

time for classical translations, they assured him, was gone by. If he were a Parr or a Porson, then, indeed, they might be tempted to risk the speculation; but he was unknown to the literary world; besides, he was young—very young for such an Herculean task as a translation of *Æschylus*; and though they had not the slightest doubt he had executed it in a way to do him immortal honour, yet, considering that the public had at present no taste that way, they would rather decline the undertaking.

Bitter was Raymond's disappointment on receiving these chilling replies; and it was not without some difficulty that, at Julia's instigation, he plucked up courage enough to apply to a third publisher. On this occasion he was a little more fortunate; for the bibliopolist, an observant man of the world, struck with the manners and conversation of the young candidate for literary distinction, requested him to leave the MS., which he would put into the hands of an experienced Greek scholar, and return him an early answer. For an entire month Henry was kept in a state of the most torturing suspense; now he felt a proud conviction that he should succeed; and now, sobered by the disappointment he had already experienced, he was prepared to anticipate the worst. And his anticipations were not ill-founded; for the translation was returned to him by the bookseller, with the remark that the versification was of too free and bold a character. Reader, those were the days of Haley, Pratt, and the Dela Cruscans!—though the gentleman to whom he had submitted it, allowed that, as a whole, it displayed great promise.

This last blow had quite a stunning effect on Raymond. His wife did her best to keep up his fainting spirits, and when in her society, and dancing his playful little boy in his arms, he did occasionally rally; but his gloom soon returned, threatening, ere long, to deepen into despair. And ample cause he had for anxiety, for three hundred pounds were all that he could now call his own;

and, when this was expended, how was he to procure the means of subsistence? He had no trade, no profession, to fly to as a last resource; he had no methodical habits of business to recommend him to the money-making portion of the community; none of that dogged perseverance which derives fresh stimulus from difficulties, as Antæus renewed his strength by touching earth; but was a mere creature of impulse—the dupe of a buoyant fancy. In the wildness of his enthusiasm, he had calculated that by the time his small capital came to an end, his volume would have been bought, published, and, by introducing him to the favourable notice of scholars, have got him into repute among those best patrons of literature, the booksellers; and now he saw all these fond calculations overturned, and poverty—guant, threatening phantom!—usurping the seat of hope by his fireside.

One chance, however, still remained for him; and, after talking over the matter with Julia, he came to the resolution of publishing his volume at his own expense. It was a hazardous experiment, considering the state of his finances; nevertheless, there was a probability that it might answer; and, while this was the case, he thought that it was worth the trial. During the time that the printing was going forward, his spirits in a great degree revived; for the self-confidence of inexperienced youth, though it may receive a severe check, is seldom crushed by its first disappointment. At length, however, the period arrived that was to extinguish the last faint hope that lingered in Raymond's breast. His volume was duly brought before the world, and for nearly four months he buoyed himself up with the notion that it was making its way with a 'generous and discerning' public; but at each successive visit he paid his bookseller; this delusion became more and more apparent; and, eventually, he was compelled to admit that, so far as immediate fame or emolument was concerned, his translation had proved a signal failure. But this was not all. He had embarrassed him-