

**HUGH RUSSELL AT
HARROW: A SKETCH
OF SCHOOL LIFE**

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Hugh Russell at Harrow: A Sketch of School Life by Sidney Daryl

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SIDNEY DARYL

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OF SCHOOL LIFE**

HUGH RUSSELL AT HARROW.

A SKETCH OF SCHOOL LIFE.

BY

AN OLD HARROVIAN.

"Forty years on, when afar and asunder,
Parted are those who are singing to-day,
When you look back, and forgetfully wonder
What you were like in your work and your play,
Then, it may be, there will often come o'er you,
Glimpses of notes like the catch of a song,
Visions of boyhood shall float them before you,
Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along."

SCHOOL SONG.



London:

PROVOST AND CO.,

40, TAVISTOCK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1880.

251. c. 993.

TO ALL
OLD HARROVIANS
THIS LITTLE BOOK IS
HUMBLY
Dedicated,
NOT WITHOUT A HOPE THAT
IT MAY RECALL,
TO SOME AT LEAST, THE
BRIGHT DAYS
OF
AULD LANG SYNE.

pages of this book, and his readers are assured that by "Mr. Kingsford's," no house in particular is meant.

The glossary (for the use of any non-Harroviau readers who may look at this book) cannot lay claim to be by any means a complete vocabulary of Harrow slang; still the Author ventures to hope that it will fulfil its purpose.

The Author's thanks are due to an old Harrovian for several valuable suggestions, and other aids.





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HUGH RUSSELL AT HARROW.

CHAPTER I.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

"My boy, th' unwelcome hour is come,
When thou, transplanted from thy genial home,
Must find a colder soil and bleaker air,
And trust for safety to a stranger's care."

COWPER.

ONE September afternoon a fly might have been seen crawling up the hill from the Harrow station. Outside was a portmanteau, a hamper, and a large wooden box; inside, a hat-box, a large bag, an umbrella, and a small boy. The fly drew up before the front door of one of the masters' houses. With some diffidence, the small boy, after extricating himself from his baggage, proffered the flyman three shillings, but was promptly informed by that worthy that six was always the fare. What was the good of arguing?

Besides, there stood the obsequious footman waiting to admit him, and it wouldn't do to look stingy now he was a Harrow fellow. So, giving the flyman what he demanded, though secretly determined to have it out with that same individual when he got the chance, our hero followed the footman through the entrance-hall, after seeing his luggage taken in at the boys' door. "Perhaps you'd like to see master first, sir?" said his conductor, ushering him into a cheerful study. "I'll tell him you've come." So saying, he closed the door, and left the new-comer to his own reflections.

Hugh Russell, for that was his name, was the only son of a well-known barrister, who had himself been at Harrow, and whose fond wish was that his son should go there too. So he had sent him, about two years before this narrative commences, to a private school of some reputation, most of whose pupils went to Harrow. Our hero therefore knew several now in the school, though, by a curious chance, none in the house which he was entering. He had passed his entrance examination at the end of the previous term.

As he stood in the study looking about him, I am afraid he was by no means the ideal "new boy" of the story-books. He was not overwhelmed with home sickness, starting at every sound, and gazing with misty eyes out of the window, wishing himself back in the train on his way home, or anywhere except where he was. No; he had been brought up to look forward to his Harrow days as pleasant ones, and now the eventful time had come, though it might seem a little strange and sudden, he had made up his mind to enjoy himself. In a few moments