

"The matter, your lordship, is nothing, except that there is a dead man in the road, and you would not wish me to drive over him?"

"Certainly not," said my friend, leaning out of his sledge. "But are you sure that he is dead?"

"Of course, how could a man be lying on such a night as this in the middle of the road and not be dead?" asked the driver. "I will just draw him aside and gallop on."

"Let me ascertain first whether or not he is alive," said my friend getting out of his sledge. "Help me to lift him in here."

"Oh, my lord, my lord, you know not to what fines and penalties you will subject yourself, should he be dead, as he most certainly is," expostulated the driver.

"Am I to force you, slave, with my stick?" exclaimed my friend, getting angry at the driver's obstinacy. "See, here are the marks of his steps at the edge of the road, where he reeled to and fro before he fell."

"He must have swallowed too much vodka," growled the driver.

"No, he was weary and sleepy, and sank down overcome," answered my friend. "Help me, I say."

Unwillingly the serf helped the obstinate Englishman to lift the inanimate body into the carriage.

"Now urge your horses on as fast as you can, and stop at the first house you reach," said my friend. And he took his seat with the seemingly dead man by his side. He found that the man's hands were perfectly cold, but his heart yet beat, though faintly. Still he was satisfied that the man might be saved if soon attended to, and anxiously looked out for the appearance of a house on the road. At last the sleigh stopped before a small house. He knocked and knocked for some time.

"What is it you require?" exclaimed a voice from an upper window, in a querulous tone. My friend answered that he had a sick man who required immediate attention.

"Impossible!" exclaimed the person from the upper window. "We are Polish Jews, and if he were to die, we should be fined, or imprisoned, and ruined altogether. Drive on, drive; the God of Abraham speed you, but do not ask us to take in the dead man."

"He is not dead, friend, I tell you; and he will live to show his gratitude, if you will receive him; besides, I will pay all expenses to which you may be put on his account, and, moreover, the fine which may be imposed on you should he die," exclaimed my friend. "Here, I will pay both amounts over to you at once, and should that not be sufficient, when I come back I will pay you more. See I have a *poteragenas* (a pass to secure post horses, granted to official travellers) that will convince you that I will be as good as my word; besides, I am an Englishman."

"I am perfectly satisfied," said the old Jew, his heart softening at the mention of a reward. He descended the stairs, and the driver, with the help of my friend, bore the inanimate form of the stranger into the house. Fresh wood was piled up on the stove-fire, the body was rubbed thoroughly all over at a distance, gradually drawing it nearer, and some hot drink was got ready. My friend waited till the stranger had opened his eyes, and shown other signs of life; and he then, leaving in the hands of the delighted Jew a handsome sum, hurried away to continue his journey through the long night. The remainder of his journey was not the less pleasant that he could reflect on the little piece of "Good Samaritan" work he had performed.

Two months passed by. Stern winter still held the whole of Russia in its icy grasp. The Queen's Messenger

was on his return from his far-off mission towards the north, when, as he drew near the spot where he had picked the stranger out of the snow, he recollected the circumstance. It was daytime, and he had no difficulty in finding the house of the old Jew. He was recognised at once.

"Did the man live?" he asked.

"Indeed he did, and has been here several times to inquire for you to express his gratitude," answered the old Jew. "He is a worthy man, and it was providential that you saved his life. He has a wife and large family, who would have been left destitute had he died. He had gone to Kieff to obtain a large sum of money, but, ignorant that he had gained his suit, and having before fallen into poverty, he was returning home on foot, weary and sad, to his family. The letter containing the good news had already reached his house when he returned home. Had he died, the property would have gone elsewhere, and his family would have been left in poverty, so he has reason to be grateful."

My friend could not go out of his road to visit the stranger, whom he never saw again; but it was, notwithstanding, pleasant to reflect that he had been the means of preserving the life of a fellow-being, and saving a large family from poverty, sorrow, and suffering. My friend went on his way rejoicing, and though I have no doubt that he felt he had only done his duty, still that very feeling must have afforded a pleasant and satisfactory glow to his heart as he glided on his homeward way over the snow.

MR. DISRAELI ON THE JEWS.

In his novel, "Coningsby," first published in 1844, Mr. Disraeli thus speaks of his compatriots. The speaker, Sidonia, is a great Hebrew capitalist:—

"The Jews, independently of the capital qualities for citizenship which they possess in their industry, temperance, and energy and vivacity of mind, are a race essentially monarchical, deeply religious, and shrinking themselves from converts as from a calamity, are ever anxious to see the religious systems of the countries in which they live flourish. . . . Every generation they must become more powerful and more dangerous to the society which is hostile to them. Do you think that the quiet humdrum persecution of a decorous representative of an English university can crush those who have successively baffled the Pharaohs, Nebuchadnezzar, Rome, and the Feudal ages? The fact is, you cannot destroy a pure race of the Caucasian organisation. It is a physiological fact, a simple law of Nature, which has baffled Egyptian and Assyrian kings, Roman emperors, and Christian inquisitors. No penal laws, no physical tortures, can effect that a superior race should be absorbed in an inferior, or be destroyed by it. The mixed persecuting races disappear; the pure persecuted race remains. And at this moment, in spite of centuries, of tens of centuries, of degradation, the Jewish mind exercises a vast influence on the affairs of Europe. I speak not of their laws, which you still obey; of their literature, with which your minds are saturated; but of the living Hebrew intellect.

"You never observe a great intellectual movement in Europe in which the Jews do not greatly participate. The first Jesuits were Jews; that mysterious Russian diplomacy which so alarms Western Europe is organised and principally carried on by Jews; that mighty revolution which is at this moment preparing in Germany, and which will be, in fact, a second and greater Reforma-

tion, and of which so little is as yet known in England, is entirely developing under the auspices of Jews, who almost monopolise the professorial chairs of Germany. Neander, the founder of Spiritual Christianity, and who is Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Berlin, is a Jew. Benary, equally famous, and in the same university, is a Jew. Wehl, the Arabic professor of Heidelberg, is a Jew. Years ago, when I was in Palestine, I met a German student who was accumulating materials for the History of Christianity, and studying the genius of the place—a modest and learned man. It was Wehl; then unknown, since become the first Arabic scholar of the day, and the author of the life of Mahomet. But for the German professors of this race, their name is legion. I think there are more than ten at Berlin alone.

"I told you just now that I was going up to town to-morrow, because I always made it a rule to interpose when affairs of state were on the carpet. Otherwise, I never interfere. I hear of peace and war in newspapers, but I am never alarmed, except when I am informed that the sovereigns want treasure; then I know that monarchs are serious.

"A few years back we were applied to by Russia. Now, there has been no friendship between the Court of St. Petersburg and my family. It has Dutch connections which have generally supplied it; and our representations in favour of the Polish Hebrews, a numerous race, but the most suffering and degraded of all the tribes, have not been very agreeable to the Czar. However, circumstances drew to an approximation between the Romanoffs and the Sidonias. I resolved to go myself to St. Petersburg. I had, on my arrival, an interview with the Russian Minister of Finance, Count Cancrin; I beheld the son of a Lithuanian Jew. The loan was connected with the affairs of Spain; I resolved on repairing to Spain from Russia. I travelled without intermission. I had an audience immediately on my arrival with the Spanish minister, Senor Mendizabel; I beheld one like myself, the son of a Nuevo Christiano, a Jew of Arragon. In consequence of what transpired at Madrid, I went straight to Paris to consult the President of the French Council; I beheld the son of a French Jew, a hero, an imperial marshal, and very properly so, for who should be military heroes if not those who worship the Lord of Hosts?"

"And is Soult a Hebrew?"

"Yes, and others of the French marshals, and the most famous; Massena, for example; his real name was Manasseh; but to my anecdote. The consequence of our consultations was, that some northern power should be applied to in a friendly and mediative capacity. We fixed on Prussia; and the President of the Council made an application to the Prussian minister, who attended a few days after our conference. Count Arnim entered the cabinet, and I beheld a Prussian Jew. So you see, my dear Coningsby, that the world is governed by very different personages from what is imagined by those who are not behind the scenes."

"You startle and deeply interest me."

"You must study physiology, my dear child. Pure races of Caucasus may be persecuted, but they cannot be despised, except by the brutal ignorance of some mongrel breed, that brandishes faggots and howls extermination, but is itself exterminated, without persecution, by that irresistible law of Nature which is fatal to curs."

"But I come also from Caucasus," said Coningsby.

"Verily; and thank your Creator for such a destiny; and your race is sufficiently pure. You come from the shores of the Northern Sea—land of the blue eye, and the golden hair, and the frank brow; 'tis a famous breed, with whom we Arabs have contended long, from whom we have suffered much; but these Goths, and Saxons, and Normans, were doubtless great men."

"But so favoured by Nature, why has not your race produced great poets, great orators, great writers?"

"Favoured by Nature and by Nature's God, we produced the lyre of David; we gave you Isaiah and Ezekiel;—they are our Olynthians, our Philippics. Favoured by Nature we still remain; but in exact proportion as we have been favoured by Nature we have been persecuted by Man. After a thousand struggles; after acts of heroic courage that Rome has never equalled; deeds of divine patriotism that Athens, and Sparta, and Carthage have never excelled—we have endured fifteen hundred years of supernatural slavery, during which every device that can degrade or destroy man has been the destiny that we have sustained and baffled. The Hebrew child has entered adolescence only to learn that he was the Pariah of that ungrateful Europe that owes to him the best part of its laws, a fine portion of its literature, all its religion. Great poets require a public; we have been content with the immortal melodies that we sung more than two thousand years ago by the waters of Babylon and wept. They record our triumphs; they solace our affliction: Great orators are the creatures of popular assemblies; we were permitted only by stealth to meet even in our temples. And as for great writers, the catalogue is not blank. What are all the schoolmen, Aquinas himself, to Maimonides? and as for modern philosophy, all springs from Spinoza.

"But the passionate and creative genius, that is the nearest link to Divinity, and which no human tyranny can destroy, though it can divert it—that should have stirred the hearts of nations by its inspired sympathy, or governed senates by its burning eloquence—has found a medium for its expression, to which, in spite of your prejudices and your evil passions, you have been obliged to bow. The ear, the voice, the fancy teeming with combinations, the imagination fervent with picture and emotion, that came from Caucasus, and which we have preserved unpolluted, have endowed us with almost the exclusive privilege of Music; that science of harmonious sounds, which the ancients recognised as most divine, and deified in the person of their most beautiful creation. I speak not of the past; though, were I to enter into the history of the lords of melody, you would find it the annals of Hebrew genius. But at this moment even, musical Europe is ours. There is not a company of singers, not an orchestra in a single capital, that is not crowded with our children under the feigned names which they adopt to conciliate the dark aversion which your posterity will some day disclaim with shame and disgust. Almost every great composer, skilled musician, almost every voice that ravishes you with its transporting strains, springs from our tribes. The catalogue is too vast to enumerate; too illustrious to dwell for a moment on secondary names, however eminent. Enough for us that the three great creative minds to whose exquisite inventions all nations at this moment yield—Rossini, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn—are of Hebrew race; and little do your men of fashion, your muscadins of Paris, and your dandies of London, as they thrill into raptures at the notes of a Pasta or a Grisi—little do they suspect that they are offering their homage to 'the sweet singers of Israel!'"