

new ones. Education has assumed the graces fit for the calm power of wisdom. She sits now in the middle of smiles and flowers, as Montaigne wished to see her. Music is heard in her rooms; and health and vigor of body being cultivated, as well as of mind, neither master nor scholars have occasion for ill humour.

I knew a master of the old school, who flourished (no man a better rod) about thirty years back. I used to wish I was a fairy that I might have a handling of his cheeks and wig.

He was a short thickset man about sixty, with an aquiline nose, a long convex upper lip, sharp mouth, little cruel eyes, and a pair of hands enough to make your cheeks tingle to look at them. I remember his short coat sleeves, and the way in which his hands used to hang out of his little tight waistbands, ready for execution. Hard little fists they were, yet no harder than his great cheeks. He was a clergyman, and his favourite exclamation (which did not appear profane to us but only tremendous) was "God's my life!" whenever he said this, turning upon you and opening his eyes like a fish, you expected (and with good reason) to find one of his hands taking you with a pinch of the flesh under the chin, while with the other he treated your cheek as if it had been no better than a piece of deal.

I am persuaded there was some affinity between him and the deal.—He had a side pocket, in which he carried a carpenter's rule (I don't know who his father was), and he was fond of meddling with carpenters' work. The line and rule prevailed in his mode of teaching. I think I see him now seated under a deal board canopy, behind a lofty wooden desk, his wooden chair raised upon a dais of wooden steps and two large wooden shutters or slides projecting from the wall or other side to secure him from the wind. He introduced among us an acquaintance with manufactures. Having a tight little leg (for there was a horrible succinctness about him, though in the priestly part he tended

to be corpulent), he was accustomed, very artfully, whenever he came to a passage in his lectures concerning pigs of iron, to cross one of his calves over his knee, and inform us that the pig was about the thickness of that leg. Upon which, like slaves as we were, we all looked inquisitively at his leg; as if it had not served for the illustration a hundred times.

Though serious in ordinary and given to wrath, he was "cruel fond" of a joke. I remember particularly his delighting to shew us how funny Terence was, (which is what we should never have found out); and how he used to tickle our eyes with the words "Chremis' Daater."

He had no more relish of the joke or the poetry than we had; but Terence was a school-book, and was ranked among the comic writers; and it was his business to carry on established opinions and an authorised facetiousness.

When he flogged, he used to pause and lecture between the blows, that the instruction might sink in. We became so critical and sensitive about every thing that concerned him, watching his very dress like the aspects of the stars, that we used to identify particular moods of his mind with particular wigs. One was more or less peevish; another Neronian; a third placable and even gay; most likely the one he wore on going out to a party. There was a darkish one, old and stumpy, which

————— From its horrid hair
Shook pestilence and tasks.

Never shall I forget the admiration and terror with which we beheld M—— one summer's afternoon, when our master nodded in his chair, and we were all standing around, make slow and daring approaches upward between his wig and the nape of the neck, *with a pin!* Nods of encouragement were given by some, *go it* was faintly whispered by one or two. It was an unknown thing among us, for we were orderly boys at all times, and frightened ones in school. "Go it," however, he did.