the magnetising power had been exercised on the other side."

"You might do some service, if you would denounce it in public," said Isaac.

"Exactly. I could make out a pretty fair case, I think. Amongst the three hundred and sixty-five manuscript miscellanies, innocently slumbering on the shelves of my cabinet, are as many papers as, if collected, would make, I think,

a couple of nice octavo volumes, entitled, 'Private Opinions upon Rank Impostures.'"

"Or, 'Secret Instructions of the Imposition,'" suggested Isaac.

"That is better. I should get two or three thousand pounds extra for the title; for they say a punning title always trebles the sale of a work. Well, ere long perhaps, they may see the day; nor need they shun the sun, for unstained are they by unkindness as a lady's letters to her female friend, written on her first visit to the vales of Italy. I think there are two or three lectures among them. I lectured once in person in India."

"The assurance!" said Isaac. "*You* lecture."

"Certainly."

"But how did you manage to get up the impudence and matter for a lecture?"

"Genius, Mr. Cohen, genius. Genius can do anything. It can effectively personate Iago in a kilt, or Macbeth in a tail-coat and breeches."

"Then among all your other excellencies you reckon an ability for spouting?"

"Like Niagara."

"Were you perfectly collected, in your attempt?" asked Mary.

"Well, I was frightened at first. Not that I feared any lack of abilities—these I knew I possessed in an eminent degree. But I am so excessively, even painfully, modest and bashful, as you know."

"Yes," replied Isaac, "I can easily understand that your exquisite sensitiveness in that way cost you much suffering. But of the lecture which this itinerant Xavier is going to let off to night. You'll go, Adeline? I am guided by you."

"I am sure, then, I will not be an obstacle," replied Adeline. "But I hope Mary will go too."

"She will be sure to say yes. So we shall just make a party."

"I'll take Tim, my Irishman," said St. Maur.

"What will you do with him?" asked Isaac.

"I might be inclined to speak. If anything rough followed, it might be acceptable to have him near me. Besides, Tim will enjoy the thing so: and he is a good, straightforward fellow, and has the muscles of a rhinoceros."

"O do let me beg you to keep silent," said Adeline, imploringly. "It will make us ill if you arouse any feeling of an unpleasant nature."

"Be sure I will not intentionally. You need not be apprehensive — it's only a joke. Tim can drive us."

CHAPTER XXI.

DOINGS AT THE JEWISH SEMINARY.

The carriage stood at the front door. Tim plumed himself not a little on his newly-acquired dignity of "dhriving the laadies," and sat upon the box as upright as a hovel-post. As soon that afternoon as he was made aware that he had it to do, he commenced worrying the poor groom almost out of his life. It was in vain that the latter assured him that "everything was as right as a trivet," and "just as it always had been;" and "what had pleased before, would please now." Tim would have the carriage re-rubbed and polished, the horses' trappings more highly burnished, and the "iligant craythurs" themselves were encouraged in all possible ways, and desired to "stap their fut out nately."

Elder Elihu, who had arrived at Mr. Cohen's during the later part of the day, took it into his head that he should like to go to. A horse was accordingly saddled for him.

Now Mr. Elihu was by no means a horseman; and probably the horse found it out. For after

going about a hundred yards in an orthodox, horsely fashion, he turned himself sidewise to the road, and commenced demonstrating a series of most extraordinary mathematical problems with the houses opposite. When he had amused himself in this way to his heart's content, he began capering and flourishing with his feet, as if he were taking his first lessons from a dancing-master. This interlude was followed by a succession of plunges and leaps of an alarming character. Mr. Elihu lost his hat; and with his coat-tails bobbing up and down, contributed his full share in making up a sweetly picturesque group. He was the image of blank fright. He tried coaxing, and patted and stroked the neck of the refractory animal, while he used various soothing addresses, as "Poor horse, then; did I hit him too hard, then?" "Good horse, come, turn round —good horse—good horse—nice fellow—yes, that he was." The horse, like a sensible creature, despised his flattery; and finally, after rearing in every possible way he could devise, turned his tail, and trotted quietly home with Mr. Elihu upon his back.

Isaac selected, and paid for, a front seat; where, in exchange for their half-crown a-piece, he and his friends were to be permitted to imbibe a considerable amount of strong and full-flavoured information. But with this lecture we have nothing to do; so it may pass away.

When it was concluded, our party adjourned to their private room, in the commercial hotel, at which they had left the carriage. While the horses were being put to, Tim proceeded to ensconce himself over a snug little drop in the taproom. Being supplied with the glittering beverage, he poured out a tumbler-full and commenced disposing of it in very exactly proportioned sips; often pausing to imbibe the dew which continued to hang about his lips. During these operations, Tim's physiognomy became philanthropical in the extreme — a thing not unusual with gentlemen in similar circumstances. A bland benevolence of sentiment, embracing all races, and classes, and sects of men, permeated his bosom; quite the "mild angelic air" that Byron speaks so highly of.

"Droothy work this dhrivin," he soliloquised. "Plisint plaace itself this. Kaaps the raal craythur, anyway—the raal mountyin-dew. Will, may pace an' binidiction be an the sowl iv him as firstht invinted brandy-an'-wather."

At this stage in his meditations Tim was hailed by a man dressed in the true Anglo-Hibernian style. His unbraced pantaloons had worked themselves many degrees out of place by meridian, and his coat bore the strongest presumptive evidence of having been blown from the mouth of a cannon. He had a good-tempered, broad-humoured expression of countenance, rendered still more comical by the jaunty set of his russet *caubeen*,

and a wisp of straw which hung daintily from a considerable cavity in the roof.

"Whroo!" he cried. "To blazes wid me! av id isn't ould Tim O'More. Tundher an' turnip-taps! will, how arra ye my hairo?"

"Arrah! B't'houly!" echoed Tim, "I'm right glad thin to mate tegither. I'm will, ivry tay-spoonful av me—an' a dale betther thin that, plase God. Augh! thin, kem, as wiv bane ould frins tegither, let's giv ye a becomin' an' crididha-ble reciption, me darlint. Here's a dhrap o' the *potteen galore*," and he handed him his glass.

"An' how d'ye likes Ingee?" inquired his friend, as he wiped his mouth in his coat-cuff after he had drunk.

"Ogh! By t'houly blunderbuss! idth's the feerst gim o' th' arth an' the feerst flower o' the say—barrin' ould Eyrin. Ith's raythor misfortunat though id is, ye can't get many phwaties theer, an' thad's troth—theer's no phwatie gardyins. What are you doin' av, iv ith's a feer questin?"

"Shure thin, an' id's gardyunin I am, in a soort iv a tuthorer's—a shkulemisthriss's famley. Bud, indaad, t'ood be hard now to till ye whad I am, fur nat a knaw I know. Id's most ivrythin' in coorse, an' nothin' pethickler in the manetime. Ith's the lasthe mile beyant here thit kud be mishered any way; an' id's a purty dacent soort iv a plaaee. I'm bin theer two year now,

nigh hant it. Niver house desarved a betther carrickthur in the shaap av atin' an' drinkin' and the likes. I niver seen a betther ayther afore or sin—and that's thrue. A good plaat af baaf or sim ither mate ivry day univarsally—barrin the fastht is in id. Ith's no lie now, what I'm tillin' an yis. An' they'm none av yer proud stuck-up aigles, wid nothin' in the sthrong-box. They'm richer nor the Mint, but they don'd makes me wear oud me hat-brim be touchin it to em. I'm niver touched id to 'em wanst—it's thruth now what I'm jist said."

"Is id a tuthorer's house, ye said?"

"Shure thin, an yeer right theer, howsandiver. I'm raythor skeered at this instant-momint, bekase you parsaive theer's a blaggard a-comin' the night to run awaay wid wa nav the young laadies—wan iv the most beauthifulst good-lukinst craythurs in all the houl shkule o' thim too. An' he manes to desaive her—ids nat jokin' thit I am, now."

"Whoo-hoo-hoop!" roared Tim, flourishing his arm valiantly. "Tundher an' gingerbrid! Id's mesilf thit ud be the boy to rattle me shillala about the hid av him, even af he's no worser nor the bestht man livin'"

"Bad luck to him. I wish he'd bin in hivven, an' his pipe lit by the houly innicents, afore the shade av his shader had crasshed on my path. Its med me all ill intirely intirely. Af you

could say my arms now, I'm complaitly wake —troth an' I am now, widout any bammin' an ye. Sin' I've knawn the outs an' ins av't, I've thried to dipind an confisshn: but some way id saams sich mortal sin, an' I can't dipind an't. The laady's sich a beauthiful an' innocthent craythur, an' the flower af the plaace. But thin it seems just an' aiquil any way, bekase ye see she was wan av thim blaggards as crushified the blissid Saviour—glory be to God! Troth too, an' id's hirsilf, ivry inch an her, thit's the patthern av a nate purty Jewisth. Sheen got the littlest arms, an' feet, an' han's as iver ye seen, an' a waisthe nat bigger nor my little finger—ye may blave what I'm tillin' an ye."

"Hiven alive! is id a Jewisth thit she is?"

"Indaad, an' you may say that. Id's anuf to put wan all over in a thrimble av fright. Ye see id isn't the wrang an't I'd like fur to do. Plaase the piper, I'm all right now intirely intirely. Whin I wint to pinance, I wint wid a load thit ud blacken the say—sure, no wan iver tuk more good out af the houly fadthre nor mesilf. Theer's nat a babe in all the houl barony iv Tyrawly thit's fitted to hould a candle to me now: an' if he did, sarra a spick wud he fin' an' me sowl —id's bin clane as a new pin sin' yestherday."

"Lave aff now, you gom: yeer ixcaidingly houly, an't ye. Sure now, ye needn't make yersilf a pack o' thrubble an' nat a thrifle av ni-

cissithy fur't. Shin can't be so bad iv id's so aisy clained aff agin. Iv yeer sich an omadthaun as to be frekened in the likes o' this matther thin, till Fadthre Cormac to shpit in yer eyes, and allow yees to make yer sowl, an' resaive the binifit iv the blissid ointmint. Now, oud wid the pethicklers; fur, by my mither, id's mesilf ill spile the black thraithor the night — Whroo!"

"Ugh! ye shcaimer! S'pose I don'd till ye thin, sin' yeer so civil to an ould frin'?"

"Jist as ye like ahinny-machree. Bud av yer don'd till purtily, yill rue id, honey me dear. Yiv tilled me too much to lit ye go. My masther is a Jew: an' him an' his frins is up owverhid, an' they'm graat big people — tirrible itsilf. They'll soon taich the likes o' you, sur. Af ye don't till the houl an't an' nat a bit iv sacricy or nonsince, they'll jist clap a pair av bracelits an yer wrists, an' sind ye acrassh the herr'n pool as an akshiserury. Theer's no minutes to be lost, min' me. The shagamarann ill be stanthin' it the dure diricthly. Id's nat the laisthe differ sur af ye tills or nat: but ye don'd go out av here widout weem wid ye!"

"Och, bad luck to me! Mither in glory! D'ye think I'm sich a bosthoon as to be frekened by the like o' yees thin? Augh! ye ould thraythor!"

"Ith's no matter at all at all," replied Tim with the calm self-contained air of a philosopher. "A-whoop! waithor theer! waithor! Till the

gintlemin as belongst to the harse an' carr'ge, thit I wants to say thim here perthickler fur jist wan minit an' to wonst. No, no," he continued to the other, seeing he was after backing out through the door, "Af ye don'd untherstand me, my jewel, I'll be afdthre makin' an't plane an' ixpadient to yer capacithy intirely intirely. Ye don't lave this place widout id's owver me. I'll have the sathisfaction iv clatterin' me stick about yeer ugly hid feerst. Deed I will, asthore." And Tim so evidently looked what he said, that the other drew back abashed.

"They'll be down to you directly," said the man on his return.

"Arrah!" cried Tim, "be attintive now. Till the masthre's hanor ith's a litthle conwersayshin I'm wushin' wid himsilf, fur jist *wan* minit, my own cushla."

Tim was ordered to proceed up stairs.

"Now Black Jack," he said, "this way wid ye. His hanor ill bring things to yer rimimbrance complaitly intirely. Throth, an' he will too. Come an; an', by the powers! we'll put the shpake an ye to rights now." And as Tim spoke, he brandished a pair of fists that threatened annihilation to all with which they came in contact. So Black Jack wisely concluded it were best to go with as good grace as possible.

"Bag yer hanor's pardon, sur," said Tim doffing his hat and bowing profoundly. "Sarra bit o'

the likes o' me would iv thransgrissed an the masthre's silf indaad, in the midthst af yir inther-thaynmint wid the laadies, av it hadn't bin necessiaited to ax yer hanor's attintion to business av importyince."

"Well, Tim, what have you got for me to do?" said St. Maur, still reading his paper.

"Sure an ith's a purty young Jewisth thit's goin' to be made awaay wid the blissid night."

"How? A Jewess to be made awaay with? I don't understand you Tim."

"Throth thin I'll be afdthre ixshplainin' the ins an' outs av't t'yer hanor. Ith's the most horriblst cruelst thing as iver I'm heerd an — worser nor bein' kilt out of the way complaitly intirely."

"But what is it, Tim? You talk in riddles. What do you drive at?"

"Now that's jist what I'm tillin' yer hanor. The laady's to be desaived into the sthratagim. May the thraythor niver fin' a woman to put anither stitch in his cordhery's, nor a frin' to shpake to his corp when he's did."

"Look here Tim," said St. Maur, "I see you've found out something — I can't make out what. Be particular, and begin again at the beginning."

"Sartinly I will, sur. As yer hanor siz rispicktin' it, ith's a black shin thit's to be parpethrayted the night — more betoken that the

darkness is in id, an' it's nat aisily found out theerfor. Jack O'Callaghan here you persaive is a soort iv gardyuner an' porther, an' ids all the hivvy work the what he do, at ayther a shkule-masthre's or a tuthorer af chilther's. An' some wan is comin' to shtale wan iv the young laadies. He dishkivered it: but he'd till me nat a blissid mag an't. And I think he's an akshise-rury: so I brought him here to deliver him up t'ye sur."

"Plaize yer hanor," interjected Black Jack, "iv yir hanor's rivrince ud allow me to shpake. Id was wid yersilf I was wushin to conwairse, id was now. An' Tim here was scrimmagy 'caze I wouldn't till it t'him ye see sur."

"Augh! By the houly Reek! ye graat ragged deludther — *Beul eidhin a's croidhe cuilinn* [a tongue smooth as ivy, a heart like prickly holly]. Who tould ye, ye villin, thit his hanor was here thin at all at all? Deed was'nt it mesilf asthore bekase ye wor hilpin' the murtherin' the night? Barrin' the masthre and the laadies now, ye should be threwn out av the windy this blissid minit — throth I would, me dear."

"Indaad, an' id's yersilf ill be the purthictor av the univarse, sin yiv mountid thad red weshkit theer. Bud in ould Eyrin, me honey, I allis kip a good shirt in me pocket, an' a watch on the back iv me; an' thad's more, sur, nor the likes af you iver did. Aisy talkin' any way."

"Come, come!" said St. Maur trying to be severe. "This will lead to nothing. Remember who are present."

"Wirra, wirras thrue!" cried Tim, "bud yir saife here me fine phanix! an' ids will fur ye thit y'are; ilse I'd kick yees over the wall iv the world, an' two kicks ivermore beyant it. But kim oud o' that now: led's have no more nor yer soodherin' up. Till the masthre's hanor all ye knaws. Shpake up nately now, or I'll thry how much an't I can knack out af ye."

"In your zeal, Tim," said St. Maur, "to get at the facts of this affair, you have perhaps vexed Mr. O'Callaghan. But I hope he'll excuse it and tell us everything at once; and if he does he shall be properly rewarded for his trouble."

"I'm for iver an' alyis bound t'yer hanor," said O'Callaghan brightening up. "Id's whad I wanthst to be afdthre doin' to ye, sur. Bud yir hanor has jist hard Tim; an' ye coun't ixpick me, sur, out of rispick fur mesilf, to till him anythin' at all. Howsandiver, yir hanor's kindly welkim to ivrythin' I knaws — thad y'arra ivry inch av ye, sur."

"Yir wan amangst the parpethwraytors!" screamed Tim.

"Now Mr. O'Callaghan?" said St. Maur.

"Will, as I was jist a-tillin' af yir hanor, a young laady, wan iv the most besthst an' houliest innicthints as iver walked in the likes av this

creayshin, an' a rispicktid mimber iv the houly mither church, was laately inthrothruced amangst our saminary to thry to make theer sowls, be taichin' thim the thrue docthrin' ya parsaive. They sid, sur, she was a Jewisth; and 'deed we all thought she was too, for iver an' ahint it, till wanst an a Sunday mornin' as might be, when I'd quite intirely thressed mesilf, I wint oud in the beauthiful gardyin to shmoke me pipe an' brathe the vardyint flowers, fur the houlsimniss, sur — jist ye see to git a tasthe of the hilthy mornin' air. Will, as I was sayin', whin I gat to the conservathry, Bekky (thad's the housemaid yer hanor) Bekky was claanin' awaay ad tha flure like mad — an' bedad id was nat mure thin was complaitly nadeful intirely, fur id didn' knaw the smill iv a scribbin-brish afore sin' the Fludd. 'Jack,' siz she to me, 'doan ya see whad's nat theer?' 'An' whad is id?' siz I. 'Why doan ya parsaive thit Missth Mahli's flowers are all tuk awaay? An' by thad saame she's goin' wid thim this blissid instant-momint.' Missth Mahli, sur — (hurroo! bud she was the chat intirely intirely, paace an' binidiction be an her the craythur — maybe yiv hard till iv Missth Mahli, sur; her fadthre was viry graat 'mangst the Jewisths) — will, Missth Mahli, as I was tillin' an ye, sur, hadn got her aiquil in all the houl shkule, an' so she was alyis a favorith o' me. 'Glory an' timptayshin!' siz *I*. 'Tha world's

kim to an ind complaitly. I'll gid no mure backy thin now.' Thad blissid minit, I hard mesilf called, an' be gorrow I foun' id was me that was wantid, to car' her bunthles an' thrunk to the vayhicle. Will, I wint — har'ly able, yir hanor, to uphould mesilf as might be, me faalin's was so sthrong, fur I was 'tatched to her ye see a nation dale; an id saamed I was goin' to the bad thin intirely ivry inch af me; an' be that manes I luk'd in ad the wrang dure, an' sin the new Jewisth a kissin' the houly mither, an' beginnin' to say the mathins. An' thin betoken, id turned oud thit her brither was nothin' at all bud the houly fadthre comin' to confiss her. Augh! bud id's bin the graat thing for me complaitly. Ith's manys an' manys the shillin' I'm gat fur to kaap the saycrit; an' ids the bitther day an me han's thit the praistht is goin' to run aff the night."

"Then you know this priest?" said St. Maur.

"Sartinly I do, sur. I tuk a becomin' reciption fur him wanst. 'Twas wan bitther cowld night in the winther, win the wind an' rain was awful. The momint I'd kim out af the gaate, I filt a kick like a clap av tundher, thit knacked me sure right awaay into a graat heap of mud like a pharatie burrow thit stud in front iv the dure. An' win I ax'd whad he'd be doin that fur at all, he tould me the kick was intindid fur the preestht's rivrince an' nat towarst mesilf.

'Twas a graat hanor fur me though, to be mishtaaken fur the houly fadthre."

"But my good man," said St. Maur, with some impatience, "what has all this to do with what we want you to tell us?"

"Sure an' isn't that what I'm a sayin' t' yer hanor? This houly young woman was misfortunat in convartin' the deludthit Jewisth, as is goin' to laave the plaace the night — glory be to the Virgin! An' id saams at confisshn her an' the houly fadthre 's bin pullin' af a shtring tegither, an' she's consintid to marry him. Bud the nager, win he giths her praperty, is intindid to laave her, an' spind id in a forrin counthry in sim ither part av the world."

"Now we want you to tell us how you got to know all this," said Isaac.

"Faix, an' you shall too, sur, complaitly," replied the O'Callaghan, "Win I found theer was a houly Vargin in that room, you persaive, I used time an' agin to shtale in theer to praay to her. Wanst win I was theer, an' nat ikspictin' to be intherrupthid, fur the time was convanient, I hard a small stip comin' towarst the dure. Conshternashin an' harrishmint saized upan me, an' I siz, 'Id's all owver wid me now. The divil put me an comin' here *this* time howsandiver. I'll be sacked as saafe as I had cabbage sprouts fur the dinner.' Bud I seen a big cupboard as maybe an' I powders awaay into't, laavin' tha dure open

a litthle ya see, fur the inthrance av air. Prisintly, in kem the houly fadthre, an' sits down in the aisey cheer. An' soon afdthre him, the missionary young woman kem too, to confiss."

"Did you hear what she said?" asked St. Maur; his sense of the ludicrous for a moment checking the painful interest he felt in the affair.

"Sure an id's to my graat grief intirely thit I did. May the blissid Virgin put in a shpake for me sowl, purshuin' to the word iv a lie, as I did'n preshume an the the houly saycrimint wid any onrivirintial intintion."

"What did she say?" he asked.

"Id's mure nor I dare till ye, sur. I wouldn' niver be admitted into purgathory wanst I committid sich mortal sin."

"Oh, well, of course I wouldn't have you lose your soul about it. Go on."

"I mustht ax yir hanor, thin, whad it was I sid whin I laft aff."

"You'd got as far as the confession."

"Ogh! wirras thrue, an' isn't it cracked thit I am complaitly. To be sure id is. Augh! Will thin, whin she wint out, she was follid be the Jewisth young laady; an' I niver knawn onthil thad minit, thit iver she kem to confishn. An' sure anuv she wint up you see to the houly fadthre, an' begun to knaal down in frint av him as mate be. Bud afdthre he had sarcumspictid her narrily fur a jiffy or two, he axed her

to gith up agin. 'Gid up, my dear craythe r,' he siz, siz he, 'yeer too houly: an' faix if yeer nat, it's nat mesilf as ill be afdthre confissin' an ye agin. Besides,' siz he, 'as our intintion rispictin' id is to be married tegither soon, I'm done bein' a praisht now, nigh hant it.' An' thin he saamed as if he wantid to kiss her, the purty dear thit she is, an' he tuk hould round her waisthe nately. Af yir hanor 'ill s'pose yir the young laady fur an overly minit—as I don't mane fur to say thit y'are—I'll be afdthre showndin' an ya how 'twas."

"No, no," said St. Maur restlessly. "Pray go on. We understand."

"Sure an' I thought so, yer hanor, an' thad's the viry rason I'm makin' the houl comparishmint an 't so plaan to ye. Will, as I was sayin' to yer hanor, he tuk hould an her as though he filt graat pride out iv her, the kind-hearted ginthleman thit he is. Bud, by t' houly! she moved iligantly an wan side the laiste bit in life you see, sur, as though it wasn't the plisint thit was in it; an' thin, you persaive, he was obleeched to lit her go purtily, be raison thit he kudn't rache her. 'Will,' he siz, siz he t'her, 'id's yersilf a-colleen thit's lukin quite beauthiful this mornin' intirely intirely; I'm niver loved ye so will afore, ye iligant, fasthinatin' crathur. An' if I don'd have ye soon, I blave I'll go mad!' An' thin, sur—med the sints purthict me from dith all me life-

time!—af he didn' be afdthre axin' her to run aff wid him to wanst an' dirictly."

"And she consented?"

"Ad feerst, ye see, sur, she looked quite frekened, an' all iv a thrimble, fur the dilixy an' doubts wor in it. 'Mr. Barrett,' she siz t'him, 'lit me inthrate ye nat to be afdthre timptin' an me,' siz she, 'af id's the raal heart-love intirely that yeev got fur me. I'll nat be noways necessiaited to do the likes o' that, I'd be afdthrewards despisin' mesilf fur. I'm got a brither, and I'd like him to consint to me.' The houly fadthre—paace an' rest to his sowl!—was hurt in his faalin's as med be, and he tuk oud his henkicher to clane away the wathers. 'Yeem cruelst!' siz he; 'ye knaw they'd go to the viry dickens afore they'd iver consint, an' yill be tuk awaay from me, afdther all I'm gone through fur ye!"

"Well, cut it short," said St. Maur impatiently. "She promised at last?"

"Augh, thin yir rivrince has guessed about the rights an't. An' a graat hanor, too, 'twas fur her, when she got the beloved fadthre te consint to be married to her—id's very onushil, ye see, sur. An' iv twasn't fur id, that he manes to take awaay the poor innicint young laady's praperty, and spind it on some wan ilse, sorra the likes o' me ud a tould a word iv the houl chronalagy av't."

"At what time to-night is she going?"

"At elivin—or, mebbe, a litthle afdthre—as soon as the house is aslaap."

"But one thing I don't understand yet," said Isaac. "How is it you know of his intention to abandon her? There's something very horrible about this—it makes me sick," he said aside to St. Maur.

"No matter. We are just in time to thwart it."

"Why, you persaive, yer hanor," said the O'Callaghan, "whin he pulled oud his henkicher, there was a letter kem out wid it."

"Have you got it?" said St. Maur hurriedly.

"Augh, thin, I knqw'd yer hanor ud be for wantin' an't, so I brought it wid me," said the worthy, at the same time diving into a deep pocket of his ragged coat, and fishing out a mysterious jumble of bob-pipes, tobacco-screws, pieces of filthy paper, and other articles of *virtu;* from which, after some difficulty and diligence of search, he picked out the letter.

"Here 'tis, yer hanor."

St. Maur took it. It had been sealed up and directed — evidently intended for the post. He read it aloud.

[A dirty letter, on dirty business, too dirty for transcription here. It was addressed to a brother Jesuit, who had been of some assistance in the concern.

While a divinity student in the university at

Pisa, the priest had somehow or other managed to inspire a youthful Tuscan countess with the tender passion—perhaps he did it at confession. But no matter when—the result is everything.

Well, after the proper quantity of snivelling, and protesting, and dying on his part, and of maidenly punctilios, and blushings, and doubtings on that of the countess, she laid her trembling hand in his, and softly, sweetly murmured, —— He was accepted! Angelic moment—how far surpassing those seen by poets in their most exalted dreams of loveliness and beauty—all heaven seemed crowded into it—to see his fair *amante* smile—to return the mild pressure of her hand—to feel the gentle blush that mantled even to the snowy brow, as he pressed his lips to her flower-soft cheek; until, faint with that excess of rich delight, she faded calmly, tranquilly, beautifully away—like a drooping lily—into his arms, amidst her softly-uttered acquiescence—just a whisper—fairy music—and Cupid threw over them his brightest sunbeam, the Loves showered the most fragrant of immortal roses on their heads; all these were but stillings in the hush, drops in the cup, or portions in the whole; but then that hush, how deep! that cup, how full of joy! that whole, how vast in its extent!

To "descend from these imaginative heights" —though our readers will agree with us when we say that it is very affecting—such a scene—the

lady had no finances; and, unfortunately, Father Barrett was in the same delicate situation. Her relatives interfered. In spite of them, he gallantly persevered in the necessary attentions to his fair *inamorato*. Whereupon they procured his banishment from the Grand Duchy, and accompanied it with a promise that, if he attempted to renew the correspondence, they would extinguish him in his ghostly office. And very touching—almost amounting to the sublimity of tragedy—must have been their last converse in the shady walks of the Villa Reale, and on the damasked banks of the Arno, until at last, amidst fast-flowing tears and choking sighs, they tore themselves apart with promises of eternal truth and correspondence.

Not a doubt of it. And now, by the contract he was expecting to get up, Father Barrett would realise more property, than the whole family of her ladyship could muster, if they clubbed together. To her, then, he would return triumphantly; and as his marriage would still be recognised, even there, he would be installed as her *cicisbeo*—of course. The necessity of that being his relation, was of no importance in a country where *cicisbeism* is looked upon, not only as a thing quite as respectable as marriage, but a proper addendum to it.]

"Can such wickedness be!" exclaimed Adeline as he finished.

"It seems so," said St. Maur.

"But it has surprised me, and I can scarcely realise that it is not all a romance."

"Never mind. Having happened as it has, we need not look on the gloomy side. In rescuing the lady, we shall have a glorious opportunity of displaying our chivalry. Now, Isaac, we must resolve how to act."

"It seems to me you could hardly act more wisely than by acquainting the authorities, and going direct to the house, beg an interview with the lady so cruelly deceived," said Mary.

"Mary!" exclaimed Isaac. "Is it possible you can be so unpoetical? We must do the thing by ourselves, of course."

"Now, Mr. Callaghan, where's the house?" asked St. Maur.

"About a short mile, sur, right away theer forenent us."

"Ten minutes past ten," said Isaac, looking at his watch. "Well, there is no time to waste. Tim, take Mr. Callaghan down stairs with you; see him supplied with anything he desires; and then we will rely upon him to direct us to the house."

"Yer hanor 'ill be fur stappin' in the road, I'm thinkin'," said O'Callaghan.

"No. We must be near enough to hear all that occurs—see it, if it's light enough."

"Mebbe, thin, yid be afdthre wushin' to hide in the gardyin?"

"Yes. All we want of you is to point out the house, and get us admission to the garden."

"Bad luck to me now! bud thad's put me in a soort iv a—I raaly, now—the gaat's fasthened, yir hanor."

"But can't you unfasten it? How are you to get in? How is this man to get in?"

"I've alyus got a kay, an' I'm lint id to the praist, sur; he ax'd fur 't."

"Sints in righteousness!" cried Tim in a sublime alto. "I tould ye sur—didn I?—thit he was wan amangst the parpethraytors. Augh! ye vagabone!" And he looked unutterable things at the O'Callaghan.

But that worthy proceeded, without noticing Tim's comment. "An' I'm tould the missiths thit I'd slaap oud iv dures the night, ye see, sur; I do aftin an' agin, so they thinks nothin' sthrangely by. I won't be theer for fearst the houly fadthre ud be parsaived or dishkivered, ye see, an' I be axed to saize hould an't him; an' that, sur, is mortal sin, to touch the praistht that a way. But yir hanor kud gith owver the wall the sem as I kem out towarst. Yill find a latther it the wall's fut, iv wan amangst ye lits down be manes iv a coord."

"Very well. Now go and get what you want; and you shall ride up with us," said Isaac.

"Thank yir hanor kindly, sur; but I'm afearst I'd be sin wid ye, an' prapths lost me sittyva-

chun. Af 'twill be all as wan t' yer hanor's rivrince, I'd raythor wait in onther the threes, at tither ind av the graan, onthil ye kems up."

"Ogh, ye shcaimer!" pushed in Tim; "an' whad a sit af ignor'nt spalpeens yid be afdthre thakin' us fur. Tare an' ounkers! bud thad's divartin' now. A-whoop! Lit ye go! To be sure, me dear; theer's no sayin' agin that, any way. Throth an' we'd want the lint af Sint Pathrick's spickticles af iver wid fin' ye afther-wards. Pace an' contintmint t'ye, Jack; deed thin, betune uz, yir nat goin' to threwn up a clane pair iv heels so aisy, now. So sate yersilf down, honey me darlint, and make yersilf iligant, like a gintleman as you is."

"Oh, but I am sure he has no intention to deceive, Tim," said St. Maur, decidedly. For he couldn't help thinking that, in the flush of his spirits, Tim had taken too much rein.

"Desaive, yis—I wisht—"

"No need, no need," said Isaac, stopping the imprecation. "Here is a sovereign. And if you meet us as you say, and tell us truly, when we have caught the priest, I shall give you another."

"Now, mind ye, Black Jack," said Tim, as he was leaving the room, "af ye manes to taich me any iv yer thricks, I'll thransport ye as akshiserury in regard av the thrichery. This blissid hour I'll have yer porthrit wrout aff it the watch-us, an' yis be lagged afore the morra-night."

"I am much concerned about Adeline and Mary," said Isaac. "This place will close directly. I think that the wisest plan is for Tim to drive them home: and we'll walk."

"No, no," said Adeline. "We are too much interested to think of going home without you."

"But," replied Isaac, "even if your clothing is warm enough to withstand the night air for a little while, I still think it highly improper for you to be left alone. Though Tim would be faithful if you would trust him."

"Sure, sur," said Tim, "yis med want hilp now. The vagabone may bring along that blaggard thit he sint the letther onto—the wan yiv jist ixplaaned to us, I mane. An' there's nerra risidinthur in the country—nat barrin' the king himsilf—bud what I wouldn' mind bringin' me kippeen acquainted wid the hid iv him, if 'twas at all convanient to ye, sur; an' that's will knawn far an' near."

"I believe, Tim," said St. Maur, "you wouldn't see us ill-used if you could help us. Now go and get yourself something to eat."

CHAPTER XXII.

UNEXPECTED EVENTS.

On leaving the hotel, the O'Callaghan adjourned to his favourite place for meditation—*i. e.* the chimney corner of the taproom in the "Cat and Bagpipes"—to treat himself with a pipe and a noggin, by way of bringing his flagging spirits up to par. For he had serious feelings of defection: and had it not been for some thoughts of a prison, and a faint vaticination of another guinea that haunted his bewildered mind, he would certainly have backed out of the concern. "Sarra wan bud mesilf," he thought aloud over his whiskey-pot, "'ill be hild good fur all thit's purshuin' to the praisht—'caize I tould an't. But thin they wor bint an knawin' the ins an' outs av't they wor. Ogh! an willelu! an med the houly sints taike the likes av id intho theer kind consitherayshin." At last, however, the thoughts of increased finances inspired him with proportionately increased courage; and pocketing, with the retaining fee, his "compunctious visitings of remorse," he turned his steps towards the place of meeting, devoutly

wishing that "the houly fadthre 'ud run aff wid wan iv the young Jewisthes ivry wake."

It was rather more than half-past ten when he arrived at the top of the lane where he had promised to join the coming party. As the mansion was situated at some distance from the western road, the saving effected by going along the lane was somewhat considerable: while it offered, what our heroes especially desired, a very private way of approach. The night was dark—dismally so. Heavy masses of clouds, "black as Erebus," had piled themselves along the west, until they touched the zenith and presaged a storm. The air breathed hot and heavily, and was pervaded by that ominous solemn stillness when the very silence becomes audible, from the painful acuteness with which the senses are gifted. It was a season exceedingly calculated to strengthen Jack's superstitious feelings. And he felt very uncomfortable indeed, as absorbed in "thick-coming fancies," he squatted beneath the lonely hedge.

A sudden noise close to his ears startled him from his reverie. He strained his eyes in an effort to pierce the dense gloom in the direction whence it came; it was useless; he could see not half-a-dozen inches beyond him. He was the perfection of ecstatic horror. He felt like a petrified nightmare. Move!—not if the whole world's wealth had been cast at his feet. The footsteps—slow and cautious as it seemed—with

a strange rustle intermingled — came nearer, until they were now within half-a-yard of the gasping O'Callaghan. When they opened upon him with a tremendous snuff and a tornado-like hi-haw! hi-haw! hi-haw! in the sublimest key of the asinine gamut. It was enough. The climax of terror reached, Jack felt power to move. He tumbled on his knees with the rapidity of a comet, and began crossing himself with indefatigable energy.

"'Ogh! ogh! ogh!" he began. "Houly mither, purtict me! Is it the what'll I do, now, not a know I know. Augh! kape away — kape away — they med me so they did too. Av, I could rimimber now a pather an' ave, t'ud save me. 'Hail, Mary!' Och! it's lost thin I'll be intirely intirely; an' no wan to hilp me. 'Hail, Mary, full av graace!'—Augh, ye ould divil, shpake up now, don'd ye disarve no marcy, ye ould thricherer agin the houly—[Hi-haw! hi-haw!] Oh, marcy—'Hail Mary, praay fur uz poor sinners now, an' ad the hour iv dith'—Och! thad's wrang, ith's the indin' an't. 'Hail, Mary! blissed art thou amangst women.' Ogh, won't I burn fur the likes o' this in the blissid etarnity? I'll git many's an' many's a hunther year in purgathry fur't — throth, I will."

The carriage with our party in it had driven up; but O'Callaghan, poor fellow! was too terrified to observe it.

"Why — what's the matter, friend?" said Isaac, as he laid his hand upon his arm.

"Faix, an' didn' yer hanor hear thin?" he asked in a tone of intense agitation.

"What has there been to hear?"

"Sarra bit o'me thin, 'ill be sich an omadthawn as to tell ye, an' give offince. Throth I wont."

The donkey began another running hi-haw.

"Houly sints!" cried O'Callaghan, as he made for the chaise, "led's be aff an' awaay to wanst y'er hanor: wi'll git our dith alive fur the unhouly —"

"Why, is it that poor harmless animal which has frightened you?" said St. Maur.

"*Harmless?*" said Jack querulously.

"Och, ye ould fool," dropped in Tim energetically. "Up an the stip now, an' we'll soon fin' ye summut to be an to."

"I'll nat do any hilp fur ye. Thrue fur you I won't now; an' thad's said."

"You must guide us to the house, and then we'll liberate you," said Isaac.

"O yis yer hanor I'll do that same fur yees any way. O yis, to be sure an' I will, too."

The length of the road was scarcely a quarter of a mile: so in less than a minute, they drew up under a part of the wall at the back of the house, where the chaise was completely concealed from observation by a thick grove of trees.

"Now Mr. O'Callaghan," said Isaac, "I'll pay

you now, if you wish it; but if you'd mind the horses instead of Tim, it would be all the greater service. I suppose you won't mind doing that for us."

"Sartinly nat, sur; sartinly nat. Oh, to be sure I will—to be sure I will."

"Now Adeline," said Isaac gaily, "we are only going a few yards from you; and if anything happens, therefore, you have only to shriek, and we shall be at your side."

"Don't trouble yourself at all on that score," said St. Maur. "Trust a lady to squeak in good time, without any positive orders to do it."

"Black Jack!" cried Tim, who had rapidly climbed a tree, and was now seated astride the wall. "Jump up this three, an' take a turn round it with the coord here."

The rope was slung accordingly; and Tim coiling his legs around it, threw himself off the wall.

"Tim, *avic!*" shouted Black Jack. "I'm nat gat a sthrang thurn wid yees. Hould an a minit, while I shpit in me hands."

And letting go the rope with the suspended body of Tim, he performed the interesting operation. In the meantime, Tim came to the ground with a quick run; and there he lay measuring his length, uttering a choice litany of imprecations on the head of Black Jack, and expressing various opinions relative to the condition of his intellect.

"Augh, an' id's will that yin gat me to lay id an. Didn' I tell ye to hould an ?" inquired O'Callaghan.

Tim didn't deign a reply, but with a grunt proceeded to erect the ladder. Having done so, he mounted it, got upon the wall and tossed it over. Isaac and St. Maur ascended. Tim lifted the ladder on the garden side with his usual agility; and all having descended, it was again laid lengthwise by the path.

"I think it is very likely she will come by the side door" said Isaac, as he surveyed the house. "It is quite convenient for the gate, and probably is less heavily secured than the front. However, hidden in this recess, we can see, let him go to which he may." And he led the way to a dark spot formed by the hedge and a group of trees.

They waited, counting the minutes and scarcely daring to breathe. After a short while, a light stealthy footstep was heard advancing, but in a direction quite different to any they expected. Their hearts beat almost audibly.

"There's a good deal of ugliness about it," whispered Isaac. "I wish it was over, and I snug in bed." "Hush," said St. Maur, for the sound was close at hand. "Sheelah, *hist!*" it was Tim. "Here," muttered Isaac. "All right," he replied. "Tundher and paraties! wid yer hanor to the fore now. We'll crack the head iv him in the twinklin' af a bed-post. Whroo!"

and Tim flourished a sapling that Hercules himself might have envied. He had stayed behind to cut it from among the trees in the garden.

"You are not"— St. Maur began. But he was stopped suddenly, for they distinctly heard the latch of the gate removed. The few pale rays of the just rising moon began to reveal objects in a dim obscurity: and, by her light, they saw a man walking on the grassy edge of the gravel path. Although the turf, yielding to his passage like a velvet carpet, prevented the slightest sound of footfalls, yet he came on with the mincing tip-toe tread of conscious guilt. He stood still before the door opposite them. There could be no doubt — it was the high priest.

"Hem! hem!" in a very sotto voce falsetto. If, reader, you can fancy a pig whispering while hoarse from catarrh, you will have no unapt idea of the sounds which he emitted.

He waited a few moments — there was no answer. "Ahem, hem!" more frightfully husky than before. The very words had taken cold in coming out of his frosty lungs. He was much pleased, however, with their effect, and treated himself to a very well got up congratulatory snort.

The blinds of the window over the door were drawn; it was the signal that he was heard. All was right; and he walked up and down, rubbing his hands one in the other complacently. After

a few minutes, the door was quietly opened, and a lady closely muffled and veiled stepped out on to the soft grass.

"You good creature!" he said, with tender rapture, "always punctual."

"Hush!" said the lady.

"Oh!" he exclaimed gloriously, and he accompanied the assurance by a triple-major snigger. "I don't care if the whole house comes now. We've got the laugh of them, and shall be off and away in half a second."

In "half a second" a hand was gently laid on his arm. He did not laugh then—there was something so real about it. He felt there was no joke in St. Maur's cold and determined look; and his face blanched to the colour of a winding-sheet. The lady fainted. That, of course, was to be expected.

"Place her to sit, Isaac," said St. Maur hurriedly; "there are the door steps. Tim—water!"

"I wait your explanation of this little episode," pursued St. Maur, turning to Barrett.

He had recovered himself. His effrontery was amusing. "Are you a highwayman, Sir? If you are not off these premises instantly, you shall find that the law can reach you even here."

"Very good," replied St. Maur coldly. "Thus relieved, you may feel better able to answer my first question."

"I answer nothing, you impertinent rascal. Unhand me, sir. Let me give attention to my sister—for ought I know you have murdered her. Off! or I'll call help. Eva, dear Eva, speak to me—do!"

"Eva!" ejaculated St. Maur, and he bent over her face. Her veil had been removed, and she was slowly recovering. "Isaac, it is my own sister! O!"

"Surely not."

In his agony, St. Maur had let go his hold on the priest, and the fellow was hastily decamping.

"Tim! Tim!" cried Isaac, "look there!"

Tim was up with him in a moment, and, catching him in his arms, as though he were an infant, carried him back triumphantly, accompanied with sundry comments and inquiries, as, "Hurroo! me dear, bud yim got a nate way o' steppin'; prapths t'ud be all as wan t'ye af we ax'd ye to taich uz the likes an't. Lift your *leg* purtily, any way. Didn' ye think, now, ye wor clane aff like a jintleman—as I don't mane fur to say thit you isn't—an' we lukin' afthre like canted bosthoons?" &c.

"Mr. Barrett," said St. Maur. Barrett *was* startled now. "I know the man with whom I have to deal. It is but right that we should be on equal terms. Your scheme for beggaring my sister and enriching yourself, I rejoice to know is

killed in the bud. You will now accompany me to the authorities. I think you have done enough to outrage the law."

"My-a-dear sir," stammered Barrett, "I'm indeed innocent of any guilty intention. I love your sister—I'm proud to own it; and love for her has placed me in this disagreeable position. You know——"

"Enough, sir! no argument. You know this letter?"

"Let me look at it, if you please. I can't say that I do."

"O, never mind; it's of no importance. Eva," he continued, turning to his sister, whom Isaac had, with all the delicacy he could command, informed of her brother's presence, "this man has acted in every respect most basely; and, added to all, he intended to rob and then forsake you. Now, to avenge your dishonour. Sir, I will be more merciful to you than you would have been to my sister. Choose. I horsewhip you on the spot, or denounce you to the laws."

Barrett shuffled out apologies and entreaties for forgiveness. His mean capitulation was disgusting.

"Sir," said St. Maur, haughtily, "cease, I say! you will else put yourself beneath my contempt If so, I shall not trouble myself about what I shall

do to you, for I shall not think it of any importance. Now decide."

"Exposure would ruin me," whined out Barrett, in a despicable tone.

St. Maur's lip curled scornfully.

"I would prefer to throw myself on your single consideration. If you can, let what I have suffered suffice."

"Tim," said St. Maur, "lay him across your knee; I know the fellow hasn't soul enough in him to stand to it."

"Och, my dear masther," said Tim, deprecatingly, "ye're intirely 'wake, that y'are, ivry inch af ye. Go an' be plisint now to the young misthriss; she's gone to the ill an our hands altegither. Lave me, sur, to have a bit iv a scrimmage wid this same houly sint. By t'houly! I'll knack the sowl av him out iv his ilbow in liss thin no time, an' give him a tasthe av the liberthy thit was in ould Eyrin afore the tithe was invinted. Willelu! whoop!" and Tim gave an encouraging twirl to his shillelagh.

"No, no, Tim," said St. Maur, with a smile, "I don't want to have him killed. I think I must do it myself, then I shall know exactly when he's had enough."

"Will thin, sur, af you'll do half, an' kindly lit mesilf do the tither—jist ye see fur the

hanor an't. Ogh, wirra wirras thrue! I'll twist him like an ounce af pig-tail."

"Adolphus," said Eva, in a tremulous voice, "let him go. I want him out of sight."

"Let me engrain at least a few marks on him, dear Eva; to take away, just as a memento," replied St. Maur.

"No, send him away. His presence hurts me."

"Go, then, you miserable fellow!" said St. Maur, sternly; and he gave him a stinging lash. With a yelp and a bound he fled from the garden.

"Bad luck! bud that's quare now," muttered Tim, in a voice of severe disappointment. "I'd med me mind fur a bit av divarshin at all evints; lay alone givin' to the nager a cridithable reciption, and makin' a few marks an his rind."

"I think we have disturbed the people in the house," said Isaac. "It seems to me that it would be wise to get to the carriage as soon as possible. It won't do, you know, to stand explaining here at this time of night. We can support Miss St. Maur between us."

"I hear them on the stairs," said St. Maur, "what you say is best. Come, then, dear Eva, if you can," he pursued, taking her hand. "Let them find that you are absent, and digest it at their leisure. I shall call for what belongs to you to-morrow."

Everything was quickly explained to Adeline and Mary; and Eva was lifted up to a seat between them. Adeline was immediately absorbed in calming Eva's spirit, and inducing her to forget the excitement, by all those delicate and feminine attentions which none knew how to display better than herself.

It was very natural that in the overflowing of his joy, St. Maur felt inclined to reward O'Callaghan very liberally indeed; and to the infinite delight of the latter, he did so. He being discharged, Tim mounted the box in the highest possible feather. Tim was happy from two causes. With the honesty of a truly Hibernian heart, he rejoiced in his master's joy through the saving of Eva; and, justly enough, he took to himself a considerable share of the applause due to the means by which it had been brought about. So, continually testifying his intense pleasure by all sorts of approving exclamations, he drove the horses off at a rapid rate. Even the animals themselves came in for a share of his felicitations. He lavished on them all imaginable encouragement and praise; until at last their good sense was entirely overcome, and they threw up their heads with a consequential toss, and twinkled their ears as if they quite believed what he so eloquently assured them—that they "wor two av the most beauthifulest craythurs in all the houl

world univarsally." Finally, he drove up to Mr. Cohen's door with a tempest-like majesty, pulling the horses to with a sudden grand stop, as almost to eject every one from the carriage, notwithstanding the precautions they had taken for countervailing the vis inertiæ.

END OF VOL. I.

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