

REMINISCENCES OF CHARTERHOUSE.

BY AN OLD CARTHUSIAN.

Being a series of Short Sketches descriptive of Public School Life in England.

PREFATORY.

I HAVE often thought that a description of Public School life in England would not be wholly uninteresting to a portion at least of the Canadian public. In writing the following sketches it has been my object to draw a true and unexaggerated picture of a boy's life at Charterhouse.

At last the day arrived on which I was to go to Charterhouse, the day which I had looked forward to so eagerly and, still, dreaded so much. I had not hitherto been to school; my education had been entrusted to the care of a tutor, who had allowed me to do much as I pleased.

Having thus never been subject to restraint, I feared that the strict discipline of a public school would be not a little irksome to me, at any rate just at first. It was certainly high time I went to school. At home I had forever been getting into scrapes; my parents' only consolation appeared to be that *I was going to school*, where, I should, as they perpetually warned me, be punished in a way I should richly deserve. The punishment alluded to was, of course, a flogging, which, at that time, my parents found themselves incapable of admin-

istering with sufficient severity to produce any effect. I had, in fact, got beyond them. All new boys have to put up with a certain amount of "humbug" when they first go to a public school; my sister, whom I did not treat with the respect which she insisted was due to her, on account of the difference in age between us, used to derive great satisfaction from assuring me, that, in my case, the teasing that I should be obliged to undergo, would be very severe. "You may depend upon this," she would say, "the bigger boys will stand no impertinence from you whatever." I recollect well, how, as I lay in bed on my last night at home, I thought over all this, and wondered how the morrow would end? Should I be happy in my new life? What I would have given for the first week to have been over! Yet, as it had to come, I determined to face it bravely. I made up my mind to take all knocking about from the boys in good part, still, as I thought of leaving home for such a new, strange life, a lump arose in my throat which I could not keep down, and my eyes became moist. Never had home appeared so dear to me as at that moment! But, then, as I remembered my resolution to please my parents by working hard and getting on, my tears no longer flowed, my heart swelled with pride, and I dreaded nothing.