

**MY OLD PUPILS, BY THE
AUTHOR OF "MY SCHOOL-
BOY DAYS", AND "MY
YOUTHFUL COMPANIONS"**

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My Old Pupils, by the Author Of "My School-Boy Days", And "My Youthful Companions" by Anonymous

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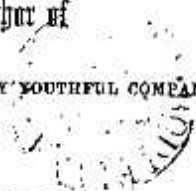
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MY OLD PUPILS.

By the Author of

"MY SCHOOL-BOY DAYS," AND "MY YOUTHFUL COMPANIONS."



"Oh, in thy truth secure, thy virtues bold,
Beware the poison in the cup of gold,
The asp among the flowers! Thy heart beats high,
As bright and brighter breaks the distant sky!
But every step is on enchanted ground —
Danger thou lovest, and danger haunts thee round."

BOOKS.

LONDON:

ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE, AND CO.,
25, PATERNOSTER ROW.

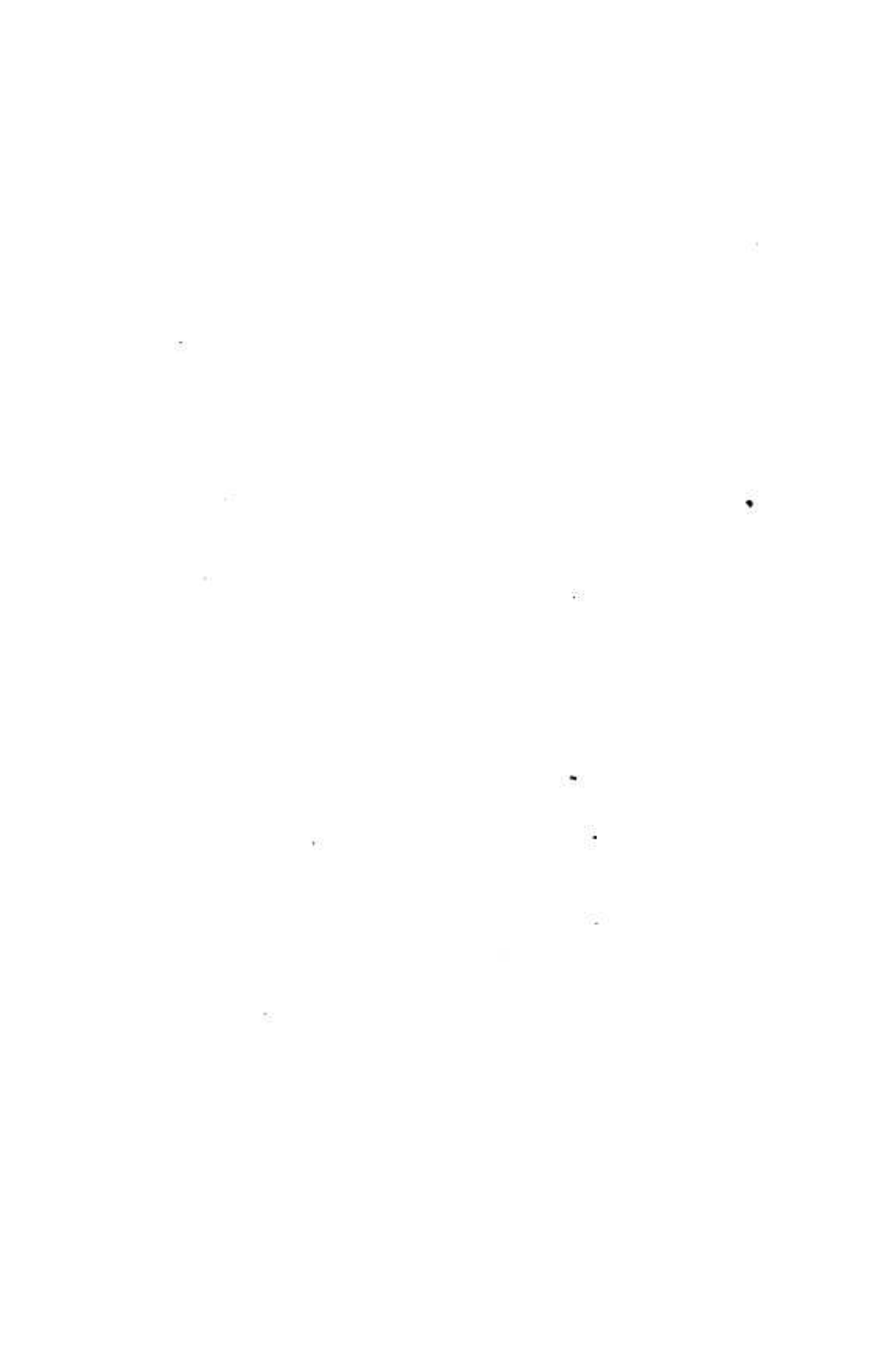
1849.

LONDON:
JOSEPH BICKERSY, PRINTER,
SHERRARD LANE.

P R E F A C E.

ONCE more, and probably for the last time, the Philosopher ventures to appear before the world of young readers. He has been encouraged to do so by the favour with which his previous works on youthful character have been received. May this third attempt to interest and improve the young be equally acceptable! In the Philosopher's own opinion—and he is not used to boasting—it is more worthy of youthful patronage than either of its predecessors; and he has, therefore, a good hope that it will meet with at least as much, if not greater patronage. He heartily recommends it to every schoolboy in the United Kingdom.

*From his Study,
September 20th, 1849.*



MY OLD PUPILS.

CHAPTER I.

Charles Murphy's first Visit to my School—Conversation on past Visions of Greatness—A Game at Marbles and Cricket—A Reminiscence of the Past—A few Words on the Fleetness of Time—Charles Murphy's Advice to my Pupils—A Scramble in the Philosopher's ParLOUR—The Parting.

"AND so you are settled in life," said Charles Murphy, as he entered without ceremony into my school-room, and grasped my hand with ardour: "And so you are settled in life. And what a family you have around you already! Let me see how many there are: one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten. Really, Philosopher, it puts me in mind of 'Truth Hall. I say, boys, would you not like a holiday? Charles Murphy does not visit his old schoolfellows every day, and therefore you shall have one. Come, pack up your books and slates, and

hasten to your playground. Philosopher, won't you allow it for your old friend's sake?"

I nodded assent, and when my pupils had retired, Charles continued: "How quickly the little rogues did their work! I used to think that I was pretty quick in packing up my books, on such occasions; but I think they were even quicker in doing so than the play-loving Charles Murphy. Really, Philosopher, you have a nice place here. What a neat schoolroom! it puts me in mind of my dear old master's. You have not forgotten that, I dare say. As for me, I often think of it, and that with pleasure. Once I thought it was a gloomy place, in which there was nothing but books and lessons; but a change has come over me since that time. I am now convinced the period of my life spent there was the happiest I shall spend in this world. But suppose I become a boy again. Let me see what a figure I should make in your desks."

As Charles Murphy said this, he squeezed his tall stout frame into the nearest desk, and resumed, with a more thoughtful face: "Alas! I fear I am grown too stout for one of your pupils, and that I should make but a sorry figure as a boy. I fear, also, that