

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

liking for the smell of fresh linem has never forsaken me. Each scholar had a horn-book—a card-board with yellow back, upon which were printed, very legibly in fat characters, all the big and little letters of the alphabet, and by constant repetition we mastered them. At the same we acquired a fund of other information which still remains with me. Then was I told, and cannot now forget, that A was an Archer, and shot at a frog, and that B was a Butcher and had a big dog—an animal which afterwards bothered me in dreams and caused me dread in the dark. A partial knowledge of the Church Catechism was sought to be imparted, but the old lady's efforts in this direction were a miserable and deplorable failure. We lunched at noon, and played much of the time before and after that mid-day event, yet redolent in one's memory of bread and jam, in a pretty little garden at the back of the house, where bright and many colored stocks and wall flowers painted a picture upon the retina never to be effaced. Our school-marm had two teeth, one in the upper, and one in the lower jaw, and lived upon broth and beef. She easily despatched the one, but her ingenious efforts to dispose of the other, by an incomprehensible series of tugs, which tore slender shreds of meat still further apart, by the aid of those two incisors, was a constant source of wonder to the juvenile mind. Even now it is hard to conceive how she did it. Despite her carnivorous propensities, the old lady was really lovable, and when, early in the afternoon, a servant maid appeared, who regularly escorted me to and from my home, I kissed my ancient preceptress with fervor, although the twin teeth stared me in the face, and I formed an attachment for her, which, it romantic, has proved enduring. How long

my name was on her list of pupils is now an unfathomable secret, but when graduation came, my fifth birthday had not been reached, although all the letters of the alphabet had been imprinted upon my memory, and promotion to another school had become a matter of course.

Miss Smith was rather a mature young lady of accomplishment, tact, suavity, and deportment, and while "finishing" other young ladies of fewer years, devoted a portion of her valuable time to the cultivation of the virgin soil of the juvenile mind. Under her supervision, and that of her teachers, were acquired the first rudiments of the caligraphic art, surrounded by conditions which would now be regarded as peculiar. A pen, a hollow tube shaped like a tin whistle, was filled with sand, and in the hand of the pupil was slowly drawn over a smooth board tray, leaving the form of the letters—M or N, as the case might be,—fairly marked out, although often fearfully and wonderfully made. And when the tray was filled with these strange hieroglyphics, a vigorous shake gave a surface of sand upon which the now empty tin stylus made further wonderful marks. So was kept up a pereunial copy-book, without smudge mark of inky fingers, or hideous blots. And other appliances were equally ingenious, if not decidedly novel. To ensure a correct carriage of the body, a board was placed across the back, and through arms crooked for the purpose of receiving it, and a temporarily erect figure resulted. Toes were made to turn properly out by insertion of the feet, in a wooden framework, which brought the pedal extremities at the angle of those of a recruit standing in the first position of a soldier. A paper head-dress of conical shape, with sundry adornments, and generally