

through a deal of work when once his hand's in. Perhaps you'll just step in here till he's ready to see you;" and she opened the parlour door, and placing a chair, told Henry that she would go and inform Mr. Dobbs of his arrival.

As Henry entered this classic temple, he saw Mr. Dobbs, a brisk, piggyish little man, dressed in rusty black shorts, white cotton stockings and Hessian boots, seated, with spectacles on his cock-up nose, at a desk, round which several boys werestanding, one of whose innocent backs was apparently just anointed with the cane, for the youngest was bellowing like a bull-calf, while the pedagogue kept giving vent to his anger in such terms as—"You stupid, lazy young dog, I'll teach you to remember the accusative case. Tom Holloway, what's the dative of *musa*? Silence there, silence in the corner—what, you wont? very well: only wait till I come among you, that's all"—then seeing Raymond, who was approaching his desk, he looked at him keenly through his spectacles, and said: "Hey, who have we here? Oh, I remember! you're the new usher, O. P. Q., that I wrote about t' other day: well, Mr. O. P. Q., if you'll just step with me into the parlour for a few minutes, we can talk matters over at our leisure," and, dismissing his class, he led the way back to the room which my hero had just quitted.

Having taken his seat, and motioned Raymond to another, Mr Dobbs came at once to the point without the slightest ceremony. "So you're a Cambridge man, as the advertisement says?"

"Yes."

"Good, that's in your favour—what reference can you give?"

In reply to this blunt question, Raymond observed, that he could refer him to the publisher of his translation of *Æschylus*.

"*Æschylus*, hey?" What, you've translated *Æschylus*! Well, upon my life, it's very creditable to you. However, to drop *Æschylus*, and come to business, for I've not a moment to spare just now—what wages do you expect?"

"Wages!" exclaimed Henry, with an involuntary expression of disgust; "I really have not considered the matter, so perhaps you'll say what you are prepared to give."

"Hum, h; these are hard times, and schools don't take as they used to do; but as you're a Cambridge man, I don't mind stretching a point; so, suppose I say forty pound a-year, and find yourself. Hah, you may well stare; it's too much, upon my life it is."

"On the contrary, sir, I must say that the sum is"—

"Too little?—can't help it; I never give more. Business is business.—There's my maid-servant does twice as much work every day as you'll have to do for less than one fourth the price."

"Your servant!" rejoined Raymond, with eyes flashing with indignation, "how dare you, sir, compare me too"—

"Hoity-toity," replied the schoolmaster, good humouredly, "here's a to-do about a word! You don't think I really meant you to be my maid-servant, do you? Never dreamed of such a thing."

"Well, sir," said Henry, who saw by this time that it was sheer ignorance and vulgarity, and not design, that had prompted the pedagogue's offensive allusion, "though your terms are not quite what I felt that I have a right to expect, still, for the present, I accede to them."

"I thought you would," replied Mr. Dobbs eagerly, for Raymond's appearance had prepossessed him in his favour; "and, let me tell you, you're a lucky fellow, for situations like this of mine do'n't turn up every day. They're '*rara avis in terris, nigroque similima cygno*,' as the Eton grammar observes. I suppose you can come to-morrow?"

"I know of nothing to prevent me."

"Good. And suppose you step in and take a dish of tea with us this evening, when I'll introduce you to Mrs. D. I'm sure you'll like her, for she's a woman in ten thousand. Good morning, Mr. Raymond; I believe your name's Raymond, a'nt it?"

"It is, sir."

"Well, *bong soir*, Mr. Raymond, as