

An Undergraduate's Ring.

My large gold signet-ring was nowhere to be found. It was given to me by my father on the night before I left the paternal roof to commence life as a freshman at All Saints' College, Cambridge.

"My dear George," said he that evening over his wine, "you are now going to begin life as a man."

I assumed an air of great seriousness and responsibility and readily acquiesced. My father went on in the most orthodox and parental way.

"You will meet various temptations, as perhaps you know, in your struggle through the world; but I don't think you are like the general run of young fellows, and your mother and myself have decided to do a thing which we would not have warranted in doing unless we had perfect confidence in you."

Here he paused for a few moments and sipped his wine.

"This," I thought, "means that the dear old governor is going to double my allowance." So I assured him of my intention of rendering myself fully worthy of any unlimited amount of confidence that he might care to bestow on me.

"Yes, my dear boy," continued my father, putting down his glass, "I believe you will do your best, and in the meantime I will place in your hands the old signet-ring of my family. Here it is—be careful of it, and it will account for it. As it was, I let my knife and fork fall into the plate and started stupidly at my finger."

I felt in my pockets and brought out a huge handful of silver which, in my nervousness, I dropped, to the great discomfort of the waiter, who had to go on his hands and knees under the table to pick it up. But the ring was nowhere to be found.

I fully remembered having it with me when I left my rooms; and I felt noticed it on my hand when I "spurred my oak," or, in plainer English, when I shut my outer door. Between then and dinner I had only been to the Union to wash my hands.

"It must be there," I thought, and leaving the leg of the aforesaid athletic bird to remain in its pristine unweakened state I rushed out of the hall.

In the lavatory of the Union it was nowhere to be seen.

"No one had found a ring of my sort," I declared, but I had better put up a notice. So a notice was accordingly put up, and I retired in a thoroughly dejected and dispirited state of mind.

I went to my rooms and searched in the vaguest way common to everyone on such occasions. I believe I even looked in the coal-box and under the grate; but, needless to say, with no success. At length, in the hopelessness of despair, I gave up the search and settled myself with a pipe in front of the fire.

A couple of days passed without any tidings of the ring. I gave it up as lost, and wrote a penitential letter to my father, which I posted with a heavy heart on my way to chapel one evening.

In all college chapels, the seats in All Saints' were ranged longitudinally in three tiers down the building.

In the first two tiers sat undergraduates of the first and second years, and the top row of stalls was reserved for dons, bachelors, and third year men.

My favorite place was a corner of one of the seats in the second tier, at the end of the building. By turning half round, which, owing to the nature of my seat, was not an improper thing to do, I could obtain a complete view of the Rev. Jonathan Minchin, dean of the college, whose stall was situated above mine and just a little to the left.

He was a tall, lean man, with dull, cavernous eyes and thin brown hair combed negligently over half of his head and nearly the whole of his face. The color was nearer that of a healthy mummy than anything else, saving the end of his nose, which seemed to assimilate the color of a red pocket handkerchief which he was continually applying to it. His manner was to the whole kind and courteous, though excessive nervousness sometimes got the better of his judgment, and obtained for him a certain amount of popularity, especially among us freshmen, who, in our laudable efforts to catch all the summer that we could out of the flying terms, must have vexed his soul very much indeed.

While standing up in chapel my attention used to be divided between this interesting personage, the various carvings in wood and stone, and, of course, my prayer-book. I used to gaze—when he was not looking on his study-beaten face and wonder if ever I should become like that when I was a don. I am not a don yet, by the way, nor is there any likelihood of my ever attaining to the privileges of the high table; but these were dreams of my first freshman year's term when the trips was a vague idea, hidden in the distant future, and when everything else was bright and hopeful.

No, nothing was not bright and hopeful that evening when I went into the chapel after posting the letter. I had violated the confidence that my father had reposed in me, and I had the prospect before me of a tremendous outburst of wrath on his part for so doing. I was in no humor to attend to the Palms, or even to my friend Dollman's facetious remarks, which he artfully made during the responses; but I put my hands in my pockets beneath my surplice and commenced my usual investigation of the dean. My eyes fell upon his white hair, doubted up on the cushion beside his prayer-book, and also to my intense bewilderment, on a smirking admiring his little finger.

It was my ring!

I hastily glanced for locality. That was my ring there could be no mistake. My eyes were only a few inches off from it, and I recognized every familiar mark. There was the curiously chased thick rim and the large blood-stone seal; and there, carved on it, was the crest of the Sherwood family—a shaggy-maned fabulous animal, a griffin. I think, with a serpent's sting protruding from its mouth, and a castle tower round its neck by way of a collar.

Too more I looked the more impossible

I felt it was that I could be mistaken. Suddenly Mr. Minchin caught my gaze fixed on the ring, and hastily drew his hand under the sleeve of his surplice. His other hand figeted nervously with the tassel of the cushion; and until the end of the Palms he kept his eyes steadily on his prayer book. After the first lesson, when we all rose for the *Magnificat*, I saw that both of his hands were visible, but the ring had disappeared. I puzzled over the matter for the whole of the evening, and took Dollman into my confidence; but Dollman chose to be what he considered funny, and gave me no advice at all.

"It would be an awful spree," he remarked, "to have him up—detectives, handcufts, and all that sort of thing, don't you know. Next morning we'll have in the papers, 'Alleged Fraudulent and Daring Robbery by a Don, or Shocking Conduct of a Dean, Barfaced Outrage!'"

"Do be quiet, and don't talk nonsense," I said testily. "Can't you see that I am in a fix?"

"It would be an awful joke," he continued; and I could get nothing else out of him for the rest of the evening.

"Good morning, sir," said he, "I was disturbed by your night-mares of rings and guilty surplised deans, one of the most amusing of which is a vision of the Rev. Jonathan Minchin struggling hard with a castellated collar which seemed to have been changed from the griffin's neck to his."

"Good morning, sir," said he. "Very strange thing, sir, but beggin' yer pardon, sir, I think I saw a ring yesterday very much like the one you lost, sir; and he held his head on one side just like an old parrot."

"Did you really, Juggins?" I exclaimed. "Where did you see it?"

"That's where it's strange, sir," answered Juggins pausing with the coffee-pot in his hand. "I told you, sir, that I was upon Mr. Minchin, sir; and—and—"

"And you saw the ring in his room?" I interrupted, with a judicial air.

"Yes, that is what I was going to say, sir," replied Juggins, looking rather relieved; "very strange thing, sir. Never seen any jootery in Mr. Minchin's rooms afore. Peculiar, aint it, sir?" and Juggins went on clearing away the breakfast things.

Now, all this happened in my first term, when my ideas of the race of dons and their social manners and customs were decidedly vague. I might venture to say without much exaggeration that I knew more about the ordinary South Sea Islander than about a college don; and my own tutor filled me with greater awe than the King, queen, and all the royal family of the Cambril Islands could possibly have done. It was since learned that the average don is a man like anyone else, and that, far from spending his life in feasting at the high table, or drinking old port in the common room, he does more work in the course of the day than any six average undergraduates, and judging from my JY's account, our dean's daily labours must have equalled those of the whole undergraduate part of the university put together.

Among the other gentlemen on whom my eye waited, the only one was the Rev. Jonathan Minchin, and thinking for ethnological information, I used, very reprehensibly to encourage him to gossip about the ways and habits of that reverend gentleman. Juggins, being of a loquacious disposition, was never averse to a friendly chat, especially if there was any chance of its leading up to a quart of the fishy old port of WAIR, which, in the Ribbon Receipts, it not infrequently did. In this way therefore it came about that I established confidential relations between myself and my banly legged attendant.

Hitherto all the confidence had come from him to me, and now I thought it would be to him in reversing the proceedings; so, in the fulness of my heart, I told him all I knew concerning the disappearance of the ring. This course of action, I confess, was rather *infra dig.*; but again I must bring forward my freshness as an excuse.

"Why peculiar, sir," said Juggins, when I had finished. "Perhaps Mr. Minchin picked it up in the Union."

"By jove!" I exclaimed suddenly, jumping up and pacing the room in a frantic manner. "How foolish! How on earth could I have forgotten? I see it all now; of course I see it."

"Have you found it out now, sir?" asked Juggins, evidently astonished at my vehemence.

"No!" I replied; but I remember now—how stupid not to have thought of it before!—that while I was brushing my hair Mr. Minchin came into the room and rinsed his hands in the very next basin to the one which I had been using. So Juggins promised, and I fully believe he kept his word.

A morning or two afterwards I was smoking my after-breakfast pipe and reading over again a letter from my father; he seemed to be in a state of furious wrath, and prophesied for me a future confinement with which the career of Hogarth's idle apprentice would simply be noble and honorable in the highest degree. I had proved myself utterly unworthy of trust, that he ought to have known me better than to put the ring into my hands. He expected shortly to hear, I was sure, of my return to my father's dear old governor, but he has a temper of his own, which sometimes, especially when it is directed towards myself makes me quite sorry for him. I was glancing over this epistle in front of the fire, meditating a reply, when my door opened, and Juggins made his appearance with a scrap of paper in his hand. He did not put his hand down, as was his unvaried wont, but stood in a nervous way turning it round and round. There was evidently something out of the common in question.

"Anything the matter?" I asked.

"Mornin', sir," replied Juggins, in a hesitating manner; "mornin', sir. I think I have done something I didn't ought to, sir, but I found this 'ere paper, sir," and he handed me what seemed the remaining end of a burned letter.

I took it lazily from him, but no sooner had my eye fallen on the writing than my attention was painfully concentrated on it. It ran as follows:

"—need you make such a fuss about

the ring? Why not have the old real—'Len out and a new one put in? No one would be a bit the wiser. Yours,

"AMELIA GILBERT."

Juggins had found it, when he was making the dean's fire that morning, lying on the tricet. He would seem—so he said—prying into a gentleman's letters; but his eye caught the words "ring" and "seal" on this scrap of paper, and so he had brought it to me. He implored me not to say anything about it, as he would lose his place if found out, and he had a wife and family to support.

I felt inclined to say that the less Mrs. J. was supported the better for her; but she was a more unintelligent creature I am sure never harassed the soul of man. A human being who could put methylated spirits into my lamp instead of kerosene oil, and then be cross when I gently expostulated with her, does not deserve support. I did not tell him this, however, and he consoled himself that he should not suffer and consoled himself with a quart of beer.

I wrote to my father, informing him of the proof I had against the dean. It was a clear case. I leave my ring for a moment on the ledge above the row of basins in the lavatory of the Union. The dean comes in, catches sight of my property, and immediately walks off with it. I see my ring two days afterward on his finger, and my JY also sees it on the dressing-table. He is evidently nervous, and takes some person of the fair sex into his confidence. She in a letter, part of which is found, as just finishing breakfast when my JY, a little bald-headed, bandy-legged old man came in. He deposited his old top hat, with his handkerchief inside, in a corner of the room near the door, and advanced to the griffin's neck to his.

"Good morning, sir," said he. "Very strange thing, sir, but beggin' yer pardon, sir, I think I saw a ring yesterday very much like the one you lost, sir; and he held his head on one side just like an old parrot."

"Did you really, Juggins?" I exclaimed. "Where did you see it?"

"That's where it's strange, sir," answered Juggins pausing with the coffee-pot in his hand. "I told you, sir, that I was upon Mr. Minchin, sir; and—and—"

"And you saw the ring in his room?" I interrupted, with a judicial air.

"Yes, that is what I was going to say, sir," replied Juggins, looking rather relieved; "very strange thing, sir. Never seen any jootery in Mr. Minchin's rooms afore. Peculiar, aint it, sir?" and Juggins went on clearing away the breakfast things.

Now, all this happened in my first term, when my ideas of the race of dons and their social manners and customs were decidedly vague. I might venture to say without much exaggeration that I knew more about the ordinary South Sea Islander than about a college don; and my own tutor filled me with greater awe than the King, queen, and all the royal family of the Cambril Islands could possibly have done. It was since learned that the average don is a man like anyone else, and that, far from spending his life in feasting at the high table, or drinking old port in the common room, he does more work in the course of the day than any six average undergraduates, and judging from my JY's account, our dean's daily labours must have equalled those of the whole undergraduate part of the university put together.

Among the other gentlemen on whom my eye waited, the only one was the Rev. Jonathan Minchin, and thinking for ethnological information, I used, very reprehensibly to encourage him to gossip about the ways and habits of that reverend gentleman. Juggins, being of a loquacious disposition, was never averse to a friendly chat, especially if there was any chance of its leading up to a quart of the fishy old port of WAIR, which, in the Ribbon Receipts, it not infrequently did. In this way therefore it came about that I established confidential relations between myself and my banly legged attendant.

Hitherto all the confidence had come from him to me, and now I thought it would be to him in reversing the proceedings; so, in the fulness of my heart, I told him all I knew concerning the disappearance of the ring. This course of action, I confess, was rather *infra dig.*; but again I must bring forward my freshness as an excuse.

"Why peculiar, sir," said Juggins, when I had finished. "Perhaps Mr. Minchin picked it up in the Union."

"By jove!" I exclaimed suddenly, jumping up and pacing the room in a frantic manner. "How foolish! How on earth could I have forgotten? I see it all now; of course I see it."

"Have you found it out now, sir?" asked Juggins, evidently astonished at my vehemence.

"No!" I replied; but I remember now—how stupid not to have thought of it before!—that while I was brushing my hair Mr. Minchin came into the room and rinsed his hands in the very next basin to the one which I had been using. So Juggins promised, and I fully believe he kept his word.

A morning or two afterwards I was smoking my after-breakfast pipe and reading over again a letter from my father; he seemed to be in a state of furious wrath, and prophesied for me a future confinement with which the career of Hogarth's idle apprentice would simply be noble and honorable in the highest degree. I had proved myself utterly unworthy of trust, that he ought to have known me better than to put the ring into my hands. He expected shortly to hear, I was sure, of my return to my father's dear old governor, but he has a temper of his own, which sometimes, especially when it is directed towards myself makes me quite sorry for him. I was glancing over this epistle in front of the fire, meditating a reply, when my door opened, and Juggins made his appearance with a scrap of paper in his hand. He did not put his hand down, as was his unvaried wont, but stood in a nervous way turning it round and round. There was evidently something out of the common in question.

"Anything the matter?" I asked.

"Mornin', sir," replied Juggins, in a hesitating manner; "mornin', sir. I think I have done something I didn't ought to, sir, but I found this 'ere paper, sir," and he handed me what seemed the remaining end of a burned letter.

I took it lazily from him, but no sooner had my eye fallen on the writing than my attention was painfully concentrated on it. It ran as follows:

"—need you make such a fuss about

HALL'S BOOK STORE.

At this establishment can be found all kinds of

School Books,

University Books,

College Books

Books of Theology,

Books of Poetry,

Books for the Old,

Books for the Young,

Books for Sunday Schols.

MUSIC BOOKS

Of all Kinds.

SHEET MUSIC

Vocal & Instrumental.

LEE & LOGAN,

We have in Stock the following

CHOICE

Wines, Liquors,

Etc., Etc., Etc.

Fine Old Port Wine,

Choice Brandy,

Royal Banquet Sherry,

Superior Ginger Wine,

Claret in qt. Bils.,

Champagne, qts. and pts.,

Guinness' Dublin Porter,

Mass' Pale Ale,

Syrups, assorted in cases,

Rye Whiskey, 6-year-old,

Kentucky B. Whiskey,

Martell Brandy, XXXXX,

Hennessy's Brandy, old,

Wine Growers' Brandy,

Old Small Still Whiskey,

Superior Irish do.,

Bullock Lake do.,

Fine Old Tom Gin,

Old Glenlivet Whiskey,

Keweenaw Jamaica Rum,

Kimball's LL Whiskey,

DeKuyler's Holland Gin,

Pure Liqueur Juice.

Wholesale & Retail.

LEE & LOGAN,

DOCK STREET,

SAINT JOHN, N. B.

St. John, Dec. 23rd, 1883.

HOT AIR FURNACES!

REGISTERS

MEAT CHOPPERS

Apple Parers.

Opposite Normal School

Fredericton, January 9th, 1884.

83. MERRY X AS 83. MODEL WAREHOUSE.

'83 WINTER, '84

JAMES HODGE.

1300 Bbls. FLOUR

comprising the following brands: Peoples, Perfection, Bids, First Premium, Stratford, Comet, Bluebonnet, & Co.

200 Bbls. Corn Meal

200 Bbls. Oats

200 Bbls. Rye

200 Bbls. No. 1 Buckwheat Flour

200 Bbls. No. 2

200 Bbls. No. 3

200 Bbls. No. 4

200 Bbls. No. 5

200 Bbls. No. 6

200 Bbls. No. 7

200 Bbls. No. 8

200 Bbls. No. 9

200 Bbls. No. 10

200 Bbls. No. 11

200 Bbls. No. 12

200 Bbls. No. 13

200 Bbls. No. 14

200 Bbls. No. 15

200 Bbls. No. 16

200 Bbls. No. 17

200 Bbls. No. 18

200 Bbls. No. 19

200 Bbls. No. 20

200 Bbls. No. 21

200 Bbls. No. 22

200 Bbls. No. 23

200 Bbls. No. 24

200 Bbls. No. 25

200 Bbls. No. 26

200 Bbls. No. 27

200 Bbls. No. 28

200 Bbls. No. 29

200 Bbls. No. 30

200 Bbls. No. 31

200 Bbls. No. 32

200 Bbls. No. 33

200 Bbls. No. 34

83. MERRY X AS 83. MODEL WAREHOUSE.

'83 WINTER, '84

JAMES HODGE.

1300 Bbls. FLOUR

comprising the following brands: Peoples, Perfection, Bids, First Premium, Stratford, Comet, Bluebonnet, & Co.

200 Bbls. Corn Meal

200 Bbls. Oats

200 Bbls. Rye

200 Bbls. No. 1 Buckwheat Flour

200 Bbls. No. 2

200 Bbls. No. 3

200 Bbls. No. 4

200 Bbls. No. 5

200 Bbls. No. 6

200 Bbls. No. 7

200 Bbls. No. 8

200 Bbls. No. 9

200 Bbls. No. 10

200 Bbls. No. 11

200 Bbls. No. 12

200 Bbls. No. 13

200 Bbls. No. 14

200 Bbls. No. 15

200 Bbls. No. 16

200 Bbls. No. 17

200 Bbls. No. 18

200 Bbls. No. 19

200 Bbls. No. 20

200 Bbls. No. 21

200 Bbls. No. 22

200 Bbls. No. 23

200 Bbls. No. 24

200 Bbls. No. 25

200 Bbls. No. 26

200 Bbls. No. 27

200 Bbls. No. 28

200 Bbls. No. 29

200 Bbls. No. 30

200 Bbls. No. 31

200 Bbls. No. 32

200 Bbls. No. 33