

"Well, how is he—Henry—my son?" exclaimed the elder Raymond.

"I think he's asleep, sir," replied the landlady, dropping a curtsy; "for I ain't heard his footstep for nearly an hour; and when he's awake he does nothing but walk up and down the room, talking to himself. Perhaps I'd better go up and tell him as you're come, sir, for he's summat startlish at times."

"No, no; I'll be my own messenger," and, accompanied by Markland, the old man rushed up to his son's apartments.

After knocking once or twice at the door, and receiving no answer, they tried to open it, but, to their surprise, found that it was bolted.

"Do not be alarmed, sir," said Markland to the trembling parent; "doubtless your son's asleep, and does not wish to be disturbed."

"True, true; I forgot that," replied the elder Raymond, grasping his companion fervently by the hand, in gratitude for his suggestion; "nevertheless, I cannot rest till I've ascertained the fact," with which words he knocked more loudly than before, and called on his son by name, in a tone of voice, however, which was broken and disguised by agitation. "Hark!" said he, listening with intense anxiety; "I hear a sound!"

"Yes," rejoined Markland, "he is opening his bed-room door;" and peeping through the keyhole, the chemist beheld Henry walk slowly towards the fireplace, which was right opposite the door. Just as he reached it, he turned round, when the horror-struck Markland perceived that his throat was bared, and that he held an open razor in his hand.

"Oh, my God!" he exclaimed starting back, "he's about to"—

"What? Speak, man, speak, or I shall lose my senses."

The chemist made no reply, but thundered at the door with all his might.

"Henry, my son—my darling boy, let me in; pray, let me in—quick! 'Tis your father calls!"

A loud frantic laugh was the only reply.

"Help, help—break open the door!"

shouted the old man at the top of his voice: and joining his strength—the strength of desperation—to that of the chemist's, they at length succeeded in wrenching the crazy door off its hinges, and dashed into the room.

Alas! it was too late. The frenzied deed was done. Right in the centre of the apartment stood the maniac—a ghastly spectacle!—with the blood pouring a full tide from his yawning throat, and his red eye kindling like a coal!—The instant he caught sight of the intruders, he glared on them like a demon, tossed his arms wildly above his head, and then fell forward his full length, stone-dead, at the feet of his father!

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Thirty years had passed, when one day, in the early part of the London season, a clergyman of the Church of England (who was afterwards raised to the deanery of—) discovered, while turning over some volumes on a book-stall in the Blackfriar's Road, a work, covered with dust, in boards, and with scarcely a leaf cut, entitled, 'THE PLAYS OF ÆSCHYLUS, translated by HENRY RAYMOND, Esq.' Being an ardent lover of classical literature, he examined the book, which was quite new to him, with considerable curiosity, and was so much struck with the spirited and poetic manner in which the translation of some of the chorusses was executed, that he made an instant purchase of the work; and finding, on a careful perusal, that it fully realized all his expectations, he made it the subject of an elaborate criticism in a well-known monthly review, to which, in common with the best scholars of the day, he occasionally contributed. This criticism excited, in no ordinary degree, the attention of the learned world, and numerous, but fruitless, were the enquiries made after the translator, whose volume thus, for the first time, sanctioned by the *imprimatur* of the cognoscenti, speedily ran through a second edition, while he himself slept unnoticed in his humble grave! Yes, the fame for which he had toiled in vain when living, was awarded to him when dead