

## Literature, &amp;c.

## THE PIECE OF A HUNDRED SOUS.

FROM THE FRENCH.

A YOUNG and handsome pair had just returned from the altar, where their destinies were irrevocably united. They were about to start for the country, and they had bidden a temporary farewell to the friends who were present at the ceremony. For a short time, while their equipage was preparing, they found themselves alone.

The newly-wedded husband took one of his bride's hands into his own. 'Allow me,' said he, 'thus to hold your hand, for I dread lest you should quit me. I tremble lest all this should be an illusion. It seems to me that I am the hero of one of those fairy tales which amused my boyhood, and in which, in the hour of happiness, some malignant fairy stepped ever in to throw the victim into grief and despair.'

'Reassure yourself, my dear Frederic,' said the lady; 'I was yesterday the widow of Sir James Melton, and to-day I am Madam de la Tour, your wife. Banish from your mind the idea of the fairy. This is not a fiction, but a history.'

Frederic de la Tour had indeed some reason to suppose that his fortunes were the work of a fairy wand; for, in the course of one or two short months, by a seemingly inexplicable stroke of fortune, he had been raised to happiness and wealth beyond his desires. A friendless orphan, twenty-five years old, he had been the holder of a clerkship which brought him a scanty livelihood, when one day, as he passed along the Rue St. Honore, a rich equipage stopped suddenly before him, and a young and elegant woman called from it to him. 'Monsieur, Monsieur,' said she. At the same time, on a given signal, the footman leaped down, opened the carriage door, and invited Frederic to enter. He did so, though with some hesitation and surprise, and the carriage started off at full speed. 'I have received your note sir,' said the lady to M de la Tour in a very soft and sweet voice; 'and, in spite of your refusal, I hope yet to see you to-morrow evening at my party.'

'To see me Madame,' cried the amazed Frederic.

'Yes Sir, you—Ah! a thousand pardons,' continued she, with an air of confusion, 'I see my mistake. Forgive me, sir; you are so like a particular friend of mine! What can you think of me. Yet the resemblance is so striking, that it would have deceived any one.' Of course, Frederic replied politely to these apologies. Just as they were terminated, the carriage stopped at the door of a splendid mansion, and the young man could do no less than offer his arm to Lady Melton, as the fair stranger announced herself to be. Though English in name, the lady, nevertheless, was evidently of French origin. Her extreme beauty charmed M de la Tour, and he congratulated himself upon the happy accident which had gained him such an acquaintance. Lady Melton loaded him with civilities, and he received and accepted an invitation for the party spoken of. Invitations to other parties followed; but to be brief, the young man soon found himself an established visitant at the house of Lady Melton. She, a rich and youthful widow, was encircled by admirers. One by one, however, they disappeared, giving way to the poor clerk, who seemed to engross the lady's whole thoughts. Finally, almost by her own asking, they were betrothed. Frederic used to look sometimes at the little glass which hung in his humble lodging, and wonder to what circumstance he owed his happy fortune. He was not ill looking, certainly, but he had not the vanity to think his appearance magnificent, and his plain and scanty wardrobe prevented him from giving the credit to his tailor. He used to conclude his meditations by the reflection, that assuredly the lovely widow was fulfilling some unavoidable award of destiny. As for his own feelings, the lady was lovely, young, rich, accomplished, and noted for her sensibility and virtue; could he hesitate.

When the marriage contract was signed, his astonishment was redoubled, for he found himself, through the lady's love, the virtual possessor of a large property, both in England and France. The presence of friends had certified and sanctioned the union, yet, as has been stated, Frederic felt some strange fears, in spite of himself, lest all should prove an illusion, and he grasped his bride's hand, as if to prevent her being spirited away from his view.

'My dear Frederic,' said the lady, smilingly, 'sit down beside me, and let me say something to you.' The young husband obeyed but still did not quit her hand. She began, 'Once on a time'—Frederic started, and half-seriously exclaimed, 'Heavens, it is a fairy tale.' 'Listen to me, foolish boy,' resumed the lady. 'There was once a young girl, the daughter of parents well born, and at one time rich, but who had declined sadly in circumstances. Until her fifteenth year, the family lived in Lyons, depending entirely for subsistence, upon the labor of her father. Some better hopes sprung up, and induced them then to come to Paris; but it is difficult to stop in the descent down the path of misfortune. For three years the father struggled against poverty, but at last died in a hospital.'

'The mother soon followed; and the young girl was left alone, the occupant of a garret

of which the rent was not paid. If there were any fairy connected with the story, this was the moment for her appearance; but none came. The young girl remained alone, without friends or protectors, harassed by debts which she could not pay, and seeking in vain for some species of employment. She found none. Still it was necessary for her to have food. One day passed, on which she tasted nothing. The night that followed was sleepless. Next day was again passed without food, and the poor girl was forced into the resolution of begging. She covered her head with her mother's veil, the only heritage she had received, and, stooping so as to simulate age, she went out into the streets. When there, she held out her hand. Alas, that hand was white, and youthful, and delicate! She felt the necessity of covering it with the folds of her veil, as if it had been leprous. Thus concealed, the poor girl held out the hand to a young woman who passed—one more happy than herself, and asked 'A sou—a single sou to get bread.' The petition was unheeded. An old man passed. The mendicant thought that experience of the distresses of life might have softened one like him, but she was in error. Experience had only hardened, not softened his heart.

'The night was cold and rainy, and the hour had come when the night police appeared to keep the streets clear of mendicants and suspicious characters. At this period, the shrinking girl took courage once more to hold out her hand to a passer by. He was a young man. He stopped at the silent appeal, and diving into his pockets, pulled out a piece of money, which he threw to her, being apparently afraid to touch a thing so miserable. Just as he did this, one of the police came to the spot, and placing his hand on the girl's shoulder, he exclaimed, 'Ah, I have caught you, have I?—you are begging. To the office with you! Come along.'

'The young man here interposed. He took hold hastily of the mendicant, of her whom he had before seemed afraid to touch, and addressing himself to the policeman, said reproachfully, 'This woman is not a beggar. No, she is, she is one whom I know.' 'But sir,' said the officer—'I tell you, that she is an acquaintance of mine,' repeated the young stranger, then turning to the girl, whom he took for an old and feeble woman, he continued, 'Come along, my good dame, and permit me to see you safely to the end of the street.' Giving his arm to the unfortunate girl, he then led her away, saying, 'Here is a piece of a hundred sous. It is all I have—take it, poor woman.'

'The crown of a hundred sous passed from your hand into mine (continued the lady), and as you walked along, supporting my steps, I then, through my veil, distinctly saw your face and figure.'

'My figure,' said Frederic, in amazement.

'Yes, my friend, your figure,' returned his wife, 'it was to me that you gave alms on that night! It was my life, my honor, perhaps—that you then saved.'

'You a mendicant—and so young, so beautiful, and now so rich,' cried Frederic.

'Yes, my dearest husband,' replied the lady, 'I have in my life received alms—once only—and from you; and those alms have decided my fate for life. On the day following that miserable night, an old woman in whom I had inspired some sentiments of pity, enabled me to enter as a sempstress into a respectable house. Cheerfulness returned to me with labor. I had the good fortune to become a favorite with the mistress whom I served, and, indeed, I did my best, by unreweared diligence and care, to merit her favor. She was often visited by people in high life. One day, Sir James Melton, an English gentleman of great property, came to the establishment along with a party of ladies. He noticed me. He returned again. He spoke with my mistress, and learnt that I was of good family—in short, learnt my whole history. The result was, that he sat down by my side one day, and asked me plainly if I would marry him.'

'Marry you,' cried I, in surprise.

'Sir James Melton was a man of sixty, tall, pale, and feeble-looking. In answer to my exclamation of astonishment, he said, 'Yes, I ask if you will be my wife. I am rich, but have no comfort—no happiness. My relatives seem to yearn to see me in the grave. I have ailments which require a degree of kindly care that is not to be bought from servants. I have heard your story, and believe you to be one who will support prosperity. I make my proposal sincerely, and hope that you will agree to it.'

'At that time, Frederic,' continued the lady, 'I loved you. I had seen you but once, but that occasion was too memorable for me ever to forget it, and something insinuated to me that we were destined to pass through life together. At the bottom of my soul, I believed this. Yet every one around me pressed me to accept of the offer made to me, and the thought struck me that I might make you wealthy. At length my main objection to Sir James Melton's proposal lay in a disinclination to make myself the instrument of vengeance in Sir James's hands against relatives whom he might dislike without good grounds. The objection when stated, only increased his anxiety for my consent; and finally, under the impression that it would be, after all, carrying romance the length of folly to reject the advantageous settlement offered me, I consented to Sir James's proposal.'

'This part of my story, Frederic is really like a fairy tale. I, a poor orphan, penniless and friendless, became the wife of one of the richest baronets of England. Dressed in silks, and sparkling with jewels, I could now pass in my carriage through the very streets, where a few months before, I had stood in the rain and darkness—a mendicant.'

'Happy Sir James,' cried M de la Tour, at this part of the story, 'he could prove his love by enriching you.'

'He was happy,' resumed the lady. 'Our marriage, so strangely asserted, proved much more conducive, it is probable, to his comfort, than if he had wedded one with whom all the parade of settlements and pin-money would have been necessary. Never, I believe, did he for an instant repent of our union. I, on my part, conceived myself bound to do my best for the solace of his declining years; and he, on his part, thought it incumbent on him to provide for my future welfare. He died, leaving me a large part of his substance—as much, indeed, as I could prevail upon myself to accept. I was now a widow, and, from the hour in which I became so, I vowed never again to give my hand to man, excepting to him who had succored me in my hour of distress, and whose remembrance had ever been preserved in the recesses of my heart. But how to discover that man! Ah, unconscious ingrate! to make no endeavor to come in the way of one who sought to love, to enrich you! I knew not your name. In vain I looked for you at balls, assemblies, and theatres. You went not there. Ah, how I longed to meet you! As the lady spoke she took from her neck a riband; to which was attached a piece of a hundred sous. 'It is the same—the very same which you gave me,' said she, presenting it to Frederic; 'by pledging it I got credit for a little bread from a neighbor, and I earned enough afterwards in time to permit me to recover it. I vowed never to part with it.'

'Ah, how happy I was, Frederic, when I saw you in the street. The excuse which I made for stopping was the first that rose to my mind. But what tremors I felt even afterwards, lest you should have been already married. In that case, you would never have heard aught of this fairy tale, though I would have taken some means or other to enrich you. I would have gone to England, and there passed my days, in regret perhaps, but still in peace. But happily it was to be otherwise. You were single.'

Frederic de la Tour was now awakened, as it were, to the full certainty of his happiness. What he could not but before look upon as a sort of freak of fancy in a young and wealthy woman, was now proved to be the result of deep and kindly feeling, most honorable to her who entertained it. The heart of the young husband overflowed with affection and gratitude to the lovely and noble hearted being who had given herself to him. He was too happy for some time to speak. His wife first broke silence.

'So, Frederic,' said she, gaily, 'you see that I am a fairy, it is you who have given me the wand—the talisman—that has effected all.'

From the Spectator's Library.

## THE REMNANT FOUND.

This is a curious volume on a curious question, 'What has become of the Ten Tribes of Israel?' The author is not a mere theory spinner, but a person well qualified to discuss the subject. He is an Israelite, of 'the race of Aaron,' versed in all the rites and customs of the Hebrews, as well as in their learning. He is also a convert to Christianity, superadding an acquaintance with the New Testament and the proverbial zeal of a proselyte to the strong and deep spiritual feelings of the spiritual Jew. In addition to these peculiarities of his nature, he has possessed great advantage in his circumstances. Having been employed as missionary to the Asiatic Jews, he has visited India, Persia, and circumjacent places, in search of the scattered seed of Abraham; observing their peculiarities, as a Jew and an antiquarian, whilst he endeavoured to convert them to the Christian faith.

In our notice of *The Remnant Found*, we will endeavour to convey an idea of the object sought; and to furnish some example of the light Mr. Samuel has thrown upon certain tribes of Asiatic Jews.

When upon the death of Solomon, the Ten Tribes revolted from his son Rehoboam, the Jewish splendour began to wane. After a period of internal discord and foreign wars, the kingdom of Israel, founded by the revolters, was destroyed and its people carried away, to be followed, some generations later, by the conquest of Jerusalem and the captivity of the tribes of Judah and Benjamin. The latter captives were permitted to return, by the decree of Cyrus, and Jerusalem, with its temple, rose again; but here was no return for the Ten Tribes, carried off, according to Mr. Samuel, by three deportations, strictly speaking.

First—of the two and a half tribes, on the other side of Jordan, by Pal and Tilgath-pilnezer.

Second—Of the bulk of the seven and a half tribes, by Shalmaneser.

Third—Of the remains of the latter, by Esarhaddon, who swept the land of even the poor lingerers on the mountains of Israel; so that Israel could not, by any means, become

a people, but remained broken as a nation and broken as a people too.'

'What has become of them?' is the question that has often been asked, but never answered. Josephus said, that, in his day, the main body of the Ten Tribes remained 'beyond the Euphrates, in Media.' Sir William Jones and others have identified them with the Afghans; Dr. Buchanan, in the black and white Jews of Bombay and Cochín. Bruce discovered them in Abyssinia; several writers have tracked them across the continent of Asia and Behring's Straits to America,—there time and travel, they say, has turned them into Red Indians; and, amongst the various dignified pedigrees of the Hibernians, writers have not been wanting to maintain, that the seat of the lost tribes was to be found in the Emerald Isle.\* Mr. Samuel flatters himself, that he has discovered their 'remnant,' all that we are justified by prophecy in looking for, amongst the tribes of Coghistan, a wild, mountainous, and almost inaccessible region, running inward from the southwestern coast of the Caspian and bordering upon the ancient Media, formerly a nominal dependency of Persia, and now nominally subject to Russia.

The facts and reasons Mr. Samuel adduces seem to establish this point, that a 'remnant' of Jews, of a very peculiar kind, are settled round the shores of the Caspian. Of this remnant, some are scattered in a state of slavery, and are very ignorant, some free, and a little more advanced; but the Jews of Daghistan proper seem genuine and unadulterated. Taking the facts of Mr. Samuel, as they stand, this 'remnant' follows very strictly the mosaic law, uncorrupted by the Talmud, and certain of their practices appear patriarchal, whence the author infers, that, upon some points, Moses only confirmed, what he found existing. His conclusion seems highly probable, that this tribe is a part of the Israelites who were carried away captive into Media. Even a people so stubborn as the Jews in clinging to their own observances, could not resist the force of circumstances when seated in a country which has lain open to the traffic of merchants and the devastations of conquerors for nearly three thousand years. Time and trade alone work changes, especially where dynasties change quickly; but the invasions of Alexander, the Romans, Zengis Khan, and Tamerlane, to say nothing of Mahometan enthusiasts or conquerors a small scale, must have contributed to scatter and destroy, if they could not change the seeds from the house of David. In the remote fastnesses of the Caucasian range a 'remnant' of Israel might, probably, take refuge, and preserve their original customs with that tenacity which belongs alike to Jews and mountaineers. Yet even they could not altogether escape the cruel ambition of conquerors. In the last century, Nadir Shah invaded the country, and forced many to embrace the Mahometan religion, a strange course for a sceptic like himself; and our author infers, that, had Daghistan been examined before that invasion, a closer resemblance would have been discovered than even now exists.

The proofs by which our author identifies the Jews inhabiting this country as pure Jews are accumulative and minute, depending upon slight differences in rites and practices, whose difference, is indeed, palpable, but whose full force is more impressive to a Jew than a Christian. We may, however, note three points. They alone, of all the Jews Mr. Samuel is acquainted with actually sacrifice the paschal lamb: the others often substitute for it meat roasted in a peculiar way. They practise the ancient mode of circumcision, not that which has obtained since the days of Maccabees; and they keep the Sabbath strictly and literally not kindling a fire or a light.

They remain in the coldest and darkest weather without these; and have no recourse as other Jews, to the services of Gentiles to supply them with these, preserving, in their own persons, the letter, and destroying, through strangers, the spirit of the law. It is remarkable, that, as they are quite ignorant of the oral law and traditions followed by the Jews elsewhere, and which enumerates thirty-nine species of occupations from which they consider themselves prohibited, (vide Talmud, Sabbath, or Treatise, folio 79.) the Jews of Daghistan observe all these prohibitions except the last. This last is a reservation of a permission to carry loads from one house to another on the Sabbath day. It is allowed, by the following ceremony, practised by the Jews, being observed. A cake is consecrated and suspended in the synagogue. A string or rope is extended from each corner of a street where Jews live; and this is deemed to constitute embraced within the extremities of the one family; thereby evading the penalty resisting from the prohibitory injunction.

If we refer to the prophet Jeremiah, (xvii. 21-27) we find this in direct opposition to that of Jehovah. 'Thus saith the Lord, take heed to yourselves, and bear no burden on the Sabbath day, nor bring it in by the gates of Jerusalem; neither carry forth a burden out of your houses on the Sabbath day, neither do ye any work, but hallow ye the Sabbath day, as I commanded your fathers.' Thus, in this important respect, the Jews of Daghistan preserve the institution according to it, appointment before the prophet in question was commanded to reprove the Jewish people for in-

\* The reader may remember Moore's *Melody*, 'Yes, and one of Zion, in closely resembling.'