

there was a cockpit there. On one of these outings in a curricie a horse bolted, and the driver, brutalised by terror, ordered his fag to jump on to the horse's back and saw at his bit. The foolhardy feat was accomplished, and the horse stopped, but the small boy's arms were almost pulled out of their sockets, and one of them got badly dislocated. This boy boarded at Shurey's, and it fell to Gladstone's lot to embrocate his shoulder with vinegar, until it was seen that the injury could not be repaired without help from a doctor.

Gladstone himself never had such grievous fagging adventures as this.

Touching fags, it may be mentioned that, when it came to Gladstone's own turn to be a fag-master, one among the servitors he had was George Mellish, son of the Dean of Hereford. Master and fag lost sight of each other after both had left school; but years afterwards it became Mr. Gladstone's duty, as Prime Minister, to offer a Lord Justiceship to George Mellish. "I wrote to him as 'Dear sir,'" says Mr. Gladstone, "having no idea that I was addressing an old fag of mine; but a few days later, as we were going down to Windsor, we met on the platform at Paddington, and he reminded me of the relation in which he had formerly stood towards me. All recollection of him had unaccountably slipped from my memory, until he thus unexpectedly reintroduced himself."

Another of Gladstone's fags was John Smith Mansfield, now a police magistrate at Marlborough Street Court. Mr. Mansfield says of him: "He was not exacting, and I had an easy time of it. I cannot remember doing anything more than laying out his breakfast and tea table, and occasionally doing an errand. As Gladstone was about five years my senior, there was an immense distance between us. I recall him as a good-

looking, rather delicate youth, with a pale face, and brown, curling hair—always tidy and well-dressed—not given much to athletic exercises, but occasionally sculling, playing cricket, and hockey."

A PLEA FOR THE PIGS.

It used to be customary for a boy on promotion to the fifth form to give a supper in his room; and afterwards to recite a satirical ode, passing comments on all the other fellows in his boarding-house. These productions were often very coarse, for it was an understood thing that the authors of them were never to be molested by those whom they abused. Gladstone in his fifth form poem eschewed all personalities, but conveyed his opinion with great vigour on some of the abuses rife in the school, and in particular on cruelties that used to be practised towards pigs at the Eton fair that was held every Ash Wednesday. A barbarous usage had arisen for boys to hustle the drivers and then cut off the tails of the pigs. Gladstone gave great offence by remarking that the boys who were foremost in this kind of butchery were the first to quake at the consequences of detection, and he dared them, as they were proud of their work, to sport the trophies of it in their hats. On the following Ash Wednesday he found three newly-amputated pig-tails hung in a bunch on his door, with a paper bearing this inscription:—

"Quisquis amat porcos, porcis amabitur
illic;
Cauda sit exemplum ter repetita tibi."

Gladstone wrote underneath a challenge to the despoilers of the pigs to come forth and take a receipt for their offering which he would mark—"In good round hand upon your faces;" but the statesman, who, in his seventy-fourth year, fells trees for amusement, was already, as