

izes here, pleasant as they are, bear not an innoxious freshness upon their wings as dreamy winds that slumber in the southern sky, or come laden with the breath of orange trees. I declare," she continued, blushing to her temples at her own eloquence—"I believe in gods—or thy burning thoughts—make me musical. Good night, sir star-gazer! It is not that sober ladies, like myself, sought their dreams. Pleasant dreams!"

"Tritter! I'll punish thee for thy raillery.—Here—lend me thy strong arm, to help me down this narrow stair. *Good night, indeed!*"

The next morning was glorious; and Percy, when he stepped on shore, remarked that every thing wore a bright and cheerful aspect—for, from his bosom he carried a lamp which shed glad rays over all objects around. Ah, how true is it that man is the creature of circumstances! He makes circumstances either joyful or melancholy, as the mirror of his soul is bright or clouded. Like the rushing stream, man's life receives a transient colour from the flowers or woods or beetling rocks by which it sweeps; but its character and qualities take their impress alone from the deep fountain in the earth whence it sprung.

To-day, Percy was determined to be successful—he felt that he should be so. Up Broadway he trod, with a free and gallant step, and thought that every face he met wore a cheerful and happy smile. He had never studied the *tricks* of literature, as it exists in every great metropolis, and knew nothing of the paltry cliques and factions which, by combining together, contrive to put down modest merit, and keep themselves and their own paltry performances constantly before the public eye. Bethinking him, however, of a name associated with all that was generous and noble, and which he had seen connected with periodical of high standing, he determined to make application there at once.

He was received with the urbanity and politeness which characterize all gentlemen, of whatever circumstances. He was asked to be seated—and, as he represented, in as few words as he could select, that his necessities were immediate, Mr. Alton begged he would excuse him for a moment, while he looked over the manuscripts. As he read, Percy's heart began to throb, and he thought his article more faulty than it had ever appeared to him before. With eager eye, he followed the reader, and felt, as sentence after sentence was scanned, how this expression might have been amended, and that sentence completed. So tame ap-

peared then, the recollection of what he had written, that he was prepared, almost, to receive with cheerfulness a polite declination from the critic.

The trial was not long. Mr. Alton soon laid down the manuscript, and observing that the great competition and low prices at which periodicals were now necessarily published, served almost to banish the idea of adequate recompense for literary labour, proposed that Percy should receive fifty dollars for the manuscripts he had bought, and the same sum every month, whenever he chose to write.

Fifty dollars! it was quite a little fortune! and Percy could scarcely believe his senses, as his imagination immediately began busying itself with plans for its economical expenditure. It was, too, his *first* attempt at literary bargaining, and he felt that he had discovered within himself a mine of wealth.

"My dear sir," said he, rising, "you know not what a load of distress and almost despair, your unexpected kindness has taken from my heart. I cannot thank you as I ought—but *she*, for whose sweet sake life alone is sweet, shall pray for blessings on you."

"Tut, tut, my good friend, never be sentimental, except on paper. 'Tis altogether out of fashion; and besides, I don't know whether I have not made the best of the bargain, after all. The articles, I do not hesitate to assure you, possess uncommon merit; and, were our native literature protected by wise laws against the monstrous sea of trash from abroad, which is literary overwhelming our young writers, I might venture to encourage you with brilliant hopes. As it is, however, literature is a thorny and rugged road. At every step, the young aspirant for fame finds his unknown and unpractised pen placed in competition with all the brazen and polished writers of Europe—good, bad and indifferent—so that they have a *name*, obtained either by their own merit or from shameless and unmitigated puffery.—By the way, what name shall I affix to these?" added Alton, laying his hand upon the happy Percy's first effusions.

"'Tis an humble one, but one which, when my father lived, was at least respected. Percy Meredith, sir."

"Meredith—I had, in early years, a well-beloved friend who bore that name. Long since, he emigrated to the West, and, as I heard, became eminent in his profession—the law. But the accumulating duties and labours of our several professions rendered correspondence gradually less and less frequent;