

and for many years he has been as one dead to me. Pray, what was his Christian name?"

"Walter Meredith; and, when he died, he was Judge Meredith, of——."

"The same! Young man, your hand.—Your father was my class-mate, and the dearest friend of my youth; and thus do I delight to renew our broken intimacy through his son. How stupid I was, not to see that you have your father's lofty brow, and that your voice speaks to me in tones once dear and familiar to my heart! Come—never mind the manuscript, now; we will arrange that another time—but tell me who is that '*she*,' you but now so delicately spoke of? and how came you to be guilty of this dreadful crime called poverty? I heard your father had acquired vast wealth."

"Alas, sir—and so he did, as he and all believed; but, shortly after his death, the stocks in which he had invested his funds, became worthless, and even his house and all it contained, were swept away by the sheriff. Not even poor Grace's piano—my father's last gift to his daughter-in-law—was left. Harassed almost to madness by the suddenness of this double grief, and knowing nothing of the world or its selfishness, I stood by in silent despair, until I found myself and my poor wife beggars. Driven from our home—my father's home—we felt that we could stay no longer in the neighbourhood; and, scarce knowing or caring whither we went, we embarked down the Mississippi, and found ourselves at sea, with just money enough to pay our passage here, and with nothing else in the wide earth that was our own but two foolish hearts overflowing with love and hope."

"Well, well—we shall see! But where is this charming Grace? I feel a sudden fit of gallantry coming over me—and, were it not that this sober brown hair of mine is nothing but a wig, and that I have a very promising son in the University, you might—but no matter! Let us go and see this dear delightful charmer. Here, though, about these manuscripts. The people will be here presently for copy, and I will send them up at once. Let us see—two articles, at fifty dollars—here's just the money," and the gay and kind-hearted old gentleman slipped a bank note for a hundred dollars into Percy's hand.

"Nay, sir, I cannot allow this. It was fifty dollars for both articles; and I begin to think even that a great deal more than they are worth."

"Never mind—never mind. We'll settle all

that as soon as we have seen Grace. Where is she?"

Percy explained, and begged that his benefactor would postpone his visit until he got his family on shore. "The ship," he continued, "must be at the wharf by this time, and by to-morrow morning I doubt not I shall be comfortably situated."

"In some pestiferous boarding-house tavern, or some such abominable place, I suppose," added Alton—"where they dine at once 'cleared' and put fried pork gravy in every dish on the table, from the roast chicken to the *desert*, (because the pun—we editors are witty fellows, you know!) composed of a baker's pudding and a rind of Worcester white-oak cheese. I think we can manage things better than this. So—here's a cab. Jump in, and let us call off this charming Grace, and you can leave the rest of the 'baggage' to come after at its leisure. Nay, sir, I'll take no denial. Where is this better than cutting up a new book?"

That day there was a merry gathering around the table of the good and happy Mr. Alton; and, while the Champagne modestly sparkled, in the pauses of the more brilliant conversation which flew from lip to lip, the least amusing source of wit and humour was Percy's grave description of his reception by the great Mr. Grub, and the unwelcome honour which our young author had escaped by declining to see his poor literary first-begotten ushered into the world under the paternal name of so great a name.

Mr. Alton had been many years a widower, and when Percy's "baggage," (including the sparkling Grace) was all comfortably arranged in a quiet room on the second floor, near Mr. Alton's study, it was found to be so entirely convenient, that Percy was prevailed upon to take formal possession, and to undertake to repay his worthy host in amateur scribblings for the — Magazine.

Thus ends my simple story; and, gentle reader, although it is by no means my first, yet, should you so decide, it is all at least my last manuscript.



A GOOD JUDGMENT.

The most necessary talent in a man of conversation, is a good judgment. He that has this in perfection is master of his companion without letting him see it; and has the same advantage over men of any other qualifications whatsoever, as one that can see would have over a blind man of ten times his strength.