

**BIRDS OF A
FEATHER; OR, THE
TWO SCHOOLBOYS**

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Birds of a Feather; Or, The Two Schoolboys by Margaret Howitt

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MARGARET HOWITT

**BIRDS OF A
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Friendship of the Boys.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER;

OR,

THE TWO SCHOOLBOYS.

BY

MARGARET HOWITT.



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BIRDS OF A FEATHER;

OR,

THE TWO SCHOLBOYS OF SALTMARSH.

CHAPTER I.

CARLOS AND HIS FRIEND.

I KNOW a number of lads at Saltmarsh—Charley Bradford, Ned Crosby, and Robert Farrer, for instance—and you doubtless know others, for it is now quite the rage for “young gentlemen” to go to Saltmarsh.

Of course you have heard that the new wings are already full, and yet at the same time there is a list of names as long as my arm, of boys, big and little, who their parents insist must positively be admitted. And no wonder, for with your knowledge of Saltmarsh, you are aware what “capital good fellows” Gibson and Mr. Lechêne are, and how fortunate is the scholar who is under them. Charley Bradford

told me "that they were regular bricks at cricket after hours, each a whole eleven in himself."

I need hardly tell you that Dr. Winterburn has ceased to take any part in the school; that he lives at the Warren, which he rents from the former purchaser, and often invites sets of the lads to spend the evening with him, when he allows them to look at the moon through his telescope. Sally Bodermacher, his servant, always makes crumpets when she hears that any of the young gentlemen are coming.

"Poor dear things," she says, "it's right to make much of them, though they don't wipe their boots clean. But old feet are no more matched to young legs than old heads to young shoulders."

Walter, Mr. and Mrs. Hervey's eldest boy, grieves that he is only eight, and longs with the utmost impatience for the time when he shall go to "jolly Saltmarsh."

It will not be a breach of confidence to speak to you about the early days of these excellent schoolmasters, Mr. Gibson and Mr. Lechêne. A little bird told me, and I think I may at least tell you. And whilst detailing to you outward circumstances, you will obtain glimpses into their interior life—into that existence of the soul within which is the spring