

beside Julia, as her slender fingers passed lightly over the ivory keys! No, he could not part with the piano; but, when he acquainted his wife with his determination, she, with the disinterestedness peculiar to her character, surrendered all her own private feelings, and even urged him to the painful sacrifice. Finally, however, it was agreed that the instrument should not be disposed of till the last necessity.

Raymond's next endeavour was to find some cheap suburban lodgings; and, after much hunting about, he fixed upon two furnished apartments in a small back street, in the neighborhood of Islington. 'Twas a dismal contrast his new abode presented to that to which he had been so long used. An old rickety mahogany table, discolored with ink spots, stood in the middle of the sitting room; the cobwebbed curtains were threadbare and full of darnes, the faded Kidderminster carpet looked as though it had been bought a bargain at Rag Fair, the window-frames shook and rattled in every wind, and the adjoining bedroom, which was little better than a spacious closet, had no furniture but such as was of the homeliest description.—But Julia cared not for these things; for her husband was with her, and her child was thriving apace. Her simple and elegant taste soon produced a striking change in the aspect of her new lodgings. The curtains were taken down and freed from dust and cobwebs, the carpet neatly mended, a few flowers placed in the window-stand, and a few of her own drawings hung on the wall—all which improvements she had to execute herself: for, on quitting the cottage, she had parted with her two servants, and retained only the services of her landlady's daughter, an active girl about fifteen years of age.

"It must be confessed, Henry," she said to her husband, on the first night of their removal to Islington, "that our situation is not quite so choice a one as we could have wished; but let us not be disheartened, love, for it is a long lane that has no turning."

In this way Julia strove to sustain

her husband's courage, who, no longer hankering for literary renown—that radiant illusion was dispelled—but anxious only to provide for the wants of the passing day, applied to several booksellers for employment, offering to correct proofs, revise MSS., in short, do just whatever they might require. But his applications were unsuccessful, chiefly because he wanted that business-like air which indicates the practiced and willing drudge. One bookseller, an illiterate fellow of the Jacob Tonson school, frankly told him that he was too much of a gentleman to suit his purposes; for that what he required was a hard-working man, with "no nonsense" about him. "Cambridge be d—d!" added this enlightened bibliopolo of forty years since, in reply to a hint thrown out by Raymond, that, as he had received a university education, he might, perhaps, be found not wholly inefficient—"Cambridge be d—d! and Oxford too: I'm sick of their names. Never yet published any thing, at my own expense, for a university man, that I warn't the loser by it. Brought out only last year a translation of *Jurenal*, by Dr. Prosy, of Oxford, and a *Treatise on Pneumatics*, by Dr. Problem, of Cambridge, and never sold more than forty copies of either of them. Devil take both universities, say I! Good day, Mr. Raymond; sorry we're not likely to suit each other; hope you may be more lucky elsewhere. I wish you good morning, sir."

The cavalier manner in which these remarks were made, stung Henry to the quick: with a strong effort, however, he managed to repress his feelings, and quitted the bookseller's presence without a word. On his way home, at the corner of a street leading into Holborn, a person hurried past, whose features, he imagined, were familiar, to him; and turning hastily round, he recognised his old college friend Jenkins, who, he felt convinced, had also recognised him, but was anxious to shirk his acquaintance. Nor was this impression an erroneous one. It was, indeed, his friend of earlier and happier years, the eager sharer