

dren, the wanderers of American forests, who can scarcely count their fingers, who know as little of letters as the bear of the woods, and of books and school training as the horse which ploughs the field, with your own children, whose intelligence, quickness of apprehension, and knowledge of letters and numbers, I have, with much pleasure, been endeavouring to trace for a few days. See how different their place and position; see how much removed from the former; see how precious the boon they are thus enjoying; and how many their chances and great their opportunities, if spared, to become men of intelligence and worth, and be shining lights in the world when you are dead and gone. And to what are we to attribute this great difference in mental energy and development—skill and progress—states of living and moral culture?—Just to education—blessed and sanctified by the God of heaven.—But can we preserve our position and push on the noble cause, without well skilled teachers? and can these be secured without due encouragement and suitable remuneration? And with these, little is the progress that children can make without steady, regular attendance. But can anything at all be done without the support and hearty co-operation of parents? Never, never. Oh! then, quicken your zeal, double your efforts, and with heart and soul, do your duty—and be the life and soul of this high and world-making work, and may heaven bless your efforts

School days of Eminent Men in Great-Britain.

By JOHN TIMES, F. S. A.

(Continued from our last.)

CXLIX.

LORD HILL, THE WATERLOO HERO.

Rowland, Lord Viscount Hill, was born in Shropshire, in 1772. He was first placed at Ightfield, a neighbouring village, and thence sent to Chester, where he won the affections of his schoolfellows from his gentle disposition, and the gallantry with which he was always ready to assist any comrade who had got into a scrape, at the same time that he was himself the least likely to be involved in one on his own account. He was of delicate constitution, and he was thrown more than usually upon the care of Mrs. Winfield, wife of one of the masters of the school. It is one of the delightful traits of Hill's character, that the grateful affection which he then felt for this amiable lady, continued an enduring sentiment in after-life, and was repeatedly exhibited after the delicate school-boy had grown up into one of the most renowned generals of his time. Thus, after the abdication of Napoleon in 1814, when Lord Hill accompanied his friend, Lord Combermere, on his entry into Chester, where he himself received a greeting all the more cordial from his having spent some of his earlier years at a Chester school, as he passed along the streets of the city in a triumphal procession, it was observed that his eye singled out among the applauding throng, one on whom he bestowed the kindest recognition. It was Mrs. Winfield whom he had thus distinguished: he had never forgotten her kindness to him when a boy.

The same love of horticulture, the same fondness for pet animals, which characterised Hill in after-life, had already been exhibited by him at school, where his little garden prospered, and his favourites thrived, better than those of any of his companions. But there is another characteristic of his, which comes with something like surprise upon those who have been in the habit of associating the name of Hill so closely with the battle-field. "His sensibility," says Mrs. Winfield, "was almost feminine." One of the boys happened to cut his finger, and was brought by Rowland Hill to have it dressed, but her attention was soon drawn from the wound to Rowland, who had fainted.

And even after his military career had commenced when it happened that a prize-fight was exhibited near the windows of his lodgings, such was the effect produced on him by the brutality of the scene, that he was carried fainting out of his room. So little does there require to be in common between the most heroic courage and the coarse and vulgar attribute of insensibility to the sight of blood and suffering. He explained afterwards, in reference to the carnage which he had witnessed in war, that he had still the same feelings as at first, "but in the excitement of battle all individual sensation was lost sight of."

Young Hill entered the army in 1790, and upon leave of absence went to a military academy at Strasburg, where he remained till 1791, when he obtained a lieutenancy. Lord Hill greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Waterloo, and was there exposed to the greatest personal danger: his horse was shot under him, and fell wounded in five places; he himself was rolled over

and severely bruised, and for half an hour, in the mêlée, it was feared by his troops that he had been killed. But he rejoined them to their great delight, and was at their head to the close of the day.

CLX.

COLERIDGE AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL AND CAMBRIDGE.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge, "logician, metaphysician, bard," may be said to have commanded a larger number of zealous admirers than any other literary man in England since Dr. Johnson. Coleridge was a native of Devonshire, and was born in 1772, at St. Mary Ottery, of which parish his father was vicar. From 1775, he tells us in his *Biographia Literaria*, he continued at the reading-school, because he was too little to be trusted among his father's schoolboys. He relates further, how, through the jealousy of a brother, he was in earliest childhood huffed away from the enjoyments of muscular activity by play, to take refuge by his mother's side, on his little stool, to read his little book, and listen to the talk of his elders. In 1782, he was sent to Christ's Hospital; and after passing six weeks in the branch school at Hertford, little Coleridge, already regarded by his relations as a talking prodigy, came up to the great school in London, where he continued for eight years, with Bowyer for his teacher, and Charles Lamb for his associate; Coleridge being "the poor friendless boy" in Elia's "Christ's Hospital Five-and-thirty Years Ago." Here Coleridge made very great progress in his classical studies; for he had before his fifteenth year translated the hymns of Synesius into English Anacreontics. His choice of these hymns for translation is explained by his having even at that early age, plunged deeply into metaphysics. He says: "At a very premature age, even before my fifteenth year, I had bewildered myself in metaphysics and theological controversy. Nothing else pleased me. History and particular facts lost all interest in my mind. Poetry itself, yea, novels and romances, became insipid to me." From such pursuits, Coleridge was, however, weaned for a time by the reading of Mr. Lisle Bowles's Sonnets, which had just then been published, and made a powerful influence upon his mind.

He describes himself as being, from eight to fourteen, "a playless dreamer, a *heluo librorum* (a glutton of books)." A stranger, whom he accidentally met one day in the streets of London, and who was struck with his conversation, made him free of a circulating library, and he read through the collection, folio and all. At fourteen, he had, like Gibbon, a stock of erudition that might have puzzled a doctor, and a degree of ignorance of which a schoolboy would have been ashamed. He had no ambition: his father was dead; and he would have apprenticed himself to a shoemaker who lived near the school, had not the head-master prevented him.

He has left some interesting recollections of Christ's Hospital in his time. "The discipline," he says, "was ultra-Spartan: all domestic ties were to be put aside. 'Boy,' I remember Boyer saying to me once, when I was crying, the first day of my return after the holidays, 'Boy! the school is your father! Boy! the school is your mother! Boy! the school is your brother! the school is your sister! the school is your first-cousin and your second-cousin, and all the rest of your relations! Let's have no more crying!'"

Coleridge became deputy-Grec. n, or head-scholar and obtained an exhibition or presentation from Christ's Hospital to Jesus College, Cambridge, in 1791. While at the University, he did not turn his attention at all to mathematics; but obtained a prize for a Greek ode on the Slave-trade, and distinguished himself in a contest for the Craven scholarship, in which Dr. Butler, afterwards Bishop of Lichfield, was the successful candidate.

"Coleridge," says a schoolfellow of his, who followed him to Cambridge in 1792, "was very studious, but his reading was desultory and capricious. He took little exercise merely for the sake of exercise; but he was ready at any time to unbend his mind to conversation; and for the sake of this, his room (the ground-floor room on the right-hand of the staircase, facing the great gate) was a constant rendezvous of conversation—loving friends, I will not call them loungers, for they did not call to kill time, but to enjoy it. What evenings have I spent in those rooms! What suppers, or *sizings*, as they were called, have I enjoyed, when Æschylus, and Plato, and Thucydides were pushed aside, with a pile of lexicons and the like, to discuss the pamphlets of the day! Ever and anon a pamphlet issued from the pen of Burke. There was no need of having the book before us:—Coleridge had read it in the morning, and in the evening he would repeat whole pages *verbatim*."

Coleridge did not take a degree. During the second year of his residence, he suddenly left the University in a fit of despondency; and after wandering for a while about the streets of London, in extreme pecuniary distress, terminated this adventure by enlisting in the 15th Dragoons, under the assumed name of Comberbach. He made but a poor dragoon, and never advanced beyond the awkward squad. He wrote letters, however, for all his comrades,