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MISCELLANEOUS.

PROSPEROUS CONDITION OF THE JEWS UNDER CHARLEMAGNE.

To the flourishing commerce of the Israelites, the extended dominions of Charlemagne opened a wide field: from the ports of Marseilles and Narbonne their vessels kept up a constant communication with the East: in Narbonne they were so flourishing, that of the two prefects or mayors of the city, one was always a Jew; and as we shall see presently, the most regular and stately part of the city of Lyons was the Jewish quarter. The superior intelligence and education of the Jews, in a period when nobles and kings, and even the clergy, could not always write their names, pointed them out for offices of trust. They were the physicians, the ministers of finances, to nobles and monarchs; and when Charlemagne, either with some secret political design or from an ostentatious show of magnificence, determined on sending an ambassador to the splendid Caliph, Haroun al Raschid, Europe and Asia beheld the extraordinary spectacle of a Jew, named Isaac, setting forth on this mission, with two Christian Counts, who died on the road, and conducting the political correspondence between the courts of Aix-la-Chapelle and Bagdad. It cannot be wondered if this embassy gave rise to the wildest speculation in that ignorant age, both as to its objects and its event. It was given out that the Caliph granted Judaea as a free gift to Charlemagne; others limit his generosity to Jerusalem, others to the key of the Holy Sepulchre. The secret objects probably never transpired beyond the councils of Charlemagne; but it was known that Isaac returned with presents of a wonderful nature from the east. Among these was an enormous elephant, of such importance that his death is faithfully chronicled by the monkish annalists—apes, a clock, and some rich robes, doubtless of silk. Isaac acquitted himself with such ability, that

he was intrusted by his imperial protector with another mission to the same quarter.

HOPE AND MEMORY.

A little babe lay in the cradle, and Hope came and kissed it. When its nurse gave it a cake, Hope promised another to morrow; and when its young sister brought a flower over which it clapped its wings and crowed, Hope told of brighter ones, which it would gather for itself.

The babe grew to a child, and another friend came and kissed it. Her name was Memory. She said, 'look behind thee, and tell me what thou seest.' The child answered, 'I see a little book.' And Memory said, 'I will teach thee how to get honey from the book, that will be sweet to thee when thou art old.'

The child became a youth. Once when he went to his bed, Hope and Memory stood by the pillow. Hope sang a melodious song, and said, 'Follow me, and every morning thou shalt wake with a smile as sweet as the pretty lay I sung thee.'

But Memory said, 'Hope, is there any need that we should contend? He shall be mine as well as thine. And we shall be to him as sisters all his life long.'

So he kissed Hope and Memory, as he was beloved of them both. While he slept peacefully they sat silently by his side, weaving rainbow tissues into dreams. When he woke, they came, with the lark, to bid him good morning, and he gave a hand to each.

He became a man. Every day Hope guided him to his labor, and every night he supped with Memory at the table of Knowledge.

But, at length Age found him and turned his temples gray. To his eye the world seemed altered.—Memory sat by his elbow chair, like an old and tried friend. He looked at her seriously and said, 'Hast thou not lost something that I entrusted thee with?'

And she answered, 'I fear so; for the lock of my casket is worn. Sometimes I am