

William Catson having fastened an enormous cracker to a piece of string, lighted it, and placing it carefully on the coat-button of Mr. Fizzy—who was leaning over a desk—asked leave to go out. In half a minute bang, bang! went the cracker, and played fantastically by the string all round Fizzy. Sab went round and asked everybody to take his oath that he had no part in this event—a request which was readily granted. Then Sab made a speech, with the usual preface :

"Thirty-and-five years have I sat in this seat," &c. "Some boy in this room is a black-guard and a liar." (Groans and hisses.) "Thirty-and-five years have I sat in this seat, and have never seen such a disgraceful thing." (Groans and hisses.)

After school the big fellows sat round the fire, and at my expense smoked bad tobacco, and drank worse beer, which I had to fetch from the Fox and Hounds.

At tea-time the milk was bad, and a general order was given to upset it on the table. This hint was sometimes taken, but more frequently pocketed by the school deities.

In the evening the boys paid Sab out by stopping up the jet of his gas, by putting a small pig inside his desk, and by placing on the top of the desk the large gates which had been unhinged from their usual position in the field.

The man-servant Leger, and two or three friends whom he called in from the street, removed the gates; but what was Sab's surprise to see a live pig jump out of his desk and misconduct itself on his black breeches! Of course the usual speech was delivered—"Thirty-and-five years have I sat in this seat, and never," &c., &c. (Groans.) Sab could see tolerably well by the gas which was lighted in the school, but when he tried to light his private burner he observed the trick played upon him. "Thirty-and-five years," &c., &c. (Groans and hisses.)

"Dear me! why do you annoy me? I never annoy you." (Laughter.)

Evening study lasted from seven to eight, but attendance did not seem compulsory on the bigger boys, who might be seen at this time

emerging from pot-houses and ready for any devilry.

One day the key of the kitchen clock was missed. Of course Sab said we had taken it, and when we individually protested that we were innocent, he replied, as he always did on such occasions :

"Well, if you did not, somebody else did. I will stop the pocket-money."

I became alarmed, but my schoolfellows said, "Never mind, we will bring Sab to his senses," and went to work in the following way:—

They first removed the bust of Homer (by which I afterwards learned the doctor set great store) and then drew, in charcoal, representations of clocks and keys on the whitewashed walls. All over the place could be seen the words—"The key of the kitchen clock we have not got. No pocket-money; no Homer."

Sab, on coming to afternoon school at once missed Homer.

"Gentlemen, where is Homer?" he said, more in sorrow than in anger.

On observing the charcoal drawings and writing on the wall, he exclaimed,

"Gentlemen, bring back Homer, and I will give out the pocket-money."

Homer was replaced, but insult and eventually annihilation were in store for him.

Homer was opposite the fire-place, and boys would fling coals at him, until at length they knocked out his eyes. Sab was deeply affected, but attempted a grim joke. "Well, Homer was blind; but please, gentlemen, do not damage him any more."

For some time Homer escaped; but as the fifth of November approached, fireworks were plentiful in the school, and just as the doctor was coming into school one young devil put through Homer's eyeless orbits two squibs, which sank down into the hollow bust. Sab observed the sparks ejected by Homer, and presently an explosion by which the blind bard fell shattered to the ground. Poor Sab cried as he stood over the ruins, and preserved the poet's crown, which I believe he kept as a treasure until his dying day. His face of sorrow I shall never forget.

(To be continued.)