

**GRUNDY'S: OR,
HARRY'S
FIRST HALF**

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Grundy's: or, Harry's first half by Grundy's

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GRUNDY'S

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BY A SCHOOLBOY.

LONDON:

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1860.



PREFACE.

THE following pages, written by me when I was twelve years of age, were discovered among some of my old papers, forcibly reminding me of those days when the incidents therein related had great weight and attraction with me. In the hope and belief that, abounding in truthful detail, they may prove to the juvenile portion of my readers, if not to those who are children of a larger growth, as entertaining as they then did to me, I have been induced to lay them before the public; and I have the less hesitation in so doing, feeling that whatever may be the result of my endeavours to amuse, the intention remains.

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

Oh, when I think of bygone days,
And brood upon the past,
The thoughts of all my waggish ways
I'll never from me cast.
Old Time can ne'er from me efface
The pranks at school I play'd,
For every nook and every face
In memory is stay'd.
Why should I hold those thoughts? Say then
The question I may ask ;
Indeed, to keep them in a pen
Is not an easy task ;
I, therefore, from a pen will take them,
Though, first of all, my head
Must slightly be aroused to make them
At all fit to be read.
Not having tried my skill before
In poetry to write,
Though not convinced, I'm nearly sure
You'll bear that fact in sight.
If my endeavours should but tend
To wile an hour away,
Believe me I have gain'd my end ;
So now I'll say my say.

GRUNDY'S.

CHAPTER I.

'T WAS in a warm month of the year,
In July, I believe,
Our hero sat, 'twixt grief and fear,
With eyes dried by his sleeve.
He was a lad some four feet high,
And rather stout than thin ;
He often heaved a far-fetched sigh,
The tears dropped from his chin.
His name was Harry, you must know,
And " petted up " was he ;
'T was going to school that grieved him so,
None could more wretched be.
And thus he sat, it is a fact,
For nearly half an hour ;
His nose look'd like a cataract,
His eyes rain'd down a shower.