

the French grammarsays. We shall see you at six—and, I say, don't go and run away with the notion that I wanted to make a maid-servant of you. A maid-servant, indeed! To empty the slop-pails, and scrub down the stairs, I suppose! Ha, ha, ha! What could have put such a crotchet as that in your head?" and away bustled Mr. Dobbs, laughing heartily at what he conceived to be his new usher's droll misapprehension.

"Forty pounds a-year!" repeated Raymond to himself, as he returned home to acquaint Julia with the result of his interview. "Gracious God! and are all my fine prospects come to this! Sunk to the condition of an usher at a small school kept by a vulgar ignoramus! How little did I foresee such an issue, when five short years since I figured among the gayest of the gay at Cambridge! Ah, could I but live those years again, how different would be my conduct! Curses on that egregious self-conceit which has been my ruin! What right had I to look forward to literary renown—I whose talents scarce suffice to earn me forty pounds a-year? But I will not complain; no, be my lot what it may, I will bear it patiently, for it is for my wife and child I labour; and what sacrifices would I not make for them! Poor, poor Julia, would to heaven we had never met!" and, despite his assumed stoicism, the tears started to his eyes when he thought of the privations which his marriage had entailed on his wife.

Punctually as the church clock in the Pentonville road struck six, Raymond returned to Paradise House, and was formally introduced to Mrs. Dobbs, who was exactly what her husband had represented her to be, 'a woman in ten thousand'—which being interpreted, means, that she was a desperate vixen, thin and straight as a skewer, with sharp ferret eyes, and a temper so thoroughly soured, that one might almost imagine that she had been dieted from her youth upward on prussic-acid and crab-apples. The good lady was by no means slow or shy in developing this attractive feature in her character; for something

having occurred to ruffle her temper a few minutes before Henry came in, she immediately began scolding the servant-girl, and then, by way of variety, fell foul of her husband. "Why didn't you set the tea-things, when you heard the bell ring?" she exclaimed in a shrill tone of voice; "do you think your master and myself are to be kept waiting till it suits your pleasure to attend to us? And such handsome wages as you get, you lazy slut! Ring—ring—ring—there's nothing but ringing in this house; if one had n't the patience of a saint, one wouldn't put up with it a day. Mr. Raymond, sir, if you knew what I have to go through, you wouldn't wonder at my——drat them boys, why don't you go out, Dobbs, and make them keep quiet, instead of sitting there grinning like a Cheshire cat?"

"Mr. Raymond," said the school-master, taking advantage of his wife's pausing to recover breath, "I've been to the bookseller you referred me to, and am happy to tell you that he spoke of you in the most handsomest terms."

"Which sugar do you take with your tea, Mr. Raymond?" enquired Mrs. Dobbs; "we have both white and brown; our late usher used to take brown, however"——

"Do pray, my dear Mrs. D., allow the gentleman to take which he pleases. A few lumps of white sugar, once in a day, is neither here nor there."

"None of your nonsense, Dobbs. I know what's right as well as you can tell me. It isn't the sugar I look to, but the principle of the thing"

"Oh, ay—the principle! that's another matter. I've nothing to say against that."

"I should think not, indeed;" and thus speaking, Mrs. Dobbs desired her husband to hand Raymond his tea, moderately sweetened with white sugar, (in consideration of his being on this occasion a visiter,) together with a thick slice of bread and butter, as stale as O'-Connell's joke about the Repeal of the Union.

"You'll have a comfortable place of it here, Mr. Raymond," observed the