

commencement of vacation, receives his salary, as necessary, says Pliny's Nat. His., for a man to relish his labor as salt does his food, but at the termination how much of it has he left? why nothing, too often accompanied by his reputation. Others enacting the gentleman, in so far as regards expense, do so while their £50 or £60 lasts, then, like other actors, fall back upon their original position; very few that looked forward to the future, or cared an ink-dip about to-morrow. For this reason I not only kept aloof from them myself, but silence as to my profession, an honorable one if its actuaries choose to make it so, but, I must confess, otherwise when they do not. An eminent principal I knew, procured his masters by advertisement, a host would apply, and if they were not wholly unqualified, 'twas his misfortune to engage those that were; hence his scholars rapidly diminished, and had he not resorted to the more reputable of agency, would soon have needed no master at all.

Number one seldom leads an idle life in any family, but in this he was a perfect nigger: although I never preferred any extraordinary claims on this figure myself, I nevertheless considered it my duty to request the payment of a reasonable share, which not being able to get, I retired, and accepted the tutorship of Principal Adams, Ilford, Essex, where Bonnycastle, of Wragby, made his debut, noted for remaining *forty years* in one academy, all that time using one penknife, ink-horn and crow-quill, with a seal-skin waistcoat, which Icelanders call the off-spring of Pharoah and his host. I was received by A—, jun., who haranguing on our Old English Baron and Castle of Otranto, all abroad like Johnny Raw in a new school, conducted me up some ladder steps he called the *greeze*, or staircase of an ancient watchtower, alias ascent to his hayloft: on entering a batmouse grazed me as flitting through a gap in the roof, which Adams bade me admire as a fine Saxon loop-hole. A very dangerous one I replied, for some arrow has already pierced me. He turned and explained, gave a grisly twist of his visage, and then, taking up my hint, enlarged on shooting darts and flying arrows, accompanied by notes on a fray at arms. Afterwards drawing my attention through a chink-in-the-roof-gothic-loop-hole to sundries in a belittered back-yard, he prefigured them as memorials of olden times! I felt a good deal like the tyro when attempting the pons assinorum, on his adding: