

and looks show him to be shrewd, calculating and watchful. He is habited in garments, decent, it is true, but of a texture and construction requiring the least possible expense. His eye wandering and wary, and his manner, cold but pliant, connected with the rest of his appearance, plainly unfold the miser. And wherefore, Jethro Sans, art thou thus absorbed in this cold passion? Thou whose heart once moved at the soft impulse of Love, why are thy feelings, the noble impulses of thy once generous soul congealed into the passion of gaining wealth, as thy only pleasure and delight in life? Is it that thy disappointment robbed thee of all thy better nature? froze within thee all thy generous emotions, and left only the meaner passions behind?

A door opening from this store-room into an adjoining room stands ajar, and reveals to us a middle aged woman seated in a chair, sewing, who also casts furtive glances towards us, as if watching to see what we shall call for, and apparently casting in her mind the profits that may arise from the sale. She is plainly, but neatly attired, somewhat above the middle size, and possessing striking features. She is the wife of Jethro Sans. It would seem that after suing in vain, for the prettiest face, and the prettiest hand, and the prettiest foot of all the land, he had, in a fit of spite, cast himself upon their very antipodes. But no matter, he has secured his idol—money! money! money! Love thou hast no more to do with; nor hope, nor charity. O, no, thou hast done with these, and hence rules thy soul!

Yet a few more months elapse, and we find ourselves in the bar-room of Mr. Chandle's Tavern. There are many present, and we notice among others our friends Jut, and Neil, and Joe. It is a cold blustering night in the dead of winter. An old man, crouching with age and poverty, and shivering with the cold, enters and makes towards the fire. All, with one accord, give place to him, being struck with his venerable appearance, and pitiable condition. He takes a chair by the stove, and after the lapse of a few moments, and whilst all eyes are bent upon him in silent attention, he draws from under his arm a budget from which he deliberately takes an old tattered garment, that was once an overcoat, but is now so much worn, and torn, that it can with difficulty be distinguished as having once borne that title. This he holds up to view, and looking round upon the company, with an air, as if craving their pity and aid, he says:—

"Gentlemen, you see what this is, I hold in my hand. It is but a miserable remnant of what it once was, a coat. There was a time when it could have served the purpose, I now want of it—give warmth to these cold limbs of mine, that are just

ready to totter to the grave. But you see how small a chance there is now of its conferring that benefit. Well, now to my story. I entered the shop of your neighbor, here, for the purpose of procuring a garment that might shelter me from the storms of your cold winter, and having no money, I proffered the only remnant I had left of the wealth of better years, a string of gold beads, for the article of my necessity. The store keeper took the beads, and after examining them a while, and eying me very attentively, went into another room, and soon returned, bringing me this miserable thing, in exchange for my gold, saying it was all he had to spare, and was worth as much as my bauble. I made useless complaints, and was finally forced out of the shop with what I had, all the while begging the man, as I was a stranger, and an old man, and poor, that he would but return me my beads. I came in here, hoping to find some kind Christian whose milk of human kindness would not suffer such baseness to go unpunished, but aid me to get justice done me. I am a foreigner and a stranger, but I am a man, and therefore one of your brethren."

The old man ceased, and his tearful eye, and quivering lip told the anguish of his heart. A shout of horror filled the room; and Jut, whose good nature revolted at every act of oppression, come from what quarter it might, exclaimed, as he bounded into the middle of the room:

"What shop was it, old man?"

"The one across the way," was the answer.

"Demster's!" cried one in the spirit of favoritism.

"It's a damned lie!" shouted Jut, as he boldly faced the speaker. "Charles Demster never did so base an act, I'll lay my head on't."

"No! and I'll knock the first man's teeth down his throat who dares repeat the words," added Neil, as he, followed close by Joe, sprang to the side of Jut. "It is Jethro Sans—the Jew! who has done this thing;" continued he with a voice and manner that none dared contradict.

"Wasn't it in the low dwelling, on yonder street with the post in front, old man?" demanded Uriah Jut.

"It was indeed," replied the man.

"I knew it," rejoined Niel, in triumph; "and I move that we go in a body to Jethro Sans and make him restore."

This motion caused an instant division of the house; on one side ranged Jut, Niel, Joe, and the friends of Mr. Demster; and on the other the newly made friends of Jethro Sans. But the former were by far the most numerous, and Niel's motion therefore prevailed.

Taking the old man along with them, they proceeded in a body to Jethro Sans' store, and Jut,