

One of the most intimate acquaintances while at school was a fellow named Crowe. He had an immense hooked nose, and I used to be continually teasing him by telling him that he had a nose like a crow's bill. Many were the pranks I used to play upon him, all of which he generally received with the utmost good nature.

The matron of the school often bribed us scholars into doing little chores for her. One day she offered Crowe and me some bread and cheese (which by the way is very acceptable to a hungry school-boy) if we would do her a favor. I forget now what the nature of it was, at any rate we performed it. Crowe not being near, the bread and cheese was given to me to divide between us, but just then a wicked thought possessed me. I felt that I would dearly love to see how Crowe would look if I were to eat his share as well as my own, so in a short time all the bread and cheese had disappeared, and I went to inform Crowe of what I had done. My expectations were more than realized by seeing him get into a towering rage, which was a very unusual thing for easy-going, good-natured Crowe to do. But this is only a very mild specimen of the scores of wicked plans which I was continually forming to amuse myself at the expense of someone else. Indeed, I have often since wondered that Crowe and I were such good friends when I was such a torment to him, and I can attribute it to nothing else except his excessive good nature. He was human, however, and would often get exceedingly angry at me, but we would soon be as good friends as ever, and forget all about our previous quarrels and disagreements. One day he was absent at dinner hour, and his dinner was set aside for him when he should return. Again the evil spirit of mischief took possession of me, and I coolly and deliberately ate every morsel of poor Crowe's dinner, and then waited impatiently for the fun which I expected to have when he returned. He came, and anyone can imagine his feelings when with his good appetite he discovered that his dinner had been eaten by someone else, and who was that some one else, was very easy for him to divine. He swallowed his rage, however, and left me very much disappointed at seeing him apparently so very little concerned about the loss of a good dinner, but he knew me well enough at this time to know how it delighted me to see anyone get into a passion, and by mastering his own feelings he had all the fun on his own side by witnessing my disappointment.

In the summer time we boys used to have to go about two miles out to Edinburgh to bathe. One day three or four of us elder boys raised a collection among ourselves and bought a bottle of whiskey. This we drank between us, and as may be supposed it made us all reeling drunk.

In this disgraceful condition we turned to go back to school, but on our way we met the Principal. He saw at once how matters stood, and I can remember the look of mortification and disgust