

My dislike of my Latin study.

When I first commenced this useful study I was about eight years old; it was at Boarding School. I was compelled to learn lessons hard enough for an advanced scholar; the teacher made me read Latin before I knew anything of the Latin Grammar, thereby it therefore benefitted me but a little if any. I often sat ^{up} till ten O'clock at night trying to get my Latin lessons and all the harder I tried all the more I got punished. Every time I went to recite and did not know every word every time I got eight or ten cracks with an instrument which we call a catan, until at last my hands got so tough that ~~by~~ I did not mind a whipping any more than if I did not get it. The teacher ^{er} always was careful at the end of the quarter to advise all the boys not to tell tales out of school; but I thought it was a little too much to pay a man for knocking ^{one} you ^{the second quarter} ^{and he said} ~~ground just as he pleased so I told~~ father of it ~~but not until I had been there and was~~ not large enough to resist so he made my own part he would just let Mr. Everest (as the teachers name was) whip somebody else ^{on} next quarter. When I came to Mr. Marshall's school coming home that I threw my Latin book in one of the largest rivers on my way home and resolved never to study a lesson that had caused me such trouble ~~in my~~ When I came to Mr. Marshall's school he of course yielded ~~urged~~ urged me to study Latin showing me how useful ^{it is} ~~it was~~ but I had set my mind that I would not study. I studied it for a short time; Mr. Marshall kept me in two or three times for it and I finally got clear of it altogether.

Too hastily
written

W. Reed!

One head

Composition

Exercise

By P. Reed

May 12th 1862