

reviewer, who is the Commander-in-Chief, "in habit studious, and in conduct exemplary."

We all know the story of that unconsciously cynical child, who asked of his mamma in the churchyard, "Where are all the bad people buried?" and, like him, when I read the narratives, put forth now-a-days, descriptive of our young gentlemen at school—all, I suppose, more or less biographical and trustworthy—I am tempted to inquire, "Where are all the bad boys brought up?"

What becomes of them? Is the race extinct, or do they all run away to sea, as only the very worst of them used to do, and become "stowaways" in over-insured and presently-to-be-scuttled vessels? The question becomes as interesting as that of "hybernation" used to be in White-of-Selbourne's time. They are not here. Where have they got to? Even if one offered a reward for a bad boy—we are speaking, of course, of boys of the upper classes only, though even the lower ones are being made angels of by the school boards at the rate of a thousand a week—we doubt whether we should secure a specimen; the natural sciences, combined with the classics and mathematics, and always in connection with "the tone," having effected so complete a destruction of the species. When the Wild Birds Protection Act was in course of discussion, it occurred to many minds interested in the preservation of the unique, that something might be done for these poor featherless bipeds, but the time has now gone by for anything effective. At the period for which we write, the good boy was about as rare a creature as the kingfisher or the otter; while the goody-goody boy, now so common as to be somewhat obtrusive, was almost as unknown as the dodo. One or two of these latter, driven by stress of circumstances, were indeed known to stray into the very spot we are now describing—the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich; but they were treated with such barbarity by the aboriginies, who had a distaste amounting to fanaticism for anything of the sort, that they fled away immediately, or perished as martyrs.

We could much astonish that unsuspecting gentleman, called "the general reader," if we were to go into details of their treatment; but to describe things as they are—much more as they were—is pronounced to be "sensational" and "unhealthy;" and, besides, it would curdle his blood, which is contrary to the Adulteration Act.

It is half-past five on a fine summer morning, and the sun is shining brightly into a high, white-walled apartment in which gentleman cadet Cecil Henry Landon, "head of the room," and three others are lying, each on their "narrow beds" of iron, after the pattern of that patronised by the great Duke of Wellington, whose well-known figure, with uplifted finger, was at that epoch still to be seen in London streets. They are asleep, and therefore out of mischief; nor do their upturned