

and over again the same set of questions that had been put to me the night before; it made me, moreover, feel sad and friendless, being treated as a rank outsider, knowing nobody, receiving more "kicks than halfpence," while all the old boys seemed so happy with their old school-fellows.

I must not pass over the first Saturday night of the quarter without briefly describing the manner in which it was spent at that time. We had no work to do on the last night of the week, consequently it was not surprising that the old boys should, in the absence of any regular employment, seize that opportunity of getting some fun out of the new boys.

During tea the programme for the evening was usually discussed, some of the boys gloating over the pleasure they intended deriving from the torturing of their victims. Some, too, in a hurry for the entertainment to begin, would try to make a new boy sing a song during tea, but these premature attempts were always cried down by the rest, the anticipation, I imagine, being pleasanter than the reality. I am certain that half the boys in their hearts disliked bullying the new fellows, and only did it because it was the custom, or rather because it *had been* the custom at the old school in London. I think it was chiefly the expression of a feeling, which, rankling in the hearts of all the boys who had been at the old school, was ever ready to find vent—the feeling I mean which made them believe it to be their duty to uphold all the customs of the old place—no matter how obnoxious they might be—through the violent revolution that the school was then passing. I know that the endeavours of the Head Master to reform the evils of bullying and fagging were a perpetual source of ill-feeling between himself and the boys, who clung more doggedly to each old custom as it was being wrenched from their grasp.

Had any boy on the first Saturday night attempted to stop the old boys from bullying the new ones by urging that it was a shameful and unmanly action to do so, he would, I have no hesitation in saying, have been hooted as a traitor to his school-fellows, and his position would have been more uncomfortable than even that of the new boy. I need scarcely add that time has blotted out the stains which darkened for so many years the glorious name of that grand old school.

No longer will a boy be subject to bullying or be cried down for shewing a manly spirit.

The thanks of all Carthusians are due to the Head Master of Charterhouse for his untiring zeal in raising the tone of the school to a higher and grander level.

I would not have it thought that a boy will find his way perfectly smooth at Charterhouse; to make a map of a boy he must be made subject to strict discipline and be taught to clearly understand that he cannot be allowed his own way in everything.

But bullying is not discipline—where the one exists the other cannot! However, to return to Saturday night. No sooner was tea over than care was taken to see that no new boy had hidden himself away. The fun usually began with "jumping the cupboards."

Fixed against the walls all round the room were cupboards standing about ten feet high. Each boy had one of these in which to keep his books, etc. All the new boys were obliged to get up on to the top of these and to jump down on to the floor. From the ceiling to the top of the cupboards there was scarcely room in which a boy might even crouch. Except for those conjurors who are in the habit of enclosing themselves in boxes a foot square, it was most difficult to squeeze oneself into a space sufficiently small to permit of fitting in between cup-