

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

known as a Fool's Cap was gracefully placed on the head of a misdemeanant, and if the weather proved to be fine, the crowned caput was ordered to be thrust out of a latticed window, as a fearful example to truant boys outside. There comes to me a clear recollection of the wearing of this ornament, and a keen enjoyment of the fresh air inspired, after the first five minutes of exposure had sufficed to wear off the shame and semi-terror of the exhibition. And there was in this pillery an advantage not possessed by those of official character much longer ago, for the school was in the third storey of an old Elizabethan building on a side of a steep ascent, and the most expert and evilly minded youth could not heave half a brick, or jerk even a pebble to the dizzy height at which the fool's cap appeared. Leaving this excellent Seminary—for it really deserved this title—another Dame's school received me, and there I wrestled fiercely with columns of spelling, and simple sums in addition, while devouring at home the voracious histories of Jack, the Giant-killer, the Seven Champions. Cinderella, and other similar heroes and heroines. Soon I was sufficiently advanced for the stricter discipline and harder work of a boy's school, and entered, with fear and trembling, an Academy for Youth presided over by a pedagogue adorned with short and bristly hair, and troubled with a shorter and fiercer temper. He had faith in leather as a provocative to mental exertion, and freely used it. He had less faith in "excuses" for late attendance, of which there appeared to be an epidemic at times, when the weather was extremely fine, and after prayers and reading in the Bible, there was a morning clearance of charges, in which the defendants were not represented by

Counsel. Punishments speedily and certainly followed conviction, and we went on for the balance of the hours, on the uneasy tenor of our way, through the entanglements of the Multiplication Table, the arithmetical difficulties of the Tutor's Assistant, the complexities of Murray's Grammar, the attractive novelties of Goldsmith History, and lessons in Reading and Writing. The most easy task to our preceptor was that of hearing Catechism, involving no explanation on his part, and nothing more than a bare exhibition of memory on that of the pupil. What it was all about I did not clearly know, but I wrestled long, in quiet moments, with the mystery of the Flesh and the Devil, believing one to be a piece of meat, and feeling assured that the other was a disreputable individual with cloven feet and a curiously constructed tail. Of course, I know better now, and merely allude to the matter for the purpose of illustrating the folly of forcing young children to memorize a formula of words without any attempt at conveying the meaning of them to the neophytes.

GRANDFATHER.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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