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and towns, were in most instances so mean in appearance and so wretched in character and appointments, and so barren in useful results, that private schools of a scarcely higher grade were patronized by all save the miserably poor. Methods of teaching resolved themselves into haphazard or the rule of thumb, and in school government moral suasion was as yet unknown. Robust or muscular pedagogy was then much in vogue, and children at school were accustomed to take their daily canings almost as much as a matter of course, and as regularly as they took their daily meal. Nor were the teachers then always fastidious as to the instrument of punishment used. In western Toronto there still linger awful legends of a Public School teacher of that period who was much in the habit of employing his wooden arm, both as a switch for the unruly and as a pedagogic persuader, wherewith to hammer the three R's into unreceptive scholars—practically addressing his striking appeals to the head, as being the shortest cut to the intelligence. And the legends in question, no doubt somewhat exaggerated, relate to breezes that occasionally arose when the urchin took or the end of the artificial limb, by misadventure, knocked out a few teeth or broke a nose or scraped off an ear or put out an eye. In rural districts things were quite as bad, or worse. The teachers were practically uncertificated, and almost universally incompetent. The schools were generally mere log shanties, uninclosed, and without appurtenances of any kind, constituted even of furniture, save that of the rudest and most primitive description, while the whole text-book outfit of an entire school would not unfrequently consist of a few Testaments, a Gough or a Walkingham's arithmetic, and a Mavor's spelling book. Haply, if the school were above the ordinary run, or had any special claim of literary distinction, a chance copy of Foxe's "Book of Martyrs," or of The Spectator, or of Robinson's "Paraneon," might be found in use in the highest reading class, the book passing in succession to each reader, and the long words being skipped as equally unpronounceable by one and all. This was almost like romance, but I am speaking from experience. True, this experience was limited to the only two schools I ever was my good or evil fortune to attend in my boyhood, but, as these were both in the even then populated Township of Whitchurch, and one of the now wealthy and influential inspectorate of my friend, Mr. [illegible], they may, I presume, be accepted as fair samples of the [illegible] then existing. Of these one was taught, or rather, was [illegible] by a hickory out-caster, whose strength lay in his frequent and [illegible] use of nautical phrases, and whose weakness con-

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