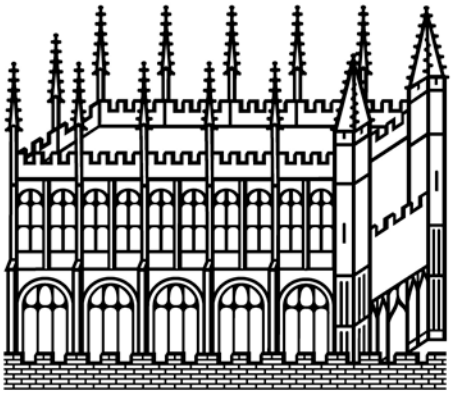


Bodleian Libraries

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

This book is part of the collection held by the Bodleian Libraries and scanned by Google, Inc. for the Google Books Library Project.

For more information see:

http://www.bodleian.ox.ac.uk/dbooks

This work is licensed under a Creative Commons Attribution-NonCommercial-ShareAlike 2.0 UK: England & Wales (CC BY-NC-SA 2.0) licence.

FIRST FRIENDS IN LITERATURE

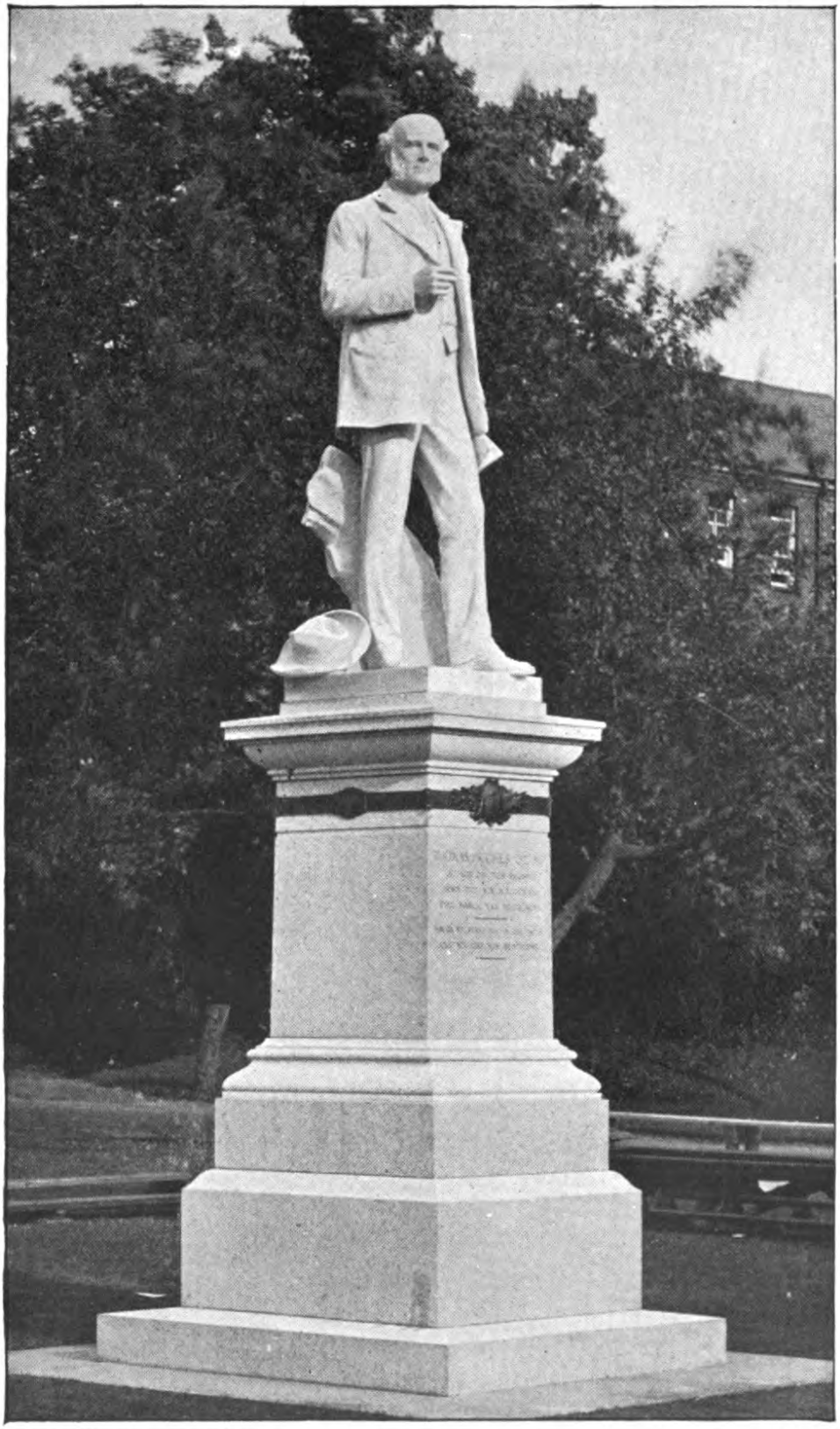
TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS

1/-

32.
2.268

2532.. e. 268

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS



J. J. Hensman, Rugby. *Photo.*

STATUE OF JUDGE HUGHES AT RUGBY.

(*See Preface*).

FIRST FRIENDS IN LITERATURE

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS

BY

AN OLD BOY

ABRIDGED AND EDITED FOR SCHOOL READING

LONDON
EDWARD ARNOLD
41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, BOND STREET, W.

[*All rights reserved*]

FIRST FRIENDS IN LITERATURE

Each 160 pages. Illustrated. Crown 8vo.
Price **1s.**

A new series designed to meet the demand for continuous reading from good literature. Edited and abridged for school use.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL. By CHARLES DICKENS.

PARABLES FROM NATURE. By Mrs. GATTY.

ROBINSON CRUSOE. By DANIEL DEFOE.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS.

THE TALISMAN. By Sir WALTER SCOTT.

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS. By T. HUGHES.

BODLEIAN
19 10 1907
LIBRARY

PREFACE

THE "Old Boy" who has given us, in this story, his own recollections of life at Rugby under Dr. Arnold was Thomas Hughes, son of John Hughes, of Donnington Priory, near Newbury. He was born in 1823. After leaving Rugby he went to Oxford and took the degree of B.A. in 1845. His experiences at college are recorded in his later story, "Tom Brown at Oxford." He was called to the Bar—that is, became a barrister—in 1848; was made a Q.C. (Queen's Counsel) in 1869, and a County Court Judge in 1882. He was a Member of Parliament for Lambeth in 1865, and for Frome from 1868 to 1874. He took a great interest in social reform, that is, in making the lives of poor people happier and better. He wrote several other books, including "The Scouring of the White Horse," and "Alfred the Great." He died in 1896.

The original of the character of Tom Brown's friend at Rugby, George Arthur, is said to have been the famous Arthur Stanley, Dean of Westminster. He wrote the "Life of Dr. Arnold," and thus the two friends have each left a record of the great head-master. Boys who now become interested in the story of Tom Brown must be sure to read, when they are older, the biography by Dean Stanley, and also the poem "Rugby Chapel," by Matthew Arnold, the Doctor's eldest son.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
	PREFACE	v
I.	TOM'S ARRIVAL AT RUGBY	7
II.	THE FOOTBALL MATCH	16
III.	TOSSED IN A BLANKET	27
IV.	TOM'S FIRST "HALF"	40
V.	FLASHMAN THE BULLY	53
VI.	SCRAPES AND PUNISHMENTS	75
VII.	HOW THE TIDE TURNED	84
VIII.	THE NEW BOY	97
IX.	THE FIGHT	108
X.	FEVER IN THE SCHOOL	126
XI.	TOM BROWN'S LAST MATCH	138
	GLOSSARY [1]	159

[1] *N.B.— Words explained in the Glossary are marked with an asterisk in the text.*

ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
STATUE OF JUDGE HUGHES AT RUGBY	*frontispiece*
THE SCHOOL GATES	11
PORTRAIT OF DR. ARNOLD	33
INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL, WITH DR. ARNOLD'S GRAVE	41
THE HEAD-MASTER'S HOUSE	91
TOM BROWN'S STUDY	105
THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS	129
PORTRAIT OF DEAN STANLEY (see Preface, p. v)	143

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL-DAYS

CHAPTER I

TOM'S ARRIVAL AT RUGBY

Tom Brown was the son of Squire Brown, a Justice of the Peace for the County of Berkshire, and his home was at a village near Swindon. There he used to play with the village boys, and learnt to wrestle and ride. When he was nine years old he was sent to a private boarding-school, but he did not stay there long, and soon persuaded his father to send him to Rugby, which had then (about 1830) *lately come under the rule of the famous Dr. Arnold.*

So Squire Brown took Tom up to London and saw him off in the coach to Rugby, for railways had only just been invented, and coaching was still the general mode of travel. Tom began his career at Rugby in the middle of a winter term, or "half" as it was called, so he found the school in full swing.

"And so here's Rugby, sir, at last, and you'll be in plenty of time for dinner at the School-house,

as I tell'd you," said the old guard, pulling his horn out of its case, and tootle-tooing away. The coachman shook up his horses, and carried them along the side of the school close, round Deadman's Corner, past the school gates, and down the High Street to the Spread Eagle; the wheelers * in a spanking trot, and leaders cantering, in a style which would not have disgraced any of the old coaching heroes.

Tom's heart beat quick as he passed the great school field or close, with its noble elms, in which several games at football were going on, and tried to take in at once the long line of grey buildings, beginning with the chapel and ending with the School-house, the residence of the head-master, where the great flag was lazily waving from the highest round tower. And he began already to be proud of being a Rugby boy, as he passed the school gates, with the oriel * window above, and saw the boys standing there, looking as if the town belonged to them, and nodding in a familiar manner to the coachman, as if any one of them would be quite equal to getting on the box, and working the team down the street as well as he.

One of the young heroes, however, ran out from the rest, and scrambled up behind; where, having

* An asterisk against a word means that it is explained in the Glossary.

righted himself, and nodded to the guard, with "How do, Jem?" he turned short round to Tom, and, after looking him over for a minute, began—

"I say, you fellow, is your name Brown?"

"Yes," said Tom, in considerable astonishment, glad however to have lighted on some one already who seemed to know him.

"Ah, I thought so: you know my old aunt, Miss East; she lives somewhere down your way in Berkshire. She wrote to me that you were coming to-day, and asked me to give you a lift."

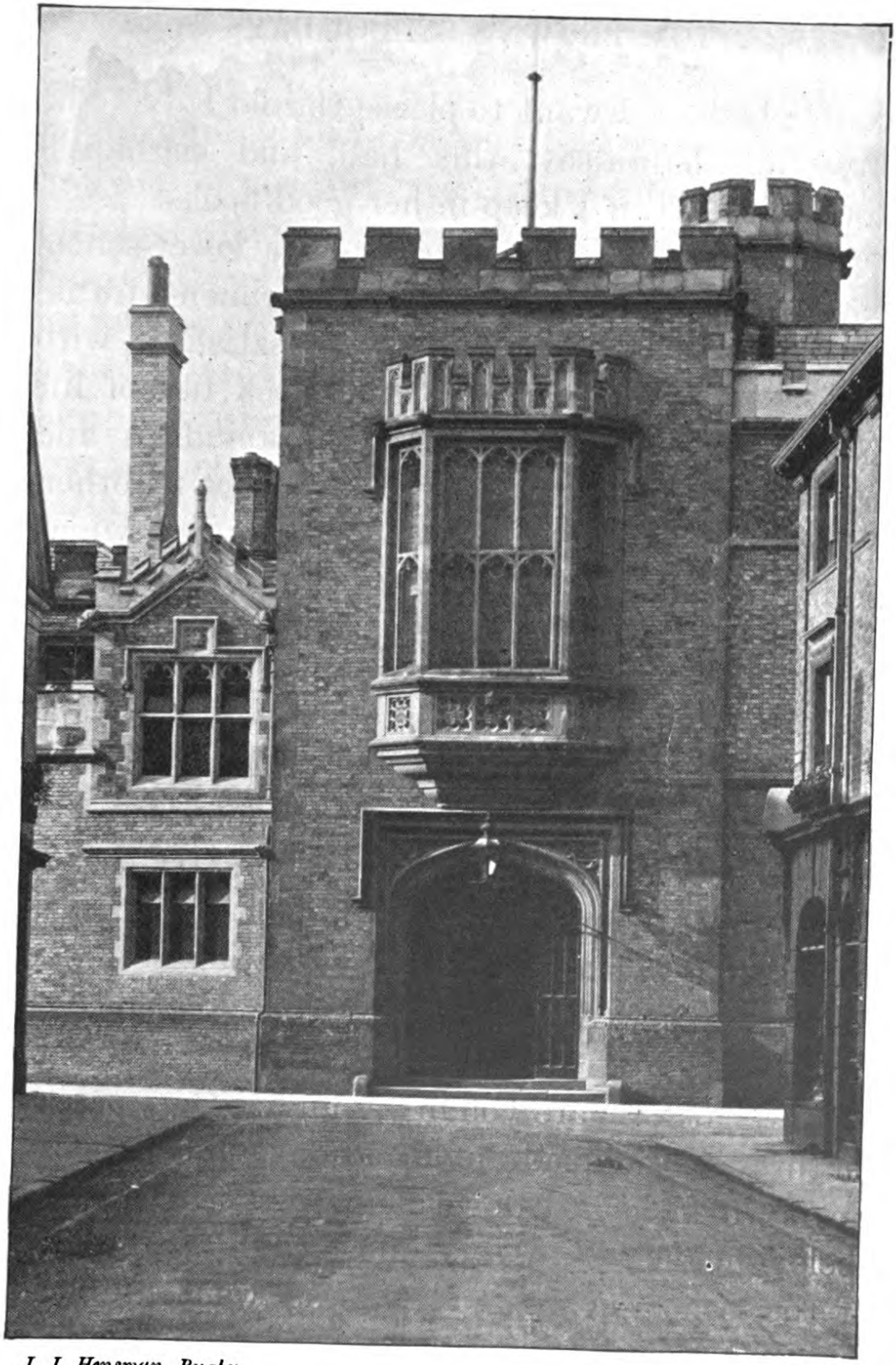
Tom was somewhat inclined to resent the patronising air of his new friend, a boy of just about his own height and age, but gifted with the most transcendent * coolness and assurance, which Tom felt to be aggravating and hard to bear, but couldn't for the life of him help admiring and envying—especially when young my lord begins hectoring * two or three long loafing fellows, half porter, half stableman, and in the end arranges with one of them to carry Tom's luggage up to the School-house for sixpence.

"Hullo tho'," says East, pulling up, and taking another look at Tom, "this'll never do—haven't you got a hat?—we never wear caps here. Only the louts wear caps. Bless you, if you were to go into the quadrangle with that thing on, I—— don't know what'd happen." The very idea was

quite beyond young Master East, and he looked unutterable things.

Tom thought his cat a very knowing affair, but confessed that he had a hat in his hat-box; which was accordingly at once extracted from the cash, and Tom produced it his go-to-meeting hat, as he now proudly called it. But this didn't quite suit his instructor taste a minute, being too much as the rest, and Tom is [illegible] without [illegible] seven-and-sixpence. Now it's worth the best [illegible] half-a-crown. [illegible]

[illegible] Monday.
[illegible] Master;
[illegible] half,'
[illegible] up
[illegible] his
[illegible] about
[illegible] his his
[illegible] as
[illegible] the
[illegible] shows



J. J. Hensman, Rugby. *Photo.*

THE SCHOOL GATES.

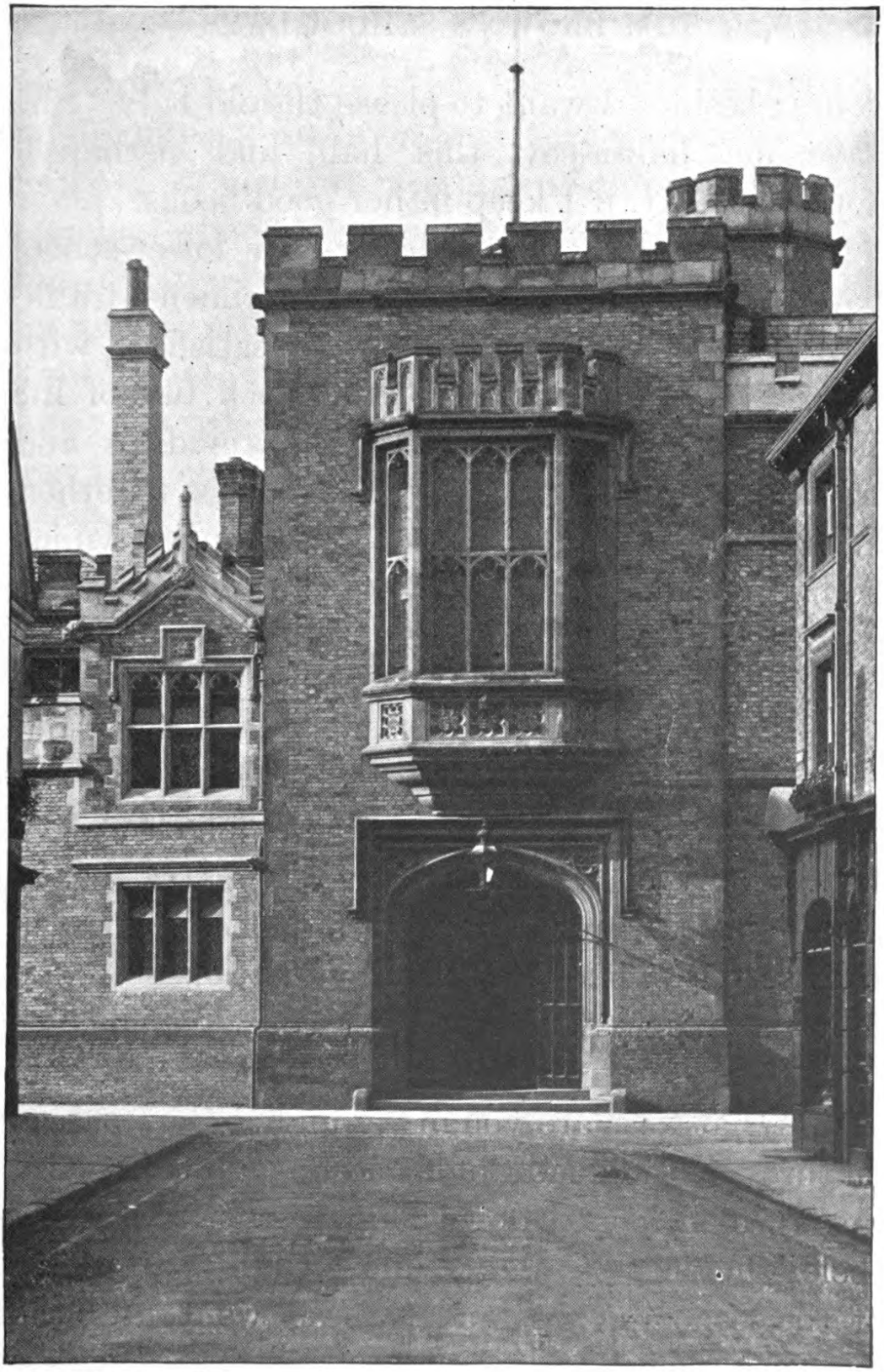
quite beyond young Master East, and he looked unutterable things.

Tom thought his cap a very knowing affair, but confessed that he had a hat in his hat-box; which was accordingly at once extracted from the coach, and Tom equipped in his go to-meeting roof, as his new friend called it. But this didn't quite suit his fastidious taste in another minute, being too shiny; so, as they walk up the town, they dive into Nixon's the hatter's, and Tom is arrayed, to his utter astonishment, and without paying for it, in a regulation cat-skin at seven-and-sixpence; Nixon undertaking to send the best hat up to the matron's room, School-house, in half an hour.

"You can send in a note for a tile on Monday, and make it all right, you know," said Mentor; "we're allowed two seven-and-sixers a half,[1] besides what we bring from home."

"You see," said his friend as they strolled up towards the school gates, in explanation of his conduct, "a great deal depends on how a fellow cuts up at first. If he's got nothing odd about him, and answers straightforward, and holds his head up, he gets on. Now you'll do very well as to rig, all but that cap. You see I'm doing the handsome thing by you, because my father knows

[1] *I.e.*, each half-year, or term.



J. J. Hensman, Rugby. *Photo.*

THE SCHOOL GATES.

yours; besides, I want to please the old lady. She gave me half-a-sov. this half, and perhaps'll double it next, if I keep in her good books."

There's nothing like candour for a lower-school boy, and East was a genuine specimen—frank, hearty, and good-natured, well satisfied with himself and his position, and chock full of life and spirits, and all the Rugby prejudices and traditions which he had been able to get together, in the long course of one half year during which he had been at the School-house.

And Tom, notwithstanding his bumptiousness,* felt friends with him at once, and began sucking in all his ways and prejudices,* as fast as he could understand them.

East was great in the character of cicerone;* he carried Tom through the great gates, where were only two or three boys. These satisfied themselves with the stock questions,—"You fellow, what's your name? Where do you come from? How old are you? Where do you board? and, What form are you in?"—and so they passed on through the quadrangle and a small courtyard, upon which looked down a lot of little windows (belonging, as his guide informed him, to some of the School-house studies), and went into the matron's room.

East introduced Tom to that dignitary; made

him give up the key of his trunk, that the matron might unpack his linen, and told the story of the hat and of his own presence of mind: upon the relation whereof the matron laughingly scolded him, for the coolest new boy in the house. East, indignant at the accusation of newness, marched Tom off into the quadrangle, and began showing him the schools, and examining him as to his literary attainments; the result of which was a prophecy that they would be in the same form, and could do their lessons together.

"And now come in and see my study; we shall have just time before dinner; and afterwards, before calling over, we'll do the close."

Tom followed his guide through the School-house hall, which opens into the quadrangle. It is a great room thirty feet long and eighteen high, or thereabouts, with two great tables running the whole length, and two large fireplaces at the side, with blazing fires in them. At one of these some dozen boys were standing and lounging, some of whom shouted to East to stop; but he shot through with his convoy,* and landed him in the long dark passages, with a large fire at the end of each, upon which the studies opened. Into one of these, in the bottom passage, East bolted with our hero, slamming and bolting the door behind them, in case of pursuit from the hall, and

Tom was for the first time in a Rugby boy's citadel*.

He hadn't been prepared for separate studies, and was not a little astonished and delighted with the palace in question.

It wasn't very large certainly, being about six feet long by four broad. It couldn't be called light, as there were bars and a grating to the window. But it was uncommonly comfortable to look at, Tom thought. The space under the window at the further end was occupied by a square table covered with a reasonably clean and whole red-and-blue check tablecloth ; a hard-seated sofa covered with red stuff occupied one side, running up to the end, and making a seat for one, or by sitting close, for two, at the table ; and a good stout wooden chair afforded a seat to another boy, so that three could sit and work together.

Over the door were a row of hat-pegs, and on each side bookcases with cupboards at the bottom ; shelves and cupboards being filled indiscriminately with schoolbooks, a cup or two, a mousetrap, and brass candle-sticks, leather straps, a bag, and some curious-looking articles, which puzzled Tom not a little, until his friend explained that they were climbing-irons, and showed their use. A cricket bat and small fishing-rod stood up in one corner.

This was the residence of East and another boy in the same form, and had more interest for Tom than Windsor Castle, or any other residence in the British Isles. For was he not about to become the joint owner of a similar home, the first place which he could call his own? One's own—what a charm there is in the words!

"And shall I have a study like this, too?" said Tom.

"Yes, of course, you'll be chummed with some fellow on Monday. You can sit here till then."

"What nice places!"

"They're well enough," answered East patronisingly, "only uncommon cold at nights sometimes."

A quarter-past one now struck, and the bell began tolling for dinner. And now Tom for the first time saw his future schoolfellows in a body. In they came, some hot and ruddy from football or long walks, some pale and chilly from hard reading in their studies, some from loitering over the fire at the pastrycook's, dainty mortals, bringing with them pickles and sauce-bottles to help them with their dinners. And a great big bearded man, whom Tom took for a master, began calling over the names, while the great joints were being rapidly carved on a third table in the corner by the old verger* and the housekeeper.

CHAPTER II

THE FOOTBALL MATCH

As soon as dinner was over, and Tom had been questioned by such of his neighbours as were curious as to his birth, parentage, education, and other like matters, East, who evidently enjoyed his new dignity of patron and Mentor,* proposed having a look at the close, which Tom, athirst for knowledge, gladly assented to, and they went out through the quadrangle and past the big fives' court, into the great playground.

"That's the chapel, you see," said East, "and there just behind it is the place for fights; you see it's most out of the way of the masters, who all live on the other side and don't come by here after first lesson or callings-over. That's when the fights come off."

"I say, it's horrid cold; let's have a run;" and away went East, Tom close behind him. East was evidently putting his best foot foremost, and Tom, who was mighty proud of his running, and not a little anxious to show his friend that

although a new boy he was no milksop, laid himself down to work in his very best style. Right across the close they went, each doing all he knew, and there wasn't a yard between them when they pulled up.

"I say," said East, as soon as he got his wind, looking with much increased respect at Tom, "you ain't a bad scud, not by no means. Well, I'm as warm as a toast now."

"But why do you wear white trousers in November?" said Tom. He had been struck by this peculiarity in the costume of almost all the School-house boys.

"Why, bless us, don't you know?—No, I forgot. Why, to-day's the School-house match. Our house plays the whole of the School at football. And we all wear white trousers, to show 'em we don't care for hacks. You're in luck to come to-day. You just will see a match; and Brooke's going to let me play in quarters*. That's more than he'll do for any other lower-school boy, except James, and he's fourteen."

"Who's Brooke?"

"Why, that big fellow who called over at dinner, to be sure. He's cock of the school, and head of the School-house side, and the best kick and charger in Rugby."

"Oh, but do show me where they play. And

tell me about it. I love football so, and have played all my life. Won't Brooke let me play?"

"Not he," said East, with some indignation: "why, you don't know the rules—you'll be a month learning them. And then it's no joke playing-up in a match, I can tell you. Quite another thing from your private school games. Why, there's been two collar-bones broken this half, and a dozen fellows lamed. And last year a fellow had his leg broken."

After some play in the close the whole school of three hundred boys assemble in the big school to be called over. They then come out again and the football match begins.

The whole mass of boys moves up towards the two goals, dividing as they go into three bodies. That little band on the left, consisting of from fifteen to twenty boys, Tom amongst them, who are making for the goal under the School-house wall, are the School-house boys who are not to play-up, and have to stay in goal. The larger body moving to the other goal, are the School boys in a like predicament*. The great mass in the middle are the players-up, both sides mingled together. Soon each side takes up its position.

And now look, there is a slight move forward of the School-house wings, a shout of "Are you ready?" and loud affirmative reply. Old Brooke

takes half-a-dozen quick steps, and away goes the ball spinning towards the School goal,—seventy yards before it touches ground, and at no point above twelve or fifteen feet high, a model kick-off; and the School-house cheer and rush on; the ball is returned, and they meet it and drive it back amongst the masses of the School already in motion.

Then the two sides close, and you can see nothing for minutes but a swaying crowd of boys, at one point violently agitated. That is where the ball is, and there are the keen players to be met, and the glory and the hard knocks to be got. You hear the dull thud, thud of the ball, and the shouts of, "Off your side," "Down with him," "Put him over," "Bravo." This is what we call a scrummage, gentlemen, and the first scrummage in a School-house match is no joke.

But see! it has broken; the ball is driven out on the School-house side, and a rush of the School carries it past the School-house players-up. "Look out in quarters," Brooke's and twenty other voices ring out; no need to call though: the School-house captain of quarters has caught it on the bound, dodges the foremost School boys, who are heading the rush, and sends it back with a good drop-kick well into the enemy's country. And then follows rush upon rush, and scrummage

upon scrummage, the ball now driven through into the School-house quarters, and now into the School-goal; for the School-house have not lost the advantage which the kick-off and a slight wind gave them at the outset.

The ball has just fallen again where the two sides are thickest, and they close rapidly around it in a scrummage; it must be driven through now by force or skill, till it flies out on one side or the other. Look how differently the boys face it! Here come two of the "bull-dogs,"[1] bursting through the outsiders; in they go, straight to the heart of the scrummage, bent on driving that ball out on the opposite side. That is what they mean to do.

My sons, my sons! you are too hot; you have gone past the ball, and must struggle now right through the scrummage, and get round and back again to your own side, before you can be of any further use. Here comes young Brooke, he goes in as straight as you, but keeps his head, and backs and bends, holding himself still behind the ball, and driving it furiously when he gets the chance. Take a leaf out of his book, you young chargers.

Here come Speedicut, and Flashman the School-house bully, with shouts and great action. Won't

[1] The heavy forward players.

you two come up to young Brooke, after locking-up, by the School-house fire, with "Old fellow, wasn't that just a splendid scrummage by the three trees!" But he knows you, and so do we. You don't really want to drive that ball through that scrummage, chancing all hurt for the glory of the School-house—but to make us think that's what you want—a vastly different thing; and fellows of your kidney will never go through more than the skirts of a scrummage where it's all push and no kicking. We respect boys who keep out of it, and don't sham going in; but you—we had rather not say what we think of you.

Three-quarters of an hour are gone; first winds are failing, and weight and numbers beginning to tell. Yard by yard the School-house have been driven back, contesting every inch of ground. The School-house are being penned in their turn, and now the ball is behind their goal, under the Doctor's wall. The Doctor and some of his family are there looking on, and seem as anxious as any boy for the success of the School-house.

We get a minute's breathing time before old Brooke kicks out, and he gives the word to play strongly for touch, by the three trees. Away goes the ball, and the bull-dogs after it, and in another minute there is a shout of "In touch!" "Our ball!" Now's your time, old Brooke, while

your men are still fresh. He stands with the ball in his hand, while the two sides form in deep lines opposite one another; he must strike it straight out between them. The lines are thickest close to him, but young Brooke and two or three of his men are shifting up further, where the opposite line is weak. Old Brooke strikes it out straight and strong, and it falls opposite his brother.

Hurra! that rush has taken it right through the School line, and away past the three trees, far into their quarters, and young Brooke and the bull-dogs are close upon it. The School leaders rush back, shouting "Look out in goal," and strain every nerve to catch him, but they are after the fleetest foot in Rugby. There they go straight for the School goal-posts, quarters scattering before them. One after another the bull-dogs go down, but young Brooke holds on. "He is down." No! a long stagger, but the danger is past. And now he is close to the School goal, the ball not three yards before him. There is a hurried rush of the School fags to the spot, but no one throws himself on the ball, the only chance, and young Brooke has touched it right under the School goal-posts.

Old Brooke of course will kick it out, but who shall catch and place it? Call Crab Jones. Here he comes, sauntering along with a straw in his

mouth, the queerest, coolest fish in Rugby; if he were tumbled into the moon this minute, he would just pick himself up without taking his hands out of his pockets or turning a hair. But it is a moment when the boldest charger's heart beats quick. Old Brooke stands with the ball under his arm motioning the School back; he will not kick-out till they are all in goal, behind the posts; they are all edging forwards, inch by inch, to get nearer for the rush at Crab Jones, who stands there in front of old Brooke to catch the ball. If they can reach and destroy him before he catches, the danger is over; and with one and the same rush they will carry it right away to the School-house goal.

Fond hope! it is kicked out and caught beautifully. Crab strikes his heel into the ground to mark the spot where the ball was caught, beyond which the School line may not advance: but there they stand, five deep, ready to rush the moment the ball touches the ground. Take plenty of room! don't give the rush a chance of reaching you! place it true and steady! Trust Crab Jones—he has made a small hole with his heel for the ball to lie on, by which he is resting on one knee, with his eye on old Brooke. "Now!" Crab places the ball at the word, old Brooke kicks, and it rises slowly and truly as the School rush forward.

Then a moment's pause, while both sides look up at the spinning ball. There it flies, straight between the two posts, some five feet above the cross-bar, an unquestioned goal; and a shout of real genuine joy rings out from the School-house players-up, and a faint echo of it comes over the close from the goal-keepers under the Doctor's wall. A goal in the first hour—such a thing hasn't been done in the School-house match these five years.

"Over!" is the cry: the two sides change goals, and the School-house goal-keepers come threading their way across through the masses of the School; the most openly triumphant of them, amongst whom is Tom, a School-house boy of two hours' standing, getting their ears boxed in the transit. Tom indeed is excited beyond measure, and it is all the sixth-form boy, kindest and safest of goal-keepers, has been able to do, to keep him from rushing out whenever the ball has been near their goal. So he holds him by his side, and instructs him in the science of touching.

"Are you ready?" "Yes." And away comes the ball kicked high in the air, to give the School time to rush on and catch it as it falls. And here they are amongst us. Again and again the cloud of their players-up gathers before our goal, and comes threatening on. This is worth living for;

the whole sum of school-boy existence gathered up into one straining, struggling half-hour, a half-hour worth a year of common life.

The quarter to five has struck, and the play slackens for a minute before goal; but there is Crew, the artful dodger, driving the ball in behind our goal, on the side where our quarters are weakest. Is there no one to meet him? Yes! look at little East! the ball is just at equal distances between the two, and they rush together, the young man of seventeen and the boy of twelve, and kick it at the same moment.

Crew passes on without a stagger; East is hurled forward by the shock, and plunges on his shoulder, as if he would bury himself in the ground; but the ball rises straight into the air, and falls behind Crew's back, while the "bravos" of the School-house attest the pluckiest charge of all that hard-fought day. Warner picks East up lame and half stunned, and he hobbles back into goal, conscious of having played the man.

And now the last minutes are come, and the School gather for their last rush, every boy of the hundred and twenty who has a run left in him. Reckless of the defence of their own goal, on they come across the level big-side ground, the ball well down amongst them, straight for our goal, like the column of the Old Guard up the slope at

Waterloo. All former charges have been child's play to this. Warner and Hedge have met them, but still on they come. The bull-dogs rush in for the last time; they are hurled over or carried back, striving hand, foot, and eyelids.

Old Brooke comes sweeping round the skirts of the play, and turning short round picks out the very heart of the scrummage, and plunges in. It wavers for a moment—he has the ball! No, it has passed him, and his voice rings out clear over the advancing tide, "Look out in goal." Crab Jones catches it for a moment; but before he can kick, the rush is upon him and passes over him; and he picks himself up behind them with his straw in his mouth, a little dirtier, but as cool as ever.

The ball rolls slowly in behind the School-house goal not three yards in front of a dozen of the biggest School players-up.

There stands the School-house præpostor*, safest of goal-keepers, and Tom Brown by his side, who has learned his trade by this time. Now is your time, Tom. The blood of all the Browns is up, and the two rush in together, and throw themselves on the ball, under the very feet of the advancing column; the præpostor on his hands and knees arching his back, and Tom all along on his face. Over them topple the leaders of the

rush shooting over the back of the præpostor, but falling flat on Tom, and knocking all the wind out of his small carcase. "Our ball," says the præpostor, rising with his prize; "but get up there, there's a little fellow under you." They are hauled and roll off him, and Tom is discovered a motionless body.

Old Brooke picks him up. "Stand back, give him air," he says; and then feeling his limbs, adds, "no bones broken. How do you feel, young un?"

"Hah-hah," gasps Tom as his wind comes back, "pretty well, thank you—all right."

"Who is he?" says Brooke. "Oh, it's Brown; he's a new boy. I know him," says East, coming up.

"Well, he is a plucky youngster, and will make a player," says Brooke.

And five o'clock strikes. "No side," is called, and the School-house match is over.

CHAPTER III

TOSSED IN A BLANKET

As the boys scattered away from the ground, and East, leaning on Tom's arm, and limping along,

was beginning to consider what luxury they should go and buy for tea to celebrate that glorious victory, the two Brookes came striding by. Old Brooke caught sight of East, and stopped; put his hand kindly on his shoulder and said, "Bravo, youngster, you played famously; not much the matter, I hope?"

"No, nothing at all," said East, "only a little twist from that charge."

"Well, mind and get all right for next Saturday"; and the leader passed on, leaving East better for those few words than all the plaster in England would have made him, and Tom ready to give one of his ears for as much notice.

"Tea's directly after locking-up, you see," said East, hobbling along as fast as he could, "so you come along down to Sally Harrowell's; that's our School-house tuck-shop—she bakes such stunning murphies,[1] we'll have a penn'orth each for tea; come along or they'll all be gone."

Tom's new purse and money burnt in his pocket; he wondered, as they toddled through the quadrangle and along the street, whether East would be insulted if he suggested further extravagance, as he had not sufficient faith in a pennyworth of potatoes. At last he blurted out,—

[1] Baked potatoes.

"I say, East, can't we get something else besides potatoes? I've got lots of money, you know."

"Bless us, yes, I forgot," said East, "you've only just come. You see all my tin's been gone this twelve weeks, it hardly ever lasts beyond the first fortnight; and our allowances were all stopped this morning for broken windows, so I haven't got a penny. I've got a tick * at Sally's, of course; but then I hate running it high, you see, towards the end of the half, 'cause one has to shell out for it all directly one comes back, and that's a bore."

Tom didn't understand much of this talk, but seized on the fact that East had no money and was denying himself some little pet luxury in consequence. "Well, what shall I buy?' said he; "I'm uncommon hungry."

"I say," said East, stopping to look at him and rest his leg, "you're a trump, Brown. I'll do the same by you next half. Let's have a pound of sausages then; that's the best grub for tea I know of."

"Very well," said Tom, as pleased as possible; "where do they sell them?"

"Oh, over here, just opposite;" and they crossed the street and walked into the cleanest little front room of a small house, half parlour, half shop, and bought a pound of most particular sausages; East

talking pleasantly to Mrs. Porter while she put them in paper, and Tom doing the paying part.

From Porter's they adjourned to Sally Harrowell's, where they found a lot of School-house boys waiting for the roast potatoes, and relating their own exploits in the day's match at the top of their voices.

East and Tom got served at last, and started back for the School-house, just as the locking-up bell began to ring.

The lower schoolboys of the School-house, some fifteen in number, had tea in the lower-fifth school, and were presided over by the old verger or head-porter. Each boy had a quarter of a loaf of bread and a pat of butter, and as much tea as he pleased; and there was scarcely one who didn't add to this some further luxury, such as baked potatoes, a herring, sprats, or something of the sort. But few, at this period of the half-year, could live up to a pound of Porter's sausages, and East was in great magnificence upon the strength of theirs. He had produced a toasting-fork from his study, and set Tom to toast the sausages, while he mounted guard over their butter and potatoes; "'cause," as he explained, "you're a new boy, and they'll play you some trick and get our butter, but you can toast just as well as I."

So Tom, in the midst of three or four more urchins similarly employed, toasted his face and the sausages at the same time before the huge fire, till the latter cracked; when East from his watch-tower shouted that they were done, and then the feast proceeded, and the festive cups of tea were filled and emptied, and Tom imparted of the sausages in small bits to many neighbours, and thought he had never tasted such good potatoes or seen such jolly boys.

They on their part waived all ceremony, and pegged away at the sausages, and remembering Tom's performance in goal, voted East's new crony* a brick. After tea, and while the things were being cleared away, they gathered round the fire, and the talk on the match still went on; and those who had them to show pulled up their trousers and showed the hacks they had received in the good cause.

They were soon, however, all turned out of the school, and East conducted Tom up to his bedroom, that he might get on clean things and wash himself before singing.

"What's singing?" said Tom, taking his head out of his basin, where he had been plunging it in cold water.

"Well, you are jolly green," answered his friend from a neighbouring basin. "Why, the

last six Saturdays of every half we sing, of course: and this is the first of them. No first lesson to do, you know, and lie in bed to-morrow morning."

"But who sings?"

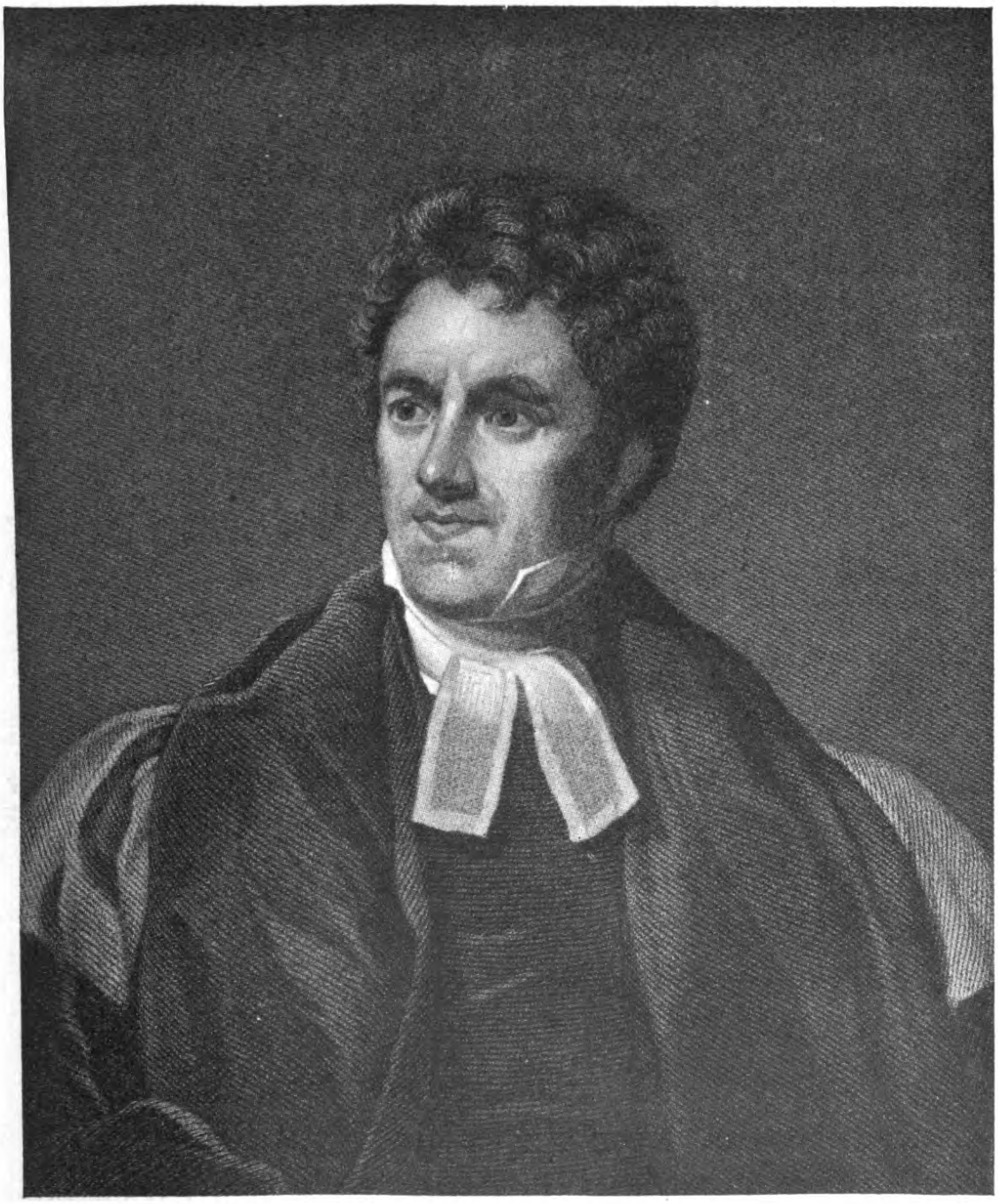
"Why everybody, of course; you'll see soon enough. We begin directly after supper, and sing till bed-time."

After the supper singing takes place, followed by speeches in honour of those boys who are leaving at the end of the half.

Then the quarter to ten struck, and the prayer-bell rang. The sixth and fifth form boys ranged themselves in their school order along the wall, on either side of the great fires, the middle-fifth and upper-school boys round the long table in the middle of the hall, and the lower-school boys round the upper part of the second long table, which ran down the side of the hall.

Here Tom, as a new boy, found himself at the bottom of all, in a state of mind and body not at all fit for prayers, as he thought. He tried hard to make himself serious, but couldn't, for the life of him, do anything but repeat in his head the choruses of some of the songs, and stare at all the boys opposite, wondering at the brilliancy of their waistcoats, and speculating what sort of fellows they were.

The steps of the head-porter are heard on the



DR. ARNOLD.

stairs, and a light gleams at the door. "Hush!" from the fifth-form boys who stand there, and then in strides the Doctor, cap on head, book in one hand, and gathering up his gown in the other. He walks up the middle, and takes his post by Warner, who begins calling over.

The Doctor takes no notice of anything, but quietly turns over his Prayer-Book and finds the place, and then stands, cap in hand and finger in book, looking straight before his nose. He knows better than any one when to look and when to see nothing; to-night is singing night, and there's been lots of noise and no harm done.

So the Doctor sees nothing, but fascinates Tom in a horrible manner as he stands there, and reads the Psalm, in that deep, ringing, searching voice of his. Prayers are over, and Tom still stares open-mouthed after the Doctor's retiring figure, when he feels a pull at his sleeve, and turning round, sees East.

"I say, were you ever tossed in a blanket?"

"No," said Tom; "why?"

"'Cause there'll be tossing to-night, most likely, before the sixth come up to bed. So if you funk, you just come along and hide, or else they'll catch you and toss you."

"Were you ever tossed? Does it hurt?" inquired Tom.

"Oh yes, bless you, a dozen times," said East, as he hobbled along by Tom's side upstairs. "It don't hurt unless you fall on the floor. But most fellows don't like it."

They stopped at the fireplace in the top passage, where were a crowd of small boys whispering together, and evidently unwilling to go up into the bedrooms. In a minute, however, a study door opened, a sixth-form boy came out, and off they all scuttled up the stairs, and then noiselessly dispersed to their different rooms. Tom's heart beat rather quick as he and East reached their room, but he had made up his mind. "I shan't hide, East," said he.

"Very well, old fellow," replied East, evidently pleased: "no more shall I—they'll be here for us directly."

The room was a great big one with a dozen beds in it, but not a boy that Tom could see, except East and himself. East pulled off his coat and waistcoat, and then sat on the bottom of his bed whistling and pulling off his boots; Tom followed his example.

A noise and steps are heard in the passage, the door opens, and in rush four or five great fifth-form boys, headed by Flashman in his glory.

Tom and East slept in the further corner of the room, and were not seen at first.

"Gone to ground, eh?" roared Flashman; "push 'em out then, boys! look under the beds:" and he pulled up the little white curtain of the one nearest him. "Who-o-op!" he roared, pulling away at the leg of a small boy, who held on tight to the leg of the bed, and sang out lustily for mercy.

"Here, lend a hand, one of you, and help me pull out this young howling brute. Hold your tongue, sir, or I'll kill you."

"Oh, please, Flashman, please, Walker, don't toss me! I'll fag for you, I'll do anything, only don't toss me."

"You be hanged," said Flashman, lugging the wretched boy along, "'twon't hurt you! Come along, boys, here he is."

"I say, Flashey," sang out another of the big boys, "drop that: you heard what old Pater Brooke said to-night. I'll be hanged if we'll toss any one against his will—no more bullying. Let him go, I say."

Flashman, with an oath and a kick, released his prey, who rushed headlong under his bed again, for fear they should change their minds, and crept along underneath the other beds, till he got under that of the sixth-form boy, which he knew they daren't disturb.

"There's plenty of youngsters don't care about

it," said Walker. "Here, here's Scud East—you'll be tossed, won't you, young un?" Scud was East's nick-name, gained by his fleetness of foot.

"Yes," said East, "if you like, only mind my foot."

"And here's another who didn't hide. Hullo! new boy; what's your name, sir?"

"Brown."

"Well, Whitey Brown, you don't mind being tossed?"

"No," said Tom, setting his teeth.

"Come along then, boys," sung out Walker, and away they all went, carrying along Tom and East, to the intense relief of four or five other small boys, who crept out from under the beds and behind them.

"What a trump Scud is!" said one. "They won't come back here now."

"And that new boy, too; he must be a good plucked one."

"Ah! wait till he has been tossed on to the floor; see how he'll like it then!"

Meantime the procession went down the passage to Number 7, the largest room, and the scene of the tossing, in the middle of which was a great open space. Here they joined other parties of the bigger boys, each with a captive or two, some

willing to be tossed, some sullen, and some frightened to death. At Walker's suggestion all who were afraid were let off, in honour of Pater Brooke's speech.

Then a dozen big boys seized hold of a blanket, dragged from one of the beds. "In with Scud! quick, there's no time to lose." East was chucked into the blanket. "Once, twice, thrice, and away!" up he went like a shuttlecock, but not quite up to the ceiling.

"Now, boys, with a will," cried Walker, "once, twice, thrice, and away!" This time he went clean up, and kept himself from touching the ceiling with his hand, and so again a third time, when he was turned out, and up went another boy. And then came Tom's turn. He lay quite still, by East's advice, and didn't dislike the "once, twice, thrice"; but the "away" wasn't so pleasant.

They were in good wind now, and sent him slap up to the ceiling first time, against which his knees came rather sharply. But the moment's pause before descending was the rub, the feeling of utter helplessness and of leaving his whole inside behind him sticking to the ceiling. Tom was very near shouting to be set down, when he found himself back in the blanket, but thought of East, and didn't; and so took his three tosses

without a kick or a cry, and was called a young trump for his pains.

He and East, having earned it, stood now looking on. No catastrophe happened, as all the captives were cool hands, and didn't struggle. This didn't suit Flashman. What your real bully likes in tossing, is when the boys kick and struggle, or hold on to one side of the blanket, and so get pitched bodily on to the floor; it's no fun to him when no one is hurt or frightened.

"Let's toss two of them together, Walker," suggested he.

"What a cursed bully you are, Flashey!" rejoined the other. "Up with another one."

And so now two boys were tossed together, the peculiar hardship of which is, that it's too much for human nature to lie still then and share troubles; and so the wretched pair of small boys struggle in the air which shall fall a-top in the descent, to the no small risk of both falling out of the blanket, and the huge delight of brutes like Flashman.

But now there's a cry that the præpostor of the room is coming; so the tossing stops, and all scatter to their different rooms; and Tom is left to turn in, with the first day's experience of a public school to meditate upon.

CHAPTER IV

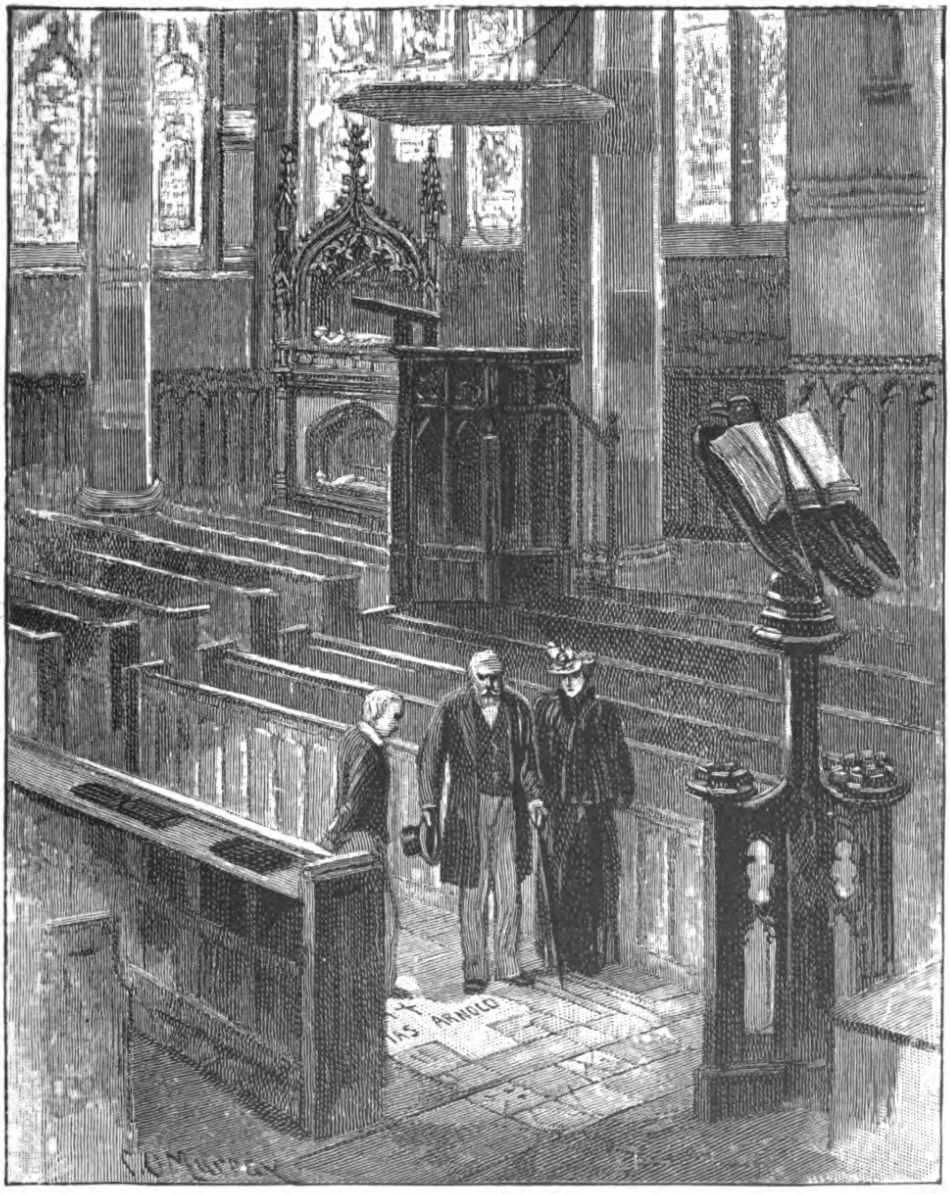
TOM'S FIRST "HALF"

THE next day is Sunday, and Tom spends the morning in a walk about the town with East and attending service in the school chapel. After dinner he writes home to his mother and goes to afternoon chapel.

And then came that great event in his—as in every Rugby boy's life of that day—the first sermon from the Doctor.

More worthy pens than mine have described that scene. The oak pulpit standing out by itself above the School seats. The tall gallant form, the kindling eye, the voice, now soft as the low notes of a flute, now clear and stirring as the call of the light infantry bugle, of him who stood there Sunday after Sunday. The long lines of young faces, rising tier above tier down the whole length of the chapel, from the little boy's who had just left his mother to the young man's who was going out next week into the great world.

It was, indeed, a great and solemn sight, and never more so than at this time of year, when the only lights in the chapel were in the pulpit and at the seats of the præpostors of the week, and the soft twilight stole over the rest of the



INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL, WITH DR. ARNOLD'S GRAVE.

chapel, deepening into darkness in the high gallery behind the organ.

The next day Tom was duly placed in the third form, and began his lessons in a corner of the big School. He found the work very easy, as he had been well grounded and knew his grammar by heart; and, as he had no intimate companion to make him idle (East and his other School-house friends being in the lower-fourth, the form above him), soon gained golden opinions from his master, who said he was placed too low, and should be put out at the end of the half-year. So all went well with him in School, and he wrote the most flourishing letters home to his mother, full of his own success and the unspeakable delights of a public school.

In the house, too, all went well. The end of the half-year was drawing near, which kept everybody in a good humour, and the house was ruled well and strongly by Warner and Brooke. True, the general system was rough and hard, and there was bullying in nooks and corners, bad signs for the future; but it never got further, or dared show itself openly stalking about the passages and hall and bedrooms and making the life of the small boys a continual fear.

Tom, as a new boy, was excused fagging for the first month, but in his enthusiasm for his

new life this privilege hardly pleased him; and East and others of his young friends discovering this, kindly allowed him to indulge his fancy, and take their turns at night fagging and cleaning studies.

These were the principal duties of the fags in the house. From supper till nine o'clock three fags taken in order stood in the passages, and answered any præpostor who called "Fag," racing to the door, the last comer having to do the work. This consisted generally of going to the buttery for beer and bread and cheese (for the great men did not sup with the rest, but had each his own allowance in his study or the fifth-form room), cleaning candlesticks and putting in new candles, toasting cheese, bottling beer, and carrying messages about the house; and Tom, in the first blush of his hero-worship, felt it a high privilege to receive orders from, and be the bearer of the supper of old Brooke.

And besides this night-work, each præpostor had three or four fags specially allotted to him, of whom he was supposed to be the guide, philosopher, and friend, and who in return for these good offices had to clean out his study every morning by turns, directly after first lesson, and before he returned from breakfast. And the pleasure of seeing the great men's studies, and looking at

their pictures, and peeping into their books, made Tom a ready substitute for any boy who was too lazy to do his own work. And so he soon gained the character of a good-natured, willing fellow, who was ready to do a turn for any one.

In all games too he joined with all his heart, and soon became well versed in all the mysteries of football.

The only incident worth recording here, however, was his first run at hare-and-hounds. On the last Tuesday but one of the half year he was passing through the hall after dinner, when he was hailed with shouts from Tadpole,[1] and several other fags seated at one of the long tables, the chorus of which was, "Come and help us tear up scent."

Tom approached the table in obedience to the mysterious summons, always ready to help, and found the party engaged in tearing up old newspapers, copybooks and magazines, into small pieces, with which they were filling four large canvas bags.

"It's the turn of our house to find scent for Big-side Hare-and-hounds," exclaimed Tadpole; "tear away, there's no time to lose before calling-over."

[1] A boy called Hall, nick-named Tadpole, from his big black head and thin legs.

Tom and East and the Tadpole join in the run, but after some miles they are unable to keep up.

Now comes a brook, with stiff clay banks, from which they can hardly drag their legs, and they hear faint cries for help from the wretched Tadpole, who has fairly stuck fast. But they have too little run left in themselves to pull up for their own brothers. Three fields more, and another check, and then "forward" called away to the extreme right.

The two boys' souls die within them; they can never do it. Young Brooke thinks so too, and says kindly, "You'll cross a lane after next field, keep down it, and you'll hit the Dunchurch road below the Cock;" and then steams away for the run in, in which he's sure to be first, as if he were just starting. They struggle on across the next field, the "forwards" getting fainter and fainter, and then ceasing. The whole hunt is out of earshot, and all hope of coming in is over.

"Hang it all!" broke out East, as soon as he had got wind enough, pulling off his hat and mopping at his face, all spattered with dirt and lined with sweat from which went up a thick steam into the still, cold air. "I told you how it would be. What a thick I was to come! Here we are, dead beat, and yet I know we're close to the run in, if we knew the country."

"Well," said Tom, mopping away, and gulping down his disappointment, "it can't be helped. We did our best, anyhow. Hadn't we better find this lane and go down it, as young Brooke told us?"

"I suppose so—nothing else for it," grunted East. "If ever I go out last day again"—growl—growl—growl—growl.

So they tried back slowly and sorrowfully and found the lane, and went limping down it, plashing in the cold puddly ruts, and beginning to feel how the run had taken it out of them. The evening closed in fast, and clouded over, dark, cold and dreary.

"I say, it must be locking-up, I should think," remarked East, breaking the silence; "it's so dark."

"What if we're late?" said Tom.

"No tea, and sent up to the Doctor," answered East.

The thought didn't add to their cheerfulness. Presently a faint halloo was heard from an adjoining field. They answered it and stopped, hoping for some competent rustic to guide them, when over a gate some twenty yards ahead crawled the wretched Tadpole, in a state of collapse; he had lost a shoe in the brook, and been groping after it up to his elbows, in the stiff wet clay, and a more

miserable creature in the shape of boy seldom has been seen.

The sight of him, notwithstanding, cheered them, for he was some degrees more wretched than they. They also cheered him, as he was no longer under the dread of passing his night alone in the fields. And so, in better heart, the three plashed painfully down the never-ending lane. At last it widened, just as utter darkness set in, and they came out on a turnpike-road*, and there paused, bewildered, for they had lost all bearings, and knew not whether to turn to the right or left.

Luckily for them, they had not to decide, for lumbering along the road, with one lamp lighted and two horses in the shafts, came a heavy coach, which after a moment's suspense they recognised as the Oxford coach, the redoubtable Pig and Whistle.

It lumbered slowly up, and the boys, mustering their last run, caught it as it passed, and began clambering up behind, in which exploit East missed his footing and fell flat on his nose along the road. Then the others hailed the old scarecrow of a coachman, who pulled up and agreed to take them in for a shilling; so there they sat on the back seat, drubbing with their heels, and their teeth chattering with cold, and jogged into Rugby some forty minutes after locking-up.

Five minutes afterwards three small, limping, shivering figures steal along through the Doctor's garden, and into the house by the servants' entrance (all the other gates have been closed long since), where the first thing they light upon in the passage is old Thomas, ambling along, candle in one hand and keys in the other.

He stops and examines their condition with a grim smile. "Ah! East, Hall, and Brown, late for locking-up. Must go up to the Doctor's study at once."

"Well but, Thomas, mayn't we go and wash first? You can put down the time, you know."

"Doctor's study d'rectly you come in—that's the orders," replied old Thomas, motioning towards the stairs at the end of the passage which led up into the Doctor's house; and the boys turned ruefully down it, not cheered by the old verger's muttered remark, "What a pickle they boys be in!" Thomas referred to their faces and habiliments*, but they construed it as indicating the Doctor's state of mind. Upon the short flight of stairs they paused to hold counsel.

"Who'll go in first?" inquires Tadpole.

"You—you're the senior," answered East.

"Catch me—look at the state I'm in," rejoined Hall, showing the arms of his jacket. "I must get behind you two."

"Well, but look at me," said East, indicating the mass of clay behind which he was standing; "I'm worse than you, two to one; you might grow cabbages on my trousers."

"That's all down below, and you can keep your legs behind the sofa," said Hall.

"Here, Brown, you're the show-figure—you must lead."

"But my face is all muddy," argued Tom.

"Oh, we're all in one boat for that matter; but come on, we're only making it worse dawdling here."

"Well, just give us a brush then," said Tom; and they began trying to rub off the superfluous dirt from each other's jackets, but it was not dry enough, and the rubbing made it worse; so in despair they pushed through the swing-door at the head of the stairs, and found themselves in the Doctor's hall.

"That's the library door," said East in a whisper, pushing Tom forwards. The sound of merry voices and laughter came from within, and his first hesitating knock was unanswered. But at the second, the Doctor's voice said "Come in," and Tom turned the handle, and he, with the others behind him, sidled into the room.

The Doctor looked up from his task; he was working away with a great chisel at the bottom

of a boy's sailing boat. Round him stood three or four children; the candles burnt brightly on a large table at the further end, covered with books and papers, and a great fire threw a ruddy glow over the rest of the room. All looked so kindly, and homely, and comfortable, that the boys took heart in a moment, and Tom advanced from behind the shelter of the great sofa. The Doctor nodded to the children, who went out, casting curious and amused glances at the three young scarecrows.

"Well, my little fellows," began the Doctor, drawing himself up with his back to the fire, the chisel in one hand and his coat-tails in the other, and his eyes twinkling as he looked them over; "what makes you so late?"

"Please, sir, we've been out Big-side Hare-and-hounds, and lost our way."

"Hah! you couldn't keep up, I suppose?"

"Well, sir," said East, stepping out, and not liking that the Doctor should think lightly of his running powers, "we got round Barby all right, but then——"

"Why, what a state you're in, my boy!" interrupted the Doctor, as the pitiful condition of East's garments was fully revealed to him.

"That's the fall I got, sir, in the road," said East looking down at himself; "the Old Pig came by——"

"The what?" said the Doctor.

"The Oxford coach, sir," explained Hall.

"Hah! yes, the Regulator," said the Doctor.

"And I tumbled on my face, trying to get up behind," went on East.

"You're not hurt, I hope?" said the Doctor.

"Oh, no, sir."

"Well now, run upstairs, all three of you, and get clean things on, and then tell the housekeeper to give you some tea. You're too young to try such long runs. Let Warner know I've seen you. Good night."

"Good night, sir." And away scuttled the three boys in high glee.

"What a brick, not to give us even twenty lines to learn!" said the Tadpole, as they reached their bedroom; and in half-an-hour afterwards they were sitting by the fire in the housekeeper's room at a sumptuous tea, with cold meat, "twice as good a grub as we should have got in the hall," as the Tadpole remarked with a grin, his mouth full of buttered toast. All their grievances were forgotten, and they were resolving to go out the first Big-side next half, and thinking Hare-and-hounds the most delightful of games.

A day or two afterwards the great passage outside the bedrooms was cleared of the boxes and portmanteaus, which went down to be packed

by the matron, and great games of chariot-racing, and cock-fighting, and bolstering, went on in the vacant space, the sure sign of a closing half-year.

Then came the making up of parties for the journey home, and Tom joined a party who were to hire a coach, and post with four horses to Oxford.

Here the party breaks up, all going now different ways; and Tom orders out a chaise and pair as grand as a lord, though he has scarcely five shillings left in his pocket and more than twenty miles to get home.

"Where to, sir?"

"Red Lion, Farringdon," says Tom, giving the ostler a shilling.

"All right, sir. Red Lion, Jem," to the post-boy, and Tom rattles away towards home. At Farringdon, being known to the innkeeper, he gets that worthy to pay for the Oxford horses and forward him in another chaise at once; and so the gorgeous young gentleman arrives at the paternal mansion, and Squire Brown looks rather blue at having to pay two-pound ten-shillings for the posting expenses from Oxford.

But the boy's intense joy at getting home, and the wonderful health he is in, and the good character he brings, and the brave stories he tells of Rugby, its doings and delights, soon mollify the Squire, and three happier people

didn't sit down to dinner that day in England (it is the boy's first dinner at six o'clock at home, great promotion already) than the Squire and his wife and Tom Brown, at the end of his first half-year at Rugby.

CHAPTER V

FLASHMAN THE BULLY

THE lower-fourth form, in which Tom found himself at the beginning of the next half-year, was the largest form in the Lower school, and numbered upwards of forty boys. Young gentlemen of all ages from nine to fifteen were to be found there. The driving of this unlucky lower-fourth must have been grievous work to the unfortunate master.

Here stuck the great stupid boys, who for the life of them could never master the accidence*; the objects alternately of mirth and terror to the youngsters, who were daily taking them up and laughing at them in lesson, and getting kicked by them for so doing in play-hours. Then came the mass of the form, boys of eleven and twelve the most mischievous and reckless age of British youth, of whom East and Tom Brown were fair specimens.

Tom, as has been said, had come up from the

third with a good character, but the temptations of the lower-fourth soon proved too strong for him, and he rapidly fell away, and became as unmanageable as the rest.

But a character for steadiness once gone is not easily recovered, as Tom found, and for years afterwards he went up the school without it, and the masters' hands were against him, and his against them. And he regarded them, as a matter of course, as his natural enemies.

Matters were not so comfortable either in the house as they had been, for old Brooke left at Christmas, and one or two others of the sixth-form boys at the following Easter. The big fifth-form boys soon began to usurp power, and to fag the little boys as if they were præpostors,[1] and to bully and oppress any who showed signs of resistance.

The change for the worse in the School-house, however, didn't press very heavily on our youngsters for some time; they were in a good bedroom, where slept the only præpostor left who was able to keep thorough order, and their study was in his passage; so, though they were fagged more or less, and occasionally kicked and cuffed by the bullies, they were on the whole well off; and the fresh, brave school-life, so full of games,

[1] The Rugby term for monitors.

adventures, and good-fellowship, so ready at forgetting, so capacious at enjoying, so bright at forecasting, out-weighed a thousand fold their troubles with the master of their form and the occasional ill-usage of the big boys in the house.

It wasn't till some year or so after the events recorded above that the præpostor of their room and passage left. None of the other sixth-form boys would move into their passage, and, to the disgust and indignation of Tom and East, one morning after breakfast they were seized upon by Flashman, and made to carry down his books and furniture into the unoccupied study which he had taken. From this time they began to feel the weight of the tyranny of Flashman and his friends, and, now that trouble had come home to their own doors, began to look out for sympathisers and partners amongst the rest of the fags. Meetings of the oppressed began to be held, and murmurs to arise, and plots to be laid as to how they should free themselves and be avenged on their enemies.

While matters were in this state, East and Tom were one evening sitting in their study. They had done their work for first lesson, and Tom was in a brown study, brooding upon the wrongs of fags in general, and his own in particular.

"I say, Scud," said he at last, rousing himself

to snuff the candle, "what right have the fifth-form boys to fag us as they do?"

"No more right than you have to fag them," answered East, without looking up from an early number of "Pickwick," which was just coming out, and which he was luxuriously devouring, stretched on his back on the sofa.

"Can't we get some sixth-form fellow to take it up?" asked Tom.

"Well, perhaps we might; Morgan would interfere, I think. Only," added East, after a moment's pause, "you see, we should have to tell him about it, and that's against School principles. Don't you remember what old Brooke said about learning to take our own parts?"

"Ah, I wish old Brooke were back again—it was all right in his time."

"Why, yes; you see, then the strongest and best fellows were in the sixth, and the fifth-form fellows were afraid of them, and they kept good order; but now our sixth-form fellows are too small, and the fifth don't care for them, and do what they like in the house."

"And so we get a double set of masters," cried Tom, indignantly; "the lawful ones, who are responsible to the Doctor at any rate, and the unlawful—the tyrants, who are responsible to nobody."

"Down with the tyrants!" cried East. "I'm all for law and order, and hurra for a revolution!"

"I shouldn't mind if it were only for young Brooke now," said Tom; he's such a good-hearted, gentlemanly fellow, and ought to be in the sixth —I'd do anything for him. But that blackguard Flashman, who never speaks to one without a kick or an oath——"

"The cowardly brute," broke in East, "how I hate him! And he knows it too, he knows that you and I think him a coward. What a bore that he's got a study in this passage! Don't you hear them now at supper in his den? I wish the Doctor would come out and catch him. We must change our study as soon as we can."

"Change or no change, I'll never fag for him again," said Tom, thumping the table.

"Fa-a-a-ag!" sounded along the passage from Flashman's study. The two boys looked at one another in silence. It had struck nine, so the regular night-fags had left duty, and they were the nearest to the supper-party. East sat up, and began to look comical, as he always did under difficulties.

"Fa-a-a-ag!" again. No answer.

"Here, Brown! East! you cursed young skulks," roared out Flashman, coming to his open door, "I know you're in—no shirking."

Tom stole to their door, and drew the bolts as noiselessly as he could; East blew out the candle.

"Barricade the first," whispered he. "Now, Tom, mind, no surrender."

"Trust me for that," said Tom between his teeth.

In another minute they heard the supper-party turn out and come down the passage to their door. They held their breaths, and heard whispering, of which they only made out Flashman's words, "I know the young brutes are in."

Then came summonses to open, which being unanswered, the assault commenced: luckily the door was a good strong oak one, and resisted the united weight of Flashman's party. A pause followed, and they heard a besieger remark, "They're in safe enough—don't you see how the door holds at top and bottom? so the bolts must be drawn. We should have forced the lock long ago." East gave Tom a nudge, to call attention to this scientific remark.

Then came attacks on particular panels, one of which at last gave way to the repeated kicks; but it broke inwards, and the broken piece got jammed across, the door being lined with green baize, and couldn't easily be removed from outside; and the besieged, scorning further concealment, strengthened their defences by pressing the end

of their sofa against the door. So, after one or two more ineffectual efforts, Flashman & Co. retired, vowing vengeance in no mild terms.

The first danger over, it only remained for the besieged to effect a safe retreat, as it was now near bed-time. They listened intently and heard the supper-party resettle themselves, and then gently drew back first one bolt and then the other. Presently the convivial noises began again steadily. "Now then, stand by for a run," said East throwing the door wide open and rushing into the passage, closely followed by Tom. They were too quick to be caught, but Flashman was on the look-out, and sent an empty pickle-jar whizzing after them, which narrowly missed Tom's head, and broke into twenty pieces at the end of the passage. "He wouldn't mind killing one, if he wasn't caught," said East, as they turned the corner.

There was no pursuit, so the two turned into the hall, where they found a knot of small boys round the fire. Their story was told, the war of independence had broken out—who would join the revolutionary forces? Several others present bound themselves not to fag for the fifth form at once. One or two only edged off and left the rebels. What else could they do? "I've a good mind to go to the Doctor straight," said Tom.

"That'll never do—don't you remember the levy of the school last half?" put in another.

In fact, that solemn assembly, a levy of the school, had been held, at which the captain of the school had got up, and, after premising* that several instances had occurred of matters having been reported to the masters; that this was against public morality and School tradition; that a levy of the sixth had been held on the subject, and they had resolved that the practice must be stopped at once; had given out that any boy, in whatever form, who should thenceforth appeal to a master, without having first gone to some præpostor and laid the case before him, should be thrashed publicly, and sent to Coventry*.

"Well, then, let's try the sixth. Try Morgan," suggested another. "No use"—"Blabbing won't do," was the general feeling.

"I'll give you fellows a piece of advice," said a voice from the end of the hall. They all turned round with a start, and the speaker got up from a bench on which he had been lying unobserved, and gave himself a shake; he was a big loose-made fellow, with huge limbs which had grown too far through his jacket and trousers. "Don't you go to anybody at all—you just stand out; say you won't fag—they'll soon get tired of licking you. I've tried it on years ago with their fore-runners."

"No! did you? Tell us how it was?" cried a chorus of voices, as they clustered round him.

"Well, just as it is with you. The fifth form would fag us, and I and some more struck, and we beat 'em. The good fellows left off directly, and the bullies who kept on soon got afraid."

"Was Flashman here then?"

"Yes! and a dirty little snivelling, sneaking fellow he was too. He never dared join us, and used to toady* the bullies by offering to fag for them and peaching against the rest of us."

"Why wasn't he cut then?" said East.

"Oh, toadies never get cut, they're too useful. Besides, he has no end of great hampers from home, with wine and game in them; so he toadied and fed himself into favour."

The quarter-to-ten bell now rang, and the small boys went off upstairs, still consulting together, and praising their new counsellor, who stretched himself out on the bench before the hall fire again. There he lay, a very queer specimen of boyhood, by name Diggs, and familiarly called "the Mucker." He was young for his size, and a very clever fellow nearly at the top of the fifth.

His friends at home, having regard, I suppose, to his age, and not to his size and place in the school, hadn't put him into tails; and even his jackets were always too small; and he had a

talent for destroying clothes and making himself look shabby. He wasn't on terms with Flashman's set, who sneered at his dress and ways behind his back, which he knew, and revenged himself by asking Flashman the most disagreeable questions, and treating him familiarly whenever a crowd of boys were round them.

Neither was he intimate with any of the other bigger boys, who were warned off by his oddnesses, for he was a very queer fellow; besides, amongst other failings, he had that of impecuniosity in a remarkable degree. He brought as much money as other boys to school, but got rid of it in no time, no one knew how. And then, being also reckless, borrowed from any one, and when his debts accumulated and creditors pressed, would have an auction* in the Hall of everything he possessed in the world, selling even his school-books, candlestick, and study table.

It is necessary to introduce Diggs thus particularly, as he not only did Tom and East good service in their present warfare, as is about to be told, but soon afterwards, when he got into the sixth, chose them for his fags, and excused them from study-fagging, thereby earning unto himself eternal gratitude from them, and from all who are interested in their history.

And seldom had small boys more need of a

friend, for the morning after the siege the storm burst upon the rebels in all its violence. Flashman laid wait, and caught Tom before second lesson, and, receiving a point blank "No" when told to fetch his hat, seized him and twisted his arm, and went through the other methods of torture in use. "He couldn't make me cry though," as Tom said triumphantly to the other rebels, "and I kicked his shins well, I know."

And soon it crept out that a number of the fags were in league, and Flashman excited his associates to join him in bringing the young vagabonds to their senses; and the house was filled with constant chasings, and sieges, and lickings of all sorts; and in return, the bullies' beds were pulled to pieces and drenched with water, and their names written up on the walls with every insulting epithet which the fag invention could furnish.

The war, in short, raged fiercely; but soon, as Diggs had told them, all the better fellows in the fifth gave up trying to fag them, and public feeling began to set against Flashman and his two or three intimates, and they were obliged to keep their doings more secret, but being thorough bad fellows, missed no opportunity of torturing in private.

Flashman, be it said, was about seventeen years

old, and big and strong for his age. He played well at all games where pluck wasn't much wanted, and managed generally to keep up appearances where it was; and having a bluff, off-hand manner, which passed for heartiness, and considerable powers of being pleasant when he liked, went down with the school in general for a good fellow enough. Even in the School-house, by dint of his command of money, the constant supply of good things which he kept up, and his adroit* toadyism, he had managed to make himself, not only tolerated, but rather popular amongst his own contemporaries; although young Brooke scarcely spoke to him, and one or two others of the right sort showed their opinions of him whenever a chance offered.

But the wrong sort happened to be in the ascendant just now, and so Flashman was a formidable enemy for small boys. One by one most of the other rebels fell away from East and Tom, while Flashman's cause prospered, and several other fifth-form boys began to look black at them and ill-treat them as they passed about the house.

By keeping out of bounds, or at all events out of the house and quadrangle, all day, and carefully barring themselves in at night, they managed to hold on without feeling very

miserable; but it was as much as they could do. Greatly were they drawn then towards old Diggs, who, in an uncouth way, began to take a good deal of notice of them, and once or twice came to their study when Flashman was there, who immediately decamped in consequence. The boys thought that Diggs must have been watching.

When therefore, about this time, an auction was one night announced to take place in the Hall, at which, amongst the superfluities of other boys, all Diggs's Penates* for the time being were going to the hammer, East and Tom laid their heads together, and resolved to devote their ready cash (some four shillings sterling) to redeem such articles as that sum would cover.

They attended to bid, and Tom became the owner of two lots of Diggs's things;—lot 1, price one-and-threepence, consisting (as the auctioneer remarked) of a "valuable assortment of old metals," in the shape of a mouse-trap, a cheese-toaster without a handle, and a saucepan: lot 2, of a villainous dirty table-cloth and green-baize curtain; while East, for one-and-sixpence, purchased a leather paper-case, with a lock but no key, once handsome, but now much the worse for wear.

But they had still the point to settle of how to get Diggs to take the things without hurting his

feelings. This they solved by leaving them in his study, which was never locked when he was out. Diggs, who had attended the auction, remembered who had bought the lots, and came to their study soon after, and sat silent for some time, cracking his great red finger-joints.

Then he seized their verses, and began looking over and altering them, and at last got up, and turning his back to them, said, "You're uncommon good-hearted little beggars, you two—I value that paper-case; my sister gave it me last holidays—I won't forget"; and so tumbled out into the passage, leaving them somewhat embarrassed, but not sorry that he knew what they had done.

The next day a lottery is held for the Derby, and Tom draws one of the favourites. Flashman and other big boys try to frighten him into selling his ticket. One offers five shillings, another seven.

"No, no!" said Flashman, pushing in, "leave me to deal with him; we'll draw lots for it afterwards. Now, sir, you know me—you'll sell Harkaway to us for five shillings, or you'll repent it."

"I won't sell a bit of him," answered Tom, shortly.

"You hear that now!" said Flashman, turning to the others. "He's the coxiest young black-

guard in the house—I always told you so. We're to have all the trouble and risk of getting up the lotteries for the benefit of such fellows as he."

Flashman forgets to explain what risk they ran, but he speaks to willing ears. Gambling makes boys selfish and cruel as well as men.

"That's true—we always draw blanks," cried one.

"Now, sir, you shall sell half, at any rate."

"I won't," said Tom, flushing up to his hair, and lumping them all in his mind with his sworn enemy.

"Very well then, let's roast him," cried Flashman, and catches hold of Tom by the collar: one or two boys hesitate, but the rest join in. East seizes Tom's arm and tries to pull him away, but is knocked back by one of the boys, and Tom is dragged along struggling. His shoulders are pushed against the mantelpiece, and he is held by main force before the fire, Flashman drawing his trousers tight by way of extra torture. Poor East, in more pain even than Tom, suddenly thinks of Diggs, and darts off to find him. "Will you sell now for ten shillings?" says one boy who is relenting.

Tom only answers by groans and struggles.

"I say, Flashey, he has had enough," says the same boy, dropping the arm he holds.

"No, no, another turn'll do it," answers Flashman. But poor Tom is done already, turns deadly pale, and his head falls forward on his breast, just as Diggs, in frantic excitement, rushes into the Hall with East at his heels.

"You cowardly brutes!" is all he can say, as he catches Tom from them and supports him to the Hall table. "Good God! he's dying. Here, get some cold water—run for the housekeeper."

Flashman and one or two others slink away; the rest, ashamed and sorry, bend over Tom or run for water, while East darts off for the housekeeper. Water comes, and they throw it on his hands and face, and he begins to come to. "Mother!"—the words came feebly and slowly—"it's very cold to-night." Poor old Diggs is blubbering like a child. "Where am I?" goes on Tom, opening his eyes. "Ah! I remember now;" and he shut his eyes again and groaned.

"I say," is whispered, "we can't do any good, and the housekeeper will be here in a minute"; and all but one steal away; he stays with Diggs, silent and sorrowful, and fans Tom's face.

The housekeeper comes in with strong salts, and Tom soon recovers enough to sit up. There is a smell of burning; she examines his clothes, and looks up inquiringly. The boys are silent.

"How did he come so?" No answer.

"There's been some bad work here," she adds, looking very serious, "and I shall speak to the Doctor about it." Still no answer.

"Hadn't we better carry him to the sick-room?" suggests Diggs.

"Oh, I can walk now," says Tom; and, supported by East and the housekeeper, goes to the sick-room. The boy who held his ground is soon amongst the rest, who are all in fear of their lives. "Did he peach?" "Does she know about it?"

"Not a word—he's a staunch little fellow." And pausing a moment he adds, "I'm sick of this work; what brutes we've been!"

Meantime Tom is stretched on the sofa in the housekeeper's room, with East by his side, while she gets wine and water and other restoratives.

"Are you much hurt, dear old boy?" whispers East.

"Only the back of my legs," answers Tom. They are indeed badly scorched, and part of his trousers burnt through. But soon he is in bed, with cold bandages. At first he feels broken, and thinks of writing home and getting taken away; and the verse of a hymn he had learned years ago sings through his head, and he goes to sleep murmuring—

"Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest."

But after a sound night's rest, the old boy-spirit comes back again. East comes in reporting that the whole house is with him. and he forgets everything, except their old resolve never to be beaten by that bully Flashman.

When Tom came back into school after a couple of days in the sick-room, he found matters much changed for the better, as East had led him to expect. Flashman's brutality had disgusted most even of his intimate friends, and his cowardice had once more been made plain to the house; for Diggs had encountered him on the morning after the lottery, and after high words on both sides had struck him, and the blow was not returned. However, Flashey was not unused to this sort of thing, and had lived through as awkward affairs before, and, as Diggs had said, fed and toadied himself back into favour again.

Two or three of the boys who had helped to roast Tom came up and begged his pardon, and thanked him for not telling anything. Morgan sent for him, and was inclined to take the matter up warmly, but Tom begged him not to do it; to which he agreed, on Tom's promising to come to him at once in the future—a promise which I regret to say he didn't keep.

The embers of Flashman's wrath, however, were still smouldering, and burst out every now and

then in sly blows and taunts, and they both felt that they hadn't quite done with him yet. It wasn't long, however, before the last act of that drama came, and with it the end of bullying for Tom and East at Rugby.

One evening, in forbidden hours, Tom and East were in the Hall. They occupied the seats before the fire nearest the door, while Diggs sprawled as usual before the further fire. He was busy with a copy of verses, and East and Tom were chatting together in whispers by the light of the fire, and splicing a favourite old fives'-bat which had sprung. Presently a step came down the bottom passage; they listened a moment, assured themselves that it wasn't a præpostor, and then went on with their work, and the door swung open, and in walked Flashman. He didn't see Diggs, and thought it a good chance to keep his hand in; and as the boys didn't move for him, struck one of them, to make them get out of the way.

"What's that for?" growled the assaulted one.

"Because I choose. You've no business here; go to your study."

"You can't send us."

"Can't I? Then I'll thrash you if you stay," said Flashman, savagely.

"I say, you two," said Diggs from the end of the Hall, rousing up and resting himself on his

elbow, "you'll never get rid of that fellow till you lick him. Go in at him, both of you—I'll see fair play."

Flashman was taken aback, and retreated two steps. East looked at Tom. "Shall we try?" "Yes," said Tom desperately. So the two advanced on Flashman, with clenched fists and beating hearts. They were about up to his shoulder, but tough boys of their age, and in perfect training; while he, though strong and big, was in poor condition from his monstrous habits of stuffing and want of exercise. Coward as he was, however, Flashman couldn't swallow such an insult as this; besides, he was confident of having easy work, and so faced the boys, saying, "You impudent young blackguards!"

Before he could finish his abuse, they rushed in on him, and began pummelling at all of him which they could reach! He hit out wildly and savagely, but the full force of his blows didn't tell, they were too near him. It was long odds, though, in point of strength, and in another minute Tom went spinning backwards over a form, and Flashman turned to demolish East, with a savage grin. But now Diggs jumped down from the table on which he had seated himself. "Stop there," shouted he, "the round's over—half-minute time allowed."

"What is it to you?" faltered Flashman, who began to lose heart.

"I'm going to see fair, I tell you," said Diggs with a grin, and snapping his great red fingers; "'tain't fair for you to be fighting one of them at a time. Are you ready, Brown? Time's up."

The small boys rushed in again. Closing they saw was their best chance, and Flashman was wilder and more flurried than ever: he caught East by the throat, and tried to force him back on the iron-bound table; Tom grasped his waist, and, remembering an old throw he had learned in wrestling with village boys, crooked his leg inside Flashman's, and threw his whole weight forward. The three tottered for a moment, and then over they went on to the floor, Flashman striking his head against a form in the Hall.

The two youngsters sprang to their legs, but he lay there still. They began to be frightened. Tom stooped down, and then cried out, scared out of his wits, "He's bleeding awfully; come here, East! Diggs,—he's dying!"

"Not he," said Diggs, getting leisurely off the table; "it's all sham—he's only afraid to fight it out."

East was as frightened as Tom. Diggs lifted Flashman's head, and he groaned.

"What's the matter?" shouted Diggs.

"My skull's fractured," sobbed Flashman.

"Oh, let me run for the housekeeper," cried Tom. "What shall we do?"

"Fiddlesticks! it's nothing but the skin broken," said the relentless Diggs, feeling his head. "Cold water and a bit of rag's all he'll want."

"Let me go," said Flashman, surlily, sitting up; "I don't want your help."

"We're really very sorry," began East.

"Hang your sorrow," answered Flashman, holding his handkerchief to the place; "you shall pay for this, I can tell you, both of you." And he walked out of the Hall.

"He can't be very bad," said Tom with a deep sigh, much relieved to see his enemy march so well.

"Not he," said Diggs, "and you'll see you won't be troubled with him any more. But, I say, your head's broken too—your collar is covered with blood."

"Is it though?" said Tom, putting up his hand; "I didn't know it."

"Well, mop it up, or you'll have your jacket spoilt. And you have got a nasty eye, Scud; you'd better go and bathe it well in cold water."

"Cheap enough too, if we've done with our old friend Flashey," said East, as they made off upstairs to bathe their wounds.

They had done with Flashman in one sense, for he never laid finger on either of them again ; but whatever harm a spiteful heart and venomous tongue could do them, he took care should be done. Only throw dirt enough, and some of it is sure to stick ; and so it was with the fifth form and the bigger boys in general, with whom he associated more or less, and they not at all. Flashman managed to get Tom and East into disfavour, which did not wear off for some time after the author of it had disappeared from the School world. This event, much prayed for by the small fry in general, took place a few months after the above encounter.[1]

CHAPTER VI

SCRAPES AND PUNISHMENTS

THE evil that men, and boys too, do, lives after them : Flashman was gone, but our boys, as hinted above, still felt the effects of his hate. Besides, they had been the movers of the strike against unlawful fagging. The cause was righteous —the result had been triumphant to a great extent ; but the best of the fifth, even those who

[1] Flashman was expelled for drunkenness.

had never fagged the small boys, or had given up the practice cheerfully, couldn't help feeling a small grudge against the first rebels. "Confoundedly coxy those young rascals will get, if we don't mind," was the general feeling.

So East and Tom, the Tadpole, and one or two more, became a sort of young Ishmaelites*, their hands against every one and every one's hand against them. It has been already told how they got to war with the masters and the fifth form, and with the sixth it was much the same. They saw the præpostors cowed by or joining with the fifth and shirking their own duties; so they didn't respect them, and rendered no willing obedience.

And even after the house mended, and law and order had been restored, which soon happened after young Brooke and Diggs got into the sixth, they couldn't easily or at once return into the paths of steadiness, and many of the old wild habits stuck to them as firmly as ever. While they had been quite little boys, the scrapes they got into in the school hadn't much mattered to any one. But now they were in the upper school, all wrong-doers from which were sent up straight to the Doctor at once: so they began to come under his notice; and as they were a sort of leaders in a small way amongst their own con-

temporaries, his eye, which was everywhere, was upon them.

It was a toss-up whether they turned out well or ill, and so they were just the boys who caused most anxiety to such a master. You have been told of the first occasion on which they were sent up to the Doctor, and the remembrance of it was so pleasant that they had much less fear of him than most boys of their standing had. "It's all his look," Tom used to say to East, "that frightens fellows: don't you remember, he never said anything to us my first half-year, for being an hour late for locking up?"

The next time that Tom came before him, however, the interview was of a very different kind. It happened just about the time at which we have now arrived, and was the first of a series of scrapes into which our hero managed now to tumble.

Tom goes fishing in the River Avon at a place where fishing is forbidden, owing to the landlord having made a complaint. Just as he has landed three fish, under a large willow-tree, he sees a keeper coming. He climbs the tree, but is seen by the keeper, who waits for him below. Tom at last has to climb down, and the keeper takes him to the headmaster.

How changed and stern the Doctor seemed from the last time that Tom was up there, as the keeper told the story, not omitting to state how

Tom had called him blackguard names. "Indeed, sir," broke in the culprit, "it was only 'Velveteens.'" The Doctor only asked one question.

"You know the rule about the banks, Brown?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then wait for me to-morrow, after first lesson."

"I thought so," muttered Tom.

"And about the rod, sir?" went on the keeper. "Master's told us as we might have all the rods——"

"Oh, please, sir," broke in Tom, "the rod isn't mine." The Doctor looked puzzled; but the keeper, who was a good-hearted fellow, and melted at Tom's evident distress, gave up his claim. Tom was flogged next morning, and a few days afterwards met Velveteens, and presented him with half-a-crown for giving up the rod claim, and they became sworn friends.

It wasn't three weeks before Tom, and now East by his side, was again in the awful presence. This time, however, the Doctor was not so terrible. A few days before, they had been fagged at fives to fetch the balls that went off the Court. While standing watching the game, they saw five or six nearly new balls hit on the top of the School. "I say, Tom," said East, when they were dismissed, "couldn't we get those balls somehow?"

"Let's try, anyhow."

So they reconnoitred* the walls carefully, borrowed a coal-hammer from old Stumps, bought some big nails, and after one or two attempts, scaled the schools, and possessed themselves of huge quantities of fives'-balls. The place pleased them so much that they spent all their spare time there, scratching and cutting their names on the top of every tower; and at last, having exhausted all other places, finished up with inscribing H. EAST, T. BROWN, on the minute-hand of the great clock; in the doing of which they held the minute-hand, and disturbed the clock's economy*.

So next morning, when masters and boys came trooping down to prayers, and entered the quadrangle, the injured minute-hand was indicating three minutes to the hour. They all pulled up, and took their time. When the hour struck, doors were closed, and half the school late. Thomas being set to make inquiry, discovers their names on the minute-hand, and reports accordingly; and they are sent for, a knot of their friends making derisive and pantomimic allusions to what their fate will be as they walk off.

But the Doctor, after hearing their story, doesn't make much of it, and only gives them thirty lines of Homer* to learn by heart, and a

lecture on the likelihood of such exploits ending in broken bones.

Alas, almost the next day was one of the great fairs in the town; and as several rows and other disagreeable accidents had of late taken place on these occasions, the Doctor gives out, after prayers in the morning, that no boy is to go down into the town. Wherefore East and Tom, for no earthly pleasure except that of doing what they are told not to do, start away, after second lesson, and making a short circuit through the fields, strike a back lane which leads into the town, go down it, and run plump upon one of the masters as they emerge into the High Street. The master sends East and Tom up to the Doctor; who, on learning that they had been at prayers in the morning, flogs them soundly.

It was just the end of the half, and on the next evening but one Thomas knocks at their door, and says the Doctor wants to see them. They look at one another in silent dismay. What can it be now? Which of their countless wrong-doings can he have heard of officially? However, it's no use delaying, so up they go to the study. There they find the Doctor, not angry, but very grave.

He has sent for them to speak very seriously before they go home. They have each been

flogged several times in the half-year for direct and wilful breaches of rules. This cannot go on. They are doing no good to themselves or others, and now they are getting up in the School, and have influence. They seem to think that rules are made capriciously*, and for the pleasure of the masters; but this is not so, they are made for the good of the whole School, and must and shall be obeyed. Those who thoughtlessly or wilfully break them will not be allowed to stay at the School. He should be sorry if they had to leave, as the School might do them both much good, and wishes them to think very seriously in the holidays over what he has said. Good-night."

And so the two hurry off horribly scared; the idea of having to leave had never crossed their minds, and is quite unbearable.

As they go out, they meet at the door old Holmes, a sturdy cheery præpostor of another house, who goes in to the Doctor; and they hear his genial hearty greeting of the new-comer, so different from their own reception, as the door closes, and return to their study with heavy hearts, and tremendous resolves to break no more rules.

Five minutes afterwards the master of their form, a late arrival and a model young master,

knocks at the Doctor's study-door. "Come in!" and as he enters the Doctor goes on, to Holmes—"you see, I do not know anything of the case officially, and if I take any notice of it at all, I must publicly expel the boy. I don't wish to do that, for I think there is some good in him. There's nothing for it but a good sound thrashing." He paused to shake hands with the master, which Holmes does also, and then prepares to leave.

"I understand. Good night, sir."

"Good night, Holmes. And remember," added the Doctor, emphasising the words, "a good sound thrashing before the whole house."

The door closed on Holmes; and the Doctor, in answer to the puzzled look of his lieutenant, explained shortly. "A gross case of bullying. Wharton, the head of the house, is a very good fellow, but slight and weak, and severe physical pain is the only way to deal with such a case; so I have asked Holmes to take it up. He is very careful and trustworthy, and has plenty of strength. I wish all the sixth had as much. We must have it here, if we are to keep order at all."

After some other talk between them, the Doctor said, "I want to speak to you about two boys in your form, East and Brown; I have just

been speaking to them. What do you think of them?"

"Well, they are not hard workers, and very thoughtless and full of spirits—but I can't help liking them. I think they are sound good fellows at the bottom."

"I'm glad of it. I think so too. But they make me very uneasy. They are taking the lead a good deal amongst the fags in my house, for they are very active, bold fellows. I should be sorry to lose them, but I shan't let them stay if I don't see them gaining character and manliness. In another year they may do great harm to all the younger boys."

"Oh, I hope you won't send them away," pleaded their master.

"Not if I can help it. But now I never feel sure, after any half-holiday, that I shan't have to flog one of them next morning, for some foolish, thoughtless scrape. I quite dread seeing either of them."

They were both silent for a minute. Presently the Doctor began again:—

"They don't feel that they have any duty or work to do in the school, and how is one to make them feel it?"

"I think if either of them had some little boy to take care of, it would steady them. Brown

is the more reckless of the two, I should say; East wouldn't get into so many scrapes without him."

"Well," said the Doctor, with something like a sigh, "I'll think of it." And they went on to talk of other subjects.

CHAPTER VII

HOW THE TIDE TURNED

THE turning-point in our hero's school career had now come, and the manner of it was as follows. On the evening of the first day of the next half-year, Tom, East, and another School-house boy rushed into the matron's room in high spirits, such as all real boys are in when they first get back, however fond they may be of home.

"Well, Mrs. Wixie," shouted one, seizing on the methodical, active little dark-eyed woman who was busy stowing away the linen of the boys who had already arrived into their several pigeon-holes, "here we are again, you see, as jolly as ever. Let us help you put the things away."

"And, Mary," cried another (she was called indifferently by either name), "who's come back? Has the Doctor made old Jones leave? How many new boys are there?"

"Am I and East to have Gray's study? You

know you promised to get it for us if you could," shouted Tom.

"And am I to sleep in No. 4?" roared East.

"How's old Sam, and Bogle, and Sally?"

"Bless the boys!" cries Mary, at last getting in a word, "why you'll shake me to death. There, now do go away up to the housekeeper's room and get your suppers; you know I haven't time to talk—you'll find plenty more in the house. Now, Master East, do let those things alone—you're mixing up three new boys' things." And she rushed at East, who escaped round the open trunks holding up a prize.

"Hullo, look here, Tommy," shouted he; "here's fun!" and he brandished above his head some pretty little night-caps, beautifully made and marked, the work of loving fingers in some distant country home. The kind mother and sisters who sewed that delicate stitching with aching hearts little thought of the trouble they might be bringing on that young head for which they were meant. The little matron was wiser, and snatched the caps from East before he could look at the name on them.

"Now, Master East, I shall be very angry if you don't go," said she; "there's some capital cold beef and pickles upstairs, and I won't have you old boys in my room first night."

"Hurrah for the pickles! Come along, Tommy; come along, Smith. We shall find out who the young Count is, I'll be bound: I hope he'll sleep in my room. Mary's always vicious first week."

As the boys turned to leave the room, the matron touched Tom's arm, and said, "Master Brown, please stop a minute, I want to speak to you."

"Very well, Mary. I'll come in a minute, East; don't finish the pickles——"

"Oh, Master Brown," went on the little matron, when the rest had gone, "you're to have Gray's study, Mrs. Arnold says. And she wants you to take in this young gentleman. He's a new boy, and thirteen years old, though he don't look it. He's very delicate, and has never been from home before. And I told Mrs. Arnold I thought you'd be kind to him, and see that they don't bully him at first. He's put into your form, and I've given him the bed next to yours in number 4; so East can't sleep there this half."

Tom was rather put about by this speech. He had got the double study which he coveted, but here were conditions attached which greatly moderated his joy. He looked across the room, and in the far corner of the sofa was aware of a slight pale boy, with large blue eyes and light fair hair, who seemed ready to shrink through the

floor. He saw at a glance that the little stranger was just the boy whose first half-year at a public school would be misery to himself if he were left alone, or constant anxiety to any one who meant to see him through his troubles.

Tom was too honest to take in the youngster and then let him shift for himself; and if he took him as his chum instead of East, where were all his pet plans of making night-lines and slings, and plotting expeditions to Brownsover Mills and Caldecott's Spinney? East and he had made up their minds to get this study, and then every night from locking up till ten they would be together to talk about fishing, read Marryat's novels, and sort birds' eggs. And this new boy would most likely never go out of the close, and would be afraid of wet feet, and always getting laughed at, and called Molly, or Jenny, or some feminine nickname.

The matron watched him for a moment, and saw what was passing in his mind, and so, like a wise negotiator*, threw in an appeal to his warm heart. "Poor little fellow," said she in almost a whisper, "his father's dead, and he's got no brothers. And his mamma, such a kind, sweet lady, almost broke her heart at leaving him this morning; and she said one of his sisters was like to die of decline, and so——"

"Well, well," burst in Tom, with something like a sigh at the effort, "I suppose I must give up East. Come along, young un. What's your name? We'll go and have some supper, and then I'll show you our study."

"His name's George Arthur," said the matron, walking up to him with Tom, who grasped his little delicate hand as the proper preliminary to making a chum of him, and felt a if she could have blown him away. "I've had his books and things put into the study, which his mamma has had new papered, and the sofa covered, and new green-baize curtains over the door" (the diplomatic* matron threw this in, to show that the new boy was contributing largely to the partnership comforts). "And Mrs. Arnold told me to say," she added, "that she should like you both to come up to tea with her. You know the way, Master Brown, and the things are just gone up, I know."

Here was an announcement for Master Tom! He was to go up to tea the first night, just as if he were a sixth or fifth form boy, and of importance in the school world, instead of the most reckless young scapegrace amongst the fags. He felt himself lifted on to a higher social and moral platform at once. Nevertheless, he couldn't give up without a sigh the idea of the jolly supper in the housekeeper's room with East and the rest,

and a rush round to all the studies of his friends afterwards, to pour out the deeds and wonders of the holidays, to plot fifty plans for the coming half-year, and to gather news of who had left and what new boys had come, who had got who's study, and where the new præpostors slept. However, Tom consoled himself with thinking that he couldn't have done all this with the new boy at his heels, and so marched off along the passages to the Doctor's private house with his young charge in tow, in monstrous good humour with himself and all the world.

Besides Mrs. Arnold and one or two of the elder children, there were one of the younger masters, young Brooke, who was now in the sixth, and had succeeded to his brother's position and influence, and another sixth-form boy there, talking together before the fire. The master and young Brooke, now a great strapping fellow six feet high, eighteen years old, and powerful as a coal-heaver, nodded kindly to Tom, to his intense glory, and then went on talking; the other did not notice them.

The hostess, after a few kind words, which led the boys at once and insensibly to feel at their ease and to begin talking to one another, left them with her own children while she finished a letter. The young ones got on fast and well,

Tom holding forth about a prodigious pony he had been riding out hunting, and hearing stories of the winter glories of the lakes, when tea came in, and immediately after the Doctor himself.

How frank, and kind, and manly was his greeting to the party by the fire! It did Tom's heart good to see him and young Brooke shake hands, and look one another in the face; and he didn't fail to remark that Brooke was nearly as tall and quite as broad as the Doctor. And his cup was full, when in another moment his master turned to him with another warm shake of the hand, and, seemingly oblivious of all the late scrapes which he had been getting into, said, "Ah, Brown, you here! I hope you left your father and all well at home?"

"Yes, sir, quite well."

"And this is the little fellow who is to share your study. Well, he doesn't look as we should like to see him. He wants some Rugby air, and cricket. And you must take him some good long walks, to Bilton Grange, and Caldecott's Spinney, and show him what a little pretty country we have about here."

Tom wondered if the Doctor knew that his visits to Bilton Grange were for the purpose of taking rooks' nests (a proceeding strongly discountenanced by the owner thereof), and that

THE HEAD-MASTER'S HOUSE.

those to Caldecott's Spinney were prompted chiefly by the conveniences for setting night-lines. What didn't the Doctor know? And what a noble use he always made of it! Tom almost resolved to abjure rook-pies and night-lines for ever.

The tea went merrily off, the Doctor now talking of holiday doings, and then of the prospects of the half-year, what chance there was for the Balliol * scholarship, whether the eleven would be a good one. Everybody was at his ease, and everybody felt that he, young as he might be, was of some use in the little School world, and had a work to do there.

Soon after tea the Doctor went off to his study, and the young boys a few minutes afterwards took their leave, and went out of the private door which led from the Doctor's house into the middle passage.

At the fire, at the further end of the passage, was a crowd of boys in loud talk and laughter. There was a sudden pause when the door opened, and then a great shout of greeting as Tom was recognised marching down the passage.

"Hullo, Brown, where do you come from?"

"Oh, I've been to tea with the Doctor," says Tom, with great dignity.

"My eye!" cried East. "Oh! so that's why

Mary called you back, and you didn't come to supper. You lost something—that beef and pickles was no end good."

"I say, young fellow," cried Hall, detecting Arthur, and catching him by the collar, "what's your name? Where do you come from? How old are you?"

Tom saw Arthur shrink back and look scared as all the group turned to him, but thought it best to let him answer, just standing by his side to support in case of need.

"Arthur, sir. I come from Devonshire."

"Don't call me 'sir,' you young muff. How old are you?"

"Thirteen."

"Can you sing?"

The poor boy was trembling and hesitating. Tom struck in—"You be hanged, Tadpole. He'll have to sing, whether he can or not, Saturday twelve weeks, and that's long enough off yet."

"Do you know him at home, Brown?"

"No; but he's my chum in Gray's old study, and it's near prayer time, and I haven't had a look at it yet. Come along, Arthur."

Away went the two, Tom longing to get his charge safe under cover, where he might advise him on his deportment.

"What a queer chum for Tom Brown," was the

comment at the fire; and it must be confessed so thought Tom himself, as he lighted his candle, and surveyed the new green-baize curtains and the carpet and sofa with much satisfaction.

"I say, Arthur, what a brick your mother is to make us so cosy. But look here now, you must answer straight up when the fellows speak to you, and don't be afraid. If you're afraid, you'll get bullied. And don't you say you can sing; and don't you ever talk about home, or your mother and sisters."

Poor little Arthur looked ready to cry.

"But please," said he, "mayn't I talk about—about home to you?"

"Oh yes; I like it. But don't talk to boys you don't know, or they'll call you home-sick, or mamma's darling, or some such stuff. What a jolly desk! is that yours? And what stunning binding! why, your school-books look like novels."

And Tom was soon deep in Arthur's goods and chattels, all new, and good enough for a fifth-form boy, and hardly thought of his friends outside till the prayer-bell rang.

After prayers they went up to the dormitory.

Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position. The idea of sleeping in the room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his mind before, and was as painful as it

was strange to him. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off; however, presently, with an effort, off it came, and then he paused and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed talking and laughing.

"Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my face and hands?"

"Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring; "that's your washhand-stand, under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning if you use it all." And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds out to his wash-hand-stand, and began his ablutions, thereby drawing for a moment on himself the attention of the room.

On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his nightgown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear, the noise went on. It was a trying moment for the poor little lonely boy; however, this time he didn't ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood.

Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed

unlacing his boots, so that his back was towards Arthur, and he didn't see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper, and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a snivelling young shaver. Then Tom saw the whole, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow.

"Confound you, Brown, what's that for?" roared he, stamping with pain.

"Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on to the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling; "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

What would have been the result is doubtful, for at that moment the sixth-form boy came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed into bed and finished their unrobing there, and the old verger, as punctual as the clock, had put out the candle in another minute, and toddled on to the next room, shutting their door with his usual "Good night, genl'm'n."

CHAPTER VIII

THE NEW BOY

I DO not mean to recount all the little troubles and annoyances which thronged upon Tom at the beginning of this half-year, in his new character of bear-leader to a gentle little boy straight from home. From morning till night he had the feeling of responsibility on his mind, and even if he left Arthur in their study or in the close for an hour, was never at ease till he had him in sight again.

He waited for him at the school doors after every lesson and every calling-over; watched that no tricks were played him, and none but the regulation questions asked; kept his eye on his plate at dinner and breakfast, to see that no unfair depredations were made upon his viands*; in short, as East remarked, cackled after him like a hen with one chick.

It was hard work! But Tom had taken it up, and meant to stick to it, and go through with it so as to satisfy himself; in which resolution he was much assisted by the chaffing of East and his other old friends, who began to call him "dry-nurse," and otherwise to break their small wit on him. But when they took other ground, as they did every now and then, Tom was sorely puzzled.

"Tell you what, Tommy," East would say, "you'll spoil young Hopeful with too much coddling. Why can't you let him go about by himself and find his own level? He'll never be worth a button, if you go on keeping him under your skirts."

"Well, but he ain't fit to fight his own way yet; I'm trying to get him to it every day—but he's very odd. Poor little beggar! I can't make him out a bit. He ain't a bit like anything I've ever seen or heard of—he seems all over nerves; anything you say seems to hurt him like a cut or a blow."

"That sort of boy's no use here," said East; "he'll only spoil. Now I'll tell you what to do, Tommy. Go and get a nice large band-box made, and put him in with plenty of cotton-wool, and a baby's bottle, labelled 'With care—this side up,' and send him back to mamma."

"I think I shall make a hand of him though," said Tom, smiling, "say what you will. There's something about him, every now and then, which shows me he's got pluck somewhere in him. That's the only thing after all that'll wash, ain't it, old Scud? But how to get at it and bring it out?"

Tom took one hand out of his breeches-pocket and stuck it in his back hair for a scratch, giving

his hat a tilt over his nose, his one method of invoking wisdom. He stared at the ground with a ludicrously puzzled look, and presently looked up and met East's eyes. That young gentleman slapped him on the back, and then put his arm round his shoulder, as they strolled through the quadrangle together. "Tom," said he, "blest if you ain't the best old fellow ever was—I do like to see you go into a thing. Hang it, I wish I could take things as you do—but I never can get higher than a joke. Everything's a joke. If I was going to be flogged next minute, I should be in a blue funk, but I couldn't help laughing at it for the life of me."

After the above conversation East came a good deal to their study, and took notice of Arthur; and soon allowed to Tom that he was a thorough little gentleman, and would get over his shyness all in good time, which much comforted our hero. Tom felt every day, too, the value of having an object in his life, something that drew him out of himself; and it being the dull time of the year, and no games going about for which he much cared, was happier than he had ever yet been at school, which was saying a great deal.

* * * * *

About six weeks after the beginning of the half, as Tom and Arthur were sitting one night

before supper beginning their verses, Arthur suddenly stopped, and looked up, and said, "Tom, do you know anything of Martin?"

"Yes," said Tom, taking his hand out of his back hair, and delighted to throw his Dictionary on to the sofa; "I know him pretty well. He's a very good fellow, as mad as a hatter. He's called Madman, you know. And never was such a fellow for getting all sorts of rum things about him. He tamed two snakes last half, and used to carry them about in his pocket, and I'll be bound he's got some hedgehogs and rats in his cupboard now, and no one knows what besides."

"I should like very much to know him," said Arthur; "he was next to me in the form to-day, and he'd lost his book and looked over mine, and he seemed so kind and gentle, that I liked him very much."

"Ah, poor old Madman, he's always losing his books," said Tom, "and getting called up and floored because he hasn't got them."

"I like him all the better," said Arthur.

"Well, he's great fun, I can tell you," said Tom, throwing himself back on the sofa, and chuckling at the remembrance. "We had such a game with him one day last half. He had been kicking up horrid stinks for some time in his study, till I suppose some fellow told Mary, and

she told the Doctor. Anyhow, one day a little before dinner, when he came down from the library, the Doctor, instead of going home, came striding into the Hall.

"East and I and five or six other fellows were at the fire, and preciously we stared, for he don't come in like that once a year, unless it is a wet day and there's a fight in the Hall. 'East,' says he, 'just come and show me Martin's study.' 'Oh, here's a game,' whispered the rest of us, and we all cut upstairs after the Doctor, East leading. As we got into the New Row, which was hardly wide enough to hold the Doctor and his gown, click, click, click, we heard in the old Madman's den. Then that stopped all of a sudden, and the bolts went to like fun; the Madman knew East's step, and thought there was going to be a siege.

"'It's the Doctor, Martin. He's here and wants to see you,' sings out East.

"Then the bolts went back slowly, and the door opened, and there was the old Madman standing, looking precious scared; his jacket off, his shirt-sleeves up to his elbows, and his long skinny arms all covered with anchors and arrows and letters, tattooed in with gunpowder like a sailor-boy's, and a stink fit to knock you down coming out. 'Twas all the Doctor could do to stand his ground, and East and I, who were

looking in under his arms, held our noses tight. The old magpie was standing on the window-sill, all his feathers drooping, and looking disgusted and half-poisoned.

"'What can you be about, Martin?' says the Doctor; 'you really mustn't go on in this way—you're a nuisance to the whole passage.'

"'Please, sir, I was only mixing up this powder, there isn't any harm in it'; and the Madman seized nervously on his pestle-and-mortar*, to show the Doctor the harmlessness of his pursuits, and went on pounding; click, click, click; he hadn't given six clicks before, puff! up went the whole into a great blaze, away went the pestle-and-mortar across the study, and back we tumbled into the passage. The magpie fluttered down into the court, swearing, and the Madman danced out, howling, with his fingers in his mouth. The Doctor caught hold of him, and called to us to fetch some hot water. 'There, you silly fellow,' said he, quite pleased though to find he wasn't much hurt, 'you see you don't know the least what you're doing with all these things; and now, mind, you must give up practising chemistry by yourself.'

"Then he took hold of his arm and looked at it, and I saw he had to bite his lip, and his eyes twinkled; but he said, quite grave, 'Here, you

see, you've been making all these foolish marks on yourself, which you can never get out, and you'll be very sorry for it in a year or two: now come down to the housekeeper's room, and let us see if you are hurt.' And away went the two, and we all stayed and had a regular turn-out of the den, till Martin came back with his hand bandaged and turned us out. However, I'll go and see what he's after, and tell him to come in after prayers to supper."

And off went Tom to find the boy in question, who dwelt in a little study by himself, in New Row.

"Open, Martin, old boy—it's only I, only Tom Brown."

"Oh, very well, stop a moment." One bolt went back. "You're sure East isn't there?"

"No, no; hang it, open." Tom gave a kick, the other bolt creaked and he entered the den.

"Well, old boy, you haven't got any sweeter in the den this half. Never mind, I ain't going to stop, but you come up after prayers to our study; you know young Arthur; we've got Gray's study. We'll have a good supper and talk about birds'-nesting."

Martin was evidently highly pleased at the invitation, and promised to be up without fail.

As soon as prayers were over, and the sixth

and fifth form boys had withdrawn to the aristocratic* seclusion of their own room, and the rest had sat down to their supper in the Hall, Tom and Arthur, having secured their allowances of bread and cheese, started on their feet to catch the eye of the præpostor for the week, who remained in charge during supper, walking up and down the Hall. He happened to be an easy-going fellow, so they got a pleasant nod to their "Please may I go out?" and away they scrambled to prepare for Martin a sumptuous banquet.

In a minute or two the noise of the boys coming up from supper was heard, and Martin knocked and was admitted, bearing his bread and cheese, and the three fell to with hearty good will, talking faster than they ate, for all shyness disappeared in a moment before Tom's good cheer and hospitable ways. "Here's Arthur, a regular young town-mouse, with a natural taste for the woods, Martin, longing to break his neck climbing trees, and with a passion for young snakes."

"Well, I say," sputtered out Martin eagerly, "will you come to-morrow, both of you, to Caldecott's Spinney, then, for I know of a kestrel's nest, up a fir-tree?—I can't get at it without help; and, Brown, you can climb against any one."

"Oh yes, do let us go," said Arthur. "I never saw a hawk's nest, nor a hawk's egg."

TOM BROWN'S STUDY.

"You just come down to my study then, and I'll show you five sorts," said Martin.

"Ay, the old Madman has got the best collection in the house, out-and-out," said Tom; and then Martin, warming with unaccustomed good cheer and the chance of a convert*, launched out into a proposed birds'-nesting campaign, betraying all manner of important secrets: a golden-crested wren's nest near Butlin's Mound, a moorhen who was sitting on nine eggs in a pond down the Barby-road, and a kingfisher's nest in a corner of the old canal above Brownsover Mill.

He had heard, he said, that no one had ever got a kingfisher's nest out perfect, and that the British Museum, or the Government, or somebody, had offered £100 to anyone who could bring them a nest and eggs not damaged. In the middle of which astounding announcement, to which the others were listening with open ears, and already considering the application of the £100, a knock came to the door, and East's voice was heard craving admittance.

"There's Harry," said Tom; "we'll let him in —I'll keep him steady, Martin. I thought the old boy would smell out the supper."

"Ah, you greedy vagabonds," said East, with his mouth full, "I knew there was something going on when I saw you cut off out of Hall so

quick with your suppers. Well, old Madman, and how goes the birds'-nesting campaign? How's Howlett? I expect the young rooks 'll be out in another fortnight, and then my turn comes."

"There'll be no young rooks fit for pies for a month yet; shows how much you know about it," rejoined Martin, who, though very good friends with East, regarded him with considerable suspicion for his propensity to practical jokes.

"Scud knows nothing and cares for nothing but grub and mischief," said Tom; "but young rook pie, especially when you've had to climb for them, is very pretty eating. However, I say, Scud, we're all going after a hawk's nest to-morrow, in Caldecott's Spinney; and if you'll come and behave yourself, we'll have a stunning climb."

The next day the three friends go on their birds'-nesting expedition, and Martin climbs a fir-tree and gets three hawk's eggs.

* * * * *

Martin became a constant inmate in the joint study from this time, and Arthur took to him so kindly that Tom couldn't resist slight fits of jealousy, which, however, he managed to keep to himself. The kestrel's eggs had not been broken, strange to say, and formed the nucleus of Arthur's

collection, at which Martin worked heart and soul; and introduced Arthur to Howlett the bird-fancier, and instructed him in the rudiments of the art of stuffing.

In token of his gratitude, Arthur allowed Martin to tattoo a small anchor on one of his wrists, which decoration, however, he carefully concealed from Tom. Before the end of the half-year he had trained into a bold climber and good runner, and, as Martin had foretold, knew twice as much about trees, birds, flowers, and many other things, as our good-hearted and facetious young friend Harry East.

CHAPTER IX

THE FIGHT

It is now drawing towards the close of Arthur's first half-year, and he, Tom, and East are all in the same form. One day, their regular master being ill, another takes his place, and a question arises as to how many lines of Homer the boys ought to have prepared. Arthur has to translate, but he is so much affected by the sadness of the verses that he breaks down in tears and cannot go on. Some of the other boys are angry because there are many hard words in the verses which they do not know. They

had looked to Arthur to finish the lesson, so that their own ignorance should not be discovered. They think he is crying on purpose, because he wants to escape having to translate any more.

Now, as luck would have it, there sat next above Tom on that day, in the middle bench of the form, a big boy, by name Williams, generally supposed to be the cock of the shell,[1] therefore of all the school below the fifths. The small boys, who are great speculators on the prowess of their elders, used to hold forth to one another about Williams's great strength, and to discuss whether East or Brown would take a licking from him. He was called "Slogger Williams," from the force with which it was supposed he could hit.

In the main, he was a rough, good-natured fellow enough, but very much alive to his own dignity. He reckoned himself the king of the form, and kept up his position with the strong hand, especially in the matter of forcing boys not to construe more than the legitimate forty lines. He had already grunted and grumbled to himself, when Arthur went on reading beyond the forty lines. But now that he had broken down just in the middle of all the long words, the Slogger's wrath was fairly roused.

"Sneaking little brute," muttered he, regardless

[1] The name of the form below the fifth form.

of prudence, "clapping on the waterworks just in the hardest place; see if I don't punch his head after fourth lesson."

"Whose?" said Tom, to whom the remark seemed to be addressed.

"Why, that little sneak, Arthur's," replied Williams.

"No, you shan't," said Tom.

"Hullo!" exclaimed Williams, looking at Tom with great surprise for a moment, and then giving him a sudden dig in the ribs with his elbow, which sent Tom's books flying on to the floor, and called the attention of the master, who turned suddenly round, and seeing the state of things, said:

"Williams, go down three places, and then go on."

The Slogger found his legs very slowly, and proceeded to go below Tom and two other boys with great disgust, and then, turning round and facing the master, said, "I haven't learnt any more, sir; our lesson is only forty lines."

"Is that so?" said the master, appealing generally to the top bench. No answer.

"Who is the head boy of the form?" said he, waxing wroth.

"Arthur, sir," answered three or four boys, indicating our friend.

"Oh, your name's Arthur.' Well now, what is the length of your regular lesson ?"

Arthur hesitated a moment, and then said, "We call it only forty lines, sir."

"How do you mean, you call it ?"

"Well, sir, Mr. Graham says we ain't to stop there, when there's time to construe more."

"I understand," said the master. "Williams, go down three more places, and write me out the lesson in Greek and English. And now, Arthur, finish construing."

"Oh ! would I be in Arthur's shoes after fourth lesson ?" said the little boys to one another ; but Arthur finished Helen's * speech without any further catastrophe, and the clock struck four, which ended third lesson.

Another hour was occupied in preparing and saying fourth lesson, during which Williams was bottling up his wrath ; and when five struck, and the lessons for the day were over, he prepared to take summary vengeance on the innocent cause of his misfortune.

Tom was detained in school a few minutes after the rest, and on coming out into the quadrangle, the first thing he saw was a small ring of boys, applauding Williams, who was holding Arthur by the collar.

"There, you young sneak," said he, giving

Arthur a cuff on the head with his other hand, "what made you say that?"

"Hullo!" said Tom, shouldering into the crowd, "you drop that, Williams; you shan't touch him."

"Who'll stop me?" said the Slogger, raising his hand again.

"I," said Tom; and suiting the action to the word, struck the arm which held Arthur's arm so sharply, that the Slogger dropped it with a start, and turned the full current of his wrath on Tom.

"Will you fight?"

"Yes, of course."

"Huzza, there's going to be a fight between Slogger Williams and Tom Brown!"

The news ran like wild-fire about, and many boys who were on their way to tea at their several houses turned back, and sought the back of the chapel, where the fights come off.

"Just run and tell East to come and back me," said Tom to a small School-house boy, who was off like a rocket to Harrowell's, just stopping for a moment to poke his head into the School-house hall, where the lower boys were already at tea, and sing out, "Fight! Tom Brown and Slogger Williams."

Up start half the boys at once, leaving bread, eggs, butter, sprats, and all the rest to take care of themselves. The greater part of the remainder

follow in a minute, after swallowing their tea, carrying their food in their hands to consume as they go. Three or four only remain, who steal the butter of the more impetuous, and make to themselves an unctuous* feast.

In another minute East and Martin tear through the quadrangle, carrying a sponge, and arrive at the scene of action just as the combatants are beginning to strip. Tom felt he had got his work cut out for him, as he stripped off his jacket, waistcoat, and braces. East tied his handkerchief round his waist, and rolled up his shirt-sleeves for him.

"Now, old boy," he said to Tom, "don't open your mouth to say a word, or try to help yourself a bit, we'll do all that; you keep all your breath and strength for the Slogger." Martin meanwhile folded the clothes, and put them under the chapel rails; and now Tom, with East to handle him and Martin to give him a knee, steps out on the turf, ready for all that may come. Here is the Slogger too, all stripped, and thirsting for the fray.

It doesn't look a fair match at first glance: Williams is nearly two inches taller, and probably a long year older than his opponent, and he is very strongly made about the arms and shoulders; "peels well," as the little kont of big fifth-form boys, the amateurs*, say; who stand outside the

ring of little boys, looking complacently on, but taking no active part in the proceedings. But down below he is not so good by any means; no spring from the loins, and feeblish, not to say shipwrecky, about the knees.

Tom, on the contrary, though not half so strong in the arms, is good all over, straight, hard, and springy, from neck to ankle, better perhaps in his legs than anywhere. Besides, you can see by the clear white of his eye and fresh bright look of his skin, that he is in tip-top training, able to do all he knows; while the Slogger looks rather sodden, as if he didn't take much exercise and ate too much tuck. The time-keeper is chosen, a large ring made, and the two stand up opposite one another for a moment, giving us time just to make our little observations.

"If Tom 'll only fight with his head and heels," as East mutters to Martin, "we shall do."

But seemingly he won't, for there he goes in, making play with both hands. Hard all, is the word; the two stand to one another like men; rally follows rally in quick succession, each fighting as if he thought to finish the whole thing out of hand. "Can't last at this rate," say the knowing ones, while the partisans of each make the air ring with their shouts and counter-shouts of encouragement, approval, and defiance.

"Take it easy, take it easy—keep away, let him come after you," implores East, as he wipes Tom's face after the first round with a wet sponge, while he sits back on Martin's knee, supported by the Madman's long arms, which tremble a little from excitement.

"Time's up," calls the time-keeper.

"There he goes again, hang it all!" growls East as his man is at it again as hard as ever. A very severe round follows, in which Tom gets out and out the worst of it, and is at last hit clean off his legs, and deposited on the grass by a right-hander from the Slogger.

Loud shouts rise from the boys of Slogger's house, and the School-house are silent and vicious, ready to pick quarrels anywhere.

Meantime East is freshening up Tom with the sponges for next round, and has set two other boys to rub his hands.

"Tom, old boy," whispers he, "this may be fun for you, but it's death to me. He'll hit all the fight out of you in another five minutes, and then I shall go and drown myself in the island ditch. Feint* him—use your legs! draw him about! he'll lose his wind then in no time, and you can go into him. Hit at his body too; we'll take care of his frontispiece by-and-by."

Tom felt the wisdom of the counsel, and saw

already that he couldn't go in and finish the Slogger off at mere hammer and tongs, so changed his tactics completely in the third round. He now fights cautiously, getting away from and parrying the Slogger's lunging hits, instead of trying to counter*, and leading his enemy a dance all round the ring after him. "He's funking; go in, Williams," "Catch him up," "Finish him off," scream the small boys of the Slogger party.

"Just what we want," thinks East, chuckling to himself, as he sees Williams, excited by these shouts, and thinking the game in his own hands, blowing himself in his exertions to get to close quarters again, while Tom is keeping away with perfect ease.

They quarter over the ground again and again, Tom always on the defensive.

The Slogger pulls up at last for a moment, fairly blown.

"Now then, Tom," sings out East, dancing with delight. Tom goes in in a twinkling, and hits two heavy body-blows, and gets away again before the Slogger can catch his wind: which when he does he rushes with blind fury at Tom, and being skilfully parried and avoided, over-reaches himself and falls on his face, amidst terrific cheers from the School-house boys.

After another round the Slogger too seems to

see that he can't go in and win right off, and has met his match or thereabouts. So he too begins to use his head, and tries to make Tom lose patience and come in before his time. And so the fight sways on, now one, and now the other getting a trifling pull.

Tom's face begins to look very one-sided—there are little queer bumps on his forehead, and his mouth is bleeding; but East keeps the wet sponge going so scientifically, that he comes up looking as fresh and bright as ever. Williams is only slightly marked in the face, but by the nervous movement of his elbows you can see that Tom's body blows are telling. In fact, half the vice of the Slogger's hitting is neutralized*, for he daren't lunge out freely for fear of exposing his sides. It is too interesting by this time for much shouting, and the whole ring is very quiet.

"All right, Tommy," whispers East; "hold on's the horse that's to win. We've got the last. Keep your head, old boy."

But where is Arthur all this time? Words cannot paint the poor little fellow's distress. He couldn't muster courage to come up to the ring, but wandered up and down from the great fives'-court to the corner of the chapel rails. Now trying to make up his mind to throw himself between them and try to stop them; then

thinking of running in and telling his friend Mary, who he knew would instantly report to the Doctor. The stories he had heard of men being killed in prize-fights rose up horribly before him.

Once only, when the shouts of "Well done, Brown!" "Huzza for the School-house!" rose higher than ever, he ventured up to the ring, thinking the victory was won. Catching sight of Tom's face in the state I have described, all fear of consequences vanishing out of his mind, he rushed straight off to the matron's room, beseeching her to get the fight stopped, or he should die.

But it's time for us to get back to the close. What is this fierce tumult and confusion? The ring is broken, and high and angry words are being bandied about: "It's all fair,"—"It isn't,"—"No hugging!" the fight is stopped. The combatants, however, sit there quietly, tended by their seconds, while their adherents wrangle in the middle. East can't help shouting challenges to two or three of the other side, though he never leaves Tom for a moment, and plies the sponges as fast as ever.

The fact is, that at the end of the last round, Tom, seeing a good opening, had closed with his opponent, and after a moment's struggle had thrown him heavily, by help of the fall he had learnt from a village rival when he was a little

boy. Williams hadn't the ghost of a chance with Tom at wrestling; and the conviction broke at once on the Slogger faction, that if this were allowed their man must be licked. There was a strong feeling in the school against catching hold and throwing, though it was generally ruled all fair within certain limits; so the ring was broken and the fight stopped.

The School-house are over-ruled—the fight is on again, but there is to be no throwing; and East in high wrath threatens to take his man away after next round (which he doesn't mean to do, by the way), when suddenly young Brooke comes through the small gate at the end of the chapel. The School-house faction rush to him. "Oh, hurra! now we shall get fair play."

"Please, Brooke, come up, they won't let Tom Brown throw him."

"Throw whom?" says Brooke, coming up to the ring. "Oh! Williams, I see. Nonsense! of course he may throw him, if he catches him fairly above the waist."

Now, young Brooke, you're in the sixth, you know, and you ought to stop all fights. He looks hard at both boys. "Anything wrong?" says he to East, nodding at Tom.

"Not a bit"

"Not beat at all?"

"Bless you, no! Heaps of fight in him. Ain't there, Tom?"

Tom looks at Brooke and grins.

"How's he?" nodding at Williams.

"So, so; rather done, I think, since his last fall. He won't stand above two more."

"Time's up!" The boys rise again and face one another. Brooke can't find it in his heart to stop them just yet, so the round goes on, the Slogger waiting for Tom, and reserving all his strength to hit him out should he come in for the wrestling dodge again, for he feels that that must be stopped, or his sponge will soon go up in the air.

And now another new-comer appears on the field, to wit, the under-porter, with his long brush and great wooden receptacle for dust under his arm. He has been sweeping out the schools.

"You'd better stop, gentlemen," he says: "the Doctor knows that Brown's fighting—he'll be out in a minute."

"You go to Bath, Bill," is all that that excellent servitor gets by his advice. And being a man of his hands, and a staunch upholder of the School-house, can't help stopping to look on for a bit, and see Tom Brown, their pet craftsman, fight a round.

It is grim earnest now, and no mistake. Both

boys feel this, and summon every power of head, hand, and eye to their aid. A piece of luck on either side, a foot slipping. a blow getting well home, or another fall, may decide it. Tom works slowly round for an opening; he has all the legs, and can choose his own time; the Slogger waits for the attack, and hopes to finish it by some heavy right-handed blow. As they quarter* slowly over the ground, the evening sun comes out from behind a cloud and falls full on Williams's face. Tom darts in; the heavy right-hand is delivered, but only grazes his head. A short rally at close quarters, and they close; in another moment the Slogger is thrown again heavily for the third time.

Just at this stage of the proceedings, the door of the turret which leads to the Doctor's library suddenly opens, and he steps into the close, and makes straight for the ring, in which Brown and the Slogger are both seated on their seconds' knees for the last time.

"The Doctor! the Doctor!" shouts some small boy who catches sight of him, and the ring melts away in a few seconds, the small boys tearing off, Tom collaring his jacket and waistcoat, and slipping through the little gate by the chapel, and round the corner to Harrowell's with his backers, as lively as need be; Williams and his

backers making off not quite so fast across the close. A good many of the other bigger fellows are trying to combine dignity and prudence in a comical manner, and walking off fast enough, they hope, not to be recognised, and not fast enough to look like running away.

Young Brooke alone remains on the ground by the time the Doctor gets there, and touches his hat, not without a slight inward qualm*.

"Hah! Brooke. I am surprised to see you here. Don't you know that I expect the sixth to stop fighting?"

Brooke felt much more uncomfortable than he had expected, but he was rather a favourite with the Doctor for his openness and plainness of speech; so blurted out, as he walked by the Doctor's side, who had already turned back—

"Yes, sir, generally. But I thought you wished us to exercise a discretion in the matter too—not to interfere too soon."

"But they have been fighting this half-hour and more," said the Doctor.

"Yes, sir; but neither was hurt. And they're the sort of boys who'll be all the better friends now, which they wouldn't have been if they had been stopped any earlier—before it was so equal."

"Who was fighting with Brown?" said the Doctor.

"Williams, sir, of Thompson's. He is bigger than Brown, and had the best of it at first, but not when you came up, sir. There's a good deal of jealousy between our house and Thompson's, and there would have been more fights if this hadn't been let go on, or if either of them had had much the worst of it."

"Well but, Brooke," said the Doctor, "doesn't this look a little as if you exercised your discretion by only stopping a fight when the School-house boy is getting the worst of it?"

Brooke, it must be confessed, felt rather gravelled.

"Now, remember," added the Doctor, as he stopped at the turret-door, "this fight is not to go on—you'll see to that. And I expect you to stop all fights in future at once."

"Very well, sir," said young Brooke, touching his hat, and not sorry to see the turret-door close behind the Doctor's back.

Meantime Tom and the staunchest of his adherents had reached Harrowell's, and Sally was bustling about to get them a late tea, while Stumps had been sent off to Tew, the butcher, to get a piece of raw beef for Tom's eye, which was to be healed off-hand, so that he might show well in the morning. He was not a bit the worse, except a slight difficulty in his vision, a

singing in his ears, and a sprained thumb, which he kept in a cold water bandage, while he drank lots of tea, and listened to the Babel of voices talking and speculating on nothing but the fight, and how Williams would have given in after another fall (which he didn't in the least believe), and how on earth the Doctor could have got to know of it,—such bad luck! He couldn't help thinking to himself that he was glad he hadn't won; he liked it better as it was, and felt very friendly to the Slogger. And then poor little Arthur crept in and sat down quietly near him, and kept looking at him and the raw beef with such plaintive looks that Tom at last burst out laughing.

"Don't make such eyes, young un," said he; "there's nothing the matter."

"Oh, but, Tom, are you much hurt? I can't bear thinking it was all for me."

"Not a bit of it, don't flatter yourself. We were sure to have had it out sooner or later."

"Well, but you won't go on, will you? You'll promise me you won't go on?"

"Can't tell about that—all depends on the houses. We're in the hands of our countrymen, you know. Must fight for the School-house flag, if so be."

However, the lovers of the science were doomed

to disappointment this time. Directly after locking-up, one of the night fags knocked at Tom's door.

"Brown, young Brooke wants you in the sixth-form room."

Up went Tom to the summons, and found the magnates sitting at their supper.

"Well, Brown," said young Brooke, nodding to him, "how do you feel?"

"Oh, very well, thank you, only I've sprained my thumb, I think."

"Sure to do that in a fight. Well, you hadn't the worst of it, I could see. Where did you learn that throw?"

"Down in the country, when I was a boy."

"Hullo! why what are you now? Well, never mind, you're a plucky fellow. Sit down and have some supper."

Tom obeyed, by no means loth. And the fifth-form boy next him filled his glass, and he ate and drank, listening to the pleasant talk, and wondering how soon he should be in the fifth, and one of that much-envied society.

As he got up to leave, Brooke said, "You must shake hands to-morrow morning; I shall come and see that done after first lesson."

And so he did. And Tom and the Slogger shook hands with great satisfaction and mutual respect. And for the next year or two, whenever

fights were being talked of, the small boys who had been present shook their heads wisely, saying, "Ah! but you should just have seen the fight between Slogger Williams and Tom Brown!"

And now, boys all, three words before we quit the subject. I have put in this chapter on fighting because I want to give you a true picture of what every-day school life was in my time, and not a kid-glove and go-to-meeting-coat picture.

CHAPTER X

FEVER IN THE SCHOOL

Two years have passed since the events recorded in the last chapter, and the end of the summer half-year is drawing on. Martin has left and gone on a cruise in the South Pacific, in one of his uncle's ships; the old magpie, as disreputable as ever, his last bequest to Arthur, lives in the joint study. Arthur is nearly sixteen, and at the head of the twenty, having gone up the school at the rate of a form a half-year. East and Tom have been much more deliberate in their progress, and are only a little way up the fifth form. Great strapping boys they are, but still thorough boys, filling about the same place in the house

that young Brooke filled when they were new boys, and much the same sort of fellows.

One evening, as they were all sitting down to supper, in the fifth-form room, some one started a report that a fever had broken out at one of the boarding-houses. "They say," he added, "that Thompson is very ill, and that Dr. Robertson has been sent for from Northampton."

"Then we shall all be sent home," cried another. "Hurra! five weeks' extra holidays, and no fifth-form examination!"

"I hope not," said Tom; "there'll be no Marylebone* match then at the end of the half."

Some thought one thing, some another, many didn't believe the report; but the next day, Tuesday, Dr. Robertson arrived, and stayed all day, and had long conferences with the Doctor.

On Wednesday morning, after prayers, the Doctor addressed the whole School. There were several cases of fever in different houses, he said; but Dr. Robertson, after the most careful examination, had assured him that it was not infectious, and that if proper care were taken, there could be no reason for stopping the school work at present. The examinations were just coming on, and it would be very unadvisable to break-up now. However, any boys who chose to do so were at liberty to write home, and, if their parents wished

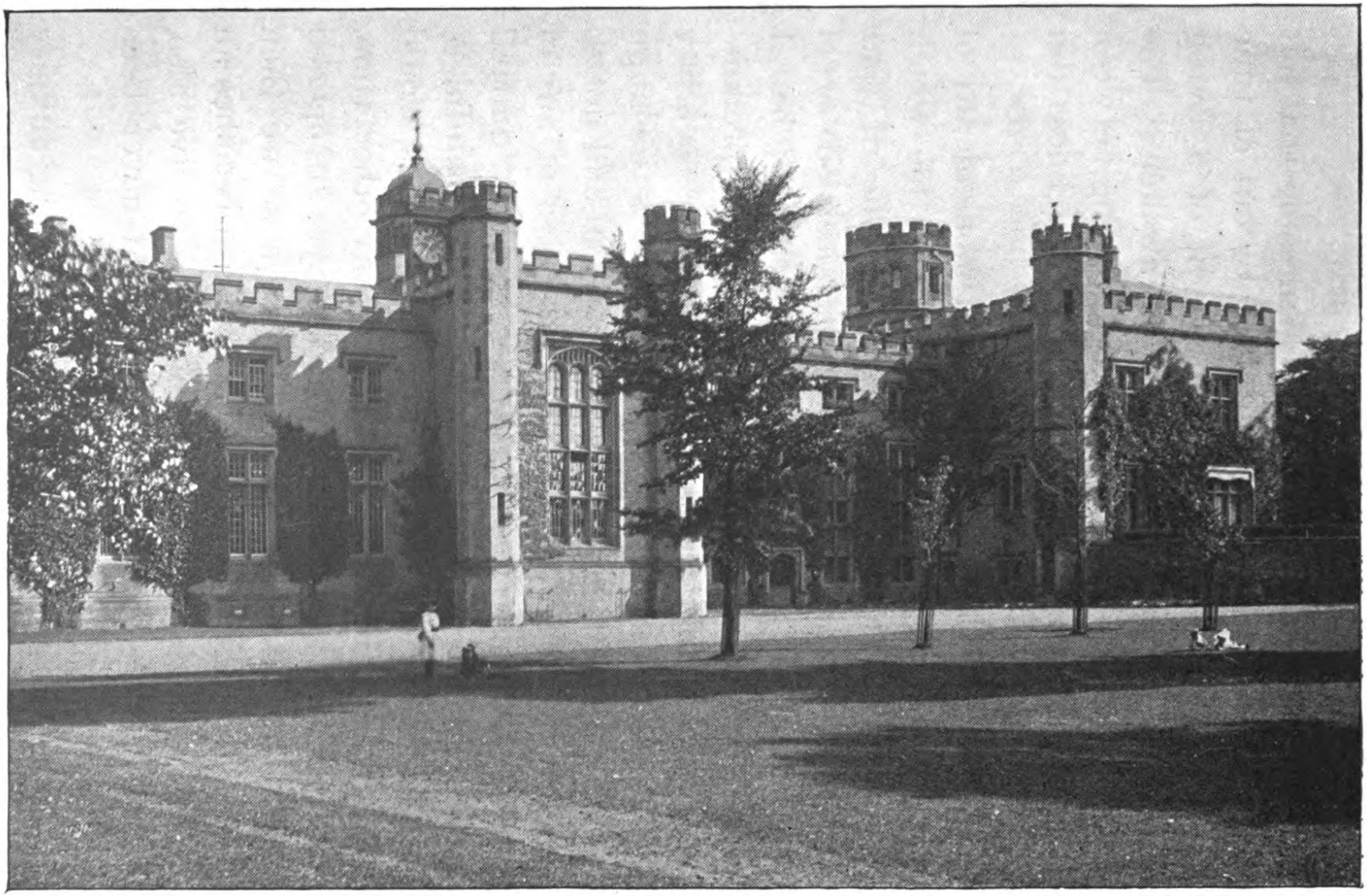
it, to leave at once. He should send the whole School home if the fever spread.

The next day Arthur sickened, but there was no other case. Before the end of the week thirty or forty boys had gone, but the rest stayed on. There was a general wish to please the Doctor, and a feeling that it was cowardly to run away.

On the Saturday Thompson died, in the bright afternoon, while the cricket-match was going on as usual on the Big-side ground: the Doctor, coming from his death-bed, passed along the gravel-walk at the side of the close, but no one knew what had happened till the next day. At morning lecture it began to be rumoured, and by afternoon chapel was known generally; and a feeling of seriousness and awe at the actual presence of death among them came over the whole school.

In all the long years of his ministry the Doctor perhaps never spoke words which sank deeper than some of those in that day's sermon.

"When I came yesterday from visiting all but the very death-bed of him who has been taken from us, and looked around upon all the familiar objects and scenes within our own ground, where your common amusements were going on with your common cheerfulness and activity, I felt



J. J. Hensman, Rugby. *Photo.*

THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS.

there was nothing painful in witnessing that; it did not seem in any way shocking or out of tune with those feelings which the sight of a dying Christian must be supposed to awaken. The unsuitableness in point of natural feeling between scenes of mourning and scenes of liveliness did not at all present itself.

"But I did feel that if at that moment any of those faults had been brought before me which sometimes occur amongst us; had I heard that any of you had been guilty of falsehood, or of drunkenness, or of any other such sin; had I heard from any quarter the language of profaneness, or of unkindness; had I heard or seen any signs of that wretched folly which courts the laugh of fools by affecting not to dread evil and not to care for good, then the unsuitableness of any of these things with the scene I had just quitted would indeed have been most intensely painful.

"And why? Not because such things would really have been worse than at any other time, but because at such a moment the eyes are opened really to know good and evil, because we then feel what it is so to live as that death becomes an infinite blessing, and what it is so to live also, that it were good for us if we had never been born."

Tom had gone into chapel in sickening anxiety

about Arthur, but he came out cheered and strengthened by those grand words, and walked up alone to their study. And when he sat down and looked round, and saw Arthur's straw-hat and cricket-jacket hanging on their pegs, and marked all his little neat arrangements, not one of which had been disturbed, the tears indeed rolled down his cheeks.

The week passed mournfully away. No more boys sickened, but Arthur was reported worse each day, and his mother arrived early in the week. Tom made many appeals to be allowed to see him, and several times tried to get up to the sick-room; but the housekeeper was always in the way, and at last spoke to the Doctor, who kindly but peremptorily forbade him.

Thompson was buried on the Tuesday, and the burial service, so soothing and grand always, but beyond all words solemn when read over a boy's grave to his companions, brought Tom much comfort, and many strange new thoughts and longings. He went back to his regular life, and played cricket and bathed as usual: it seemed to him that this was the right thing to do, and the new thoughts and longings became more brave and healthy for the effort.

The crisis came on Saturday, the day week that Thompson had died; and during that long after-

noon Tom sat in his study reading his Bible, and going every half-hour to the housekeeper's room, expecting each time to hear that the gentle and brave little spirit had gone home. But the crisis passed—on Sunday evening he was declared out of danger; on Monday he sent a message to Tom, that he was almost well, had changed his room, and was to be allowed to see him the next day.

* * * * *

"Dear George," said Tom, "I am so glad to be let up to see you at last. I've tried hard to come so often, but they wouldn't let me before."

"Oh, I know, Tom; Mary has told me every day about you, and how she was obliged to make the Doctor speak to you to keep you away. I'm very glad you didn't get up, for you might have caught it; and you couldn't stand being ill, with all the matches going on. And you're in the eleven, too, I hear—I'm so glad."

"Yes, ain't it jolly?" said Tom proudly. "I'm ninth too. I made forty at the last match, and caught three fellows out. So I was put in above Jones and Tucker. Tucker's so savage, for he was head of the twenty-two."

"Well, I think you ought to be higher yet," said Arthur, who was as jealous for the renown of Tom in games as Tom was for his as a scholar.

"Never mind, I don't care about cricket or

anything now you're getting well, Geordie; and I shouldn't have hurt, I know, if they'd have let me come up—nothing hurts me. But you'll get about now directly, won't you? You won't believe how clean I've kept the study. All your things are just as you left them; and I feed the old magpie just when you used, though I have to come in from Big-side for him, the old rip. He won't looked pleased all I can do, and sticks his head first on one side and then on the other, and blinks at me before he'll begin to eat, till I'm half inclined to box his ears. And whenever East comes in, you should see him hop off to the window, dot and go one, though Harry wouldn't touch a feather of him now."

Arthur laughed. "Old Gravey has a good memory; he can't forget the sieges of poor Martin's den in old times." He paused a moment, and then went on: "You can't think how often I've been thinking of old Martin since I've been ill; I suppose one's mind gets restless, and likes to wander off to strange unknown places. I wonder what queer new pets the old boy has got; how he must be revelling in the thousand new birds, beasts, and fishes!"

Tom felt a pang of jealousy, but kicked it out in a moment. "Fancy him on a South-Sea Island, with the Cherokees or Patagonians, or some such

wild niggers!" (Tom's ethnology* and geography were faulty, but sufficient for his needs); "they'll make the old Madman cock medicine-man and tattoo him all over. Perhaps he's cutting about now all blue, and has a squaw* and a wigwam*. He'll improve their boomerangs*, and be able to throw them too, without having old Thomas sent after him by the Doctor to take them away."

Tom and Arthur have a long talk on serious subjects. Arthur persuades Tom to give up using cribs in preparing translation lessons. He describes his own thoughts, dreams, and sensations when he was nearly dying.

When Arthur stopped there was a long pause. Tom could not speak, he was almost afraid to breathe, lest he should break the train of Arthur's thoughts. He longed to hear more, and to ask questions. In another minute nine o'clock struck, and a gentle tap at the door called them both back into the world again. They did not answer, however, for a moment, and so the door opened and a lady came in carrying a candle.

She went straight to the sofa, and took hold of Arthur's hand and then stooped down and kissed him.

"My dearest boy, you feel a little feverish again. Why didn't you have lights? You've

talked too much, and excited yourself in the dark."

"Oh no, mother; you can't think how well I feel. I shall start with you to-morrow for Devonshire. But, mother, here's my friend; here's Tom Brown—you know him?"

"Yes, indeed, I've known him for years," she said, and held out her hand to Tom, who was now standing up behind the sofa. This was Arthur's mother.

Tall and slight and fair, with masses of golden hair drawn back from the broad white forehead, and the calm blue eye meeting his so deep and open—the eye that he knew so well, for it was his friend's over again, and the lovely tender mouth that trembled while he looked—she stood there, a woman of thirty-eight, old enough to be his mother, and one whose face showed the lines which must be written on the faces of good men's wives and widows; but he thought he had never seen anything so beautiful. He couldn't help wondering if Arthur's sisters were like her.

Tom held her hand, and looked on straight in her face: he could neither let it go nor speak.

"Now, Tom," said Arthur, laughing, "where are your manners? you'll stare my mother out of countenance." Tom dropped the little hand with a sigh. "There, sit down, both of you. Here,

dearest mother, there's room here"; and he made a place on the sofa for her. "Tom, you needn't go; I'm sure you won't be called up at first lesson." Tom felt that he would risk being floored at every lesson for the rest of his natural school-life sooner than go; so sat down. "And now," said Arthur, "I have realised one of the dearest wishes of my life—to see you two together."

And then he led away the talk to their home in Devonshire, and the red bright earth, and the deep green combes,[1] and the wild moor with its high cloudy Tors for a giant background to the picture—till Tom got jealous, and stood up for the clear chalk streams, and the emerald water meadows and great elms and willows of the dear old Royal county,[2] as he gloried to call it. And the mother sat on quiet and loving, rejoicing in their life. The quarter-to-ten struck, and the bell rang for bed, before they had well begun their talk, as it seemed.

Then Tom rose with a sigh to go.

"Shall I see you in the morning, Geordie?" said he, as he shook his friend's hand. "Never mind though; you'll be back next half."

Arthur's mother got up and walked with him

[1] Valleys.
[2] Berkshire. Royal, because Windsor is in it.

to the door, and there gave him her hand again, and again his eyes met that deep loving look, which was like a spell upon him. Her voice trembled slightly as she said, "Good night—you are one who knows what our Father has promised to the friend of the widow and the fatherless. May He deal with you as you have dealt with me and mine!"

Tom was quite upset; he mumbled something about owing everything good in him to Geordie —looked in her face again, pressed her hand to his lips, and rushed downstairs to his study, where he sat till old Thomas came kicking at the door, to tell him his allowance would be stopped if he didn't go off to bed. (It would have been stopped anyhow, but that he was a great favourite with the old gentleman, who loved to come out in the afternoons into the close to Tom's wicket, and bowl slow twisters to him, and talk of the glories of bygone Surrey heroes, with whom he had played in former days.)

So Tom roused himself, and took up his candle to go to bed; and then for the first time was aware of a beautiful new fishing-rod, and a splendidly bound Bible, which lay on his table, on the title-page of which was written—"Tom Brown, from his affectionate and grateful friends, Frances Jane Arthur; George Arthur."

CHAPTER XI

TOM BROWN'S LAST MATCH

THE curtain now rises upon the last act of our little drama. Another two years have passed, and it is again the end of the summer half-year at Rugby; in fact, the School has broken up. The fifth-form examinations were over last week, and upon them have followed the Speeches, and the sixth-form examinations for exhibitions; and they too are over now.

The boys have gone to all the winds of heaven, except the town boys and the eleven, and the few besides who have asked leave to stay in their houses to see the result of the cricket matches. For this year the Wellesburn return match and the Marylebone match are played at Rugby, to the great delight of the town and neighbourhood, and the sorrow of those aspiring young cricketers who have been reckoning for the last three months on showing off at Lord's ground.

The morning dawned bright and warm, to the intense relief of many an anxious youngster, up betimes to mark the signs of the weather. The eleven went down in a body before breakfast, for a plunge in the cold bath in the corner of the close. The ground was in splendid order, and

soon after ten o'clock, before the spectators had arrived, all was ready, and two of the Lord's men took their places at the wickets; the School, with the usual liberality of young hands, having put their adversaries in first. Old Bailey stepped up to the wicket, called play, and the match began.

* * * * *

"Oh, well bowled! well bowled, Johnson!" cries the Captain, catching up the ball and sending it high above the rook trees, while the third Marylebone man walks away from the wicket, and old Bailey gravely sets up the middle stump again and puts the bails on.

"How many runs?" Away scamper three boys to the scoring-table, and are back again in a minute amongst the rest of the eleven, who are collected together in a knot between wicket. "Only eighteen runs, and three wickets down!"

"Huzza for old Rugby!" sings out Jack Raggles, the long-stop, toughest and burliest of boys, commonly called "Swiper Jack"; and forthwith stands on his head, and brandishes his legs in the air in triumph, till the next boy catches hold of his heels and throws him over on to his back.

"Steady there, don't be such an ass, Jack," says the Captain; "we haven't got the best wicket yet. Ah, look out now at cover-point," adds he, as he sees a long-armed, bare-headed,

slashing-looking player coming to the wicket. "And, Jack, mind your hits; he steals more runs than any man in England."

And they all find that they have their work to do now; the new-comer's off-hitting is tremendous, and his running like a flash of lightning. He is never in his ground, except when his wicket is down.[1] Nothing in the whole game so trying to boys; he has stolen three byes in the first ten minutes, and Jack Raggles is furious, and begins throwing over savagely to the further wicket, until he is sternly stopped by the Captain.

It is all that young gentleman can do to keep his team steady, but he knows that everything depends on it, and faces his work bravely. The score creeps up to fifty, the boys begin to look blank, and the spectators, who are now mustering strong, are very silent. The ball flies off his bat to all parts of the field, and he gives no rest and no catches to any one.

But cricket is full of glorious chances, and the goddess who presides over it loves to bring down the most skilful players. Johnson the young bowler is getting wild, and bowls a ball almost wide to the off. The batsman steps out and cuts it beautifully to where cover-point is standing very deep, in fact almost off the ground.

[1] *I.e.*, when the wicket-keeper tries to stump him.

The ball comes skimming and twisting along about three feet from the ground. He rushes at it, and it sticks somehow or other in the fingers of his left hand, to the utter astonishment of himself and the whole field. Such a catch hasn't been made in the close for years, and the cheering is maddening.

"Pretty cricket," says the Captain, throwing himself on the ground by the deserted wicket with a long breath: he feels that a crisis has passed.

I wish I had space to describe the whole match. How the Lord's men were out by half-past twelve o'clock for ninety-eight runs. How the Captain of the School eleven went in first to give his men pluck, and scored twenty-five in beautiful style; how Rugby was only four behind in the first innings. What a glorious dinner they had in the fourth-form School! But I haven't space, that's the fact, and so you must fancy it all, and carry yourselves on to half-past seven o'clock, when the School are again in, with five wickets down and only thirty-two runs to make to win. The Marylebone men played carelessly in their second innings, but they are working like horses now to save the match.

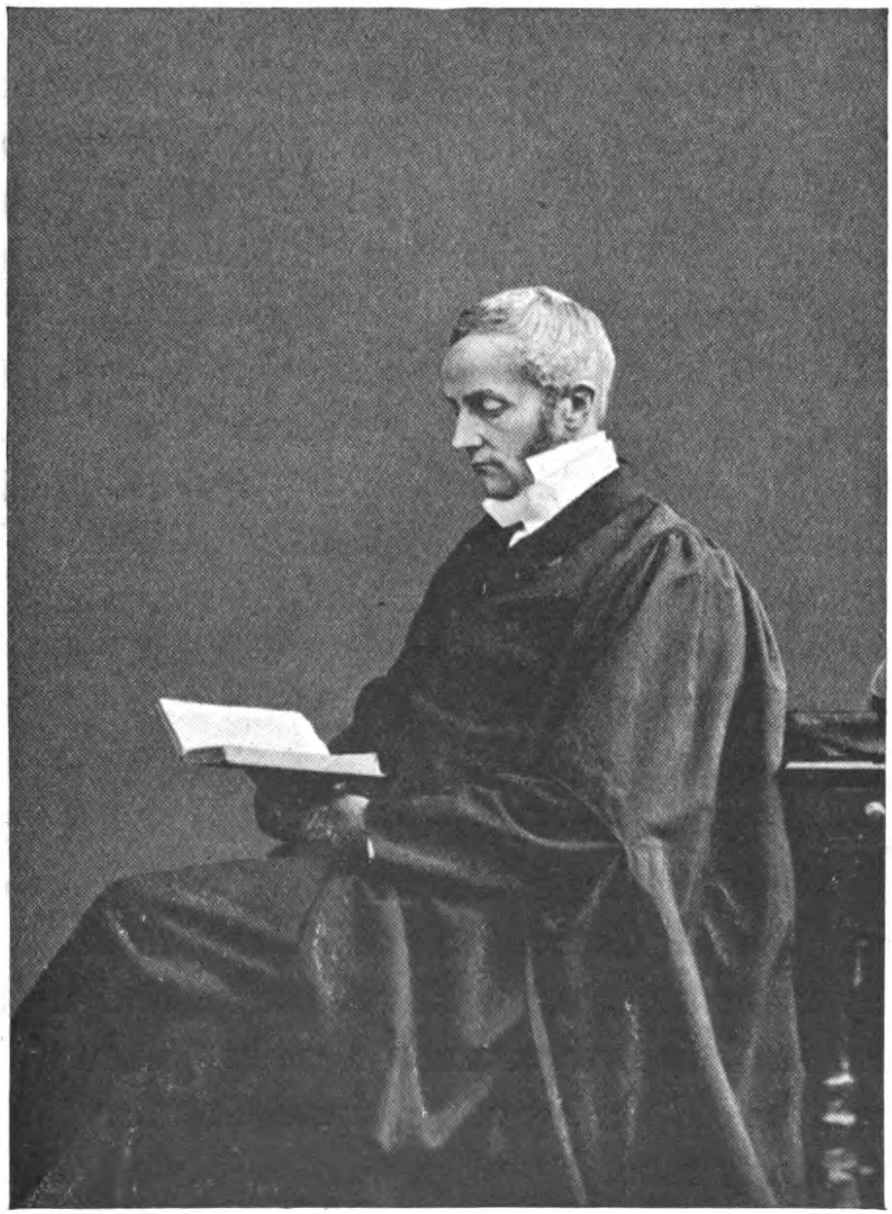
There is much healthy, hearty, happy life scattered up and down the close; but the group to

which I beg to call your especial attention consists of three figures; two are seated on a bench, and one on the ground at their feet. The first, a tall, slight, and rather gaunt man, with a bushy eyebrow, and a dry humorous smile, is evidently a clergyman. He is carelessly dressed, and looks rather used up, which isn't much to be wondered at, seeing that he has just finished six weeks of examination work; but there he basks, and spreads himself out in the evening sun, bent on enjoying life, though he doesn't quite know what to do with his arms and legs. Surely it is our friend the young Master,[1] whom we have had glimpses of before, but his face has gained a great deal since we last came across him.

And by his side, in white flannel shirt and trousers, straw hat, the Captain's belt, and the untanned yellow cricket shoes which all the eleven wear, sits a strapping figure near six feet high, with ruddy tanned face and whiskers, curly brown hair and a laughing dancing eye. He is leaning forward with his elbows resting on his knees, and dandling his favourite bat, with which he has made thirty or forty runs to-day, in his strong brown hands.

It is Tom Brown, grown into a young man nineteen years old, a præpostor and Captain of

[1] See p. 81.



Hills & Saunders. *Photo.*

DEAN STANLEY.

(*See Preface, p.* v, *and p.* 144.)

the eleven, spending his last day as a Rugby boy, and let us hope as much wiser as he is bigger, since we last came across him.

And at their feet, on the warm dry ground, similarly dressed, sits Arthur, Turkish fashion, with his bat across his knees. He too is no longer a boy, less of a boy in fact than Tom, if one may judge from the thoughtfulness of his face, which is somewhat paler too than one could wish. But his figure, though slight, is well knit and active, and all his old timidity has disappeared, and is replaced by silent quaint fun, with which his face twinkles all over, as he listens to the broken talk between the other two, in which he joins every now and then.

All three are watching the game eagerly, and joining in the cheering which follows every good hit. It is pleasing to see the easy friendly footing which the pupils are on with their master, perfectly respectful, yet with no reserve and nothing forced in their intercourse. Tom has clearly abandoned the old theory of "natural enemies" in this case at any rate.

"Out! Bailey has given him out—do you see, Tom?" cries Arthur. "How foolish of them to run so hard."

"Well, it can't be helped, he has played very well. Whose turn is it to go in?"

"I don't know; they've got your list in the tent."

"Let's go and see," said Tom, rising; but at this moment Jack Raggles and two or three more came running to the island moat.[1]

"Oh, Brown, mayn't I go in next?" shouts the Swiper.

"Whose name is next on the list?" says the Captain.

"Winter's, and then Arthur's," answers the boy who carries it; "but there are only twenty-six runs to get, and no time to lose. I heard that the stumps must be drawn at a quarter past eight exactly."

"Oh, do let the Swiper go in," chorus the boys; so Tom yields against his better judgment.

"I dare say now I've lost the match by this nonsense," he says, as he sits down again; "they'll be sure to get Jack's wicket in three or four minutes; however, you'll have the chance, sir, of seeing a hard hit or two."

"Come, none of your irony*, Brown," answers the master. "I'm beginning to understand the game scientifically. What a noble game it is!"

"Isn't it? But it's more than a game. It's an institution," said Tom.

"Yes," said Arthur, "the birthright of British

[1] The name of a part of the cricket ground (see p. 147).

boys old and young, as *habeas corpus* * and trial by jury are of British men."

"The discipline and reliance on one another which it teaches is so valuable, I think," went on the master, "it ought to be such an unselfish game. It merges* the individual* in the eleven; he doesn't play that he may win, but that his side may."

"That's very true," said Tom, "and that's why football and cricket, now one comes to think of it, are much better games than fives, or hare-and-hounds, or any others where the object is to come in first or to win for one's self, and not that one's side may win."

"And then the Captain of the eleven!" said the master, "what a post is his in our School-world! almost as hard as the Doctor's; requiring skill and gentleness and firmness, and I know not what other rare qualities."

"Which don't he wish he may get!" said Tom, laughing; "at any rate he hasn't got them yet, or he wouldn't have been such a flat to-night as to let Jack Raggles go in out of his turn."

"Ah! the Doctor never would have done that," said Arthur, demurely. "Tom, you've a great deal to learn yet in the art of ruling."

"Well, I wish you'd tell the Doctor so then, and get him to let me stop till I'm twenty. I don't want to leave, I'm sure."

"What a sight it is," broke in the master, "the Doctor as a ruler! Perhaps ours is the only little corner of the British Empire which is thoroughly, wisely, and strongly ruled just now. I'm more and more thankful every day of my life that I came here to be under him."

"So am I, I'm sure," said Tom; "and more and more sorry that I've got to leave."

"Every place and thing one sees here reminds one of some wise act of his," went on the master. "This island now—you remember, Brown, when it was laid out in small gardens, and cultivated by frost-bitten fags in February and March?"

"Of course I do," said Tom; "didn't I hate spending two hours in the afternoon grubbing in the tough dirt with the stump of a fives' bat? But turf-cart[1] was good fun enough."

"I dare say it was, but it was always leading to fights with the townspeople; and then the stealing flowers out of all the gardens in Rugby for the Easter show was abominable."

"Well, so it was," said Tom, looking down, "but we fags couldn't help ourselves. But what has that to do with the Doctor's ruling?"

"A great deal, I think," said the master; "what brought island-fagging to an end?"

"Why, the Easter Speeches were put off till

[1] The name of an old Rugby custom.

Midsummer," said Tom, "and the sixth had the gymnastic poles put up here."

"Well, and who changed the time of the Speeches, and put the idea of gymnastic poles into the heads of their worships the sixth form?" asked the master.

"The Doctor, I suppose," said Tom. "I never thought of that."

"Of course you didn't," said the master, "or else, fag as you were, you would have shouted with the whole school against putting down old customs. And that's the way that all the Doctor's reforms have been carried out when he has been left to himself—quietly and naturally, putting a good thing in the place of a bad, and letting the bad die out; no wavering, and no hurry—the best thing that could be done for the time being, and patience for the rest."

Meantime Jack Raggles, with his sleeves tucked up above his great brown elbows, scorning pads and gloves, has presented himself at the wicket; and having run one for a forward drive of Johnson's, is about to receive his first ball. There are only twenty-four runs to make, and four wickets to go down; a winning match if they play decently steady. The ball is a very swift one, and rises fast, catching Jack on the outside of the thigh, and bounding away as if from indiarubber, while

they run two for a leg-bye amidst great applause and shouts from Jack's many admirers.

The next ball is beautifully pitched for the outer stump, but the reckless and unfeeling Jack hits it right round to leg for five, while the applause becomes deafening : only seventeen runs to get with four wickets—the game is all but ours !

Jack walks swaggering about his wicket, with the bat over his shoulder, while the Marylebone Captain holds a short parley with his men. Then the cover-point hitter, that cunning man, goes on to bowl slow twisters. Jack waves his hand triumphantly towards the tent, as much as to say, "See if I don't finish it all off now in three hits."

Alas, my son Jack ! the enemy is too old for thee. The first ball of the over Jack steps out and meets, swiping with all his force. If he had only allowed for the twist ! but he hasn't, and so the ball goes spinning up straight into the air, as if it would never come down again. Away runs Jack, shouting and trusting to the chapter of accidents, but the bowler runs steadily under it, judging every spin, and calling out "I have it," catches it, and playfully pitches it on to the back of the stalwart Jack, who is departing with a rueful countenance.

"I knew how it would be," says Tom, rising. "Come along, the game's getting very serious."

So they go to the tent, and after deep consultation Arthur is sent in, and goes off to the wicket with a last exhortation from Tom to play steady and keep his bat straight. To the suggestions that Winter is the best bat left, Tom only replies, "Arthur is the steadiest, and Johnson will make the runs if the wicket is only kept up."

The clock strikes eight, and the whole field becomes fevered with excitement. Arthur, after two narrow escapes, scores one; and Johnson gets the ball. The bowling and fielding are superb, and Johnson's batting worthy the occasion. He makes here a two, and there a one, managing to keep the ball to himself, and Arthur backs up and runs perfectly: only eleven runs to make now, and the crowd scarcely breathe. At last Arthur gets the ball again, and actually drives it forward for two, and feels prouder than when he got the three best prizes, at hearing Tom's shout of joy, "Well played, well played, young un!"

But the next ball is too much for a young hand, and his bails fly different ways. Nine runs to make, and two wickets to go down—it is too much for human nerves.

Before Winter can get in, the omnibus which is to take the Lord's men to the train pulls up at

the side of the close, and the two Captains consult, and give out that the stumps will be drawn after the next over. And so ends the great match. Winter and Johnson carry out their bats, and, it being a one day's match, the Lord's men are declared the winners, they having scored the most in the first innings.

But such a defeat is a victory: so think Tom and all the school eleven, as they accompany their conquerors to the omnibus, and send them off with three ringing cheers.

As Tom and the rest of the eleven were turning back into the close, the young master, who was just leaving the close, stopped him, and asked him to come up to tea at half-past eight, adding, "I won't keep you more than half an hour, and ask Arthur to come up too."

"I'll come up with you directly, if you'll let me," said Tom, "for I feel rather melancholy, and not quite up to the country-dance and supper with the rest."

"Do by all means," said the master; "I'll wait here for you."

* * * * *

After some talk on the match, and other indifferent subjects, the conversation came naturally back to Tom's approaching departure, over which he began again to make his moan.

"Well, we shall all miss you quite as much as you will miss us," said the master. "You are the Nestor* of the School now, are you not?"

"Yes, ever since East left," answered Tom.

"By the by, have you heard from him?"

"Yes, I had a letter in February, just before he started for India to join his regiment."

"He will make a capital officer."

"Ay, won't he!" said Tom, brightening; "no fellow could handle boys better, and I suppose soldiers are very like boys. And he'll never tell them to go where he won't go himself. No mistake about that—a braver fellow never walked."

"His year in the sixth will have taught him a good deal that will be useful to him now."

"So it will," said Tom, staring into the fire. "Poor dear Harry," he went on, "how well I remember the day we were put out of the twenty. How he rose to the situation, and pondered on the authority of the sixth, and his new duties to the Doctor, and the fifth form, and the fags. Ay, and no fellow ever acted up to them better, though he was always a people's man—for the fags, and against the authorities. He couldn't help that, you know. I'm sure the Doctor must have liked him?" said Tom, looking up inquiringly.

"The Doctor sees the good in every one, and appreciates it," said the master, dogmatically*;

"but I hope East will get a good colonel. He won't do if he can't respect those above him. How long it took him, even here, to learn the lesson of obeying!"

"Well, I wish I were alongside of him," said Tom. "If I can't be at Rugby, I want to be at work in the world, and not dawdling away three years at Oxford."

"What do you mean by 'at work in the world'?" said the master, pausing, with his lips close to his saucerful of tea, and peering at Tom over it.

"Well, I mean real work; one's profession; whatever one will have really to do, and make one's living by. I want to be doing some real good, feeling that I am not only at play in the world," answered Tom, rather puzzled to find out himself what he really did mean.

"You are mixing up two very different things in your head, I think, Brown," said the master, putting down the empty saucer, "and you ought to get clear about them. You talk of 'working to get your living,' and 'doing some real good in the world,' in the same breath.

"Now, you may be getting a very good living in a profession, and yet doing no good at all in the world, but quite the contrary, at the same time. Keep the latter before you as your one

object, and you will be right, whether you make a living or not. But if you dwell on the other, you'll very likely drop into mere money-making and let the world take care of itself for good or evil.

"Don't be in a hurry about finding your work in the world for yourself; you are not old enough to judge for yourself yet, but just look about you in the place you find yourself in, and try to make things a little better and honester there. You'll find plenty to keep your hand in at Oxford, or wherever else you go.

"And don't be led away to think this part of the world important, and that unimportant. Every corner of the world is important. No man knows whether this part or that is most so, but every man may do some honest work in his own corner."

And then the good man went on to talk wisely to Tom of the sort of work which he might take up as an undergraduate*; and warned him of the prevalent University sins, and explained to him the many and great differences between University and School life; till the twilight changed into darkness.

"I wonder where Arthur can be?" said Tom at last, looking at his watch; "why, it's nearly half-past nine already."

"Oh, he is comfortably at supper with the eleven, forgetful of his oldest friends," said the master. "Nothing has given me greater pleasure," he went on, "than your friendship for him. It has been the making of you both."

"Of me, at any rate," answered Tom; "I should never have been here now but for him. It was the luckiest chance in the world that sent him to Rugby, and made him my chum."

"Why do you talk of lucky chances?" said the master. "I don't know that there are any such things in the world; at any rate there was neither luck nor chance in that matter."

Tom looked at him inquiringly, and he went on. "Do you remember when the Doctor lectured you and East at the end of one half-year, when you had been getting into all sorts of scrapes?"

"Yes, well enough," said Tom; "it was the half-year before Arthur came."

"Exactly so," answered the master. "Now, I was with him a few minutes afterwards, and he was in great distress about you two. And, after some talk, we both agreed that you in particular wanted some object in the School beyond games and mischief; for it was quite clear that you never would make the regular school work your first object.

"And so the Doctor, at the beginning of the

next half-year, looked out the best of the new boys, and separated you and East, and put the young boy into your study, in the hope that when you had somebody to lean on you, you would begin to stand a little steadier yourself, and get manliness and thoughtfulness. And I can assure you he has watched the experiment ever since with great satisfaction. Ah! not one of you boys will ever know the anxiety you have given him, or the care with which he has watched over every step in your school lives."

Up to this time, Tom had never wholly given in to or understood the Doctor. At first he had thoroughly feared him. For some years, as I have tried to show, he had learnt to regard him with love and respect, and to think him a very great and wise and good man. But, as regarded his own position in the School, of which he was not a little proud, Tom had no idea of giving anyone credit for it but himself; and, truth to tell, was a very self-conceited young gentleman on the subject.

It was a new light to him to find that, besides teaching the sixth, and governing and guiding the whole School, editing classics, and writing histories, the great head-master had found time in those busy years to watch over the career, even of him, Tom Brown, and his particular

friends—and, no doubt, of fifty other boys at the same time ; and all this without taking the least credit to himself, or seeming to know, or let any one else know, that he ever thought particularly of any boy at all.

However, the Doctor's victory was complete from that moment over Tom Brown at any rate. He gave way at all points, and the enemy marched right over him, cavalry, infantry, and artillery, the land transport corps, and the camp followers. It had taken eight long years to do it, but now it was done thoroughly, and there wasn't a corner of him left which didn't believe in the Doctor.

And so, after a confession of his previous shortcomings, and sorrowful adieus to his tutor, from whom he received two beautifully bound volumes of the Doctor's Sermons, as a parting present, he marched down to the School-house, a hero-worshipper, who would have satisfied the soul of Thomas Carlyle[1] himself.

There he found the eleven at high jinks after supper, Jack Raggles shouting comic songs, and performing feats of strength ; and was greeted by a chorus of mingled remonstrance at his desertion, and joy at his reappearance. And falling in with the humour of the evening, he was soon as great

[1] The allusion is to Carlyle's book "On Heroes and Hero-Worship," which every lad should read as he grows up.

a boy as all the rest; and at ten o'clock was chaired round the quadrangle, on one of the Hall benches borne aloft by the eleven, shouting in chorus, "For he's a jolly good fellow," while old Thomas, in a melting mood, and the other School-house servants, stood looking on.

And the next morning after breakfast he squared up all the cricketing accounts, went round to his tradesmen and other acquaintance, and said his hearty good-byes; and by twelve o'clock was in the train, and away for London, no longer a school-boy, and divided in his thoughts between hero-worship, honest regrets over the long stage of his life which was now slipping out of sight behind him, and hopes and resolves for the next stage upon which he was entering with all the confidence of a young traveller.

GLOSSARY

N.B.—The number in brackets after each word is that of the page on which the word occurs. The meaning given is that which the word bears in its present context.]

accidence (53), that part of a language which consists of the forms which words take, as opposed to syntax — their arrangement in sentences.

adroit (64), clever, skilful.

amateur (113), one who follows some pursuit, as boxing, from love of it.

aristocratic seclusion (104), seclusion enjoyed by aristocrats — people of the highest degree.

auction (62), a public sale to the highest bidder (literally, an increasing — augmenting — of the price of an article to be sold).

Balliol scholarship (92), a scholarship at Balliol College, Oxford.

boomerang (134), a curved wooden missile used by the natives of Australia. When skilfully thrown, it curves in the air, and if it does not strike the object, rebounds towards the thrower.

bumptiousness (12), impudence, conceit, forward and pushing behaviour.

capriciously (81). according to caprice, that is, some sudden whim or fancy. Without due thought.

cicerone (12), a talkative guide.

citadel (14), a fortress in a city.

convert, a (106), a person converted (or turned) from one belief or practice to another.

convoy, a (13), that which is convoyed, or escorted : in this case, Tom Brown. It may also mean the escort, or convoying and protecting force.

counter, to (116), to give blow for blow.

Coventry, to send to (60), to shut out from conversation, to condemn anyone not to be spoken to.

crony (31), a familiar friend.

diplomatic (88), artful, tactful.

dogmatically (152), in a tone of authority, as stating an established opinion.

economy (79), arrangement, system, manner of working, works.

ethnology (134), the study of the various races of mankind.

feint, to (115), to use a feint, or stratagem, upon. To pretend to strike an opponent in one part, in order to draw off his guard, and hit him somewhere else.

habeas corpus (146). Literally, 'you may have the body.' The name of a legal writ ordering that any person kept prisoner shall be brought out and tried within a certain time. The effect is to prevent wrongful imprisonment, and the power of this writ is one of the chief securities of English liberty. Its power was strengthened by the Habeas Corpus Act of 1679.

habiliments (48), clothes.

hectoring (9), talking insolently to, ordering about.

Helen (111), the heroine of Homer's "Iliad."

Homer (79), the traditional author of the great Greek epic poems, the "Iliad" (story of Ilium or Troy) and the "Odyssey" (story of Odysseus, or, as the Romans called him, Ulysses).

individual (146), one person (one that cannot be divided).

irony (145), making fun of anyone.

Ishmaelites (76), descendants of Ishmael, son of Abraham and Hagar, of whom it was said, "And he will be a wild man: his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him" (Genesis xvi. 12).

mortar. See **pestle-and-mortar**

Marylebone match (127), an annual match with the Marylebone Cricket Club (the M.C.C.).

Mentor (16), teacher, counsellor. A character in Homer's "Odyssey."

merge, to (146), to sink and mix with.

negotiator (87), one who negotiates, arranges, or transacts business.

Nestor (152), the oldest of the Greek chieftains in the war against Troy. A character in Homer's "Iliad."

neutralized (117), deprived of effect, made neutral—that is, taking no part with either side.

oriel window (8), a bay or projecting window: a window forming an oriel, or small recess, in the interior of a room. See illustration on p. 11.

Penates (65), the household gods of the ancient Romans. The word is used now of furniture and personal belongings.

pestle-and-mortar (102). A pestle is an implement for pounding substances in a mortar or strong basin. Used largely by chemists.

præpostor (26), a schoolboy set in authority over his fellows. A monitor.

predicament (18), state, position, usually an undesirable one.

prejudice (12), an opinion formed beforehand, which prevents one from considering a question with a fair and open mind.

premise, to (60), to say first, to begin by saying.

qualm (122), feeling of uneasiness.

quarter, to (121), to move cautiously over the ground, sparring for an opening.

quarters, in (17), a term in Rugby football. Players "in quarters" are now called "three-quarter backs," and the goal-keeper "full-back." The "three-quarter backs" stand behind the scrimmage of "forwards," and wait for the ball to be passed out to them by the "half-backs."

reconnoitre (79), survey, or observe, with a view to an attack.

squaw (134), American-Indian word for wife.

"tick" (29), slang for "credit account," in which purchases are put down on credit, or trust, instead of being paid for at once.

"toady," to (61), to act as a "toady," or base flatterer towards anyone. "Toady" is short for "toad-eater"

transcendent (9), soaring above all, all-surpassing, supreme.

turnpike road (47), a road with turnpikes—that is, gates or bars across it, to stop carriages for payment of toll towards the upkeep of the road.

unctuous (113), oily, rich.

undergraduate (154), a member of a University who has not yet taken a degree. (Latin, *gradus*).

verger (15), the school attendant and gate-keeper.

viands (97), food, usually meaning meat.

wheelers (8), the horses nearest to the wheels of a coach-and-four, or any carriage drawn by more than two horses.

wigwam (134), American-Indian hut or tent.

BILLING AND SONS, LTD., PRINTERS, GUILDFORD

ARNOLD'S SCHOOL SERIES.

ENGLISH.

EPOCHS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By J. C. STOBART, M.A., Assistant Master at Merchant Taylors' School, formerly Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. In nine volumes. Price 1s. 6d. each.

Vol. I. **The Chaucer Epoch.**
Vol. II. **The Spenser Epoch.**
Vol. III. **The Shakespeare Epoch.**
Vol. IV. **The Milton Epoch.**
Vol. V. **The Dryden Epoch.**
Vol. VI. **The Pope Epoch.**
Vol. VII. **The Johnson Epoch.**
Vol. VIII. **The Wordsworth Epoch**
Vol. IX. **The Tennyson Epoch.**

ARNOLD'S SCHOOL SHAKESPEARE. Issued under the General Editorship of Professor J. CHURTON COLLINS.

Price 1s. 3d. each.

Macbeth.
Twelfth Night.
As You Like It.
Julius Cæsar.
Midsummer Night's Dream.
The Merchant of Venice.
The Tempest.

Price 1s. 6d. each.

King Lear.
Richard II.
Henry V.
Richard III.
King John.
Coriolanus.
Hamlet.

ARNOLD'S BRITISH CLASSICS FOR SCHOOLS. Issued under the General Editorship of Professor J. CHURTON COLLINS.

Paradise Lost, Books I. and II. 1s. 3d.
Paradise Lost, Books III. and IV. 1s. 3d.
Marmion. 1s. 6d.
The Lay of the Last Minstrel. 1s. 3d.
The Lady of the Lake. 1s. 6d.
Childe Harold. 2s.
Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome. 1s. 6d.

ARNOLD'S ENGLISH TEXTS. A Series of Texts of English Classics, to which nothing has been added but a small glossary of archaic or unusual words. Paper, 6d. each; cloth, 8d. each.

I. MACBETH.
II. HENRY V.
III. THE TEMPEST.
IV. AS YOU LIKE IT.
V. TWELFTH NIGHT.
VI. CORIOLANUS.

FIRST FRIENDS IN LITERATURE. Each 160 pages. Illustrated. Price 1s. each.

A Christmas Carol. By CHARLES DICKENS.
Parables from Nature. By Mrs. GATTY.
Robinson Crusoe. By DANIEL DEFOE.
The Arabian Nights.
The Talisman. By Sir WALTER SCOTT.
Tom Brown's School-Days. By THOMAS HUGHES.

STEPS TO LITERATURE. A Graduated Series of Reading Books for Preparatory Schools and Lower Form Pupils. Seven books, prices 10d. to 1s. 6d. With beautiful Illustrations, many of them being reproductions of Old Masters.

IN GOLDEN REALMS. An English Reading Book for Junior Forms. 224 pages. Illustrated. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 3d.

IN THE WORLD OF BOOKS. An English Reading Book for Middle Forms. 256 pages. Illustrated. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d.

THE GREENWOOD TREE. A Book of Nature Myths and Verses. 224 pages. Illustrated. 1s. 3d.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, W.

ARNOLD'S SCHOOL SERIES.

ENGLISH.

Laureata. Edited by RICHARD WILSON, B.A. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

Tellers of Tales. Edited by RICHARD WILSON, B.A. Cloth, 1s. 6d. Biographies of some English novelists, with Extracts.

Poets' Corner. Selected Verses for Young Children. Fcap. 8vo., 1s.

Selections from Matthew Arnold's Poems. Edited with Introduction and Notes, by RICHARD WILSON, B.A. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

Selections from the Poems of Tennyson. Edited with Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. E. C. EVERARD OWEN, M.A. 1s. 6d.

Lingua Materna. By RICHARD WILSON, B.A. 3s. 6d.

A First Course in English Literature. By RICHARD WILSON, B.A. 144 pages. Crown 8vo., 1s.

A First Course in English Analysis and Grammar. By RICHARD WILSON, B.A. 144 pages. Crown 8vo., 1s.

HISTORY.

A History of England. By C. W. OMAN, M.A., Chichele Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. Fully furnished with Maps, Plans of the Principal Battlefields, and Genealogical Tables. 760 pages. Fifteenth Edition (to end of South African War). Crown 8vo., cloth, 5s.

Special Editions, each volume containing a separate index.

In Two Parts, 3s. each: Part I., from the Earliest Times to 1603; Part II., from 1603 to 1902.

In Three Divisions: Division I., to 1307, 2s.; Division II., 1307 to 1688, 2s.; Division III., 1688 to 1902, 2s. 6d.

*** *In ordering please state the period required, to avoid confusion.*

England in the Nineteenth Century. By C. W. OMAN, M.A., With Maps and Appendices. Revised Edition. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

A Junior History of England. From the Earliest Times to the Death of Queen Victoria. By C. W. OMAN, M.A., and MARY OMAN. Cloth, 2s.

Questions on Oman's History of England. By R. H. BOOKEY, M.A. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s.

A Synopsis of English History. By C. H. EASTWOOD, Headmaster of Redheugh Board School, Gateshead. 2s.

Seven Roman Statesmen. A detailed study of the Gracchi, Cato, Marius, Sulla, Pompey, Cæsar. Illustrated. By C. W. OMAN, M.A. 6s.

Greek Lives from Plutarch. Translated by C. E. Byles, B.A. With illustrations and maps. Crown 8vo., 1s. 6d.

English History for Boys and Girls. By E. S. SYMES, Author of "The Story of Lancashire," "The Story of London," etc. With numerous Illustrations. 2s. 6d.

Men and Movements in European History. Illustrated. Small crown 8vo., 1s. 6d.

Britain as Part of Europe. 256 pages. Illustrated. 1s. 6d.

Wardens of Empire. 224 pages. Fully illustrated. 1s. 6d.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, W.

ARNOLD'S SCHOOL SERIES.

HISTORY.

The Pageant of the Empires. 256 pages. Fully illustrated. 1s. 6d.

Lessons in Old Testament History. By the Venerable A. S. AGLEN, Archdeacon of St. Andrews, formerly Assistant Master at Marlborough College. 450 pages, with Maps. Crown 8vo., cloth, 4s. 6d.

Old Testament History. By the Rev. T. C. FRY, Headmaster of Berkhamsted School. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

GEOGRAPHY.

Arnold's Home and Abroad Atlas. Containing 24 full-page (11½×9 inches) maps, printed in colour. Bound in a stout paper wrapper. Price 8d. net.

The London School Atlas. Edited by the Right Hon. H. O. ARNOLD-FORSTER, M.P. A magnificent Atlas, including 48 pages of Coloured Maps. The size of the Atlas is about 12 by 9 inches, and it is issued in the following editions:

Stout paper wrapper, with cloth strip at back, 1s. 6d.
Paper boards, 2s.
Cloth cut flush, 2s. 6d.
Limp Cloth, 3s.
Cloth gilt, bevelled edges, 3s. 6d.

Outlines of Physiography. By ANDREW HERBERTSON, Ph.D., F.R.G.S., Reader in Regional Geography at the University of Oxford. Fully Illustrated. 4s. 6d.

Arnold's New Shilling Geography. The World, with special reference to the British Empire.

The World's Great Powers—Present and Past. Britain, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Russia, The United States, and Japan. Beautifully Illustrated. 1s. 6d.

The World's Trade and Traders. The World's Divisions—Some Great Trading Spheres—Some Great Trading Centres—Some World Routes. Beautifully Illustrated. 1s. 6d.

Arnold's Geographical Handbooks. A Series of 10 little Manuals providing accurate and clearly-arranged summaries of Geographical information. 3d. each; cloth, 6d.

MATHEMATICS AND SCIENCE.

Arnold's Shilling Arithmetic. By J. P. KIRKMAN, M.A., and J. T. LITTLE, M.A., Assistant Masters at Bedford Grammar School. Cloth, 1s.

An Arithmetic for Schools. By J. P. KIRKMAN, M.A., and A. E. FIELD, M.A., Assistant Masters at Bedford Grammar School. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

Five Thousand Arithmetical Examples. By R. W. K. EDWARDS, M.A., Lecturer on Mathematics at King's College, London. Crown 8vo., cloth, with or without Answers, 3s. 6d.; Answers separately, 1s.

Exercises in Arithmetic (Oral and Written). Parts I., II., and III. By C. M. TAYLOR (Mathematical Tripos, Cambridge), Wimbledon High School. Cloth, 1s. 6d. each. (With or without Answers.)

Mensuration. By R. W. K. EDWARDS, M.A., Lecturer on Mathematics at King's College, London. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

The Elements of Algebra. By R. LACHLAN, Sc.D. With or without Answers, 2s. 6d. Answers separately, 1s.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, W.

MATHEMATICS AND SCIENCE—(*Continued*).

Algebra. A Course for Schools. By W. D. EGGAR, M.A., Assistant Master at Eton College. 3s. 6d.

Algebra for Beginners. By J. K. WILKINS, B.A., and W. HOLLINGSWORTH, B.A. In Three Parts. Part I., 4d.; Part II., 4d.; Part III., 6d. Answers to Parts I.-III., in one vol., 6d.

The Elements of Geometry. By R. LACHLAN, Sc.D., and W. C. FLETCHER, M.A. With about 750 Exercises and Answers. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

Elementary Geometry. By W. C. FLETCHER, M.A., Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d.

A First Geometry Book. By J. G. HAMILTON, B.A., and F. KETTLE, B.A. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s.

A Second Geometry Book. By J. G. HAMILTON and F. KETTLE. With or without Answers, 3s. 6d.

Elementary Solid Geometry. By F. S. CAREY, M.A., Professor of Mathematics in the University of Liverpool. 2s. 6d.

Elementary Solid Geometry. By W. H. JACKSON, M.A., late Assistant Lecturer in Mathematics in the University of Manchester. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

Geometrical Conics. By G. W. CAUNT, M.A., Lecturer in Mathematics, Armstrong College, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and C. M. JESSOP, M.A., Professor of Mathematics, Armstrong College, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Crown 8vo., 2s. 6d.

The Elements of Euclid. By R. LACHLAN, Sc.D.

Book I. 145 pages, 1s.
Books I. and II. 180 pages, 1s. 6d.
Books I.—III. 304 pages, 2s. 6d.
Books I.—IV. 346 pages, 3s.
Books III. and IV. 164 pages, 2s.
Books I.—VI. and XI. 500 pages. 4s. 6d.
Books IV.—VI. 2s. 6d. **Book XI.** 1s.

Test Papers in Elementary Mathematics. By A. CLEMENT JONES, M.A., Ph.D., and C. H. BLOMFIELD, M.A., B.Sc., Mathematical Masters at Bradford Grammar School. 250 pages. Crown 8vo., without Answers, cloth, 2s. 6d.; with Answers, 3s. Answers separately, 1s.

Vectors and Rotors. With Applications. By Professor O. HENRICI, F.R.S. Edited by G. C. TURNER, Goldsmith Institute. Crown 8vo., 4s. 6d.

A Note-Book of Experimental Mathematics. By C. GODFREY, M.A., Headmaster of the Royal Naval College, Osborne, and G. M. BELL, B.A., Senior Mathematical Master, Winchester College. Fcap. 4to., paper boards, 2s.

An Elementary Treatise on Practical Mathematics. By JOHN GRAHAM, B.A. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

Preliminary Practical Mathematics. By S. G. STARLING, A.R.C.Sc., and F. C. CLARKE, A.R.C.Sc., B.Sc. 1s. 6d.

Practical Mathematics. By F. C. CLARKE, B.Sc. 3s. 6d.

An Introduction to Elementary Statics (treated Graphically). By R. NETTELL, M.A., Assistant Master, Royal Naval College, Osborne. Fcap. 4to., paper boards, 2s.

Graphs and Imaginaries. By J. G. HAMILTON, B.A., and F. KETTLE, B.A. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

The Principles of Mechanism. By H. A. GARRATT, A.M.I.C.E. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

ARNOLD'S SCHOOL SERIES.

Practical Trigonometry. By H. C. PLAYNE, M.A., Headmaster of Bancroft's School, and R. C. FAWDRY, Assistant Master at Clifton College. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

The Elements of Trigonometry. By R. LACHLAN, Sc.D., and W. C. FLETCHER, M.A. Crown 8vo., viii+164 pages, 2s.

Mathematical Drawing. By Professor G. M. MINCHIN, Cooper's Hill Engineering College, and J. B. DALE, Assistant Professor of Mathematics at King's College, London. 7s. 6d.

Mechanics. A Course for Schools. By W. D. EGGAR, Science Master, Eton College. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.

Electricity and Magnetism. By C. E. ASHFORD, M.A., Headmaster of the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, late Senior Science Master at Harrow School. With over 200 Diagrams. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

Magnetism and Electricity. By J. PALEY YORKE. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.

First Steps in the Calculus. By A. F. VAN DER HEYDEN, M.A., Mathematical Master at Middlesbrough High School. 3s.

A Preliminary Course of Practical Physics. By C. E. ASHFORD, M.A., Headmaster of the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. Fcap. 4to., 1s. 6d.

Advanced Examples in Physics. By A. O. ALLEN, B.A., B.Sc., A.R.C.Sc. Lond., Assistant Lecturer in Physics at Leeds University. 1s. 6d.

A Text-Book of Physics. By Dr. R. A. LEHFELDT. Cloth, 6s.

The Elements of Inorganic Chemistry. For use in Schools and Colleges. By W. A. SHENSTONE, F.R.S., Lecturer in Chemistry at Clifton College. New Edition, revised and enlarged. 554 pages. Cloth, 4s. 6d.

A Course of Practical Chemistry. By W. A. SHENSTONE. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

A First Year's Course of Experimental Work in Chemistry. By E. H. COOK, D.Sc., F.I.C., Principal of the Clifton Laboratory, Bristol. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d.

A Text-Book of Physical Chemistry. By Dr. R. A. LEHFELDT. With 40 Illustrations. Crown 8vo., cloth, 7s. 6d.

Physical Chemistry for Beginners. By Dr. VAN DEVENTER. Translated by Dr. R. A. LEHFELDT. 2s. 6d.

The Standard Course of Elementary Chemistry. By E. J. Cox, F.C.S. In Five Parts, issued separately, bound in cloth and illustrated. Parts I.-IV., 7d. each; Part V., 1s. The complete work in one vol., 3s.

First Steps in Quantitative Analysis. By J. C. GREGORY, B.Sc., A.I.C. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

Oblique and Isometric Projection. By J. WATSON. Fcap. 4to., 3s. 6d.

Physiology for Beginners. By LEONARD HILL, M.B. 1s.

A Text-Book of Zoology. By G. P. MUDGE, A.R.C.Sc. Lond., Lecturer on Biology at the London Hospital Medical College. Illustrated. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

A Class-Book of Botany. By G. P. MUDGE, A.R.C.Sc., and A. J. MASLEN, F.L.S. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo., 7s. 6d.

Psychology for Teachers. By C. LLOYD MORGAN, F.R.S., Principal of University College, Bristol. New, Revised and Enlarged Edition. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.

The Laws of Health. By DAVID NABARRO, M.D., B.Sc., Assistant Professor of Pathology and Morbid Anatomy at University College, London. Crown 8vo., 1s. 6d.

Elements of Bookkeeping. By M. WEBSTER JENKINSON, Chartered Accountant. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, W.

ARNOLD'S SCHOOL SERIES.

GERMAN.

EASY GERMAN TEXTS. For pupils who have acquired a simple vocabulary and the elements of German. Under the General Editorship of WALTER RIPPMANN, M.A., Professor of German at Queen's College, London. With exercises on the text. Small crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 3d. each.

ANDERSEN'S BILDERBUCH OHNE BILDER (What the Moon Saw).
PRINZESSIN ILSE. By MARIE PETERSEN.
DER TOPFER VON KANDERN. By H. VILLINGER.
DIE FLUT DES LEBENS. By ADOLF STERN.

DER BACKFISCHKASTEN. By FEDOR VON ZOBELTITZ. Edited, with Notes and Vocabulary, by GUSTAV HEIN, German Master at the High School for Girls, Aberdeen N.B. Authorised Edition. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s.

A FIRST GERMAN READER. With Questions for Conversation, Grammatical Exercises, Vocabulary, &c. Edited by D. L. SAVORY, B.A., Lecturer in the University of London, Goldsmiths' College. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d.

GERMAN WITHOUT TEARS. By Lady BELL. A version in German of "French without Tears." With Illustrations. Cloth.
Part I., 9d. Part II., 1s. Part III., 1s. 3d.

LESSONS IN GERMAN. A Graduated German Course, with Exercises and Vocabulary, by L. INNES LUMSDEN, late Warden of University Hall, St. Andrews. Crown 8vo., 3s.

KLEINES HAUSTHEATER. Fifteen little Plays in German for Children. By Lady BELL. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s.

VIER KLEINE LUSTSPIELE FÜR DIE JUGEND. By KÄTE WEBER. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d.

FRENCH.

ARNOLD'S MODERN FRENCH BOOKS, I. and II. Edited by H. L. HUTTON, M.A., Senior Modern Languages Master at Merchant Taylors' School. Crown 8vo., cloth. Book I., 1s. 6d.; Book II., 2s.

ELEMENTS OF FRENCH COMPOSITION. By J. HOME CAMERON, M.A., Lecturer in French in University College, Toronto, Canada. viii+196 pages. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

ARNOLD'S LECTURES FRANÇAISES. Four Vols. Books I. and II. edited and arranged by JETTA S. WOLFF. Books III. and IV. edited and arranged by M. A. GEROTHWOHL, Litt.D. Illustrated with Reproductions of Paintings by French artists. Book I., 1s. 3d.; Books II., III., IV., 1s. 6d. each.

GRAMMAIRE FRANÇAISE. A l'usage des Anglais. Par E. RENAULT, Officier d'Académie; Assistant Lecturer at the University of Liverpool. viii+360 pages. Crown 8vo., cloth, 4s. 6d.

PETITE GRAMMAIRE FRANÇAISE À L'USAGE DES ANGLAIS. Par E. RENAULT. *[In Preparation.*

LE FRANÇAIS CHEZ LUI. A French Reader on Reform Lines, with Exercises on Grammar for Middle and Junior Forms. By W. H. HODGES, M.A., Senior Modern Languages Master, St. Lawrence College, Ramsgate, and P. POWELL, M.A., Assistant Master at Loretto School. Cloth, 1s. 3d.

MORCEAUX CHOISIS. French Prose Extracts. Selected and Edited by R. L. A. DU PONTET, M.A., Assistant Master in Winchester College. Explanatory Notes and Short Accounts of the Authors cited are given. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d.

POEMES CHOISIS. Selected and Edited by R. L. A. DU PONTET, M.A. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

MISS JETTA S. WOLFF'S BOOKS.

LES FRANÇAIS EN MÉNAGE. With Illustrations. 1s. 6d.
LES FRANÇAIS EN VOYAGE. Cleverly illustrated. 1s. 6d.
FRANÇAIS POUR LES TOUT PETITS Illustrated. 1s. 3d.
LES FRANÇAIS D'AUTREFOIS 1s. 3d.
LES FRANÇAIS DU DIX-HUITIÈME SIÈCLE. 1s. 3d.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, W.

ARNOLD'S SCHOOL SERIES.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS. A Graduated Series of French Reading Books, carefully arranged to suit the requirements of quite young children. By Lady BELL. Book I., 9d.; Book II., 1s.; Book III., 1s. 3d.

GRADUATED FRENCH UNSEENS. Edited by Professor VICTOR OGER. In four parts. Limp cloth, 8d. each.

A FIRST FRENCH COURSE. Complete, with Grammar, Exercises, and Vocabulary. By JAMES BOÏELLE, B.A. (Univ. Gall.). Cloth, 1s. 6d.

A FIRST FRENCH READER. With Exercises for Re-translation. Edited by W. J. GREENSTREET, M.A. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s.

FRENCH DRAMATIC SCENES. By C. ABEL MUSGRAVE. With Notes and Vocabulary. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s.

ARNOLD'S FRENCH TEXTS. An entirely new series of texts, graduated in difficulty, with notes and vocabulary. General Editor: MAURICE A GEROTHWOHL, B.Litt., L.-ès-L., F.R.L.S., Examiner to the Central Welsh Board. Limp cloth, 6d. each.

Le Forçat ou A tout Péché Miséricorde. By MADAME DE SÉGUR.
Aventures de Tom Pouce. By P. J. STAHL.
L'Histoire de la Mère Michel et de son Chat. By COMTE E. DE LA BEDOLLIÈRE.
Gribouille. By GEORGES SAND.
Laurette ou Le Cachet rouge. By ALFRED DE VIGNY.
La Souris blanche et Les Petits Souliers. By HÉGÉSIPPE MOREAU.
La Vie de Polichinelle et ses Nombreuses Aventures. By OCTAVE FEUILLET.
Crispin rival de son Maître. Comedy in one act. By LE SAGE.
Le Bon Père. Comedy in one act. By FLORIAN.
Monsieur Tringle. By CHAMPFLEURY.
Aventures du Chevalier de Grammont By Chevalier D'HAMILTON.
Histoire d'un Pointer écossais. By ALEXANDRE DUMAS père.
Deux Heroines de la Revolution. Madame Roland and Charlotte Corday. By JULES MICHELET.
Trafalgar. By JOSEPH MÉRY. 48 pages.
Marie Antoinette. By EDMOND and JULES DE GONCOURT.
Mercadet. By H. DE BALZAC.

SIMPLE FRENCH STORIES. Easy texts, with Notes and Vocabulary, prepared under the General Editorship of Mr. L. VON GLEHN, Assistant Master at Perse School, Cambridge. Limp cloth, 9d. each.

Un Drame dans les Airs. By JULES VERNE.
Pif-Paf. By EDOUARD LABOULAYE.
La Petite Souris Grise; and Histoire de Rosette. By MADAME DE SÉGUR.
Poucinet, and two other tales. By EDOUARD LABOULAYE.
Un Anniversaire à Londres, and two other stories. By P. J. STAHL.
Monsieur le Vent et Madame la Pluie. By PAUL DE MUSSET.
La Fée Grignotte. By Madame DE GIRARDIN. And **La Cuisine au Salon.** From Le Théâtre de Jeunesse.

Gil Blas in the Den of Thieves. Arranged from LE SAGE. With Notes and Vocabulary by R. DE BLANCHAUD, B.A. *[Uniform with the above series.*

ARNOLD'S ADVANCED FRENCH SERIES.

Introduction, Historical Notes, and a few Exercises in French Composition. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d.

De l'Angleterre. Par Madame DE STAËL, edited by W. G. HARTOG, B.A., Lecturer in French at University College, London.
These chapters from "Considérations sur la Révolution Francaise" form a fascinating study of England as it appeared to this brilliant Frenchwoman in 1813.

Causeries du Lundi. Par SAINTE-BEUVE, edited by A. W. TRESSLER, M.A., Assistant Master at Charterhouse.

Le Coup d'État. Par VICTOR HUGO. Edited by J. W. LONGSDON, M.A.
An abridgment of that magnificent piece of invective, *Napoléon le Petit.*

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, W.

ARNOLD'S SCHOOL SERIES.

L'APPRENTI. By EMILE SOUVESTRE. Edited by C. F. HERDENER, French Master at Berkhamsted School. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON. By MADAME EUGENIE FOA. And **UN CONTE DE L'ABBE DE SAINT-PIERRE.** By EMILE SOUVESTRE. Edited by C. F. HERDENER. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s.

MEMOIRES D'UN ANE. By MADAME DE SÉGUR, edited by Miss LUCY E. FARRER. Cloth. Crown 8vo., 1s.

LAMARTINE'S MANUSCRIT DE MA MÈRE. Edited by Miss LUCY E. FARRER. Cloth, 1s.

LATIN.

ARNOLD'S LATIN TEXTS. General Editor, A. EVAN BERNAYS, M.A. Each volume consists of a short introduction, text and vocabulary. 64 pages. Cloth limp, 8d. each.

CÆSAR in BRITAIN. By F. J. DOBSON, B.A.

CICERO.—In Catilinam, I. and II. By L. D. WAINWRIGHT, M.A.

CICERO.—Pro Archia. By Mrs. BROCK.

CORNELIUS NEPOS.—Select Lives. By L. D. WAINWRIGHT, M.A.

HORACE.—Odes, Book I. By L. D. WAINWRIGHT, M.A.

LIVY.—Selections. By R. M. HENRY, M.A.

OVID.—Selections. By GEORGE YELD, M.A.

OVID IN EXILE.—Selections from the 'Tristia.' By L. D. WAINWRIGHT, M.A.

PHÆDRUS.—Select Fables. By Mrs. BROCK.

TIBULLUS.—Selections. By F. J. DOBSON, B.A.

VERGIL.—Select Eclogues. By J. C. STOBART, M.A.

VERGIL.—Selections from the Georgics. By J. C. STOBART, M.A.

VIRGIL—ÆNEID Books I., II., and III. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by M. T. TATHAM, M.A. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d. each.

CÆSAR'S GALLIC WAR. Books I. and II. Edited by T. W. HADDON, M.A., and G. C. HARRISON, M.A. Cloth, 1s. 6d.
Books III.-V. Edited for the use of Schools by M. T. TATHAM, M.A. Uniform with Books I. and II. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d.
Books VI. and VII. By M. T. TATHAM, M.A. Uniform with Books III.-V. 1s. 6d.

LIVY. Book XXVI. Edited, by R. M. HENRY, M.A. 2s. 6d.

THE FABLES OF ORBILIUS. By A. D. GODLEY, M.A., Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. With Illustrations. Book I., 9d.; Book II., 1s.

EASY LATIN PROSE. By W. H. SPRAGGE, M.A., Assistant Master at the City of London School. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

DIES ROMANI. A new Latin Reading Book. Edited by W. F. WITTON, M.A., Classical Master at St. Olave's Grammar School. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

LATIN EXERCISES ON LATIN MODELS. By A. C. P. LUNN, Headmistress of Brighton and Hove High School. Cloth, 1s.

A FIRST LATIN COURSE. By G. B. GARDINER, M.A., D.Sc., and A. GARDINER, M.A. viii+227 pages. 2s.

A SECOND LATIN READER. With Notes and Vocabulary. By GEORGE B. GARDINER, M.A., D.Sc., and ANDREW GARDINER, M.A. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

A LATIN ANTHOLOGY FOR BEGINNERS. By GEORGE B. GARDINER, M.A., D.Sc., and A. GARDINER, M.A. Cloth, 2s.

A LATIN TRANSLATION PRIMER. With Grammatical Hints, Exercises and Vocabulary. By G. B. GARDINER and A. GARDINER, M.A. 1s.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, W.