

in apparently deep interest, the termination of the arrangements.

Dormer had been as much touched by the gentleness of manner, and the seeming distress of the stranger, as he had been disgusted with the brutality of the *commissionnaire*, whose conduct, however, was only that of people in his situation. We talk of the rapacity of Jews, and hear much of their overreaching and want of feeling. What race of beings can be more rapacious; more destitute of feeling, than Christian pawnbrokers?—those bloodsuckers of the needy, by whose necessities they are enriched—those pitiless collectors of dirty copper, who hourly receive the last covering presented by vice, misery, and disease; offering in exchange for the garb, which hunger, in its triumph over decency, compels them to tender, but a fifth, a tenth, or a twentieth part of the mite which might be fairly deemed its value.

Callous to those feelings, which the sight of human wretchedness must produce on the hearts of other men, no wonder is it that insensibility should merge into rudeness and insolence. Many a respectable and delicate female, whose necessities may have driven her to this last sad resource of the destitute, has had her ears polluted with the loud laugh, and insulting observations, of these unfeeling harpies; while the close veil, in which the secret whisperings of shame have induced her to enshroud her pale and care-worn features, has scarcely been sufficient to defend her from the impertinent, bold, and scrutinizing glances of these traffickers in human misery.

"Here is your money!" roughly exclaimed the *commissionnaire*, who, during Dormer's mental soliloquy, had been occupied in filling up the blanks of a printed ticket.

The female started from her reverie, grasped the notes, without speaking, and, with an uncertain step, moved towards the door. As she passed Dormer, who held it open for her, she inclined her head in acknowledgment