

Labor and Reward.

Tune: "Do they miss me at home."

Away among deserts and mountains,
On a mission of virtue, we stay,
In the midst of the remnants of Israel
We rest and we toil night and day,
To win us a crown of salvation,
To gain a celestial reward,
And reign with a pure exaltation
In Zion, the seat of our Lord.

Our Savior is ever quite near us,
His Spirit and presence we enjoy;
In the midst of our every day labors
Our peace has but little alloy,
Our hearts glow with anticipation
Of joys and pleasures to come,
When we've finish'd our earthly probation,
And earn'd us a heavenly home.

We're patient in our tribulation,
Which gives the spirit of peace,
And so, with a sure expectation,
We look for a time of release.
We're free from all vile persecution,
Which causes our hearts to rejoice;
We suffer no gentile pollution,
We're here in the land of our choice.

Our labors are here on the Vegas,
The Indians are friendly and kind,
And thus we have nothing to plague us,
As we're all of one heart and one mind.
'Tis true, our red neighbors are hungry,
Yet all we can spare them we give,
And thus they quite seldom are angry,
While here on the Vegas we live.

Our borders are formed by mountains,
Our climate is pleasant and mild,
And here by the sides of the fountains
We live in a desert quite wild.
Our laws they proceed from amongst us;
They're few, yet always obey'd;
We never have yet had a rumpus,
And so we are never afraid.

Our soil has yielded us plenty;
Our cattle are all doing well;
Our number is just nine and twenty,
While here on the Vegas we dwell.
The Indians believe our example,
And say they are glad we have come
To teach them to farm the most ample,
And how to procure them a home.

They're well satisfied with our motive;
They believe we are faithful and true;
And while the work with us is onward,
We wish to do all we can do,
That when the great work is all over
We all may receive the applause,
"Enter into my joys for ever,
You've been faithful and true to my cause."

WILLIAM P. VANCE.

Los Vegas.

[From Arthur's Home Magazine, for May.]

One Hour in a Pawnbroker's Shop.

There is a pawnbroker in the good city of —, who has been fed and fattened, in person and purse, by the necessities of the unfortunate for so many years that he has become exceedingly wealthy, and, because of his riches, is now, considered by many, highly respectable. We called upon this man once upon a time, and during the hour we remained in his shop, a new leaf in the book of human life was opened to our vision. We had never before seen a pawnbroker's heart; in fact, never had our attention been directed to this class of beings as fit subjects of serious study; but, on the occasion alluded to, we had been only a few moments in the room, when an incident occurred to attract our curiosity to witness further developments of the character of the man, and of the pernicious business in which he was engaged.

An old lady entered, with feeble, faltering steps, a countenance and dress which plainly bespoke sorrow and want. Before the poor woman had time to utter a word, we were startled by the harsh voice of the pawnbroker, as he said:—

"What do you want, old woman? What did you come here for? Go out."

"If you please, sir, I am in great distress, and want a little assistance—only a very little, for myself, and my poor, sick child."

"Go out, I tell you, I don't want to hear anything about you or your sick child—don't you know any better than to come to a shaving shop to beg? Ask a pawnbroker for charity? Well, that's good, that is, ha ha!"

"In heaven's name, I ask you for some money, only a very little;—you have all my furniture, all my clothing that I can possibly spare, and the ring given me by my husband on our marriage day; and, what I prize more than all, his miniature; you have that, too. All, everything of value I have on earth, is in your hands. Now, do advance a little more that I may buy some medicines for my dying child. I will bless—"

"Go away—don't trouble me. Didn't I give you the money on all you brought? If you can scrape together any more old duds that are worth anything, bring them here, and I will let you have more money. If you can't, then keep away from me. Clear out."

With a deep heart-groan, and a low, murmured prayer, "God have mercy on us," the old woman turned from the wretch, and walked slowly away.

During this colloquy we were strongly influenced by different emotions: indignation for the icicle man, and sympathy for the unfortunate woman. But a few moments passed ere a person of quite different character entered the shop, a young man, whose dress betokened an

attempt to maintain gentility of appearance, but whose face was strongly indicative of most reckless dissipation. He placed upon the counter a gold watch and chain, for which he asked an advance of 'only forty dollars.'

"Forty dollars!" said the pawnbroker, in a tone of amazement, as he took the watch, and carefully examined it. "Why, sir, I have better watches than this offered me every day for twenty dollars."

"But that is a valuable watch," said the young man, 18k. gold, cost me eighty dollars and the chain twenty, was bought two years ago, been used carefully, and is now just as good as new, I ought to have fifty dollars this day—can't get along without it. Will pay it back to you in one month."

"Sorry I can't accommodate you, young man, but I cannot advance more than twenty dollars."

"Let me have the watch, then, and I will go to some other place, for I must have forty dollars to-day."

He took the watch, held it in his hand hesitatingly for a moment, then put it in his pocket and walked to the door. Just as he stepped out the pawnbroker called him back, saying, "Stop a moment, let me see that again; I should like to help you if I can. Well, I'll do a little better—I'll say twenty-five."

The young man stood for some time in anxious thought, and then said, "Make it thirty—let me have thirty dollars and I will leave the watch and chain with you."

"If you'll surely return the money when the month is up, I will do it, though it is too much, too much!" So saying, the pawnbroker prepared a ticket and slowly counted out thirty dollars, all the time muttering to himself, "too much—too much money to advance on old watches, can't do such a thing again—hope it will be returned without fail, for I've often lost by advancing more on all sorts of old trash than I could get for them at auction."

The young man received the money without evincing the slightest feeling of thankfulness or even satisfaction, but rather looked the disappointment which he felt, and went our murmuring, "Ten dollars more—I must have ten more and to-day; but heaven only knows how I am to raise it."

"As the door closed upon the poor, misguided, unfortunate youth, I noticed that the face of the pawnbroker suddenly changed from the serious expression before assumed, and was now wearing a most repulsive sardonic grin."

"Well done, very well done—pretty keenly managed was that operation, I take it," said the heartless man, and then he would nod his head in the most satisfied manner, and looked appealingly to us, as though he expected we should nod our head in acquiescence.

"What do you mean by 'keenly managed'?"—we ventured to ask.

"Why, I can get seventy-five dollars cash for that establishment, any day."

"But you don't mean to say that you will sell that watch without allowing the young man an opportunity to redeem it?"

"Oh, nonsense; redeem it; he redeem it! It's likely that young scamp will raise thirty dollars, again, isn't it? Very likely! Let me tell you that he's a 'goner'; that watch was all he had; he clung to it till the very last, and now it's gone, he will never raise the money to redeem it."

"But you cannot be positively assured of this; some fortunate circumstance may occur which will enable him to redeem the property within the time specified."

"Fortunate circumstance?" sneered the pawnbroker—"why, sir, Fortune has played 'quits' with that fellow—she let him drop long ago, and will never pick him up again. I calculate that I can see pretty deep into human nature—it is my business—have been reading human nature for more than twenty years, and almost every day find some new chapters to read; but I can read them—read them all—can make out the whole story of the great book of human nature in whatever binding it comes before me and, like the scholar, I always manage to read for my own benefit. And now, as to that fast young man, I can tell you all about him—I saw right through him—he is going down, ever down, and will never make an upward step again in this world."

"He may reform," we suggested, "and then will begin to rise."

"Never," responded the pawnbroker. "If I had advanced the forty dollars, it is barely possible he had some scheme by which, with that amount, he would have been enabled to regain something of what he had lost. I saw that he had some purpose to accomplish which would require just what he asked, and with anything short of that sum he would fail. I saw it in the fixed expression of his countenance—in the determinate will, which manifested itself in his every action and accent; and so I proposed a less amount, to see if I was not right in my surmises, by the effect that would be produced upon his mind. And I was right—the want of that ten dollars will thwart the fulfillment of his last good resolve, and send him headlong to perdition. So I have got the watch and chain for thirty dollars, and that's what I call an operation keenly managed."

This exhibition of most consummate selfishness was so abhorrent to our feelings, we could no longer restrain the expression of our contempt and indignation; but just as we commenced speaking, in the severest terms of reproof, our attention was arrested by the sudden entrance of another visitor, a man of most frightful appearance. We started involuntarily at his approach. His face seemed the very personification of all evil passions. On entering, he cast a quick, furtive glance around the room, and then hastily proceeded to the counter, upon which he placed a small bundle, saying,

"Here, old man, give me the money on these goods, and be quick about it too."

"What have you here?" said the pawnbroker, taking up, and untying the bundle. Some poor, worn out old things, as usual I suppose."

"No sir, you needn't call them old, most of 'em are new, and the others are just as good as new. There's two dozen silver spoons, four breastpins, three gold rings, one first rate silver lever watch, all simon pure, and they're worth more'n seventy-five dollars. Now, what do you say on the whole of 'em, old fellow?—Come up to something handsome this time, and shell out in a hurry, too, for I must be off."

"Can't do much for you on this lot."

"Say thirty-five dollars?"

"Couldn't begin to do it—the whole of 'em not worth that amount, but as you want the money, and as I would like to accommodate you, I will go as high as twenty dollars."

"Won't leave 'em with you for that—can do better with old N——, but as I've no time to lose, if you'll say twenty-five you may keep 'em. Now, don't bother any longer about it, but fork over."

"Well, suppose you must have your own way this time, but I can't be so liberal with you again," and with an ill-suppressed chuckle, the pawnbroker counted out the twenty-five dollars, which the villian seemed to grasp with most eager joy, and retired from the shop as speedily as he had entered.

"Now, there's a fine specimen of human nature for you," said the pawnbroker. "That's a character for study. Did you notice him? Did you read anything remarkable in his face?"

"It appears you had seen him before," we remarked.

"Seen him before? Should think I had, a few times! Can tell you all about him. He is a notorious thief, and, when sober, one of the most successful gamblers in the city."

"It would require but little penetration," we replied, "to see that he is a most hardened villain. But why is it," we continued, "why is it that you encourage him in his wickedness by advancing him money from time to time and how do you know but that the articles he offers you are mostly stolen property?"

By a glance at the old man's face, we perceived that our question had aroused the demon in his heart, and whatever might have been the effect of the visitation of wrath upon us, we were fortunately saved from it by the opportune appearance of another visitor. This person was a woman—yet, in the true sense of the term, we may say a lady; one whose whole appearance was lady-like; manners, countenance, language, all indicating that she had been well educated, raised in luxury, and long accustomed to refined society. She was apparently about thirty-five years of age, of sad, intellectual countenance, pale and delicate, and poorly but neatly clad. She advanced slowly and timidly towards the old pawnbroker, and yet with a look of most honest purpose.

He cast a glance upon us which we considered equivalent to saying that we had been there long enough as a spy upon his actions, and that he would thank us to leave the shop. But we had some curiosity to learn the object of this woman's visit, and therefore, determined to remain.

"I have come," said the lady addressing the pawnbroker, "to redeem that miniature breastpin I left with you, and have brought the six dollars and seventy-five cents you advanced on it, and fifty cents extra, to pay for retaining it beyond the time first agreed upon."

"I haven't your breastpin, madam; it is not here."

"Not here! what do you mean, sir? Did I not leave it with you! And did you not promise me you would keep it until I called for it even if I should not come for several months?"

"Don't remember any such promise—don't think I made any; but I do know the breastpin was sold last week."

"Sold?"

"Yes, sold. We have but one way of doing business here. Why didn't you come in time to redeem it? You have the ticket, and you must know that it is nearly a month behind the time you ought to have come for it."

"I could not come sooner. Indeed, I could not. I have been very sick, and then I had to work for this money, and small as the sum is, it is the earning of many a weary day's labor; yet I worked gladly to redeem that which tho' of little worth to others, is very valuable and precious to me. Besides, sir, you told me you would certainly retain it until I should come."

"Can't help that—you might have come sooner. You're late, now."

"Too late! Oh, do not say that, sir. You can get it for me. You certainly know who bought it, and I will pay you any amount you may require if you will return it to me."

"Can't do it, madam. Don't know who bought it—can't find out. Sorry you're disappointed, but you see, it's all your own fault, you didn't come in time—you are 'too late.'"

"Too late! Yes, too late to look again upon the sweet image of my dear, darling, lost boy! That miniature was the likeness of my own dear child, and oh, sir, if you had known what a comfort it was to me—how much it lightened the misery of my life to gaze upon that innocent angel face—how it kept alive within me sweet memories of a joyous past, dissipating, at times, the sad realities of the present, you would, sir, I know you surely would have kept it for me."

To this earnest appeal the pawnbroker made no reply, but all the while stood there before that poor, heart-desolate, supplicating woman, with no more expression of sympathy than could be excited in a marble statue or a man of iron. She spoke not another word, but her silence was more expressive of her great sorrow; and yet her tearful eyes, trembling form and pleading countenance were all unheeded and in vain.

The breastpin containing the likeness of her

once idolized boy was lost to her forever.—Slowly she walked to the door, and, before passing into the street, turned suddenly and bestowed a farewell glance upon the pawnbroker. It was a look most eloquent of meaning, full of contempt and reproach; so intense, so penetrating, that we supposed it would prove an effectual censure to the heartless man towards whom it was so justly directed. But we were mistaken—greatly mistaken, in attributing any sensibility to a pawnbroker, for immediately upon her departure this automaton specimen of humanity exclaimed:

"Glad that's over with. Don't believe in any such sentimental nonsense! Won't encourage it. It's all humbug."

And here, gentle reader, we close our relation of the incidents which occurred during a visit of an hour to a pawnbroker's shop. Such are the practical workings of a system which is maintained and legalised, by license in all our large cities—a system which lives and thrives only by the contributions it extorts from the dissolute, and the unfortunate poor—a system which aids vice, and discourages virtue, which is a strong ally of the rum shop and the gambling saloon, and managed solely by selfish, miserly beings, who seem utterly destitute of human sympathies. We abhor this system. Viewed in the light of its only pretended justification, that of being established for the poor, we abhor it. Law only exacts from the wealthy borrower of money six per cent. per annum, but at the same time institutes and sustains a system which extorts sixty per cent from widows and orphans, the sick and unfortunate. So we say this system is a blight and a curse to the poor, and its existence a dishonor and disgrace to any Christian community.

CONSUMPTION OF SMOKE.—I have been looking for some notice in the Builder of the plan now, and for the last month, in operation at Messrs. Wm. Cubitt and Co.'s works in Grays-in-lane, for the suppression of smoke. From the flue of the furnace, and without any alteration either of the flue or the fire place, a flue is carried out horizontally, the original flue being stopped up immediately above the junction. From the end of the horizontal portion the flue descends. At the top of the descending limb a jet of water is introduced through a rose, the effect of which is to produce a current which carries the smoke into a receptacle below, where it condenses and floats in globules on the surface of the water. The superfluous water passes off in a clear state, and the gases which accompany the smoke are drawn back by a pipe into the furnace. The operation of this simple contrivance has been found unexceptionable; it has economised the fuel to the amount of 50 per cent, and the product is useful and marketable, viz: lamp-back. I have reason to believe that this invention is not palatable to some of the great producers of smoke. It discloses too readily how the law may be enforced, without leaving them the retort of "impossibility," "oppression," &c., &c. The patentee is Mr. Manley, a Cornish miner.—[This arrangement has not escaped our notice. We have prepared a diagram to illustrate it, but are forced to postpone it. Our correspondent omits one not unimportant point in his description—the underground receptacle for the water communicates with a sewer.—Ed.]—Cor. of the Builder.

THE BLUE FISH is the enemy of every fish not his superior in strength, and spends his time very much like Satan in Scripture—in going about seeking whom he may devour. Nothing comes amiss to him. His stomach is—like Hyder Ali—"capacious of all things." He eats fish till he is full, and swallows clam shells and pebble stones that he sees moving through the water and along the bottom, and bits of seaweed, and a little of everything else, to aid in his digestion.

And when he is crammed to a surfeit, when you would imagine it impossible to drive the point of a knife into him with a hammer, he will dash at a bone bait, seize it and hook himself, meeting the fate his ravenous habits deserve. I have never seen his equal for voracity.

A quiet shoal of bony fish or porgies, sunning themselves in a still sea, will be cut to pieces and devoured by a few dozen blue fish in the twinkling of a fin. These clipper built active fellows will spring on them, dash about among them, back and forth with tremendous speed, and one blue fish will in thirty seconds have killed and devoured, head, body, scales and tail, six scups, or as many mossbankers.—Hence they usually drive all other fish from the neighborhood, except tautog, who lie in the holes and recesses of the rocks, and thus escape them.—[Ex.]

SAGE ADVICE.—Young ladies who wish to look interesting should commence by eating plentifully of slate pencils, fire-coal and chalk—should this fail, let them resort to vinegar as a beverage, and let them chew green tea. Should these fail, let them give their corsets an extra turn, and wear the thinnest shoes they can buy. If all this fails to make them interesting, they'll be sure to look grave.—[Ex.]

NEW MODE OF KILLING FLEAS.—Place the ferocious animal on a smooth board, and pen him in with a hedge of shoemaker's wax, then, as soon as he becomes quiet, commence reading to him the doings of Congress during the present session, and in five minutes he will burst with indignation.—[Ex.]

One Hundred Flat Head Ponies,
FOR Sale or Exchange for cattle or grain. Enquire of GILBERT & GERRISH or the Subscriber at his residence in the 19 Ward Great Salt Lake City. 11-3m E. W. VAN ETTE.