

good dowry, and that before long." Then he too sat down, and all the ladies drank to the health and future fortunes of M. Adrian Urmand.

Upon the whole the rejected lover liked it. At any rate it was better so than being alone and moody and despised of all people. He would know now how to get away from Granpere without having to plan a surreptitious escape. Of course he had come out intending to be miserable, to be known as an ill-used man who had been treated with an amount of cruelty surpassing all that had ever been told of in love histories. To be depressed by the weight of the ill-usage which he had borne was a part of the play which he had to act. But the play when acted after this fashion had in it something of pleasing excitement, and he felt assured that he was exhibiting dignity in very adverse circumstances. George Voss was probably thinking ill of the young man all the while; but every one else there conceived that M. Urmand bore himself well under most trying circumstances. After the banquet was over Marie expressed herself so much touched as almost to incur the jealousy of her more fortunate lover. When the speeches were finished the men made themselves happy with their cigars and wine till Madame Voss declared that she was already half-dead with the cold and damp, and then they all returned to the inn in excellent spirits. That which had made so bold both Michel and his guest had not been allowed to have any more extended or more deleterious effect.

On the next morning M. Urmand returned home to Basle, taking the public conveyance as far as Remiremont. Everybody was up to see him off, and Marie herself gave him his cup of coffee at parting. It was pretty to see the mingled grace and shame with which the little ceremony was performed. She hardly said a word; indeed what word she did say was heard by no one; but she crossed her hands on her breast, and the gravest smile came over her face, and she turned her eyes down to the ground, and if any one ever begged pardon without a word spoken, Marie Bromar then asked Adrian Urmand to pardon her the evil she had wrought upon him.

"Oh, yes;—of course," he said. "It's all right. It's all right."

Then she gave him her hand, and said good-bye, and ran away up into her room. Though she had got rid of one lover, not a word had yet been said as to her uncle's acceptance of that other lover on her behalf; nor had any words more tender been spoken between her and George than those with which the reader has been made acquainted.

"And now," said George, as soon as the diligence had started out of the yard.

"Well; and what now?" asked the father.

"I must be off to Colmar next."

"Not to-day, George."

"Yes, to-day;—this evening at least. But I must settle something first. What do you say, father?" Michel Voss stood for awhile with his hands in his pockets, and his head turned away. "You know what I mean, father. I don't suppose you'll say anything against it now."

"It wouldn't be any good, I suppose, if I did," said Michel, crossing over the courtyard to the other part of the establishment. He gave no further permission than this, but George thought that so much was sufficient.

George did return to Colmar that evening, being in all matters of business a man accurate and resolute; but he did not go till he had been thoroughly scolded for his misconduct by Marie Bromar. "It was your fault," said Marie. "Your fault from beginning to end."

"It shall be if you say so," answered George; "but I can't say that I see it."

"If a person goes away for more than twelve months and never sends a word or a message or a sign, what is a person to think, George?" He could only promise her that he would never leave her again even for a month.

How they were married in November, and how Madame Faragon was brought over to Granpere with infinite trouble, and how the household linen got itself marked at last,—with a V instead of a U, the reader can understand without the narration of further details.

THE END.

IN A FASHIONABLE SEMINARY.

Now that education and educators are occupying so much attention, it may not be uninteresting to general readers to hear an unvarnished tale from one who has had no little experience as a tutor at private establishments, in families, and in public grammar-schools. First of all, it may be necessary to state what manner of man I was who entered upon this honourable (they say), if not lucrative calling, and what were my reasons for doing so. I was from the cradle destined for holy orders; I consequently took the usual course at the University, during my undergraduateship, to qualify myself for that sacred office; but when the time came that I might write myself B. A., I felt myself unfitted for that calling. A certainly unfortunate, perhaps an unreasonable idea, took possession of my mind, to the effect that my training, so far from having peculiarly fitted, had totally unfitted me for becoming the representative of an apostle. There was the bar certainly, but there was no money. I then bethought me of my Latin and Greek; I had taken a very fair degree, though not good enough to entitle me to a fellowship, and I therefore concluded that it would be as well to see what it was worth in the market. I commenced my acquaintance with what I may term educational penal servitude under the private establishment system.

It so happened, that whilst I pondered, my eye fell upon a very promising advertisement, from which it appeared that a Mr. Fishey, who was what is denominated in a scholastic slang, "principal of a first-class establishment," wished to engage the services of a gentleman to teach the higher classics, and that the aforesaid Mr. Fishey was willing to give, as an equivalent for the instruction, rooms, daily bread, and £160 per annum current money of the realm. The place was a delightful part of the country, and within fifteen miles of London. The advertisement, it is true, was two or three days old, but at that time I was sanguine, and, moreover, had not then sufficient experience to be aware that a sentence in an advertisement which contains the word "Gentleman" or "Christian," printed in capital letters, must be read by the light of that rule which is laid down by Rory O'More for the interpretation of dreams. I therefore wrote to Mr. Fishey

such a letter as I thought, from his description of the person he required, would be expected: a very polite answer came, requesting me to call upon him next morning. I called, and saw Mr. Fishey. I shall not describe his personal appearance, for I hold that it matters not whether a man be tall or short, stout or thin, handsome or plain; and besides, it would be hardly fair to state of any individual that he had the most evil expression of countenance that you can conceive.

"When I read your note, sir," he said, "I burned no less than twenty others which had previously reached me, for—I am so much your senior, that I may be allowed to say so—there was a particularly gentlemanlike tone about it, and I said to myself, this is the man for me; I want, above all things, a gentleman." It was not long before I ascertained that this was just what he did not want.

However, we came to terms; and in September, 184—, I took up my abode at Lacquer House. It was, I must confess, a splendid place: a house fit for a prince, a garden for a philosopher, and a cricket-ground for two All England elevens. Of course, I had made up my mind to rough it; rumours enough had reached me already to prevent my indulging a hope that the life pedagogy would be as free and independent as that of an undergraduate with a pretty comfortable little income (for four years) at a small college which resembled rather a private hotel than an abode of learning; but I must say the first dose I had struck me as rather strong, notwithstanding all the resolution I had summoned. It so happened that I had had a quantity of books packed in a hamper; and when I arrived at Mr. Fishey's mansion, I requested the man-servant (for there was a live man-servant in a green coat with brass buttons) to take that, as well as the rest of my things, into my bedroom. Well, when I went up to bed, there was no hamper.

"Thomas," said I, "where is that hamper?"

"Mr. Fishey don't allow no hampers in the bedrooms, sir."

"Oh, but that rule applies to the boys, I suppose, not to me."

"Mr. Fishey don't allow nobody to have hampers in their bedrooms, sir."

"Very well; then I shall go down and speak to Mr. Fishey."

"Wait a minute, sir," said Thomas, who had been eyeing me with a mixture of suspicion and pity; "would you mind saying what's in the hamper?"

"What's in the hamper? Why, books, to be sure."

"Oh, I beg pardon, sir; then I'll fetch it up in a minute."

"What the—(deuce) I was going to say, only I recollected I was an instructor of youth)—what on earth did you imagine was in it?"

"Well, sir," said Thomas, with some hesitation, "I thought perhaps some wine, or a little drop of spirits; some of the masters has done so afore now."

I was struck dumb; and whilst Thomas went down for my hamper, I gave myself up to reflection. Good Heavens! I thought, is it possible that men can be brought to this! Can a gentleman, by being subjected to a long course of moral bullying and social tyranny, be brought to such an abject state that he should, forgetful of his manhood, his education, and his position, be reduced to tricks and artifices for which a boy at a public school would be flogged, and by which a menial would be disgraced? Or is it to be explained on the ground that the education of which men jabber so much, is still so badly paid, that those to whom fond parents intrust the moral, religious, and intellectual training of their sons, are generally men of inferior stamp? At the time, I could not decide; experience has taught me that I might have answered both questions in the affirmative. I jumped into bed, and experienced grievance number two. My bedroom was a nice room enough, with a beautiful view, if not much furniture; but my bed had evidently been intended for somebody about four inches shorter than myself. However, as I never cared much in what position I slept, I overcame that difficulty as well as I could; and thinking the poor principal must have bother enough without being troubled about matters of upholstery, I made up my mind I would bear with equanimity a diagonal posture.

At half-past six, I was awakened by the ubiquitous Thomas; at seven, I descended, and found there was an hour's work to be done before breakfast, at half-past eight, at which time we assembled in a really handsome room, and were arranged after the following fashion: At the further end of the room, at a table running across it, were ranged about ten boys (or gentlemen, as it was Mr. Fishey's custom to term them), with Mr. Fishey in the centre; and at a table running down the room perpendicular to the former, was a larger table, at which sat the remaining thirty (for it was a very select school—limited to forty), with some of the assistant-masters at the top, others at the bottom, on each side, and Mrs. Fishey facing her husband at the distant extremity. I may here mention, once for all, that the education of the stomach at Lacquer House was scrupulously attended to, and would have more than satisfied Miss Martineau, unless she might have taken exception, as I did (simply on my own account), to the hot suppers, to which the seniors—who, by the way, paid £200 a year—and the masters were almost nightly treated. However, to return to the breakfast. I at this meal made my first grand discovery—namely, that Mr. Fishey invariably called everybody, when addressing him (even the masters), "Sir;" and perhaps as no boy paid less than £100 a year for his schooling, they were in a manner entitled to it; but into this habit I never could fall, either in the case of the boys, or any one else; and as I didn't pay Mr. Fishey either £100 or £200 a year, but, on the contrary, received salary from him, I took it as somewhat strange in him to treat me in such a manner.

After breakfast, there was leisure until ten, at which hour we commenced work, and continued it until one; for if you wish to have a really select school, one point of great importance is to take care that the hours are as ostentatiously different from those of common schools as ingenuity can make them. We then, after a hasty ablution, dined; we recommenced our studies at four, and went on until five; then came tea, and at six we "resumed" until eight; after this, the little boys went to roost; at nine, there was supper; and at ten, a gentle hint to go to bed was given by the sudden turning off of the gas with which the place was lighted, and the apparition of certain bedroom candles on a table outside the dining-room door. Indeed, the day—as I could not help observing with a little vexation—was so scientifically cut up, that it was next to impossible for a master to find any time for his own reading. It was not intended, I found by inquiry, that they should; they were to do all their own reading in the holidays.

In fact, Mr. Fishey was determined to have what is vulgarly termed his ha'porth; and perhaps he was quite right, though to me it seemed a hard Egyptian bondage. In fact, a better school for the class of pupils I cannot imagine: they were generally the sons of men who had amassed immense wealth, and wished their offspring to travel the royal road to learning. Eton, and Harrow, and Winchester were too independent for them; they would there have been brought up in habits of veneration for their elders, and respect for their teachers; in the ways of rough sport and healthy discipline. But at Lacquer House their ease was consulted, their wealth was respected; they were taught to consider their instructors as men of an inferior grade, and instruction as a ware which they could purchase without trouble—as something which was to be imparted to them mysteriously by the labour and toil of those who had the thankless office of teaching them, without any love of knowledge on their own part, and without any respect for the source from which they derived it. Nevertheless, I determined to do my best. I saw at once, after a few trials, that association with my pupils—who were principally the senior boys, or, I beg their pardon, "gentlemen"—in play-hours was impossible; their purse-proud airs were insufferable. I therefore confined myself to sheer Latin and Greek; and at last the examination, the Christmas holidays, and my first quarter's salary, came. The salary came in the form of a cheque in a note from Mr. Fishey. It seemed to me queer enough to receive a note from a man under the same roof with me; however, I acknowledged it in another note, and remarked, at the same time, that, as it was my first essay in school-mastery, an expression of approval or even disapproval of my efforts would have been a welcome addition to the cheque. I received a stately reply, that when the proper time arrived, Mr. Fishey would certainly express his opinion; and great was my surprise and pleasure to hear Mr. Fishey that evening, in the presence of the whole school, make a speech in which he mentioned, that the examiner had remarked that I had been very successful in many instances, and that the improvement in one gentleman, in particular, who had been considered a hopeless case, was really marvellous, and that he (Mr. Fishey) was very much indebted to me. Of course, I felt perfectly recompensed for toil, discomfort, humiliation, and the thousand petty annoyances that I had met with, and spent that Christmas holiday and the proceeds of that cheque with inexpressible satisfaction. I little knew how soon a change would come.

The holidays were ended, and I returned with renewed vigour and determination to swallow bitter pills and do my duty towards my pupils, even if they forgot theirs towards me. The moment I entered my bedroom, what an alteration I found! The floor was comfortably carpeted throughout; my diminutive bed had been replaced by one in which Goliath might have stretched his legs; the furniture had been increased and beautified; and I thought to myself, surely honour is the meed of virtue, and Mr. Fishey knows how to bestow. The next morning early, he entered my school-room; I was alone, and before he could speak, I jumped up and shook his hand, saying:

"How very kind of you, Mr. Fishey, to pay me so much attention! I see you have refurnished my bedroom, and even changed my bed. I am really much beholden to you."

Mr. Fishey changed colour, and stuttered out:

"I—I—I was not aware, sir, that you were uncomfortable."

"Oh! pray, don't mention it; my bed was a little too short—that's all. I wouldn't trouble you about so paltry a matter at the time; but now that you have yourself remedied the matter, I cannot but —"

I stopped, for I saw Mr. Fishey had again changed colour, and looked remarkably uneasy.

"The fact is, sir," he said, "hem—the fact is, sir, I have another—ahem, another pupil coming to me in a day or two, and I was going to ask you whether you would object to give up your room, sir, and—in fact, take a bedroom in the village somewhere, sir, hem!"

It was my turn to change colour now; in a moment, all the little slights to which I had before been subjected, and which I had striven to believe were creations of my own morbid imagination, were presented in their true light to my mind. I was but a hireling and a convenience, to be turned out at a moment's notice, to make way for some conceited scion of a successful speculator, and I was unable to speak for passion. Mr. Fishey's interpretation of my silence was characteristic.

"Of course, I will pay for the room, sir," said he.

"I swallowed my wrath, and replied:

"As I am to be turned out of your house for the sake of a fresh pupil, I have a proposition to make, which is this—that I should like not only a bedroom but a sitting-room as well in the village; and that, as your hot suppers are not at all to my taste, and simply waste my time, I should leave immediately the work is over, as I really require some time for private study."

"There can be no objection to that arrangement, sir; but, allow me to say, I shall only feel bound to pay for a bedroom, and I have ascertained that one may be had for seven shillings a week."

"Pay just what you please, Mr. Fishey, or nothing at all; I have only to say that, as I now see clearly the light in which you regard me, I shall for the future be more watchful of my own rights and interests than heretofore."

We then parted, and were very distant for a day or two, when I found one evening, on reaching my lodgings, a note from Mr. Fishey, in which, after a few complimentary remarks, he informed me it had struck him that should anything occur to cause his absence from the school, I, as next in rank, should be obliged to take his place; that my youthful age scarcely fitted me for such a post; and that, therefore, as a quarter's notice had been agreed upon between us, I might choose whether I would leave his establishment at the ensuing Easter, or remain another quarter; he also assured me that he greatly regretted the necessity to which he felt himself reduced.

I sent him an answer, in which I remarked that it was strange, inasmuch as he saw me daily, that he should write, rather than adopt the more friendly and more natural course of a personal interview. The consequence was, that we had a personal interview in his study—not alone, however, for it was his custom always to have present at any conversation with any one of his assistants, a Mr. Dunning, an old school-fellow of his, and his factotum in the internal economy of the school. This, I thought, shewed a most unpleasant suspiciousness, and I considered it almost insulting; however, he was very gracious, insisted upon it that he was very sorry to