

Probably there will some day be a reaction in England in this matter. The prevalent present plan is to give every advantage to the clever boy (which means a boy who has a faculty for acquirement, but often lacks those qualities most needed to make him a valuable citizen), and to let those who are not so bright at book-learning, and need every aid, scramble along as they can. It was certainly not the system which Sutton designed, and there are not a few who, without being by any means bigoted conservatives, consider that the utter indifference displayed of late years to the intentions of founders is quite unjustifiable, and offers little encouragement to those who would be disposed to make similar bequests.

At Oxford, for instance, nearly every scholarship is now thrown open to general competition. This sounds very fine, but is in utter disregard of the fact that the founder in most instances was induced to bequeath his money with the view that those who came from the part of the country to which he himself belonged should benefit. Of course, time had rendered necessary certain changes, but these have been sweeping to a degree which is inconsistent with a due regard to the wills of the dead, and meanwhile no one seems disposed to admit that the public schools or universities turn out men one whit better than in days gone by, or indeed do more for the general education of the people.

Recently a sweeping change has been made at the Charter-House, which had seemed to be almost proof against innovation. So far as nominating boys to the foundation, the governors' patronage will, after one more term apiece, be at an end, and the privilege of participating in Sutton's benefits will be open to all boys who have been for some months members of the school, and are clever enough to beat their fellows in competition. The governors reserve, however, their right of nominating aged or disabled men, whose number now, we believe, amounts to one hundred.

A school day at Charter-House began at eight, with what we called "first school." Prayers, lasting about five minutes, took place in the large school-room. These were read by a "gown-boy" monitor. The lessons at first school consisted entirely of repetitions—repeating Latin poetry, and occasionally prose. As each boy finished his repetition—the boys being taken up in the order in which they were numbered the previous day—he left the school and went to breakfast. Breakfast consisted of an almost unlimited supply of hot rolls and butter and milk, but this was supplemented in the case of almost every boy by edibles purchased with his pocket-money. For those who had the privilege of fagging this was recognized and allowed, and in regard to the rest was connived at, and marmalades, potted meats and such-like relishes freely circulated, being supplied for the most part by the servants, who drove a lively trade in such comestibles.

Toasting was brought to the very highest perfection. Never before or since have we tasted anything of its kind so good as a buttered roll toasted. It was a French roll buttered all over outside, and then skillfully grilled until the outside was a rich crisp brown. This was brought by the fag to his master "hot and hot," and, being cut open, eaten with butter. The rooms were warmed by immense open fireplaces, there being no limit to the expenditure of coal, which was prodigious.

In our time (1847-1853) there was an immense deal of fagging, which has, we believe very properly, much diminished. Under boys were called in to perform many menial offices which should have been done by servants. The task-work which by "gown-boys" was most disliked was what was called being basonite. This duty devolved upon the twelve junior boys occupying what was known as "the under bed-room." To this hour we recall with horror how on a gloomy, foggy, wintry Monday morning we remembered on waking that it was our basonite week—for a fresh set of three went to work each Monday morning—and that we must get up and call the monitors. This basonite duty consisted of the most elaborate valeting. Each monitor's clothes were brushed, warm water was fetched and poured out for him, and everything so arranged that he might lie in bed up to the last possible moment, and then—one small boy being ready with his coat, another with his waistcoat, and a third with his cap—be able to dress in five minutes and rush into school. At midday, when the monitors washed their hands for dinner, similar work had to be done, and again in the evening, when they washed their hands for supper. The only set-off to all this was that each monitor had been a basonite, and each basonite had a very good chance of becoming a monitor. But it was carrying the fagging system to far too great an extent, and the practice is now greatly modified.

The domestic arrangements were in many respects rough and comfortable, and so intensely conservative were the ruling powers in these respects that complaint or remonstrance scarcely received any attention. On the other hand, the utmost liberality prevailed in most matters. The foundation scholars' dinner, for instance, was provided in a long, low, old-fashioned, oak-paneled hall, admirably adapted for the purpose. The food was excellent in quality, unlimited in quantity, and very comfortably served. The only drawback was want of variety, and the perennial reappearance of raspberry tarts every Wednesday at length provoked a mutiny against that form of pastry, the order being passed down that no one was to touch it.

An upper boy had two fags, the inferior of the two being called his tea-fag. A good feeling nearly always subsisted between master and fag,

inasmuch as the former generally selected a boy he liked; and indeed in many cases the connection engendered a warm and lasting regard between the parties. The fag had access to his master's study, could retreat there to do his lessons in quiet, and not unfrequently was assisted in them by his master.

Those who came off worst were dirty boys: no mercy was shown them. One such we can recall—now a very spruce, well-appointed government official—whose obstinate adherence to dirt was marvelous, seeing what it cost him.

There are always some bullies among a lot of boys, but serious bullying was uncommon, and not unfrequently a hideous retribution befell a bully through some "big fellow" resolving to wreak on him what he inflicted on others. We can recall one very bright, brilliant youth, now high in the Indian civil service, whose drollery when bullying was irresistible, even to those who knew their turn might come next. "Come here, F—," we remember his saying to a fat youth of reputed uncleanness: then dropping his voice to a tone of subdued horror and solemnity, "I was shocked to hear you use a bad word just now." "No indeed, B—," protested the trembling F—. "Ah, well, I'm certain that you are now thinking it; and, besides, at any rate, you look fat and disgusting; so hold down your hands;" and poor F— retired howling after a tremendous "swinger"—i.e. swinging box on the ear.

The school was divided into six forms, the sixth being the highest. Below the first form were two classes called upper and lower petties. Up to 1850, classics were the almost exclusive study, but the changes then made in the curriculum of studies at Oxford rendered attention to mathematics absolutely necessary. Much less stress was laid upon Latin verses at Charter-House than at Eton, and a Latin prose composition was regarded as the most important part of scholarship, inasmuch as a certain proficiency in it is a *sine qua non* at Oxford. French was taught twice a week by a master of celebrity, who, however, did not understand the art of dinning learning into unwilling boys. It rarely happens in England that boys acquire any real knowledge of French at school: those who gain the prizes are almost invariably boys who have resided abroad and picked up the language in childhood. Music was taught by Mr. Hullah, and attendance on the part of gown-boys was compulsory. Drawing and fencing were extras.

Very great importance was attached to the annual examination, which was conducted by examiners specially appointed by the governors. The result, which was kept a close secret until "Prize Saturday," was as eagerly looked forward to as the Derby by a betting man. The different forms were divided into classes, as at Oxford, according to merit, and the names printed along with the examination papers in pamphlet form. After this examination boys went up to the form above them, each boy usually remaining a year in each form.

The system of punishment was as follows. A book called the "Black Book" was kept by the school monitor of the week, there being four gown-boy—that is, foundation—monitors who took the duty of school monitor in rotation. A boy put down for three offences during the same week was flogged, but the end of each week cleared off old scores. The entries were in this wise:

Name of Boy.	Offence.	By whom put down.
Robinson, 1...	Idle.....	Dr. Saunders.
Smith, 1, 2....	Talking in School..	Mr. Curtis.

"Go and put your name down," a master would say. "Oh please, sir, I'm down twice." "Then put it down a third time." Then would follow entreaties, which, unless the delinquent had been previously privately marked down for execution, would probably avail. When a flogging offence was committed a boy was marked down thus:

Robinson, 1, 2, 3... | Impertinent... | Mr. —.

The flogging varied much in severity according to the crime. The process was precisely the same as at Eton. Partially denuded of his nether garments, the victim knelt upon the block, the monitor standing at his head. The birches were kept in a long box which served as a settee, and were furnished periodically by the man who brought the fire fagots. Now and again the box would, by the carelessness of the functionary called "the school-groom," be left open, and it was then considered a point of honor on the part of an under boy to promptly avail himself of the opportunity to "skin" the rods—i.e., draw them through a piece of stuff in such a way as to take the buds off, after which they hurt very much less.

Serious offences, such as insubordination and gross disobedience, were punished by a flogging with two birches, which was too severe a punishment. The degree of pain varied very much according to the delicacy of skin, and no doubt some boys—one of our comrades had been flogged about twenty-five times—did not feel much after many floggings, becoming literally case-hardened; whereas, we have known a boy compelled to stay in bed two or three days from the effects of a flogging which would have left little mark upon the "twenty-five." When a victim issued from the flogging-room the questions from an eager throng were, "How many cuts, old fellow? Did it take much? You howled like the devil!"

• In what is known as "The Charter-House Play," which describes some boyish orgies and

The monitors were furnished with small canes, which they were permitted to use with moderation, but nothing like the horrible process of "tunding," as at Winchester, was known. The theory of entrusting this power to monitors is, that if you do not give certain boys the right to punish, might will be right, whilst the monitors, being duly made feel their responsibility, will only punish where punishment is properly due, and will serve as a protection to the weak.

There was a half-holiday every Wednesday and Saturday. Every Saturday upper boys who had friends might go out from Saturday till Sunday night, and lower boys were allowed to do the same every other Saturday. These events were of course greatly looked forward to from week to week. Not the least agreeable feature was the probable addition to pocket-money, for in England it is the custom to "tip" school-boys, and we have ourselves come back joyous on a Sunday evening with six sovereigns chinking in our pockets. Alas, no one tips us now! Then there was the delight of comparing notes of the doings during the delightful preceding twenty-four hours. Thus, whilst Brown detailed the delights of the pantomime to which Uncle John had taken him on Saturday night, Robinson descanted on the marvels of the Zoological Gardens, with special reference to the free-and-easy life of monkeydom, and Smith never wearied of enlarging on the terrors and glories of the Tower of London. Altogether, there were fourteen weeks' holiday in the year—six weeks in August, five at Christmas and three a Whitsuntide, with two days at Easter.

There were several beds in each bed-room, and there was a very strict rule that the most perfect order should prevail—in fact, lower boys were forbidden to talk; but talk they always did, and long stories, often protracted for nights, were told; and for our part, we must confess that we have never enjoyed any fictions more than those.

Evening prayers took place in the several houses at nine, after which the lower boys went to bed. A junior master—there was one to each house—always attended at prayers, which were read by a monitor. Before prayers names were called over and every boy accounted for.

Although in the midst of brick and mortar, two large spaces, containing several acres, were available for cricket, whilst foot-ball—and very fierce games of it, too—was usually played in the curious old cloisters of the Charterhouse monks which opened on "Upper-Green." The grass-plot of Upper-Green was kept sacred from the feet of under boys except in "cricket quarter," as the summer quarter was termed. It was rolled, watered and attended to with an assiduity such as befalls few spots of ground in the world. The roof of the cloister was a terrace flagged with stone, and on the occasion of cricket-matches a gay bevy of ladies assembled here to look at the exploits of the young Rawdon Crawleys and Penderlisses of the day. Immediately opposite the terrace, across the green, on the immensely high blank wall, was the word "Crown" rudely painted, and above it what was intended as a representation of that sign of sovereignty. This had a history. It was said to have been written there originally by "the bold and strong-minded Law," commemorated by Macaulay in his Warren Hastings article, who became Lord Ellenborough, and the last lord chief-justice who had the honor of a seat in the cabinet. It was probably put up

their subsequent punishment, the latter is described in the pathetic lines:

Now the victim low is bending,  
Now the fearful rod descending,  
Hark a blow! Again, again  
Sounds the instrument of pain.

Goddess of mercy! oh impart  
Thy kindness to the doctor's heart:  
Bid him words of pardon say—  
Cast the blood-stained scourge away.

In vain, in vain! he will not hear:  
Mercy is a stranger there.  
Justice, unrelenting dame,  
First asserts her lawful claim.

This is aye her maxim true:  
"They who sin must suffer too."  
When of fun we've had our fill,  
Justice then sends in her bill,  
And as soon as we have read it,  
Pay we must: she gives no credit.

There is some rather fine doggerel too, in which the doctor—the Dr. Portman of Penderliss—apostrophizes a monitor in whom he had believed, but finds to have been as bad as the rest. The Doctor (with voice indicative of tears and indignation):

Oh, Simon Steady! Simon Steady, oh!  
What would your father say to see you so?—  
You whom I always trusted, whom I deemed  
As really good and honest as you seemed.

Are you the leader of this lawless throng,  
The chief of all that's dissolute and wrong?

Then with awful emphasis:

Bad is the drunkard, shameless is the youth  
Who dares desert the sacred paths of truth;  
But he who hides himself 'neath Virtue's pall,  
The painted hypocrite, is worse than all!

In acting this play the manner of the real doctor (Mr. Gladstone's old tutor, now dean of Peterborough) was often imitated to the life, which of course brought down the house.

originally as a goal for boys running races, and for nearly a century was regularly repainted as commemorative of a famous alumnus who was so fondly attached to the place of his early education that he desired to be buried in its chapel, and an imposing monument to his memory may be seen on its walls. Between Upper and Under Greens, on the slight eminence to which we have alluded, stood "School," a large ugly edifice of brick mounted with stone, which derived an interest in the eyes of those educated there from the fact that the names of hundreds of old Carthusians were engraved on its face; for it was the custom of boys leaving school to have their names bracketed with those of friends; and when Brown took his departure his name was duly cut, with a space left for Robinson's name when the time of his departure came.

These stones have now exchanged the murky air of London for that of one of the pleasantest sites in Surrey. Charter-House School has, after passing two hundred and sixty years in the metropolis, changed its location, and must be looked for now on a delightful spot near Godalming in Surrey. The governors very wisely determined about five years ago that boys were much better in country than in town, and, having ample funds, took measures accordingly. Last October the new buildings were ready for the boys' reception, and they met there for the first time. The stones, however, were, with a sentiment most will appreciate, removed, in order to connect the past with the present, for the Charter-House must ever have many tender ties binding it to the site of the old monastery with its rich historic memories; and however famous may be the men who go forth from the new ground which Sutton's famous foundation occupies, it must derive a great part of its fame for a long time to come from the place which sent out into the world Addison, Steele, Thirlwall, Grote, Leech and Thackeray, not to mention a host of names of those who in arms and arts have done credit to the place of their education.

The home for aged and infirm or disabled men will remain where it has always been. This establishment has indeed been a welcome refuge to thousands who have known better days. Men of all ranks and conditions, who have experienced in the afternoon of life contrary winds too powerful for them to encounter, have here found a haven for the remnant of their days. Some have held most important positions, and a lord mayor of London, who had received emperors at his table, was a few years ago one of Sutton's "poor brethren." The pensioners were always called cods by the boys, probably short for codgers. Each had a room plainly furnished, about one hundred and fifty dollars a year, rations, and a dinner every day in the great hall. The boys, who did not often know their names, gave them nicknames by which they became generally known. Thus three were called "Battle," "Murder" and "Sudden Death;" another "Lark," in consequence of a certain levity of demeanor at divine service. These old gentlemen were expected to attend chapel daily. Every evening at nine o'clock the chapel bell tolled the exact number of them, just as Great Tom at Christ Church, Oxford, nightly rings out the number of the students. Being for the most part aged men, soured by misfortune and failure, they are naturally enough often hard to please and difficult to deal with.

No passage in Thackeray's writings is more deeply pathetic than that in which he records the last scene of one "poor brother," that Bayard of fiction, Colonel Newcome: "At the usual evening hour the chapel-bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said, 'Adsum!' and fell back. It was the word he used at school when names were called; and lo, he whose heart was as that of a little child had answered to his name and stood in the presence of the Master."

\* In his curious *London and the Country, Characterized and Quoted into several Characters* (1832); Lupton writes under the head of

"CHARTER-HOUSE.

"This place is well described by three things—magnificence, munificence and religious government. The first shows the wealth of the founder; the second, the means to make the good thing done durable; the third demonstrates his intent that thus established it. . . . This one place hath sent many a famous member to the universities, and not a few to the wars. The deed of this man that so ordered the house is much spoken of and commended; but there's none (except only one—Sion College) that hath as yet either striven to equal or imitate that, and I fear never will."

A blushing maiden of forty summers entered the Town Clerk's Office, in Wheeling, W. Va., recently, and asked, in a voice trembling with agitation, for a license. The clerk took down the name and address of the visitor. "Name and address of the other party?" asked the clerk. "Faithful, and he lives with me," replied the fair one. The clerk looked at her for a moment, and blushing completed the filling of the document, which he handed to the lady. He was astonished at her conduct. She gave one glance at the license, hoarsely whispered "monster!" and swept majestically out of the office. The clerk had presented her with a marriage license, when it was a dog license she wanted.