

don publisher was as difficult of access as his imperial mightiness the Emperor of China. At length, by accident, he found the Bibliopole in his shop. He gave a glance at George—it was a withering glance—a glance at his coat and at his elbows. The unfortunate genius remembered, when it was too late, the passage in his uncle's letter—"the moment the elbows of your coat open, every door shuts." We have already mentioned that at the lining was beginning to peer through them, and, during the fervour of inspiration, or the furor of excitement in composing the epic, he had not observed that the rent had become greater, that the lining too had given way, and that now his linen (which was not of a snow colour) was visible. He inquired after his manuscript. "What is it?" asked the publisher.

"A poem," answered George—"an epic!" The man of books smiled; he gave another look at the forlorn elbows of the genius; it was evident he measured the value of his poetry by the value of his coat. "A poem!" replied he, "poetry's a drug! It is of no use for such as you to think about writing poetry. Give the young man his manuscript," said he to the shopman, and walked away.

The reader may imagine the feelings of our disappointed genius—they were bitter as the human soul could bear. Yet he did not altogether despair; there were more book-sellers in London. It is unnecessary to tell how he offered his manuscript to another and another, yea, to twenty more; how he examined what books they had published in their windows, and how he entered their shops with fear and trembling, for his hopes were becoming fainter and more faint. Some patted it, others did not, but all shook their heads and said, nobody would undertake to publish poetry, or that it was not in their way; some advised him to publish by subscription, but George Rogers did not know a soul in London; others recommended him to try the magazines. It was with a heavy heart that he abandoned the idea of publishing his epic, and with it also his fond dream of obtaining a thousand guineas. He had solved within himself, that the moment he received the money, he would go down to Scotland and rebuild his father's house; and all who knew him should marvel and hold up their hands at the fame and the fortune of George the Genius. But a hungry man does not indulge in day-dreams, and his visions by night are an aggravation of his misery; he therefore had to renounce the fond

delusion, that he might have bread to eat. His last resource was to try the magazines. His epic was out of the question for them, and he wrote songs, odes, essays, and short tales, on every scrap of paper, and on the back of every letter in his possession. With this bundle of "shreds and patches," he waited upon several magazine publishers. One told him he was overstocked with contributions; another, that he might leave the papers, and he should have an answer in two or three weeks. But three weeks was an eternity to a man who had not tasted food for three days. A third said "he could seldom make room for new contributors, poetry was not an article for which he gave money, essays were at a discount, and he only published tales by writers of established reputation." There was one article, however, which pleased him, and he handed George a guinea for it. The tears started in his eyes as he received it, he thought he would never be poor again, he was as proud of that guinea as if it had been a thousand! It convinced him more and more that he was a genius.—I need not tell how that guinea was husbanded, and how it was doled out, but although George reckoned that it would purchase two hundred and fifty-two penny loaves—and that that was almost as many as a man need to eat in a twelvemonth, yet the guinea vanished to the last penny before a month went round.

He had frequently called at the shop of his first patron, the publisher of the Magazine; and one day when he so called, "O Mr. Rogers," said the bookseller, "I have just heard of a little job which will suit you. Lord L—wishes me to find him a person to write a pamphlet in defence of the war. You are just the person to do it. Make it pungent and peppery, and it will be five or ten guineas for you, and perhaps the patronage of his lordship, and you know no bookseller will look at genius without patronage."

A new light broke upon George, he discovered why his epic had been rejected. He hurried to his garret. He began the pamphlet with the eagerness of frenzy. It was both peppery and passionate. Before the afternoon of the following day it was completed, and he flew with it to the house of the nobleman. Our genius was hardly, as the reader may suppose, in a fitting garb for the drawing-room or library of a British peer, and the pampered menial who opened the door attempted to dash it back in his face.