

"Mr. Benjamin Levi lives here, sir, and it is he to whom you speak. But he is a Christian—a far better one, perhaps, than you are yourself."

"I beg your pardon, sir—I was told that you were a Jew."

"By whom?"

"The owner of the store at the end of the street."

"I thought as much. He's a rogue; but he might have given me a worse name. And pray young man," he added in a facetious voice, "what do you want with the Jew?"

Robert, before answering, cast an involuntary glance at his half-clothed figure. The Jew understood the natural language better than if it had been rendered into words. "Ah, ha! you look like a scathed snake, greatly in want of a new skin. Some wild frolic, I suppose. Young men will play the fool sometimes, and it all goes to the support of trade. But come up here and we will have a bit of talk. I have no doubt that I can suit you—that is, if you have money. Nothing in this world can be done without money."

So saying, he led the way, not into a repository of wearing apparel, as Robert expected, but into a long, low loft, in which several men were employed in printing; and whose labors Benjamin Levi had been superintending without his coat, and his checked shirt, not over clean, tucked up to his elbows.

Robert had heard so much of this strange individual from his new acquaintance, that his person became an object of more minute scrutiny than he would otherwise have bestowed upon one who was such a perfect stranger.

The editor of the Observer, was a short, fat man, with broad shoulders, and a head and neck like a bull. The unusual size of the head was rendered more remarkable by the quantity of coarse, curling black hair, which gave to it a more determined air of obstinacy, while it set off the rich dark complexion, without shading, or in the least degree softening, its hardened and audacious expression. The features of his face were thick and massy, and the outline regular, and he might have been considered by many, good looking, and even handsome, had it not been for the aforesaid expression, which made him an object of disgust and aversion. A sly, covert humour, lurked in his prominent black eyes, whose covert and sinister glances were partially concealed by a pair of gold rimmed spectacles, which never parted from his huge aquiline nose, and seemed from long use to have become a second pair of eyes—a part of himself. A perpetual grin severed his red, pursed up lips, which, though meant for a smile, was but an acquired contortion to hide the evil workings of the spirit within,

and served to display a malicious looking set of strong, white teeth, which seemed as if they were formed to bite and worry his species. Such was the man, who now stood upon tiptoes, peering at our poor emigrant through his spectacles, with a smile upon his lips, and a sneer in his heart.

Curiosity and a love of prying into the affairs of others, was a prominent trait in the Jew's character; and he commenced his acquaintance with our poor adventurer by asking a host of questions. "You are a stranger here?"

"I am."

"From the Old Country?"

"From London."

"How did you get into your present evil plight?"

"I was shipwrecked in the Maria, the night before last."

"Humph. I saw that ship go down, and was told by several respectable seamen, who were present on the spot, that all on board perished."

"Do you doubt my word, sir?" said Robert fiercely.

"Oh, not at all. You were more fortunate than your comrades, and, in my office, I am bound to believe all tales which have an air of probability."

"And to publish many, I suppose, which have not," said Robert, sarcastically.

"Sir," said the Jew drily, "an editor must live upon the credulity of the world, which scarcely thanks him for speaking the truth."

"And seldom stops," interrupted Robert, "in pandering for its vicious tastes, to enquire like Pilate—What is truth?"

The old Jew surveyed the lad with a cautious glance. Then, as if anxious to change the subject, he asked carelessly—

"Did you lose much in the wreck?"

"My all," was the laconic reply.

"That's but an unsatisfactory answer to my question. In what did that all consist?"

"Sir," returned the young man, "I came here to purchase a suit of clothes to cover my destitution—not to answer impertinent questions."

"Ha! ha! young Englishman, you are easily offended. Passion, like old wine, is apt to shew of what metal the man is made. But pride and poverty never agree well together. Get rid of the first—and the last will cure itself. It is impossible for a proud, poor man, to get rich."

"Pride is the poor man's shield," said Robert. "It preserves his independence when the world would crush him. It does more than this—it keeps him honest when his necessities tempt him to be otherwise."

"Pshaw!" said the Jew, "what a confession! When you have lived as long as I have lived in