

Here is your man of business, your money making man. Here is health, ability, and complete devotion to the God of Moloch. All is cold calculation; and the machinery of business is carried on in all its intricate connections, with the regularity of clock work: whilst no thought or object of an extraneous nature is permitted, in the least, to interfere with it. His clerks, like automata, move at his nod: his agents regard his will as their only rule of action: and all who have dealings with him are schooled by a systematic play upon their vanity, prejudices, fancies, and interest, so as to render almost entire submission to his pleasure. Jethro Sans' influence, consequently, is unbounded within the sphere of his actions. He is become rich. He has money at interest, owns stock, holds mortgages on sundry farms, has a farm besides his village estate, merchandize, dues, &c. &c. He is reckoned the wealthiest man in his section of country already, and will, in all probability, go on increasing his treasures until old Time lays to him his merciless scythe, and cuts him down to sleep the sleep of death. Ah! Jethro Sans, it is then thou wilt learn the true value of gold; and then thou wilt go to receive the just reward of thy merits!

But now the hour of closing store is come, and we follow Jethro Sans to his fine dwelling, after he has seen, with his own eye, every thing safe and in order. We enter with him into his elegant parlor, and behold, once more, the bluff Mrs. Sans, looking as hearty as when we saw her lustily maintaining the privileges of her house, on the affair of the beads. The parlor contains a centre table, covered with novels and the last souvenir—a piano forte—a sofa, and other evidences of female taste and refinement. And this is the residence of the once poor boy who pined away in a log hut for the possession of wealth. How differently has time and the world dealt with him and his other half, to what they have with Mr. Demster and his Eliza! But let us pass.

On entering the parlor, our eyes are riveted, for a moment on the form of a young female—the daughter—who is sitting at the piano, darting her half practised fingers over its chords, producing snatches of duets and love songs. She is dressed finely, and her motions and occasional bursts of petulant anger, as well as a sort of listless languor, show her to be an only child and an heiress of great expectations, and, therefore, a pet.

Our curiosity being satisfied on this object, we turn to where the mother sits, whom we came almost on purpose to see. She is regarding her daughter with all a mother's fondness; occasionally applauding her exertions, and striving to as-

suage her ill temper. How gently has time dealt with her! She preserves her round and robust form: her countenance is still smooth, and ruddy with health; though presenting the softness of ease; and one would suppose she had never seen an hour's sickness for the last twenty years, so placid is her smile, and so full of the fulness of health is her look. The same remarks will also apply to Jethro Sans, saving that his countenance shows the marks of intense labor of the mind, and the inroads of heavy cares.

Their mode of living had greatly changed since last we met. They now dress expensively; live high, make as much show as possible of their wealth, and court popularity, and the friendship of the rich, and great. This change may be attributed to the following causes. 1st. They have a daughter to settle; and, secondly, Jethro Sans wishes all the world to be made sensible of his superior worldly prosperity over Mr. Demster. He drinks in sweet revenge whenever an opportunity occurs to bring home to Mrs. Demster's notice the great change in their relative circumstances in regard to property—for he cares not a fig for any moral considerations. He has a deep account to settle with his rival—the loss of his Eliza, the crushing of the sweet hopes of his first and only love, (except the love of money) rankles like a deadly arrow in his heart; and nothing short of the utter ruin of the innocent cause of his unhappiness will be able to heal the wound.

"Well, wife," said Mr. Sans, as he took his seat at the fire; "when are you going to send Florinda back to the academy?"

"Not until the Demsters come home, I'll assure you; for I won't allow her to be so much disgraced as to have people suppose that they associate together in the same school," was the intrepid reply of the haughty mother.

"And that ought to be soon, I should think," rejoined Jethro Sans, with a chuckle. "For I don't believe Demster can find money to spare to pay their expenses and tuition much longer."

"O, as to that matter," continued the wife, in the same strain of wit; "I presume he can get credit for them, for you know he is a great idol of the people; and a public functionary to boot. His respectable name will get him all the credit he wants."

Mr. Jethro Sans enjoyed a hearty laugh at this witty sally of his better half, and Miss Florinda heightened the character of the scene, by adding her portion of scandal in the way of dissertations on the manners and customs of the Demsters, (who, by the by, were models of good behaviour) and mimicking their acts and sayings. But