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BOARDING SCHOOL,
ON BOLEY-HILL, ROCHESTER,
William Alexander,

CAREFULLY TEACHETH
English Grammar and Writing,

ARITHMETIC Through all its RULES;

With the *ITALIAN* Method of BOOK-KEEPING.

G E O G R A P H Y,
GEOMETRY through its various BRANCHES,
As Mensuration of SUPERFICES and SOLIDS,
TRIGONOMETRY, NAVIGATION, &c.

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Our Quotation—4

*“The precepts of our fathers bear no seal
The wisdom of the children may not break.”*

Quaker Quiddities, 1860, see page 27.

Schooldays in the Twenties

A Reminiscence for my Grandchildren

By CHARLES TYLOR¹

1895

MY parents, Henry and Mary Tylor, lived at No. 4, Cripplegate Buildings, in the city of London. Here my sister Elizabeth, and two elder brothers, Joseph Savory and Henry, were born, within hearing of the many hammers of the copper-smiths who worked on tea-urns, kettles and warming pans from morning till night. Thence my father removed to Artillery Place, Finsbury Square, where I was born, 11th month 21st, 1816, Mary Ann Harris, whose parents lived next door, coming into the world on the same day. My grandmother went from one house to the other.

When I was five, Rebecca Godlee, of Lewes, came to our house as governess and taught me writing. Early in 1823 my father, having prospered in business, took a

house in the country—No. 25, Highbury Place, Islington, a commodious dwelling with a large garden. Although now part of London, it was then so much in the country that we had to protect our fowls and pigeons from polecats and other marauders. Here a young woman Friend, Lucy Betts, who died in First Month, 1890, at the age of 91, and was then Lucy Sturge, came to teach us. Pretty much all that I recollect of her rule was that we had tickets for lessons correctly learned, and of which so many “goods” made an “excellent,” and so many “excellents” a “super-excellent,” and so many of these last were rewarded with a prize. She sometimes remained after schoolhours and read aloud, my mother being present. The book was a translation of Numa Pompilius, of which I understood nothing, but I liked to hear her melodious cadences. For a while, instead of her coming to us, some of us went to the day-school kept by her and her sister in Goswell Road, Islington, where the little boys in recess time were allowed to sit astride of the long desk and stick the backboards into the round ink-stand holes, as masts for our ship. To the other use of the backboards we had a strong objection, as also to the taps on the head from the thimble finger, which we sometimes got here, or it may have been at the next school. Previous to this my two brothers had been sent to the school at Tottenham, kept by Priscilla and Fanny Coar: they were thence removed to boarding-school at Rochester in 1823.²

I went to another dame-school nearer home, of which I recollect about as much as of the Betts's, and chiefly that the mistress had a forbidding look, that I carried my books in a blue baize bag, and that we were set to learn by heart from a little picture volume of ancient history, with a smooth red cover. I can see now Alexander the Great at table with his generals, a huge ornamented cup to his lips, which the book informed us held six bottles of wine, and which he emptied at a draught!

These preliminaries over, the eventful day came when I was promoted to boarding-school. To the best of my recollection I went first for a few weeks in the autumn of 1824, before I was eight years old, and became

a regular scholar at the beginning of the next year. Having older brothers already in the school, and probably being troublesome as the only boy at home (for I was a restless child) were the reasons for my entering so young. I remained there four years. This time and the scenes which belong to it: the schoolroom, playroom, playground and cricket field, the teachers and boys, the lessons, games and walks, are punched deep into my memory, and ever since, from time to time, I have lived them over again.

The school stood on a hill in the outskirts of the city, and commanded a view of the river Medway, above Rochester Bridge, with its many windings known as The Seven Horse-Shoes. The prospect was pleasant and pretty extensive looking across the river to Cobham Park, the seat of the Earl of Darnley. The schoolhouse, which was connected with the dwelling-house by a corridor, consisted of playroom and junior classroom below, and a large, well-lighted upper classroom above. The playroom was open in front to the playground, the room above being supported on that side by three pillars. The playground was of good size with a bed of flowers and wall-fruit trees at the upper end, which belonged to the house, and a plot behind the lower class-room, divided into a number of small squares for such boys as loved gardening. Not a few brought this taste with them, and there were always applicants for vacant lots. On the opposite side to the house the playground was bounded by a very low wall, with a strip of kitchen garden beyond at a lower level, down which a wicket led with steps and so by a path to a large cricket-field, which sloped down to the marshes and the river, with scarce sufficient level ground for the game. The memories of the cricket-field are sweet, especially of the idle hours spent there on a Seventh-day afternoon in summer, when we used to lie at full length on the grass, make burrows for our white mice, cut whistles and pop-guns, read and talk and indulge in the excellent gooseberry tarts made by Friend Drewett and sold to the boys by blind Benjamin Bishop,³ whose prim daughter Abby guided his steps and took the pence. There were seven tarts for sixpence, and twopence apiece provided a feast for three boys. I

recollect one day being on the grass at the higher end of the field with Uncle Henry and Henry Pace, and having begun on our six pennyworth, when a lady and gentleman came along the narrow public path just above us, which led through the field. Henry Pace, seeing them coming, caught up a couple of tarts and offered them to the strangers, who smilingly declined to take them. He had brought with him from home a politeness of behaviour which was, I imagine, but little known in the school. The little boys ran races on the level strip at the bottom of the field, along which ran another public pathway, but were sometimes disturbed by the "louts," who would make off with anything they could get.⁴ One took my cap, putting it on his head under his own; one of our big boys ran after him and got it back. Near this path was where we bathed, a sorry place, for we had to run through marsh and mud. There were three games at cricket, the older, the middle, and the little boys; the older taking the level shelf half-way down the field: a strong batsman, like Bob Womersley, could send the ball into the marshes, where it was hard to find and was brought back covered with mud. In playing this fine old English game we knew nothing of "elevens" and "overs" and the other scientific rules of the present day.

The lower classroom was small; and only very dull boys remained long in it. The large schoolroom was reached from the playroom by a narrow stair, and was separated, but not divided, into two halves with the stove between, each half being under the jurisdiction of one of the two masters, John Ford and Lambert Weston the elder son of the Principal, R.L.W. John Ford's division was at the end farthest from the door, and his high desk, which was hollow below, stood under a large window which overlooked the cricket-field and the Medway. Over the stairs, in a corner of Lambert Weston's side, was a small classroom occupied by James Elliott, the Latin Master, a Scotchman, and the only other resident teacher before Lambert's younger brother, Jasper, was made master of the lower school. As older boys left, and their desks became vacant, the little boys were drafted up from the lower school, becoming pupils of John Ford or Lambert Weston according as it

happened. Your great-uncle Joseph and I had the advantage of falling to the former ; Uncle Henry took his place under the latter, which he always regarded as a great misfortune, for that master was little fitted for the training and education of boys. Each of the two masters taught his boys all the English branches of instruction until they left the school.

Latin, as I have said, was taught by James Elliott, He was a worthy Scotchman in the wrong place. Deficient in the qualities required for ruling wilful and turbulent boys, in whom his broad accent excited perpetual ridicule, he must have led an unhappy life. When I first went he took turns with the two other teachers as master on duty, but the boys became so disorderly, and even uproarious, during his "week," that another arrangement had to be made. Once when Uncle Henry was at tea with some other boys in the parlour, an indulgence which was granted to all in turn once in the half-year, "Jimmy," as we called him, stayed behind with the boys and opened his heart to them. He said he had been sadly disappointed in coming to the school, for he did not understand the boys and they seemed not to understand him. This would not apply to some of the First Class, such as William J. Capper and Thomas Gates Darton, who read their Virgil with relish, and valued the teacher.

French, German, and Drawing were taught by visiting masters, who had but little to recommend them, the German being a man of bad character, and the Frenchman, like so many foreigners, quite unacquainted with discipline. The thoughtless boys got as much amusement out of him as they did out of James Elliott, being well pleased when they could provoke him to say: "I will put you in de door, I will pull your ears as long as dawnkeys."

The system of instruction was defective. There was, so far as I remember, little of real hard work, and there was much waste of time. Reading, Spelling, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography, with English Grammar according to Lindley Murray, were all well or fairly taught by John Ford ; but an unconscionable amount of time was consumed in transferring the sums from the slate into

the ciphering-book. This exercise, which took up a large part of the afternoon, was prolific of trouble to the boys, from mistakes, blots and careless figures ; it must have been a much greater trouble to our teacher whose duty it was, besides maintaining attention and order, to mend the quill pens which were incessantly taken up to his desk. It was no wonder that his temper, naturally irritable, showed itself in hasty words and actions, and then the boys would whisper to one another: "I say, John Ford's waxy." Mental calculation was added to the curriculum whilst I was at school. I recollect when the whole school stood round John Ford's desk to be exercised in the quickest and most correct answers to questions in arithmetic, William Bevan took the first place (some First Class boys had then left, I think Thomas Gates Darton amongst them). My brother J. presently took his stand by W.B. ; then my brother Henry stepped up many places and stood next ; and soon afterwards I followed from nearer the bottom and took the place next to him. I can see it now : John Ford and the circle of boys. I have no recollection of learning history ; some little instruction was given in chemistry, and perhaps in astronomy.

At the end of each half-year (for terms were then unknown) we wrote specimen copies in Running-hand, German Text and Old English, some of which were very well done. The Running-hand consisted of short poems, Felicia Hemans', then at the height of their popularity, being the prime favourites. Amongst these were "Birds of Passage," "The Better Land," "The Invocation," "The Monarch's Death-bed," "The Shade of Theseus," and of other poems Scott's "Highland Coronach," and "Helvellyn."

We learnt hymns and verses by heart and had to repeat them before the school ; and on First-day mornings before breakfast we learnt passages of Scripture. I can see the boys at their desks, the little ones (unless my memory deceives me) with clean pinafores, conning a Psalm or a passage in Matthew with their hand over the verses to see if they knew them. In this way I made the XIXth, XXIIIrd, and CIIIrd Psalms and the Sermon on the Mount part of myself, as it were, which has accompanied

me ever since, and I recollect an impression that the language, especially of the XIXth Psalm, was something musical and higher and more sacred than what I read elsewhere. The thought of the heavens and the firmament uttering and showing God's handywork, of the sun going forth like a strong man to run a race; the varying notes regarding the law, the commandments, etc., of the Lord, and their effect, and that they were more to be desired than gold and sweeter than the honeycomb, seemed to exert a vague elevating influence over me, although I did not then at all receive them as affecting my conduct. A new impulse was given to our acquaintance with Scripture by a visit from Joseph John Gurney. He brought with him his "Lock and Key," an oblong book in brown paper cover (of which each boy had a copy) comprising the prophecies concerning Christ in the Old Testament and their fulfilment in the New. These were given us to learn by heart, and thus, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman," "Balaam the son of Beor hath said," and "There shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse," with many other heavenly words, were deposited in the hidden store-house of the memory side by side with "The Lord is my Shepherd" and the Beatitudes. To say this is perhaps only to refer to what is still in use in our schools, but the reference to its origin may be interesting. Of course I saw J. J. Gurney but was too small a boy to get near him. His brother Samuel also paid us a visit, and presented us with six geese for dinner, a donation which was highly appreciated. His son, the late Samuel Gurney, was a scholar.

Prizes were given at the close of each half-year—books, knives, etc. At the desk next to mine was a tall boy whose capacity for learning was small. The prizes had been given; there remained over a pocket knife. I happened to be standing by and heard John Ford name this boy to the other masters and say: "He hasn't made rapid progress, but he has been industrious; I think we might give him the knife." So he was called back and received the meed of honour.

In the schoolroom was a narrow closet with a few shelves of small books, I do not remember that they

were much in general request, except "The Percy Anecdotes" in sixteen volumes. Although I was but little acquainted with the contents of this meagre library, I made, for my own amusement, a catalogue of the books. All books brought to school were to be shown, but I have no doubt a good many were smuggled in. Of these I remember three, "Baron Trenck," "The Old English Baron," and "The Castle of Otranto." The two brothers Trenck were worthless adventurers, but the ingenious and persevering contrivances of the Prussian Trenck to escape from prison were such as to fascinate the dullest boy. The second I never read; the third I have looked at since, and though bearing the illustrious name of Horace Walpole, it is about as absurd and tasteless a story as you could find. I have some recollection also of a little book of vulgar songs which was kept very secret. Some better books were brought by the boys. I can remember joining a little group in the playground to whom a big boy was reading "Leonard and Gertrude," a tolerably dry tale by the famous Swiss educator, Pestalozzi.

Breaking-up day, the day before we went home, was the great festival of the half year. The minds of all, big boys and little, were filled with its doings, imaginings and expectations. It was a whole holiday. At the mid-summer occasion the older boys went out early and brought in great quantities of branches and flowers (where they got them I did not know), and tapestried the school-room walls with garlands and mottoes, such as "Home, sweet Home," "O festus Dies," and the month and day. I thought it a charming sight and can still recall the scent of the flowers and greenery. I have no doubt John Ford was at the bottom of the demonstration. I had by me for many years a breaking-up lyric, in his own handwriting, which I always understood he himself composed on one of these occasions.⁵

John Ford threw himself heartily into his pupils; he played with them, conversed with them, and joked with them; and yet with all this he maintained his authority; and was indeed the pillar on which the school rested. It was not unusual to see him walking round the playground with two or three of the older boys on each

side of him, as many as could hear him, all linked arm in arm. One day not long before he left the school, and when it was already in a precarious condition (a fact which was well known to some of the older boys), as he was walking in this way, a cheeky fellow, not a Friend (there were three or four non-members in the school), said suddenly: "John Ford, this school is like a haystack which has been built askew and would fall down if it were not held up by a strong prop, and you are the prop." John was ready with his answer: "Now, now, Grestock, if thou wants to flatter anybody, lay it on gently, don't spread it on so thick." I had this from your great-uncle, Joseph, who was one of the party.

My father always came at least once in the half year to see after his boys. The rejoicing on the occasion was not confined to us, for, if I remember right, the school generally had a holiday. He was expected on a certain day which turned out wet. In the morning John Ford and my brother talked it over. The latter said: "My father won't come to-day, it is too wet." John Ford answered quickly: "Joseph, I know thy father better than that; nothing will prevent him from coming to see his boys." Said Joseph: "I bet thee 5s, he doesn't come." "Done," said John. My father came, but I have no idea that the money really passed.

At one end of the playroom a large bell was hung which was pulled for collect, by the master whose week it was, before school and meals. Very often the bell sounded in the middle of a game, and being forced to break off was one of the trials of the day. My brother Joseph, being vexed one day by the unwelcome summons, muttered as he came in: "Hang the bell." John Ford, who was ringing it, heard him, and instead of keeping him in for the offensive word, only said quietly: "Joseph, the bell is hung."

But although he possessed the happy art of putting himself on a level with the boy mind, he was careful to use his influence to raise the moral and intellectual tone. As we learn from his memoir, he early became a disciple of Christ, and by the time we are speaking of he had learnt many of the Master's lessons. Soon after I entered the school, when not much over eight years

of age, John Ford's twenty-fourth birthday took place, an occurrence which I recollect because it was on the same day as that of my eldest brother, who was just half his age. An entry in J.F.'s diary of about that date records the hard strife which through these years he had waged against evil; and which he thus sums up: "In reviewing these painful struggles how gratefully can I now recognise the hand that led me through the wilderness, and that has kept me to this day." Few if any of the boys probably knew or divined his inner life. My own religious convictions did not come till years after I left the school; not even the visit of Joseph John Gurney kindled a spark of spiritual devotion in my heart. John Ford contrived, we knew not how, to inform himself of everything that went on in the school. The common saying was: "John can see through a brick wall."

Next to the breaking-up days in our annual calendar came the excursions, sometimes to Cobham Park, sometimes to Burham Downs. I think the latter was the greater favourite. The way to it led along the chalk Downs some three or four miles, overlooking the Medway. You passed Fort Clarence with its great guns and the deep military trench which goes down steep from it to the river, constructed to rake any hostile vessel which should make its way up the stream. At the time now spoken of the Fort was used for insane prisoners. The favourite time for this excursion was the autumn. The low banks by the wayside abounded in the empty houses of innumerable snails, marked with beautiful various coloured bands; but we did not collect them for their beauty but for their thickness, pressing them one against the other at the apex till one broke, each boy counting how many his shell had "conquered." There was clay in the road, and the boys would cut supple sticks, and working a ball of clay on the end would cast it like a stone from a sling. The older boys carried with them hammer and chisel to chip the fossil shells and spines out of the chalk. Lambert Weston had a collection of such specimens; and a quarry in the neighbourhood abounds with fossil remains of the lower chalk; but I do not think much was done towards a scientific acquaintance with

extinct life. There was plenty of talk and frequent change of partners by the way. I recollect there being with us in one of these rambles a former scholar, then grown to a young man, who described to several of us the construction of an air-gun, an instrument quite new to me. Burham Downs, which descended by a steep slope to the river shore, was sprinkled over with thicket and gorse, a most delightful place to satisfy boys' curiosity and desire of possession. We gathered hazelnuts, blackberries and sloes and caught lizards and blindworms, all of which we carried home in triumph. Sometimes a boy would come upon a viper, which of course he killed. We took our dinner with us. There was a small house of entertainment at the bottom of the hill, where, on one occasion, we were allowed each a mug of beer, being asked which we preferred, quality or quantity. Some of us youngsters were pretty well tired before it was time to return, and I recollect the weariness of the march home on a warm day. Some of the little ones, with myself, to beguile the way would run on a space before, and then lie down to rest, and so manage to get along till we came to the mill near the Fort, which was owned by a Friend, where we knew we could get water.

Cobham Park, the seat of Earl Darnley, lies, as has been said, on the opposite side of the river, and the road to it led through the town and across the bridge. The walk was pretty long. A few of the little boys rode in the cart with the dinner and the bats and wickets. The entry to the Park was by wide open steps up and down. Here we saw sights quite new to some of us—the herd of deer feeding amongst the trees and bounding away at our approach, a colony of herons with their long legs hanging from their nests in the tops of the highest trees, or winging their heavy flight towards the water to seek their food. With the inborn propensity of our kind we threw up stones at them, but at the height of one hundred feet they paid little regard to our missiles. Then there were rooks, and the private garden with its gay flowers and its beautiful song-birds, seen through an iron fence, but prudently closed from our invasion. I suppose this park is amongst the most beautiful in the country, but I was too young, or too little educated, to delight in the

green glades and stately aisles of trees with which it abounds. Ten years later the reading public were made acquainted with the beauties of Cobham, and with Rochester and its neighbourhood, through the "Pickwick Papers."

The great naval arsenal of Chatham joins Rochester, and occasionally in our walks we came upon soldiers exercising on the lines. We were also taken by visitors to see the enormous sheds under which the great battle-ships were built; and when the *Prince Regent* of one hundred and twenty guns was launched, the school was marched down to see the spectacle. We stood opposite, in a row near the water, which, as the vast fabric glided down, rose in a great wave up to our feet.

The meeting-house was half a mile off; the way to it was through the precincts of the Cathedral, where our steps resounded under the long arch, and across the High Street. My recollections of meeting are of weariness with the long sitting. I was brought up in the Divine fear and in reverence for sacred things, but I cannot recollect ever being instructed in the object for which the Lord's children, old and young, meet in His name; and the ministry which we heard did not reach my conscience, seldom perhaps my understanding. The preacher whom we liked best to hear was one of the Horsnails, a youngish man and owner of the mill spoken of above. He was afterwards carried away with the fascinations of Edward Irving, and joined the Apostolic Church. I do not remember the Monthly Meetings, but towards the end, I was taken, with a number of other boys, to the Quarterly Meeting at Maidstone, of which if it had not been my own fault, I might have had a more agreeable recollection. My cousin, Daniel Pryor Hack, was there, with a Minute from his Monthly Meeting; he made me a present of a shilling, which I thought much of.

But we have not yet spoken of the playground. No one who was at the school could ever forget the games. I was at two boarding-schools afterwards; they were in this respect not to be compared with Rochester. I

lately heard of a private school for gentlemen's sons, with a lady at the head, where the only games allowed are cricket and football and occasionally hockey, the rule being that any boy starting any other kind of sport should be punished. It may perhaps be that this lofty discipline makes the most hardy and courageous men, but the memory of the playhours can scarcely be so pleasant as those passed on St. Margaret's. Of games with ball there were Cricket, Rounders, Trap-ball, Egg-hat ; of running games, Prisoner's Base, Stag, Run Across, Wild Horses, I Spy ; then there were French and English, Hop-sotch, Leap-frog, Fly-the-Garter, High-cockolorum ; several games with marbles ; peg-tops, whipping tops, tip-cat, hoops, skipping (doubling and trebling and long-rope), hopping, and kite-flying ; and in the playroom knuckle-bones and pop-guns. Of these I think Prisoner's Base was the most constant favourite ; it was played by nearly the whole school. A boy younger than I, George Capper, the youngest of six brothers, all at school at the same time, was often told off with myself to " pick up sides." We were reckoned equal in running, and were supposed to have a good knowledge of the fellows.

Gymnastics came in while I was at school ; parallel and horizontal bars were set up, and a jumping-frame. Those boys who, like your great-uncle Henry, had the courage to spring from the ground before they planted their pole, made the highest scores.

Of an evening at our desks we had the usual pastimes, chess, fox and geese, etc., and some of the more studious pursued knowledge, or had special avocations. Two of the boys in their playtime made birdcages which they sold at 1s. 6d. each ; others quilted balls, the charge for which was fourpence. Jim Phillips, of Ampthill, whose father was a chemist, had a box of lucifer matches, then a novel invention. It contained a little bottle of phosphorus, into which the splints were plunged. The box cost 2s. 6d. Your great-uncle Henry bought one and lighted a fire with it and this being considered a breach of rules, it was taken away and he never got it again.

As to conduct, the boys came generally from orderly and God-fearing homes, some being the children of such

as were esteemed pillars in the Church ; and a certain standard of truth and decency was maintained in the school. But I have reason to think that a lower tone prevailed amongst a portion of the older boys. There was a fair share of mutual kindness, and a disposition to assist one another in case of need.

Some boys had peculiarities. Your great-uncle, Edmund Pace, and William Speciall, were inseparable companions. They did not join in the games, but in play-time were regularly to be seen walking round the playground. They were clever. Once when they were punished for some disorderly act committed together, Speciall made a verse upon it. He had so extraordinary a memory that after hearing a couple of pages of poetry he could repeat every word. There was a boy named Newnham (nicknamed Piggy Newnham) who possessed few, if any, talents except that of public speaking. The boys would gather round him in playtime to hear his orations, and once John Ford, wishing to know what kind of a speech he could make, crept under the long desk and signalled to the boys not to betray him. Another boy, not of the youngest, who had come to school without having properly learned to read, got your Uncle Henry, who was gifted with a ready sympathy, to read to him. My cousin Albert Savory had a long purse. His favourite pastime was to be carried on the back of a boy, who stooped down and leaned on the shoulders of two others. Albert paid his "daks" eightpence a week each. Henry Pace, though not in the front rank in school studies, had a notion he could write a tragedy. I fancy he had been reading "Macbeth." He asked me to join him in composing it. I consented, but without having any conception of what it meant. All I recollect of the scheme is some sentences, probably of dialogue, which bristled with strong expressions.

There is no need to say much about the meals ; but I recollect that in the hour's school before breakfast a vision of the steaming basins of bread and milk came before us and made us impatient for the signal to turn round on our forms, file down the narrow, crooked stair, and tramp through the corridor and the backdoor, across the

floor of the house, to the dining-room. In course of time I was made "spoon-boy." A number of the boys brought silver spoons with them, which were kept apart in the dining-room closet; it was my business to go down every morning before the rest, and put them out for breakfast. For this agreeable service I was overpaid with a hot roll on Second-day morning. Supper usually was simple enough, but on First-day evening we had currant cake, and on Second-day apple pie. The apple pie was marketable, and the price three half-pence, so that when it could be done without being seen, a fellow who wanted money would pass his plate to one who coveted a double share of pie.

Most, but not all, the boys got parcels of eatables from home. You may be sure your great-grandmamma did not leave us out. About twice in the half-year, I think, an oblong hamper came down, and some fellow who had been indoors would run to us saying: "There's a parcel for you in the hall." The usual contents were—apples or oranges according to the season, a pot of jam, a bag of captain's biscuits, perhaps some gingerbreads, and a currant cake. My opinion now is that the cake and jam might have been spared; they took away our appetite for dinner. Like other boys we shared the good things with our chums. Sometimes when boys had many apples or nuts they gave a scramble.

We slept on two floors of the dwelling-house, and in rooms over the offices. There were sometimes "rows" when the masters were at supper; the top floor descending to do battle with the lower—the Highlanders with the Lowlanders. I think this phrase was due to William Bevan, who made up a battle song of which I remember the words "Charge, Highlanders, charge!" I suppose he had been reading "Marmion." The coverings of the beds were more fitted for summer than winter, being so narrow that in the double beds both sides could not be tucked up at the same time.

I had the measles whilst at school and recollect the dreary hours spent alone in bed, with scarcely a visit from anyone, until my father came down and I was removed into the large bedroom where there were five or

six other boys in bed with the same disorder. My father bought me a pot of tamarinds, which the nurse gave also to the others ; this seemed to me very unfair.

At Midsummer (I think it was), 1828, my brother Joseph was taken from school to enter my father's business, and in the Tenth Month John Ford left, having been chosen to be superintendent of the newly-founded Quarterly Meeting School at York. The teacher who succeeded him did not inherit his capacity, and the method of instruction which was now adopted was inefficient and whimsical. My principal recollection of it is that a volume of Hume's History of England, commencing I think with Queen Elizabeth's reign, was placed before me and I was directed to make an abridgement of it, a task entirely beyond my powers. James Elliott also left, and his successor got on but little better than he had done. Thus we struggled on to the end of the year, and even entered upon a new term after Christmas, though with diminished numbers, forty boys instead of upwards of fifty. The few weeks which remained were a time of irregularity and unsettlement, and the marvel is how the school was kept together at all. Rumours of an approaching end began to be circulated, and one evening in February, just as we were on the tip-toe of expectation, a message came that the two Tylors were wanted. Running down to the house we found my father in the hall, who took us with him to the Bull Inn, where he engaged a bed for us, and the next day, with a number of other boys, we journeyed to London by the stage-coach, the usual conveyance of that day. Having to go to the school early in the morning I got the spoons from the cupboard and gave them to their owners.

The Bull Inn, in the High Street, has maintained its reputation for several generations and still flourishes. In the yard there was a tame fox with a dog's kennel. There was another inn, the Crown, near the river, just under the Castle, to which I once went. One of the boys with whom we brothers were most intimate was William Darton, commonly called Nicodemus, or Nicky Darton, whose father, of the same name, kept a bookseller's shop on Holborn Hill, and was the publisher of Mrs. Sherwood's

popular books. Nicky's mother came to see him and put up at the Crown, where she invited us and some other boys to tea. What struck me, besides being on the bank of the river and under the lofty massive wall of the Castle, was that the narrow paths of the diminutive garden were composed of small bivalve shells. The Crown was reckoned more aristocratic than the Bull, and the story goes that the Duke of Wellington lodged there, and that the landlord sent him in an exorbitant bill. The Duke looked at it, and in his laconic way said to his secretary, or valet: "Pay it and order the post-horses for the next stage from the Bull." Of course we went up the Castle, but I had then no knowledge of its history, or of the important place its ruins occupy amongst the ancient fortresses of England, nor was I able to appreciate the fine landscape which is commanded from its summit.

These notes of my school-days at Rochester may be extended to the vacations. Hornsey Wood, which is now covered by Finsbury Park, and Highgate Hill were our favourite places for summer rambles. Sometimes we were invited to William Darton's, which in its kind was one of our chief treats. The old Friend had a little narrow room on one side of his shop lined with drawers and shelves of new books, chiefly for children; and here we brothers and Nicky used to sit and read. We pulled out the drawers for seats and got down such books as we liked, and sat there oblivious to the actual world, carried away into the ideal life of the "Arabian Nights," "Chinese Tales," and other romances. And when we were tired with reading we would run down into St. Andrew's churchyard, which stood secluded at the back of the great thoroughfare, and through which seldom anyone passed, and getting the biggest stones we could find, would play at "Duck." Holborn Hill was then in its original steepness, a very hill of difficulty to horses and drivers.

Another vacation jaunt which I well remember was at Christmas. Bob Womersley's parents had a house in Whitechapel and a country house at Stratford; and one Christmas time, having had two or three of the rooms warmed and prepared, Robert and his brother Tom invited us three to spend a night there. We drove down

in a gig, the weather frosty, and called on the way at the Whitechapel house. Here the showy dresses of their sisters much impressed me; I had never seen the like. It was so cold that Tom ran beside the gig to keep his feet warm. In the evening he poured port wine into a tin pot and added nutmeg and I suppose water (mulled wine in fact) and then brought out the cards. I had never played cards before, perhaps had never seen them played and I soon became interested and excited, though there were no stakes. The game was Vingt-et-un. We kept up the play, and I suppose the wine-sipping, till a late hour, and when we went upstairs, we brothers sleeping together in one wide bed, my brain was well heated; I dreamed restlessly of knaves and aces, as it seemed to me most of the night. I have never played cards since.

NOTES

¹ Charles Tylor (1816-1902) spent the greater part of his life in or near London. He lived, however, for seven years in Manchester and about twenty-nine years in Lewes and Brighton, passing away at the latter place. He was editor of *The Friend*, 1843-1849, and writer of several books. His principal work was as editor of material prepared by Edward Backhouse, which resulted in the valuable works, entitled *Early Church History* 1884 and *Witnesses for Christ*, 1887, both translated, wholly or in part into French, Danish, Italian, and Spanish. He was a recorded Minister forty-one years. He married Gulielma Maria Sparkes, of Exeter, in 1848.

² We have no knowledge of the date of the opening of Boley Hill School. It was in the charge of William Alexander (c. 1734-1785), until he was succeeded in 1786 by William Rickman (1745-1839), who married in 1788, Elizabeth, daughter of his predecessor. About 1794, an active useful lad was engaged to undertake domestic duties in the School—Robert Styles by name (c. 1780-1858). He became an usher, joined Friends and eventually succeeded William Rickman. In 1820, Robert Styles gave up his school to Richard Fambert Weston (—) but continued to reside on Boley Hill (*Annual Monitor*). R. L. Weston married Susannah Horsnaill (1771-1847). He was the head at the time above described by Charles Tylor. We have a further glimpse of the School at the end of 1826. John Grubb, writing to his brother Joseph Grubb (Benjamin), from Chelmsford, remarks:—

“When Jonathan went to Richard Weston’s school he had some *Day Scholars* not friends, which was not pleasant; that is, I believe, quite given up now and I do not know there is a Boy who does not profess with Friends. The number at present is 56. The school is in much more airy, commodious situation now than it was when Jonathan was there. I believe there has been a small addition made to the Price of the Boarders since the day school was discontinued” (letter in the possession of J. Ernest Grubb).

We are unable to follow further the fortunes of the School, but we find that, in 1834, Lambert and Jasper Weston, sons of Richard and Susanna Weston, announced the opening of a school by the issue of a circular. (This circular is referred to in Joseph Smith's *Catalogue*, ii. 877.)

3 Rachel Rickman, of Lewes, edited a memoir of Benjamin Bishop, with extracts from his letters, which was published in 1865. B. Bishop (1780-1855) was born in London and attended the Islington School. He was apprenticed at Malton. In 1797, he began business as a milk-seller, at Strood, Kent. He was recorded a Minister in 1841.

4 *Apropos* of the disturbing “ louts,” it is worth recording that there appeared a wood-cut in the *Band of Hope Almanac*, 1854, fourth edition, entitled, “ The Apple War,” representing some scholars at a Friends' school at Rochester, throwing apples at rude boys in exchange for stones ! A notice of this picture appears in Joseph Smith's first and only printed portion of his *Bibliotheca Quakeristica*, 1883, but beyond this mention no further information has been obtained, despite considerable correspondence.

5 With the manuscript of this account of Rochester School is a copy of this lyric in the handwriting of John Ford. John Ford (1801-1875) entered Rochester School as an apprentice under Robert Styles in 1815 and left for York in 1828.

“ Mushrooms of Christianity ”

“ As for those other Perswasions, whose Professors are commonly called Presbyterians, Independants, Anabaptists, Quakers, Fifth-Monarchy Men, Ranters, Adamites, Antinomians, Sabbatarians, Perfectionists, Family of Love, and the rest of those Mushroomes of Christianity ; as most of them sprang up suddenly in the late unhappy night of Confusion, so it is to be presumed that they may in a short time vanish in this blessed day of Order ; and therefore not worthy to be described here as Religions professed in England.”

The Present State of England, by Edward Chamberlayne, 8th ed. 1674, p. 39.

The Quaker “ mushroome,” however, has survived many a day of heated controversy and opposition.

London Yearly Meeting, 1763, 5mo. 26.

A Proposition from the Quarterly Meeting of Warwickshire was laid before this Meeting, viz., for the reprinting of George Fox's Journal in Folio, with William Penn's Preface, which they apprehend would be preferable to any smaller Volume ; as it would be a good Family Book, and very serviceable. The same is referr'd to the Consideration of the Meeting for Sufferings to report their Sense thereof to next Yearly Meeting.