

lic, and adopt it as my own. With my name attached to it, I think I can get it inserted in the ———, at two dollars a page, and perhaps get a *first rate notice* for it in some of the papers for which I write. I would not do this for every one—but I like your looks, and am disposed to befriend you."

It was an extremely fortunate thing for Mr. Grub, that Nature had made Meredith master of his anger; for, during the delivery of his last speech, Meredith had risen to his feet; and, with a scorn, which he could not repress flashing from his eyes, he stretched out his hand and took up his unlucky manuscripts—and, whispering almost inaudibly, for he was near choking with rage, "I did not expect to make my first acquaintance in literature with meanness and rascality," strode out of the apartment. Upon reaching the pave, he cast a hurried glance up and down the narrow precincts of our American Grub-street, and, as if stifled with the closeness of the place, hurried into Broadway, and was in a moment lost in the mighty tide of humanity which there hourly ebbs and flows.

For that day, at least, his resolution was broken—he could make no more efforts; and, with a sad and heavy brow, he returned down the bay, and sought the ship.

Grace was leaning over the side, watching; and, as he approached, she leaned over so far to greet him, that Percy involuntarily stretched out his arms, as if to catch her in her fall. She smiled playfully; and pulling him roughly by the arm, led him into the cabin. The forward deck was crowded with dirty and ragged emigrants, pushing their great wooden chests about, and swearing in Dutch at the sailors for not assisting them to hoist their luggage over the side. No one would help his neighbour, and all stood quarrelling and chattering, in inexplicable confusion, until the mate ordered water to be thrown over the deck, and the men to commence scouring and scraping. The captain still remained on board, making out his bills and preparing his manifest. He strove to be polite, but Percy could see that he wished his passengers away.

"How can you endure the idea, Mr Meredith," said he "of staying a moment on board after a ship is in port?"

"If we incommode you, sir," said Percy, stiffly, "we will remove to-night."

"Oh, not all, I assure you. Only it seemed so singular to me. You are entirely welcome to stay."

"Thank you, sir."

Again the night, beautiful as an autumn dream, fell slowly over the water, and lovers walked the deck of the now almost deserted vessel. How calm and serene was around!

"Nay, look not so sad, dear love," said fond wife, wreathing her arms caressingly about her husband, "we shall still be happy. To-morrow you shall have better luck. Meanwhile, talk to me, and tell me of the mysteries of the stars. I am sure you can if you wish."

"Better study the mysteries of earth," replied her husband, almost bitterly. "What shall we do now? I have no money—no friends. My hopes of realizing something from my literary labours all blasted—absolute privation, stares us in the face. My own Grace! bitterly, I fear me, will repent your imprudent love for one who now naught but love to feed and cherish withal."

"Fie, Percy! rail not against the omniscience of love. I am not a nawkish maiden lady, who is shocked at the realities of life. Poverty is neither vulgar nor humiliating; and the lowest offices menial or degrading when performed for those we love. As to absolute starvation, here in this happy land, I laugh at the idea; and I know you have capacities and energies, which, in a little while will make themselves felt, and will command attention and respect. Come, clear that gloomy brow. I had rather live for an age in poverty and want, than see thee thus moved, dear Percy!"

"Was it an angel who spoke thus to his sister nature, and roused within him those deeper energies which lie beneath the surface of the soul? No, not an angel—and yet a far more worthy and admirable being than any angel poet ever painted. An affectionate, sensible woman—she is the most perfect work of God. Hearing this frail and delicate creature speak thus confidently and cheerfully, Percy Meredith became a new man, and began contemplating the difficulties of his position with coolness and deliberation.

"It was for you alone I feared, my sweet wife," said he, as he drew her upon his knee and kissed her pale and thoughtful brow; "and now I find you giving me lessons in fortitude and forbearance. Indeed, you are an angel."

"Not quite—for if I were, I would command golden wings and harp for drachmas, as Shakespeare has it, to line thy shrunken purse withal," she exclaimed, laughing, and putting her lip to be kissed. "But come—the night"