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RAYMOND.

[Under this title a late *Blackwood* contains a powerful delineation of the sufferings and privations of a young aspirant to literary distinction and honour as a means of livelihood. Its great length and the comparative want of interest in the earlier chapters, impel us to omit them and commence where the foredoomed victim goes forth into the world to wrestle for fame and bread. What we omit may be briefly summed up as follows: Henry Raymond, the only child of a stern but fond father, is bred in affluence and indulgence; early sent to a celebrated school and thence to Oxford University, where he falls into expensive and comparatively idle habits; runs deeply in debt; falls in love with a beautiful and worthy but portionless girl; writes to his father for money to extricate him from his difficulties; is visited unexpectedly by his exasperated parent, who not only bitterly reproaches him, but heaps undeserved obloquy on the object of his love; a quarrel ensues, and the father casts him off forever. He abandons college; marries; pays his debts out of a legacy left him by his mother; and with the balance—about two thousand pounds—goes up to London to push his fortune as an author! Here we take up the thread of the story:]

Four years have passed—ah, how swiftly those years pass which hurry us away from happiness!—since the circumstances alluded to in the last chapter. Julia is no longer the light-hearted girl who has never known sorrow but by report—Henry no longer hugs the flattering delusion to his breast, that he has but to make the effort to achieve fame and fortune by his pen. A cloud is on the brow of both, for experience—stern monitor!—has read them one of his harshest lessons. Towards the

close of the second year of their marriage, Julia became the mother of a fine boy, an event which was shortly followed by the death of her grandmother; but as the old lady died at an advanced age, without suffering, the shock occasioned by her decease was soon allayed, and things resumed, for a while, their usual tranquil course. But a storm was now about to burst upon their heads, from which the defenceless victims were to know no refuge but the grave.

Having completed his translation, which had been his undivided labour of love for upward of three years, Raymond, indulging in the most sanguine anticipations of success, took the precious MS. to London, with a view to offer it for sale to some of the great publishers in the Row. Julia, with the nurse following with the child, accompanied him part of the way, equally confident as her husband; for, like all dutiful wives, she devoutly believed that his genius was of the highest order. "When we meet again at dinner, Henry," she said, as she parted from him at the foot of Hampstead Hill, "I have no doubt you will have good news to tell me; for it is impossible that the time and talent which you have expended on your work, should not insure success." Alas! they were both cruelly in error. When Raymond returned from his Quixotic expedition, his wife saw at once, by his dispirited manner, that he had failed in his object. He had made application to two booksellers—he told her, in answer to her anxious inquiries—and from both he had met with the same discouraging treatment. The