

sometimes on most preposterous principles. For a while I believed I had discovered perpetual motion. Day and night the vision haunted me of a wheel turning, turning, in endless revolutions; and what was not this wheel to accomplish? It was to be the motive-power in every manufactory all through the country, to the end of time, to be called by my name, just as other pieces of mechanism bore the names of other inventive worthies, in that treasure of a book *The Century of Inventions*. Among various contrivances I remember striving hard to construct a boat that should go through the water by means of paddles, to be worked by a couple of men, or, failing them, by a horse; but though I found (if my memory serve me) that my hero, the old Marquis of Worcester, had anticipated the invention by almost 200 years, I could not succeed in getting the paddles to move except when the boat was out of the water, and so the grand contrivance, that might have made its discoverer famous in every harbour in the kingdom, fell to the ground.

The Saturday afternoons were always observed by us as a consecrated holiday-time, all school-work being then consigned to a delightful oblivion. To learn a lesson during these hours was regarded as something degenerate and wholly unworthy of the dignity of a schoolboy. Besides, we had always plenty of work of some kind to fill up the time, and what the nature of that work was to be for the ensuing Saturday had usually been determined long before the coveted Saturday came. Sometimes, if the weather was dull, my comrades repaired to my room (which we dignified as "the workshop") to hear a disquisition on the last invention, or to help if they could in removing some troublesome and apparently insuperable mechanical difficulty. Or we planned a glorious game of