

say,
ing day.
s, d along,
d him'd a song;
ld better boast,
and the Ghost.
gh sun or task,
s too, to ask.
he western sky,
nd with a sigh;
o lagg'd alone,
studded down,
in sleep,
windows peep,
we'd lay,
rting day.

Postman's bell,
parture tell.
e stroll'd the
common way,
fragrant may.
ry heavy borne
task to learn;
at my back,
he cart wheel
track;
and exclaim'd
with pain,
e again.

iston in Lon-
r Parents to
ge, to distant
of the child,
of the Master
than that a
school-gown
first requisite.
or parent, ap-
perceived. It
and cherished,
fact punished
ing was done
re-sick child,
fond feelings

recollects of
s which were
e school to
erence. It was
summer months,
poa piece of
dearable to-
thers. Seven-
he time, and
this was dis-

covered, the Teachers would take the little trembling fellow, one by the heels and another by the head, and dip him by way of punishment.

Another unfeeling custom was, to make the children eat all that was set before them, without consulting their constitutions. A portion of fat with the lean, was given to each scholar, and he was made to eat it, it not at dinner, he was to do so at supper, or be punished. Some of the scholars would eat it readily; and I remember a little fellow we used to call 'Muggy' a fat ruddy cheek Essex boy, if we could any way slide our shares, beneath the edge of his platter, we then got rid of the 'greasy ordeal'; but as to myself, I had an indescribable antipathy to fat, and, when it came lasciviously shaking and steaming, on the hot boiled buttock; I almost felt as much horror at the sight of it, as a mad dog at a running stream.

A familiar instance of my antipathy, I may be allowed to mention. It happened one beautiful day in summer, that my fellow school-mate (who had accompanied me from London) and myself were called out from the school-room, to see a friend, and who should it be, but my companion's father. He invited us out for the day, we were to dine together at an Hotel; and our cheer was laid before us, 'fat rump steaks and mellow ale' being the English country fashion, but how to encounter the fat, that was the question! The following expedient was resorted to; as we were sitting down to the dinner table, I caught hold of the old Gentleman's coat by the button hole; and drew him behind the door, and then on tip-toe reached his ear, and whispered into it, these words 'Mr. Bingham I cannot eat fat', he very jocely gave heed to my plaintive complaint, and I was for once allowed 'a Berkshire lean dinner'; but for years after, whenever I met the corpulent old Gent. in London, if he possibly could, he would lay hold of my coat by the button hole, and whisper this question in my ear, 'Can you eat fat yet?', but I never could reply in the affirmative. The following lines refer to the school.

The country School.

Silent and sad we journeyed side by side,
And reach'd the country school at evening tide
The boys in life along the table fed,
On portion'd milk and slice of quartern bread,
A gloom came o'er me then yet more to know,
This early tea-time serv'd for supper too
Oat then I sobb'd, when I remember'd there,
Too Mother's side, the nook, the little chair,
The carpet stool my sister clann'd her own,
The sister struggle for that stool alone,
The evening paper read aloud by Sre,
While childish fancy stroll'd the glowing fire.

The chamber where I'd mark the skittle ball,
In distance roll and hear the nine pin fall.
Where the smith, actor, carpenter and Wright,
Have hallo'd forth their 'auld lang syne at night.

Where cobbler and where joiner quaff'd the ale;

Solately sit to hear a neighbour's tale
With their tobacco stoppers often heard,
Their loyal shout at the carousing board,
These dear reflections seiz'd my spirits there
And hurried down my cheek the parting tear.
I thought of home reluctantly undress'd,
I laid me down and sobb'd myself to rest.
I dream't of home those evening there serene
But never dream't of where I slept to dream.
E'er Sol's bright rays had through the casement broke,

A wild disorder seiz'd me as I woke,
I heard a strange lullum vibrate slow,
The distant snore of strangers pierc'd me through.

On the very spot where the Coburg Theatre now stands, there stood large brickkilns, I remember two boys, thought to have been free and cold; one night, went and laid down upon one of them, and were found dead in the morning. Opposite to these kilns stood a public house, called the pear tree; on the side of it was a country'd looking fence, skirted with dikes and ditches. One would not have supposed this, considering how near it was to the city of London; and also to look at it as it is now; but very little was done in the suburbs of that great city during the eventful period of the French war. Erections were commenced, and new neighbourhoods formed immediately after the Proclamation of Peace.

In the lane above, was the dwelling alluded to, in the following lines. It stood by the side of a country-looking sign standing out on a very high post called the 'White horse'.

A Ploughboy's dwelling.

Beneath yon rookery of antique form,
Lied the companion of my childish morn,
Modest, and who with infant conscience light,
Wisdom might please, and folly might alight.
'Midst wintry winds 'midst drizzly night rains drear,

I've often found a happy refuge there.
Through sleeping fogs at night and drifting snows,

There gone with paint-box and post-boys,
And on the virgin sheet the color lay.
Wh' all the powers of genius to revive,
Before the blizz'g heart releases say,
Or tell to each our infant lives away.