at this school. There was a system of punishment at the school known as "guard duty." For every bad act you were caught in you would receive so many hours "guard duty": for instance, for "throwing chalk," five hours; for "hooking off" to the village, ten hours; for "cutting prayers," fifteen, and so on up the scale. One fellow, I remember, got indefinite guard for knocking a professor down, who persisted in roughly and repeatedly rubbing his "basswood head" into intelligence. This guard had to be served in all play-hours — walking in a squad and carrying a heavy Mexican war musket, with a sworn, unbribable officer to take charge of them. It was an awful bore; but oh! what an appetite for supper — and what a supper! I will not dwell upon it. There was plenty there, but it lacked something—variety—and that was seldom, if ever, found. We used to have, each one, a little round, hard, brown cake, which was of extreme value to us. This little cake we would sell at five cents per cake, two for fifteen, or three for a quarter. Why we gained in price I never could tell, yet we used to buy three of those hard, indigestible little brown cakes for a quarter, and think ourselves hugely in luck to get them at that price.

There was a gymnasium on the grounds, where we had compulsory exercise and served guard in the winter, and got a decidedly unwholesome hate for the place for these reasons. In summer we only used it for "pitching" pennies on the sly, for tossing an unpopular boy in a mattress, or for the forming of a schoolboy ring, to see "fair play," as we called it. I had my "fair plays" in that "gym" with the rest. A boy at school has got to fight, and the pluckier he goes in for it the better for him afterward, no matter whether he is beaten or not.

How vividly I can recall the time when I had, I believe, twenty-five hours' guard to my credit, and it had to be all served off before I could go home for the Christmas vacation. There were only four days before we went home, and only twelve possible serving hours. So I, with two other fellows, got up at 12.30 A.M., waked the officer of the guard, and made him register us as on guard and serving it. We took our pillows and great-coats, and in the silent night went over to the "gym," adjusted our pillows, and with our muskets folded to our breasts, we slept off eight hours. We kept this up for three successive nights, and got home with the rest.

One poor fellow, I recollect, was kept over on the spring vacation by the Doctor, for something or other. He was afterward expelled, and he took it so hard that he got perfectly morbid and beside himself, and declared that life was a desert, and not worth living. I had the luck, with another fellow, to do him quite a service. It was as follows: We were returning late from the river, one evening, and the boys were all in at supper; so we rushed to the lavatory, to make believe wash our hands, when, to our utter bewilderment, we saw this poor devil in the very act of hanging himself. He had spliced some towels together, and made one end in a noose, and tied the other to a towel-hook, and was just on the point of strangulation when we cut him down. He had a narrow squeeze. We brought him up to time, though, and with some sound advice and a kick we took him in to supper.

I never attempted to run away; a few did, but were always brought ignominiously back — except one plucky little fellow. His name was Dean Hardy, a little Englishman. He started for the train, and was seized by the station-agent, who, of course, recognized his uniform; but Hardy escaped, and struck for the woods, where we fellows found him, and made arrangements to see him through it. We took him to the "gym," and he slept in the "gun closet," while we fed him through the fence and hedges in the daytime. He appeared one day, and the Doctor never said a word. He always did like pluck.

I went through many happy and rough times in my four years. I soon became a big boy, and from the chevrons and the musket I graduated to the shoulder-straps and the sword. Ah! those were happy days, and how I long to be back to them once more! How I pity any sturdy fellow who hasn't been to a real boarding-school. He will never know what it