

giving the work in his own beautiful penmanship in red ink over my scrawl, he would wind up by giving me a smart rap with the lignum vitæ ruler on the side of the head. How I ached for the snail-like years to slip by, till I became a strong man to break him all up. Meanwhile could nothing be done against him? Yes. Every Sunday evening the Principal had the whole school gathered as one Sunday School class. He would take part of a chapter containing one subject, get the ideas of each of us on it, and then give his own. At this class, all masters and ushers, (half-teachers and half-police, to keep the stronger boys in order) were expected to be present, Howe included. It was beyond cavil that Howe used to drop once and awhile into a cosy quiet inn near the common, to have his pot of half-and-half. His naturally red cheeks and blushing nose, made him unjustly suspected of more than the actual indulgence. One Sunday evening, when the lesson was half over, Howe came in heated and flurried. Pritchard coldly remarked, "I think, Mr. Howe, you might contrive to set the boys an example of punctuality." Howe said nothing, but hurrying to his seat, squatted down, jumping up with a yell, which was as heavenly manna to myself and co-conspirators, who had firmly embedded a needle, point upwards in the bench. He was too excited to make any explanation intelligible, and Pritchard, now thoroughly convinced that he had been boozing too long at the tavern, looked up at the ceiling, saying to nobody in particular, that "instructors of youth should show some little respect for the decorum of a religious gathering." We had our own Church of England Chapel with handsome stained glass windows, and some of our choir used to sing occasionally in Westminster Abbey. We had occasional processions through London, marching two abreast, with a master at front and rear. Our special chance was turning a corner in the fashionable west end street. When the two middle boys were opposite the street corner, the master in front could not see the boys in the front half, because his back was turned, neither could the rear master, being obstructed in his view by the houses. A boy in the front half would run up the steps of a mansion like lightning, ring and give a thundering rap, and would have time to repeat the operation on another door and be back in the ranks. The fun was to see the silk-stockinged footmen open the door, and sometimes collar the boy in front of him, the real culprit having moved on thirty or forty feet as they walked.

Severe caning and flogging prevailed. The discipline was stern but the education thorough, and in the term examination papers (printed on our own press) questions were asked outside the text books to test our general knowledge, such as "do stones grow?"

IN LOVE.

Left school for good Home again to the Observatory. Fell in love when thirteen with Henrietta, same age. Used to chase her, along the parapet of the grapery. Was hopelessly, madly smitten. We climbed trees together, but I never could get her higher than the second fork of the "Hornbeam." To me, she had all the possible graces of body and soul. Did ever short frock disclose more shapely ankle? I was in the seventh, nay, the forty-seventh heaven. We were evidently made for each other, though

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