

in his schoolboy pranks at Belford, and his more reckless follies at Cambridge, who, having caught sight of his seedy habiliments, on which the word 'pennury' was stamped in legible characters, felt, with the false pride peculiar to weak minds, a sort of shame at being seen in the public streets speaking to so shabby a personage! Had Raymond been trimly attired, as in other days, the case had been far different; but it was not in the nature of a Jenkins—and the mass of society is made up of Jenkinsons—to withstand the blighting influence of a thread bare suit of clothes!

When he reached home, Raymond threw himself into a chair, half mad with rage and vexation; first, at the heartless conduct of his friend, and then at his own weakness in taking it so much to heart; while his wife endeavoured, but in vain, by kind words and caresses, to restore him to composure.

"You have been dissatisfied again, Henry; I'm sure you have: but do not give way to gloom. To-morrow you may be more!"—

"For God's sake leave me to myself. My brain is—curses on the grovelling upstart! But no, he is not worth thinking about. Leave me, Julia; do, pray, leave me alone for a while."

"Certainly, love, if you wish it, I will leave you; and so saying, the meek and uncomplaining girl withdrew into the adjoining room, sick at heart, for these were the first testy words that had yet fallen from her husband's lips.

Alas, for the poor and destitute!—Unknown to them the halcyon frame of mind, the frank, cordial nature, the bounding fancy, the winged hope, the thoughts, tones, looks and impulses—that keep the heart fresh and loving, and gladden daily life. Care and spleen are ever the poor man's portion; and rage and sullen gloom, and a breaking up of the best affections, distrust of himself and others, and finally despair, madness, and the suicide's crossway grave! Poverty, if not absolutely crime, is yet its foster-parent; for, by gradually blunting the feelings, and enfeebling the sense of shame, it paves the way

for all malign influences; and small, indeed, is the number of those who can pass its tremendous ordeal unscathed.

Foiled, for the present, in his attempts to procure work from the booksellers, Raymond resolved to try his fortune as a private tutor, and advertised in the daily papers for pupils, whom he would attend at their own houses; and also, by way of having two strings to his bow, for the situation of usher in a school, provided it were in the immediate vicinity of the metropolis. For several days he received no satisfactory answers to his applications; but at length, when he had repeated them five or six times, a reply was sent him from a school-masters in Pentonville, to the effect that "J. Dobbs, of Paradise House, having seen O. P. Q.'s advertisement in the *Times*, and being in want of an assistant to teach the elementary branches of classics, would be glad of a visit from said O. P. Q., when, if terms, &c. suited, the parties might do business together."

The tradesman-like wording of this letter, together with the stiff and formal character of the hand-writing, enabled Henry to estimate pretty accurately the sort of person he would have to deal with; and, with anticipations the very reverse of sanguine, he took his way to the address given in the note, pleased to find that it was so near his own residence.

"Is Mr. Dobbs at home?" he inquired of a stout country wench, who was cleaning the door-steps of Paradise House when he came up, and who looked as if, like a hackney-coach horse, no possible amount of work could wear her out.

"Yes," replied the girl, "master is at home; but you can't see him just now, because," she added, in a most unsophisticated, matter-of-fact spirit—"because he's flogging Sykes Junior in the school room, for inking his sheets this morning."

"Oh, indeed!" said Raymond, smiling, "then I'll wait till the operation's over; I suppose it won't be long?"

"Oh, dear, no!" replied the servant with amusing naïveté; "master gets