

pended upon it. Nathan took it up, while a smile played on his countenance, and proceeded to examine the contents. He turned the leaves rapidly over for some time, when suddenly stopping he exclaimed, "'Tis here, 'tis here." I snatched the paper from his hand, I saw it—I devoured it; that piece, of which I knew every letter, I read a hundred times. Moreover, there were some flattering editorial remarks. I strode the room in an ecstasy of joy; I had never had such feelings before. Harwood's exultation was equal to my own. His fine dark eyes glistened with pleasure. We read nothing more that night, and parted but to dream of the temple of fame.

There are few events in life, perhaps, which have a more thrilling effect on a young man's mind, than to see his first production in print. He fancies that he may but stretch his arm and all his day dreams are realized. Would he were less sanguine, his disappointment would be proportionate.

Months, years, rolled on, and the friendship between Nathan Harwood and myself continued the same, unchanged, unchangeable. Both of us were contributors to some of the principal periodicals of the day. Our evenings were spent together as usual. Everything which could contribute to each other's happiness was attended to. But suddenly I observed a "change come o'er the spirit of his dream." He became gloomy and unsocial, and at times I observed a tear trickle down his cheek. The open page lay unheeded before him. His form, too, began fearfully to