

customary that every occupant of a stall should, on taking his seat for the first time, distribute amongst his neighbours packets of almonds and raisins, which were eaten *during the service*. Between 2 and 3 P.M. all the forms below the sixth (but not the Lower School) had to muster in the upper school-room, where Dr. Keate gave out the subjects for the week's Latin theme, and then gabbled out some pages from the "Maxims" of Epictetus, or a few extracts from Blair's "Sermons." During this performance some of the boys, having brought pens and ink with them, would dash off their themes, while the others kept up a continuous uproar. Keate, quacking like an angry duck, to use Alexander Kinglake's description of his wife, would now and again demand silence, but it was the custom of the boys to be deliberately obstreperous at this Sunday class, which they called "Rose" (Keate called it "Prayers"), and the headmaster so far tolerated the scandal that he only made a show of trying to suppress it by occasionally picking out some of the worst among the rioters and flogging them. Being indiscriminating in his punishments, as despots generally are, he once wanted to flog Gladstone because the latter's hat was knocked out of his hand by a boy nudging his elbow. "Playing at cricket with your hat, eh?" he screamed from his desk. It was with some trouble the accused demonstrated that there had been no offence, but only an accident. Keate's distrust of schoolboy honour, however, was inveterate. "Well, I must flog somebody for this," he quacked. "Find me the boy who gave you the nudge."

PUZZLING THE PEDAGOGUE.

On one occasion Gladstone, being præpostor of his form, had omitted to mark down a friend who had come late into school. A birch was at once

called for, and Keate magniloquently upbraided as a breach of trust that which seems to have been only a lapse of memory. "If you please, sir," argued the future statesman, then fourteen years old, "my præpostorship would have been an office of trust if I had sought it of my own accord, *but it was forced upon me.*" Keate might have answered that the offices of sheriff and of juryman are forced upon the holders, who nevertheless are required to discharge them with diligence; but he was a very sophist, always more disposed to admire the ingenuity of a tortuous excuse than to put faith in a candid explanation. Mr. Gladstone admits now that his defence was more culpable than the fault; but if he had not succeeded in puzzling the small wits of his master, that peevish pedagogue would have flogged him.

Arthur Hallam had gone to Eton in the same year as Gladstone, and they were both in the same form, Gladstone being several places above his friend. Dr. Keate used once a week to take the "remove" for a lesson of Horace, and the fourth form for a lesson of Cæsar; and he soon singled out Gladstone, Hallam, and J. Colvile as good boys to "call up," because they seemed to take some interest in their lessons.

FAGGING ADVENTURES.

Gladstone and Hallam only remained lower boys for about eighteen months. During most of that time Gladstone fagged for his brother Thomas, and he was lucky in having a brother who did not drive about in gigs, as it was a common custom for fast upper boys to do. The fags of these fast ones would be sent to the livery stables to order traps, and sometimes their masters would take them out to act as "tigers" during drives to Salt Hill or to Marsh's Inn at Maidenhead, a favourite place of resort, as