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AN OLD ST. JOHN BOY.

When a small boy (over seventy years ago) I attended the National School, which was taught by a very small, dark-featured man, named Anthony R. Truro, whose height could not have been much over five feet, and who must have been partial to large sized ladies, for, according to my recollection, his wife stood head and shoulders over him, and when walking together it was somewhat amusing to see the little gentleman, with his tall beaver hat and as straight as a rush, strutting by her side, imagining, in his own estimation, he was her equal in every respect.

Our little schoolmaster had his school arranged in classes and partly superintended by the largest sized boys, who had to report to their chief when it was necessary to command obedience or when corporeal punishment was needed. The National School was then in a brick building situated on the north side of King Square,* and adjacent to it, or on the corner of Charlotte street, stood a dilapidated building formerly used, I think, as a blacksmith shop, and across Charlotte street, nearly opposite, stood a neat white painted

*This building was opened in 1810.—EDITOR.