

lose me, declared I was deserving of something much higher—some place, I suppose, he meant, where I shouldn't be turned out of doors to sleep—and gave me three days to decide upon my time of departure. I had a misgiving all the time that he had discovered I was not sufficiently broken in or down for his purposes, and so wished to get rid of me as soon as possible; but my funds were low; and upon the third day I said, as I was leaving the breakfast-table, in a cheerful, friendly way:

"By the by, Mr. Fishey, I have determined to stay with you until the end of the next quarter."

At once my misgiving was justified; he turned pale with rage, and roared out:

"Then I do hope, sir, that you will pay more attention to your duties."

I stared, and reminded him of his complimentary speech at Christmas. This rather staggered him, and he answered:

"Yes, sir, certainly I did say something of that kind; but since then, two of the gentlemen who read with you have complained to me that you don't take interest in them."

"Indeed!" said I; "may I ask who they are?"

"Wilcox and Poynder, sir."

"Will you be kind enough to mention any particular case of want of interest on my part?"

"Wilcox told me, sir, that you said when he translated a certain passage of Virgil, that he could do it so, if he liked."

"He should have told you also what I said would be the consequence of his doing so—namely, that he would be plucked at Oxford if he did. The fact was simply that he persisted in translating it in a certain manner, which he assured me was the manner adopted by his former tutor. I explained to him the right way; and as he is about nineteen years of age, I don't well see how I could do more than point out to him the advantages and disadvantages of the respective renderings, leaving the choice to his own sense."

"Then Poynder, sir, says you set him against his work; that he asked you whether the succeeding books of Livy which he had to read were as difficult as that which he was reading, and that you answered shortly, 'Yes, and harder.'"

"I certainly said something to that effect. His ignorance of the book we were reading was heartrending; and I undoubtedly asked him how he expected to manage the other books, if he failed in this. He asked: 'Are they harder?' and I answered: 'Yes.' And so they are. If that is setting a boy or 'gentleman' against his work, I plead guilty; but part of my duty is surely to speak the truth, and most people would have considered what I said as a spur to exertion."

So we went our way; and I felt that there was feud between us, and that he would make me aware of it. The crisis which I foreboded soon arrived. One Sunday, at dinner, I, having a very bad sore throat, found it impossible to eat my roast-beef, and, unwilling to draw attention to my ailments, requested Thomas to remove my plate. Quite unconscious that I had attracted any one's notice, I waited patiently until the next course came. In front of Mr. Fishey was placed a bread-pudding; that, thought I, is good for a sore throat; but Mr. Fishey, who generally asked me first what I would take, to my astonishment passed me by. One of the servants came to my relief, and begged to know what I would like. Turning round, and looking steadily at Mr. Fishey, I answered:

"I will trouble Mr. Fishey for a little bread-pudding."

"Ask him to help himself," said he, brutally; "take him the dish!"

All the blood rushed into my face as I stood up, and had the servant obeyed the order, Mr. Fishey would have had more bread-pudding at one time than he ever had before, with the addition of a dish to help his digestion. As it was, the servant stood still, and I immediately left the room, and indited a note telling Mr. Fishey that, after his very uncourteous conduct, of course I should not take another meal in his house; and that, as it was Sunday, perhaps he would prefer talking over matters with me the next day. He sent a message to the effect, that he would prefer that moment in his study. Thither I went, and found the everlasting Dunning as usual in attendance, to be a witness, I suppose, in case of need hereafter. I demanded an explanation of Mr. Fishey's conduct; he declared that I set the "gentlemen" a bad example by refusing what was set before me. I replied that he ought to know what sort of table he kept—if bad, it served him right if his viands were refused; if good—and nothing, certainly, could be better—he ought to have taken for granted that I had a reason. At last, after a long altercation, he declining to apologize, I left the room, with the understanding that I would continue to do the work of the school until the end of the passing quarter; but that I would take no more meals under his roof, and would leave at the earliest opportunity; and that, moreover, I should expect an apology. From that period there was almost a daily squabble. He made an effort to treat me as though nothing had occurred; I declined to be so treated until he had apologized. He then assumed the offensive, and accused me of having worn an expression of contempt upon my face ever since I had been in Lacquer House. I replied that it might very well be as he said, but that, nevertheless, I was unconscious of it. He further brought against me a charge of opening the window and whistling, or putting my legs upon the chimney-piece, and reading a book with my back to any company whom he brought to see my school-room. I asked him whether I had done so on the first occasion of such a visit, to which he was compelled to answer that, on the contrary, I had shewn the greatest politeness. I then pointed out to him that there was a limit to everything; that my politeness had been unacknowledged by either himself or his company, who had stared at me as if I were a zoological specimen, and that I had adopted the other course of behaviour in self defence; that if he would bring people to visit a wild beast in a den, the least I could do for them was to realize as much as was in my power their flattering expectations. He then assured me that the "young gentlemen" had no respect for me; to which I answered that, considering the position in which he placed me, I should be very much astonished if they had, seeing that I had no cocked-hat or staff, or any outward paraphernalia, without which even parish-beggars are as nothing in the eyes of charity-boys. Thus I dragged on a miserable existence for the last few weeks of my sojourning at Lacquer House—Mr. Fishey insulting me in the morning; and I marching up and down the hall, after school was over, in walking-costume, waiting to intercept Mr. Fishey as he went into prayers, to demand an explanation, and to assure him that if he did not alter his conduct, I would leave him at a moment's notice, and that he might get whom he could to take my place. I can scarcely help laughing now as I picture to myself Mr. Fishey's head anxiously peering out

of his study-door, to see if I am gone in the evening of a day upon which he has been more than usually obnoxious; and the air of desperation with which he at last issues forth, when he sees there is no chance of my taking my departure without "a few words in my room." I believe that man at last considered me his Nemesis; he certainly told me I was "very stubborn and unforgiving." I replied mildly, that he had insulted me, and must apologize; and I will acknowledge that, when I really left, he—perhaps out of a feeling of joy at the riddance—did apologize most handsomely.

Such is a slight sketch of my first, and, I humbly hope, last attempt to fulfil the duties of classical assistant in a Fashionable Seminary. I would fain hope that it may have the effect of preventing at least one sensitive man from trusting too much to a well-looking advertisement, and at least one "principal" from representing himself to be in search of exactly that kind of individual whom he does not want.

An article in a late number of the English *Journal of Microscopy* describes the experience of one Dr. B. in what may be technically called the detective use of the microscope. Having used the latter instrument for many years in his study of comparative anatomy, the medical practitioner in question has been particularly impressed by the varieties of hair appertaining to the human and the brute creations, and believes himself able to tell not only from what race of man—white or black—or from what particular animal, or part thereof, a given hairs tuft has been taken, but also whether it was removed by violence or not. Consequently upon his fame in this relation, there came to him, not long ago, inclosed in an envelope, a number of short hairs, with the request that he would examine them and give his judgment of their character. Submitting them to a microscope, he found that they were from a human eyebrow, and had been greatly bruised; and recorded his decision to this effect upon a paper with them in the envelope. Soon thereafter a stranger called for the latter; and though tendering a fee for the professional service rendered, abstained from revealing why the examination had been asked. It ensued, however, that Dr. B. was to hear more of the matter, for he was presently subpoenaed to attend at the L.—assizes as a witness for the prosecution in a murder case. A man had been killed by a heavy blow upon the eyebrow with some blunt instrument; upon a hammer found in the possession of the suspected murderer had been discovered the hairs which had been sent to the microscopist, and the latter's identification of these hairs was just the link in the chain of evidence requisite to fasten the crime upon the accused. It required no little positive assurance from the presiding judge that "scientific" testimony was incontrovertible to induce the jury to act upon it and render a verdict of conviction, and even then one of the jurors was sceptical as to the exactness of the science involved. Asking the doctor if he could surely distinguish the hair of one creature, or part, from another, and being answered in the affirmative, he expressed an intention to test the matter for himself at some future time. Accordingly, one day in the same week the sceptic appeared at the microscopist's office with a lock of soft, dark hair, and, with a few words, leaving it for identification, departed for the neighbouring house of a friend. When next he called he wished to know "what kind of a person" had been the original possessor of the hair? to which Dr. B. responded with due gravity that, according to the revelation of his microscope, it had been taken from the back of a Norway rat some time after death. And this was exactly the truth. The ex-juror had a son in Norway from whom he had received a Norway rat-skin, wherefrom he had plucked the tuft, with which he hoped to baffle the pretences of science. Of course the result left him in no doubt as to the incriminating testimony of the hairs which had been found upon the hammer, and he went his way thoroughly convinced that the microscope is an instrument of vital importance to society.

The *Pall Mall Gazette*, in a late "Occasional Note," threw out the suggestion that Marguerite Dillibane, the Abigail who murdered her mistress in Park Lane, might possibly be a man in female attire. In reference to this idea a curious circumstance is said to have occurred several years ago in an English country house. For a period extending over some months various small articles of value, in the shape of jewellery, &c., had from time to time unaccountably disappeared. Suspicion attached to no one, and in spite of every precaution these mysterious depredations continued. Things at length became so serious that it was resolved to send for a London detective, who, after inspecting the premises and putting some questions, requested that the servants of the house might be assembled in the dining-room. This having been done, he inquired if all were present, and was told that every one was in the room except the lady's maid, who was in attendance on one of the young ladies, an invalid. "Well," he said, "I should like to see the lady's maid"—who was accordingly summoned. No sooner, however, had she entered the room than the detective, with a droll twinkling of his eye, exclaimed, "Ah! Jim, is that you? I've been looking for you this long while!" Then pulling out a pair of handcuffs, he snapped them on the supposed damsel's wrist, she being a male returned convict who, in the capacity of Abigail, had lived for a year with the astonished and luckless family.

CANINE SACRIFICIUM.—At Zug, in Switzerland, in the church of St. Oswald, is, or was, a monument to the memory of the Chevalier Gaspard de Brandenberg and his dog, representing the chevalier, and the dog lying at his feet. The legend is, that the chevalier, when crossing the mountain of St. Gothard, near Acrola, accompanied by a servant, was overtaken and buried by an avalanche. The dog escaped the rush of snow, but did not abandon his master. The convent was not far distant, and thither the animal repaired, and by his howling finally attracted notice. He was followed, and led the way to where his master and the servant were buried, and scratched at the snow. Eventually the two travellers were dug out alive, after thirty-six hours' entombment. They stated that, while thus buried, they distinctly heard the howling of the dog and the voices of the relieving party from the convent. The chevalier by his will ordered the tombstone thus erected, which bears the date of A. D. 1728.—*Land and Water*.

The *Garden* tells us that the cuttle-fish of the sea has a curious relative in the plant family. It grows in the southern parts of Africa, and is known by the name of Hook-Thorn or Grapple Plant (*uncaria procumbens*). The large flowers of this truly horrible plant are a lovely purple hue. They spread themselves over the ground, or hang in masses from the trees

and shrubs. The long branches have sharp, barbed thorns, set in pairs throughout their length. When the petals fall and the seed-vessels are developed and fully ripe, the two sides separate widely from each other, and form an array of sharp horned hooks. Woe be to the traveller who ventures near at such a time! The English soldiers in the last Kafir war suffered terribly from this plant. While the Kafir, unclothed and oily, escaped harmless, the European was certain to be made and held prisoner. Imagine one hooked thorn catching in a coat-sleeve. The first movement at escape bends the long slender branches, and hook after hook fixes its points into the clothing. Struggling only troubles the numbers of thorned enemies, and there is no way of escape, except to stand still, cut off the clinging seed-vessels, and remove them one by one.

THE NEW REMEDY FOR SNAKE-BITE.—Additional instances have been furnished showing the value of Professor Halford's remedy for snake-bite. At Mr. Mitchell's station, Dalry, on the Woudiyalloack, a man named Edward Reynolds was bitten on the little finger of the left hand by a black snake, and as no immediate medical assistance could be obtained, the usual bush treatment was resorted to of tying a ligature tight round the wrist, and freely cauterising the wound. He was then taken to Lillydale, a distance of fifteen miles, and by the time the doctor could see him he was in a profound coma, and at first the medical man had very small hopes of his recovery. He immediately injected a solution of ammonia into one of the veins of the right arm, with almost miraculous effect. In two minutes his patient showed unmistakable signs of relief, and after an interval of about the same time consciousness had returned, and he was able to walk about as usual. The following day he rode back to the station, quite recovered. Other instances are given of the successful result of treatment with ammonia.

AMUSING SCENE ON A WASHINGTON STREET CAR.—A passenger on one of the Riker street cars laughed some yesterday morning at a scene between the conductor and a well-dressed young man from Georgetown. As the car was passing down the avenue, the young man at the time standing on the platform taking it easy, with one foot on a trunk, he was approached by the conductor and his fare demanded. He quickly handed over his five cents.

Conductor—I demand twenty-five cents for that trunk.

Young man (hesitatingly)—Twenty-five cents? Well, I think I will not pay it.

C.—Then I will put the trunk off.

Y. M.—You had better not, or you may be sorry for it.

Conductor pulls strap, stops car, dumps trunk on avenue, starts car, and after going some two squares, approached the young man, who was still as calm as a summer morning, and in angry mood says: Now I have put your trunk off, what are you going to do about it?

Y. M. (coolly).—Well, I don't propose to do anything about it, it's no concern of mine; it wasn't my trunk.

C. (fiercely).—Then why did you not tell me so?

Y. M.—Because you did not ask me, and I told you you'd be sorry for it.

C. (furiously).—Then go inside the car.

Y. M.—Oh no, you're good enough company for me out here.

At this juncture a portly German emerged from the car and says: Mine Gott, von feller, vanc ish my drunk?

Y. M.—My friend, I think that is your trunk down on the avenue there.

German—Who puts him off? I had the monish to pay him. I will see about that.

The car was stopped, and shortly afterwards the conductor was seen to come sweating up with the trunk on his back, a part of the performance he did not enjoy half so well as did the passengers.

A Massachusetts citizen who was recently elected Justice of the Peace, took the first step in his new career by providing himself with a law library consisting of a copy of the revised statutes and a volume of Shakespeare. He read both works diligently, but the Shakespearean book seemed to strike him favourably. The other day he gave his opinion confidentially to a friend that he didn't suppose there were twenty men in Massachusetts who could have written such a book.

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HOW THANKFUL WE SHOULD BE.—Almost all disorders of the human body are distinctly to be traced to impure blood. The purification of that fluid is the first step towards health. The Indian Medicine widely known as the Great Shoshonees Remedy and Pills commend themselves to the attention of all sufferers. No mistake can be made in their administration. In Scrophula, Bronchitis, Indigestion, Confirmed Dyspepsia, Liver and Lung Complaints, Rheumatism, &c., &c., the most beneficial effects have been and always must be obtained from the wholesome power exerted by this Indian Medicine over the system. Persons whose lives have been restored to ease, strength and perfect health by the Great Shoshonees Remedy and Pills, after fruitless trial of the whole pharmacopoeia of physic, attest this fact. 5-22 e