

THE following valedictory was delivered by the writer, ABEL GORE, on retiring from the mastership of the National School in this city. By request we copy it from the *Evening Express* of March 18th, 1868. A number of Mr Gore's pupils are yet in Halifax who remember this old teacher and the salutary influence he exerted in favor of education. To such, a re-perusal of these very suggestive lines will, doubtless, revive old and pleasant reminiscences.

"As promised in our last, we publish to-day the "Valedictory Address to the Pedagogues," by the late Abel Gore, prior to his departure from this city—(then town,) for Bermuda. Mr. Gore was in charge of the National School for a number of years, and was succeeded by the late Mr. Maxwell. The "Old National" has done good service in its day, and the two gentlemen above named were of a class "whose like we may never look upon again." Though humble and unpretending, they possessed well-stored minds, and had the faculty of imparting a good solid English education to their pupils. Confining themselves to the teaching of reading, writing, ciphering, grammar and geography, they turned out many men who are now occupying the first walks of life. They avoided "the evils of a superficial education," and what they imparted they imparted well, an example worthy to be followed in this age of "new fangled" notions. No doubt the scores of "Nationalists" now living will peruse with pleasure the valedictory of their early preceptor, and these lines will call to mind his general temperament, and the many virtues that adorned the character of GOOD OLD ABEL GORE."

*Evening Express, March 18th, 1869.*

#### A VALEDICTORY ADDRESS TO THE PEDAGOGUES.

Occidit miseros crambo repetita magistros.

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Culpa docentis  
Scilicet arguitur, quod læva in parte mamillæ.  
Nil selit Arcadico juveni.

*Juv. Sat. 7.*

Tired of the town, its ceaseless din,  
Its fair without and false within,  
And all its avocations;  
To rural scenes, entranced, I fly,  
So, brother pedagogues, good-bye,  
And—heaven give you patience.

Whilst you with birchen sceptre, rule  
That little kingdom, called a school,  
Young vagrants overhauling;  
Be it my task, to draw aside  
The veil, and show what ills betide  
Your intellectual calling.

And, though 'tis useless to complain  
Of evils, that one must sustain,  
Yet still "the gall'd jade winches"—  
The fearful tale I will unfold,  
For he who wears the shoe, woe's told,  
Knows only, where it pinches.

What is the poet's name, I'd ask,  
Who calls it a "delightful task,  
To rear the tender thought?"  
Delightful task it is, indeed,  
To teach a stupid dolt to read,  
Fresh from the nursery brought!

Full many a weary day I've toiled,  
'Mong children, petted, pampered, spoiled,  
Young radicals in grain,  
Whose chief delight it was to vex,  
To tire, to harass, and perplex,  
And bedlamize the brain.

Ere I would weary my soul away  
In pain, where each succeeding day  
But beggars that before,  
Wood I would hew, and water draw,  
Make brick in full tale without straw  
As Israel did of yore;

Or range the dreary desert wild,  
Herd with the savage—be the child  
Of nature, free from thrall;  
Or trust to charity for bread,  
Or stone macadamize, instead,  
To mend the roads withal.

He who at home contemns all rules,  
Is kicked and cuffed and sent to school,  
With many an imprecation—  
There to be civilized, 'tis thought,

And under due subjection brought,  
And Mental cultivation.

Should milder measures fail, when tried,  
A well known argument applied,  
The stoutest heart appals!  
But should you perpetrate a mark,  
On the soft sapling's tender bark,  
My stars! look out for squalls;

For some vile vixen comes apace,  
And in her pale, portentous face,  
Ten thousand furies crowd,  
Full charged, and kindling in the fire,  
She blows you up "sky high" and higher,  
With lecture, long and loud;

Whilst you, poor culprits: trembling stand,  
Subdued, submissive, cap in hand,  
Beneath the whelming torrent:  
And thankful, when the storm is o'er,  
That you're not sprawling on the floor,  
From buffet most abhorrent.

And now a youth of seeming grace,  
Comes, with his "shining morning face,"  
So ruddy and so round—  
So mild and modest in his mien,  
'Twere shame to think that ought within  
Unholy could be found;

And yet, beneath that fair disguise,  
A full grown imp of darkness lies—  
Nor long will lie perdu—  
For though the urchins young in years,  
He is old in sin, and soon appears  
"Up to a thing or two,"

With such a youth 'tis hard to steer  
A middle course. If too severe  
You'll harden him, depend on't;  
If too indulgent, he will "rule  
'The roost," both in and out of school,  
As "Lord of the Ascendant."

Who bait the hook, or cast the net,  
Must be content with what they get,  
From ocean lorne away;  
So you, in filling up your ranks,  
Must take all such as come, with thanks,  
And drill them as you may.

Still, there are some among the crowd,  
Of whom a monarch might be proud;  
So teachable and bland,  
They seem as of a brighter sphere,  
Come, on a visit here,  
Warm from their maker's hands.

Thus—as along the troubled sky,  
When midnight hangs her curtains high  
Some softening tints are seen—  
Some stars their cheering light display  
Although "like angel visits," they  
Are "few and far between;"

So in the thorny path you tread,  
Some scattered flowers their fragrance shed  
O'er all your toil and care—  
Some gentle youths, devoid of art,  
Entwine themselves around your heart,  
And kindly nestle there.

E'en parents, now and then, you find,  
Who, though not hospitably kind,  
Are scrupulously civil;  
Who pay their bills—your merits scan,  
And rate you somewhat higher, than  
A—necessary evil.

Should you be blest with talents rare,  
And spend your strength while others spare  
And pupils gain, and fame;  
Or be a vain, pedantic fool,  
The greatest blockhead in the school,  
'Tis pretty much the same;

So far, at least, as may regard,  
The paltry sum of your reward,  
With hand reluctant, paid—  
For, were you over-fed—ye knaves!  
You might rebellious prove, like slaves,  
With too much kindness treated.