

SCENE IN A PAWN SHOP.

I had scarcely made my business known, at one of 'my Uncle's' establishments to which I had been directed, when a middle-aged man entered with a bundle, on which he asked a small advance, and which, on being opened, was found to contain a shawl and two or three other articles of female apparel. The man was stout and sturdy, and as I judged from his appearance, a mechanic; but the mark of the destroyer was on his blotted countenance, and in his heavy, stupid eyes. Intemperance had marked him for his own. The pawn-broker was yet examining the offered pledge when a woman, whose pale face and attenuated form bespoke long and intimate acquaintance with sorrow, came hastily into the shop, and with the single exclamation, 'O Robert!' darted rather than ran, to that part of the counter where the man was standing. Words were not wanted to explain her story. Her miserable husband, not satisfied with wasting his own earnings, and leaving her to starve with her children, had descended to the meanness of plundering her scanty wardrobe, and the pittance for the obtaining of which this robbery would furnish means, was destined to be squandered at the tipping House. A blush of shame arose even up in his degraded face, but it quickly passed away; the brutal appetite prevailed, and the better feeling that had apparently stirred within him for the moment, soon gave way before its diseased and insatiate cravings.

'Go home,' was his harsh and angry exclamation; 'what brings you here, running after me with your everlasting scolding! Go home and mind your own business.'

'O Robert, dear Robert,' answered the unhappy wife—'don't pawn my shawl. Our children are crying for bread, and I have none to give them. Or let me have the money; it is hard to part with that shawl, for it was my mother's gift; but I will let it go rather than see my children starve. Give me the money, Robert, and don't leave us to perish.'

I watched the face of the pawn-broker to see what effect this appeal would have upon him, but I watched in vain. He was hardened to distress, and had no sympathy to throw away.

'Twelve shillings on these,' he said, tossing them back to the drunkard, with a look of perfect indifference.

'Only twelve shillings!' murmured the heart-broken wife, in a tone of despair. 'O Robert, don't let them go for twelve shillings. Let me try somewhere else.'

'Nonsense,' answered the brute.—'It's as much as they are worth, I suppose. Here, Mr Crimp, give us the change.'

The money was placed before him, and the bundle consigned to a drawer. The poor woman reached forth her hand towards the silver, but the movement was anticipated by her husband.

'There Mary,' he said, giving her half a dollar, 'there go home now, and don't make a fuss. I'm going a little way up the street, and perhaps I'll bring you something from the market, when I come home.'

The hopeless look of the poor woman, as she meekly turned to the door, told plainly enough how little she trusted to this ambiguous promise. They went on their way, she to her famishing children, and he to squander the money he had retained, at the next den of intemperance.

While this little scene was in progress another had been added to the number of spectators. This was a young man dressed in the height of fashion, that is to say, in a be-fogged and be-laced frock coat with a standing collar, a pair of cosack pantaloons tapering down to the foot with a notch cut in the front to re-

ceive the instep, and a hat about twice as large at the crown as at the rim, much resembling in shape an inverted sugar loaf with the smaller end cut away. He had a reckless, dare-devil, good humoured look, and very much the air of what is called 'a young man about town'; that is, one who rides out to Cato's every afternoon, eats oyster suppers at Windust's every night after the play, and spends the rest of his time and money at billiards.

I had cast my eye occasionally during the affair of the shawl, and saw that he took a deep interest in its termination. The moment the poor woman was gone, he twitched from his neck a gold chain, at the end of which was a small gold watch, and placing it in the hands of the pawn-broker, with whom he seemed to be on terms of acquaintance, he exclaimed,—'Quick, now, Crimp; thirty dollars on that; you've had it before, so you needn't stop to examine it.'

The money was instantly produced and paid over; and the young man of fashion, crumpling the notes up in his hand, ran off at full speed, first looking up then down the street in a manner that gave me a suspicion as to the cause of his haste. I took the liberty of following him to the door, and was in abundant time to find my conjecture verified by seeing him accost the poor woman who had just left the shop, thrust into her hand either the whole or part of the money he had just received, on the pledge of his watch and chain, and then hurry away to the other side of the street, without stopping for thanks or explanation.

The reverie of mingled surprise and admiration into which I was thrown by this unexpected manifestation of benevolence, was interrupted by a loud outcry from Mr Crimp, the pawn-broker, and by seeing him with a look of wrath and horror, hurry round his counter, and out through the door upon the side walk, where he stood for a moment straining his eyes down the street, as if in search of the kind-hearted youth, who had by this time disappeared up one of the cross streets.

'The villain,' he exclaimed; 'the swindling scoundrel! Which way did he go, the ungrateful thief? Tell me, he continued, turning to me, 'tell me which way he went, and I'll give you any thing you've a mind to ask. Yes, I'll give you—half a dollar if you'll show me where he is.'

I was not a little astonished at all this, but deferring the gratification of curiosity for the present, pointed out to Mr Crimp the course taken by his late customer, and mentioned also what I had seen take place between him and the poor woman. The information, or perhaps the brief space employed in giving it, seemed to produce a change of intention in the mind of the respectable gentleman.

'Ah, it's no use,' he said; 'he's got off by this time, and my thirty dollars is a case. But I'll find him yet, some day.' And thus soliloquising Mr Crimp returned to his shop.

The explanation for which I was so curious was now offered me. The young man had several times before deposited the watch in the hands of Mr Crimp, as the *quid pro quo* of certain needful advances, and as often redeemed it, when accident or luck at the billiard table placed the requisite funds at his disposal. Taking advantage of the familiarity that had thus grown up between the broker and the trinket, as the means of dispensing with the usual and requisite examination, a gilt chain had been substituted for the gold one, which had been so often deposited with the watch; and the deception had passed unnoticed until it was too late. The watch itself was probably worth about the sum advanced.—*American paper.*

AGRICULTURAL.

MANAGEMENT OF HORSES.

This feeding of horses is a thing which for the most part is but indifferently attended to in this country, and indeed the *system of feeding* which has been adopted, is but ill calculated to preserve these noble animals in full health, and unimpaired in strength and vigor of body. With many planters and farmers, nothing but corn and oats, in the whole grain are doled out from one end of the year to the other. Now these are each highly nutritious and excellent substances, and well calculated to sustain horses under long continued and laborious work, but then are they not both too heating to the blood, and too difficult of digestion, to be given without change during the whole year? would it not be better, putting the saving out of the question, to reduce those grains to something like digestible substances. Whether the horse be fed upon corn or oats, in the whole grain, he necessarily voids a large portion of them in precisely the same state in which they were received into his stomach. This fact is too well established to be denied at this late day, and hence it follows that all portions of grain which are eaten by the horse and not digested, serve only to irritate the coat of his stomach, inflame his blood, and by necessary consequence, disease the whole system. The health of a man's family is very properly said to be dependant as much upon his cook, as upon any other earthly agent, whether referable to physical or atmospheric causes. Writers upon human health invariably recommend plainness of diet, moderation of eating, exercise, and general temperance, and the substances which are most earnestly commended to favor, are those which afford the most bland nutrition, and which are easiest of conversion into chyle. If these recommendations hold good with respect to human diet, we would ask are not the same general laws of nature applicable to the horse? If man lives luxuriantly and feeds upon high seasoned and luscious food, the chances are as ten to one against him that he will get the gout, or some inflammatory disease; and if he feeds upon substances difficult of digestion, he is just as sure to be visited with that worse than pestilential disorder—the dyspepsia. Ah! but would you compare the horse to man? we think we hear some one ask; and lest our motives may be mistaken, we will take the liberty of replying to the query in advance of its being solemnly put to us. We do not compare the horse to the man, but we hold it as a truth which admits not of contradiction—that all alimentary substances, to be profitable to the stomach of either man or horse, should be not only nutritious and bland, but should be eaten in that state in which it is best calculated to undergo the digestive process. Mastication does much to prepare the food of the horse for that operation; but the evidence afforded by the substances voided by this animal incontestably show that it fails most lamentably in the performance of this highly necessary work. In England where the management of stock generally, and particularly of the horse, is reduced to a matter of science, but few intelligent feeders think of giving food to that animal in an uncrushed state; nor do they confine them to grain feeding alone, and for the assigned reason that it is too heating. Potatoes and rutabaga form part of the feed of studs of most English country gentlemen; by which means they keep their horses in better health; the occasional feeding with roots serving to open their bowels, cool their blood, determine the secretions to the surface, render the skin loose, and the hair silky and healthy. We have said that independantly of the saving which is thus