

## SCHOOLBOY EXPERIENCE.

Oh, that miserable going to school! Who can ever forget the first parting, when the tears flow down the little softy's cheeks! But he is buoyed up with the thought that everybody at the school will be to him like his brother. On his approach to the school, how his heart throbs, and how much his mind is filled with mingled dread and joy! The gloomy and disconsolate look of the house in no way cheers him. The sweet little model boy, whom he has been picturing on his way rushes not into his arms and gives him the hand of welcome, but in his place there looms a big lout of a fellow, who immediately knocks off his hat, and tries to palm himself off as a master, but is, in fact, the acknowledged dunce of the whole college.

When the poor little fellow comes to the table for the first time, and takes his seat at the middle among the other boys, all eyes are on him, and he becomes conscious that there *was* a bun before him, when he finds it snatched off his plate by the boy next him, and doubtless no *littler* passes around when, in his ignorance, he asks the boarding-house master for salt.

But he longs for bed time, and when lying in bed how many times he recalls the incidents of the day, and feels that now he has arrived at that desperate period of life when his hand is against everybody and everybody's hand against him!

We imagine his wonder is aroused when, on enquiring who those are who wear gowns, he is told that they are the tailors of the establishment, and is advised to go to them and order his cricket suit; and on the first bath-night he is persuaded to ask the master for his "ticket."

But the new boy becomes naturalized at last, and everything runs smoothly except that there is much grumbling about the food. What a great come-down it is to the country boy, who has heretofore been accustomed to ten or twelve *entrées* at his father's table, to have to take the simple joint; or for him who has been accustomed to a six-foot-two powdered footman to attend to his every want, to have to share, along with sixteen others, one slowly-going waiter, such as would never be admitted among the retinue of his father's servants, his father always having imported French *chefs*, and having, after the manner of his kind, been ever ready to prepare an elegant meal for the dear little pet.

It reminds one very forcibly of the story about two young cubs at Marlborough in England. Being a poor parson's sons they were taken at a reduced rate, but they were the ones who complained most about the food, though it was well known that their family at home was depriving themselves of fresh meat twice a week to help pay for these fellows.

But, however great the poor little fellow's loneliness may be for the first term, or however often he may have run the gauntlet, or got roasted or bumped as the case may be, still holidays, welcome to any schoolboy, come, and he is all aglow to get home; and when there the affectionate embrace—but we can go no farther—'tis too tender.

But the holidays pass, and he returns with his trunk closely packed with all imaginable kinds of oatcakes, thinking that his feasting is not over yet. But, alas, some cruel fellow finds them out, and steals them all.

But the "trial period" of his schoolboy life passes at last, and he in turn becomes as great a tease as anyone, and too soon sometimes becomes the bully instead of being the bullied. As he passes from being a junior to being a senior, he is allowed the privilege of studying in his own room, and in fact as he grows older he is left more and more to himself. If he has been earnest in his studies, perhaps he may be rewarded by getting an exhibition, if he has been a good cricketer, in having the highest score in a match, or if his conduct has been

unexceptionable, by receiving the good conduct prize, and even the *one* boy may go to bed some night, having all three. And when he has passed into the sixth form, he has become known by every boy in the College, and it is nothing short of wonderful the influence that he exerts.

But it is to be regretted that every boy does not similarly improve. A great many seem to forget that those boys with whom they now associate are the very ones with whom they will afterwards live. They seem to think that it will be all the same to them, whether they act well or ill, forgetting meanwhile that the character they form for themselves at College will be remembered by their school-fellows during subsequent life.

But when a boy has remained in the boarding-house from the time he enters the first form till he passes out of the sixth, whether his life so far has been one of pleasure or pain, whether or not it has been marked by many extraordinary events, or whether he has been at the head or foot of his form, he feels—not unlike the prisoners leaving the coil in which he has been long confined—that he has become so much attached to it that he regrets departing, and that although everything has not been so pleasant as might have been, still it has been a sunny period of his life, and that it has been more beneficial to him than home. J. O. A.

## MASTERS AND BOYS.

THEIR RELATIVE POSITION SET FORTH AND EXPATIATED UPON—BOYS' VIEW OF THE MATTER.

In many of the so-called educational institutions of the world, which institutions are a mixture of public, private, large, small, good and bad, most absurd notions exist with regard to the rights, privileges, independence, &c., of us boys. When speaking of an absurdity, we allude of course to its emanating from those all wise (in their own estimation) tyrants, generally known under the inappropriate name of masters, who strive to make themselves appear superior to us, but who in doing so inevitably fail. Indeed there is scarcely any need of informing our readers of this, as it is an established fact, with all intelligent persons, that we never do say or think anything but what is strictly correct and wise in every particular. We give it, however, for the benefit of those who are ignorant of this great truth.

Many have asserted Woman's Rights, and we think that it is time now to turn our attention to asserting the rights of the most important, most worthy, and at the same time most oppressed members of society, viz., boys; and this, therefore, we intend to do to the best of our ability. The first proof of our superiority is an axiom—it requires no proof—it stands to reason, and it is this: the gentlemen in question go on teaching the same old thing over and over, year after year, so often that they become so habituated to it, that they know it by rote, and it becomes a mere mechanical process, and in consequence we who now illustriously fill the benches of these institutions, hear many of the same old explanations (long ago worn out), and the same jokes cracked (now *slightly* stale) as those which rung in the ears of our noble, but oppressed, predecessors, all through their course, but which, after this declaration of rights, we trust our successors will not be doomed to bear. Now how infinitely superior to them are we who think over our lessons, read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them?

Another case in which the truth of our statement is manifested, occurs when having received an answer too learned and profound for them, they hesitatingly say, "Well ye-ye-yea, I'll take that, &c.," simply because expecting a simple answer suited to their shallow intellects, and not understanding our reply, they don't wish to show their lamentable ignorance by looking

into the meaning of it. We would not for the world insinuate that they are in want of learned words. Oh, no! Some have, no doubt, two or three columns of the longest and rarest English and classical words off by heart, but learnt in a dictionary which gives no meanings, or perhaps invented; and when their knowledge-box is empty, they (the words) are used with great apparent effect in preaching at us for the rest of the hour. Some of them actually have to borrow from Solomon, and invariably in cases similar to the preceding, either quote his wise sayings to put on a semblance of wisdom, or more often, only being acquainted with the name and not the writings of the wise man, tell us to *consult* him.

Some of them have the audacity to tell us (contrary to all the established rules of Hygiene), that we should not take into account the preservation of our bodies, but that we should merely wash our faces in the morning, swallow two or three mouthfuls of food two or three times a day, let them "rip" (the exact words), and think of other things. (We suppose they mean think of *them*, because the better things we think of, the better we shall be, though by so doing, we should be considerably lowered in our own estimation.)

And now permit us "gentle reader" to ask you just a few practical questions with regard to the arbitrary manner in which we have been treated, which we hope you will look at from a practical point of view and act in accordance therewith, and we are sure that you will say with us, "Whoever has heard or ever will hear of a barefaced assumption of authority equal to this?"

Why may not we in the examinations take a peep at the paper of our neighbour, with his permission, (merely of course to see that he is doing it right,) without being accused of that lowest of all sins, cheating: when the masters forsooth, never ask a question except with the *book* open before them?

Why should we be blamed for not answering the questions which *they* with their brains dull by plodding over examination papers, ask, when we having been out to tea the night before, have our wits sharpened by contact with others?

Why should not we, when we wish to be comfortable, keep our windows shut? We have no doubt that if the present state of affairs with regard to this continues, there will be very soon a coroner's verdict over some poor unfortunate of "died from excess ventilation."

In conclusion, we hope that the boys will take the matter up as becomes them, and assert their independence as free and independent *men*, free from the thralldom of the *would-be* tyrants, and independent of their advice, so often anomalous (a priv. and *vémoç* a law).

Recollect we mention no particular school, we give wide scope to our remarks. So let none cry out unless they wish to criminate themselves (Cicero).

ONE OF THE MASTERS.

CRED.—A young man from the country, out walking with a young lady, cudgelled his brains for some interesting topic of conversation to amuse her with, but in vain; he could hit upon nothing until they met several cows, when the swain said, with much simplicity of manner, "Now, isn't it strange what a motherly appearance a cow has?"—To which the lady replied, "I do not think it strange, sir, that a cow should have a motherly appearance to a calf."

"Guilty, or not guilty?" asked a magistrate of a prisoner. "Just as yer honor plazes," was the reply, "it's not the loikes of me, to dictato to yer honor's worship."

A wag who lent a minister a horse that ran away and threw his clerical rider, thought he should have some credit for his aid in "spreading" the gospel.

An old bachelor suggests that births should be published under the head of "New Music."