

simple-minded, with just as many vanities and weaknesses and homely virtues as are necessary to constitute a human, lovable, and loving being. And despite his patriarchal appearance, Moses Levy, as well as Rachel, was English born, and sojourned not in Canaan or Padan-Aram, but on British soil in Spitalfields.

In that locality reside a mixed community of human beings, composed chiefly of English, Irish, and aliens from Holland, Germany and Poland. The land of the Inquisition, also, is well-represented, and dark-eyed descendants of old Spanish families, still bearing the lofty names of their forefathers, hob-a-nob with ragged representatives of Erin, some of whom, no doubt, are as proud of their lineage as their stately and subtler neighbours. No stranger conjunction of civilized races can be found than this, where a Mendoza lives next door to an O'Flanagan, and where Sara, a black-ringed damsel, with rich olive blood in her veins, stands in equal social position with barelegged Biddy O'Toole. They have a very healthy contempt for one another, the Irishman regarding the Jew as something worse than the scum of the earth, and the Jew looking upon the Irishman as an ignorant being of the lowest order. But Spitalfields is fortunate in the possession of one grand virtue, which infuses outward harmony into the discordant elements. Its community is an industrious one, and Jew and Christian alike work hard from sunrise until after sunset. Some rising early in the morning for the markets, go far afield to seek their livelihood, with bags and barrows and baskets, and among these bread-winners are women who trudge the streets with heavy baskets of common glassware on their arms; others stay at home, plodding and stitching through the daylight hours, and often through the night; the click of the sewing machine is a familiar sound, and may be heard in many a house from garret to basement; and what with the coming and going, the early rising and the late retiring, and the continual bustling about, the grass is not allowed to grow under the feet of the busy bees of Spitalfields. They take their pleasures too, in a rational way, and the pits and galleries of the theatres are well-patronized by them, especially on Saturday nights, when the Jewish Sabbath is at an end. As everybody knows, Spitalfields has the reputation of being a common neighbourhood; but poor people must live somewhere—and must certainly have room to die, claiming thereby their inalienable death-right of six feet of land: in which heritage, quality, whether the soil is in St. Giles's or St. James's, is of no consideration to the inhabitant. And Spitalfields, if it chooses, can hold up its head in a worldly way, for there is an astonishing secret connected with it which shall now be disclosed. Poor as it has the reputation of being, it contains persons who keep accounts at the Bank of England, and who, if they died to-morrow, would leave thousands of pounds behind them. This class is composed almost entirely of Jews, who moving in the sphere best suited to them, pass their days in comfort until, urged by their own swelling importance, or by the ambition of their wives and daughters, they plunge into more fashionable quarters and become miserable; making room for others, who in the course of time, will tread in their footsteps, and do likewise. There is something of mathematical precision in the manner in which these fortunate ones ascend the golden ladder. Chance plays no part in the achievement, and their prosperity is solely due to the wise application of intellectual forces. Step by step, they slowly and