A DAY OF MY LIFE; OR, EVERY-DAY EXPERIENCES AT ETON

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A Day of My Life; Or, Every-day Experiences at Eton by George Nugent-Bankes

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GEORGE NUGENT-BANKES

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Trieste

Nugent-Bankes, George.

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OR,

Every-day Experiences at Eton.

BY

AN ETON BOY.

Venia primum experienti.

London:
SAMPSON LOW, MARSTON, SEARLE, & RIVINGTON,
CROWN BUILDINGS, 188, FLEET STREET.
1877.

PREFACE.

I AM an Eton boy. In this book I have written down my thoughts as they occurred to me in one day of my life. The intending reader need not take up my book expecting to read of "hairbreadth 'scapes and exciting adventures," which books about school always seem to me to be full of; though, in my eight years' experience of school life, I never came across any of these adventures, although I have often looked out for them. Nor is it a history of Eton. No; this book consists of my impressions as they occurred to me as I pursued the even, or rather, as will appear on perusing the work, the uneven tenour of my way.

If there are any expressions that may shock the gentle reader, let him or her shut it up. It is written by a boy, about a boy's thoughts. What

can be in it, then, but a boy's expressions? And then there is nothing absolutely immoral in it, nothing but a little school-slang.

I have undertaken this work because I am constantly coming across books written by people who appear to know nothing about Eton, and I want to give the world some idea of what an ordinary Etonian thinks of Eton life, and how he really does get on.

Have I not been merciful to myself? Have I represented myself as not prospering in my work? Let others take warning, and my book will have instructed as well as amused. I am not a hypocrite—at least, I hope not; so I have shown myself as no better than I am.

If any one thinks he sees himself painted in this work, I sincerely beg his pardon, and hope he will not be offended by the unintentional likeness.

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A DAY OF MY LIFE;

OR,

EVERY-DAY EXPERIENCES AT ETON.

I.—GETTING UP.

SIX o'clock. My first impressions are of a dreamy and vague character. I am conscious from a feeling in the tip of my nose, the only portion of me above the bed-clothes, that it is inclined to be cold. I lie and try to collect my thoughts.

Hallo! there's the boys' maid come in to put the grate tidy. She is evidently sleepy and in a bad temper. That I can see, or rather hear, from the way in which she hurls my table and chair to one side, and tosses my cooking utensils that were in her way in the grate to another, and then begins vehemently raking out the ashes and putting them into the coal-scuttle, ready to be carried away. I