

even from disinterested love the materials of distrust; such was now the destitute Raymond's portion; and though Julia—how could it be otherwise?—was still as dear to him as ever, and he would gladly have laid down his life to promote her welfare, yet there were moments when his diseased fancy almost led him to believe that she lamented the destiny that had bound up their fortunes together. Often when he walked the streets alone after nightfall—for he seldom stirred out by day—and saw wealth rolling along in its carriage, and heard the sounds of music and merriment issuing from some gaily-lit drawing-rooms, he would ask himself why he should be thus abandoned to hopeless grief—he, who had every disposition to labour, who had committed no crime, and whose sole fault was, that he was a gentleman bred to no profession! It seemed to him that he had little or nothing in common with his fellow-creatures; but was specially singled out for suffering—a useless, blighted slip, torn off from the great plantation of humanity. And indeed his lot, common though it is in this hard-working world, might well justify the bitterest feelings; for though occasionally the publisher of his translation of *Æschylus*, pitying his forlorn condition, would give him a MS. to revise for the press, yet this was a chance god-send, and was soon cut off altogether by the latter's bankruptcy.

Thus reduced to the last extremity, and seeing nothing but a workhouse before them, Raymond and his wife were compelled—alas, reader, this is no idle fiction!—to make one meal serve the place of two; and often poor Julia would go without herself, in order that her husband and her child might have enough. Of course they could not be long in this state without its becoming known to their landlady; but though rough in her manner she had a feeling heart; and notwithstanding she was their creditor for no inconsiderable amount, yet she never ventured beyond grumbling a little at times about the non payment of her arrears, for Julia's gentleness of disposition had completely

won her esteem, and she felt persuaded that she would discharge her debt the very first opportunity. So strong indeed was her regard for the young couple, that on Sunday, when Raymond was striving to divert his thoughts by reading, and his wife was nursing her child, who was rather sickly from teething, she sent up her daughter with a slice of hot baked mutton and some potatoes, carefully covered up between two plates—a portion of her own Sabbath dinner—thinking, as a matter of course, that her lodgers would jump at such an unexpected dainty.

"Who's there? come in," said Henry, as the girl knocked gently at the door.

"Please sir, it's me. Ma has sent you this nice plate of"—

"D—n! does your mother mean to insult me?" exclaimed Raymond; and snatching the plates from the girl's hands in a fit of uncontrollable rage, he flung up the window, and threw meat, potatoes, and all into the street.

"What! throw the vittles out of the window!" said the astounded landlady, when her daughter acquainted her with the circumstance, "that nice hot slice which I cut off the prime part of the joint, and put some warm gravy over it, and picked out the brownest taters, and all because I knew as shouldered of mutton were rather scarce on the second floor. Here's a pretty go! and the plates is all smashed, in course, and now I ai'n't got two of the same pattern left! What can have come to him?" Then, after a pause, during which she seemed considering in what way she should take notice of the affair, a strong feeling of pity came over her, and she added, "but I see how it is; misfortin' has druv him mad, for none but a madman would go to waste good wholesome meat in that manner. Poor gentleman! I'm heartily sorry for him; for when he first come here, his shirts were of the finest lincn, vich is a proof he must have been respectable, whatever he may be now; and then there's his wife, vich hasn't had a bellyful of vittles, to my knowledge, for these three days past. Well, I won't press too hardly upon