

with them. Geography had not been taught; a new existence was opening up to us—a wide and glorious world lay spread out before us; the neighbors talked about the book and stopped us on our way to school to look at it, all ablaze with colored maps; and the good old lady who gave me the little slate called me back one morning as I proudly passed the door to enquire if that book I carried was a “joggrily?” “Yes, marm.” “Does it say the world turns on axletrees?” “Well, yes, marm.” “It lies, it lies! Don’t you believe it!” The book was in bad repute for some time; one pious individual asserting that it was a dangerous book and contrary to the Scriptures, in which it was distinctly stated that Joshua commanded the sun and moon to stand still, and they obeyed.

The next teacher introduced Kirkham’s Grammar, and we no longer consulted a dictionary to ascertain the part of speech to which a word belonged. His method of teaching grammar was extremely happy and interesting; he held evening classes and walked the floor and lectured an hour, we would be told to open our books and compendiums. We would then parse a few sentences, giving our reasons for everything, and correct false syntax as we passed along. In this way we were kept earnestly interested in our study, and carried pleasantly through the work. He also introduced Adams’ Arithmetic, in teaching which he was equally fortunate; many in a fair way to pass through life dunces in arithmetic were rescued by the engaging method pursued by him. He taught the school several years, and on his retiring, my acquaintance with the school ceased.

The thinking tendencies of after life are very much guided by past school-day surroundings. Our school-house, as I have said, was located on a pleasant rise of ground on a former

battle field, beside a large graveyard, and near a venerable old chapel; besides this, the principal thoroughfare and stage route of the country ran within a few rods of the door. On the south the shadowy brow of the mountain rose; on the north, one of the largest and best cultivated farms, with orchard and barns, and a long, low, comfortable dwelling, with verandah, perched on a gentle hill. To the eastward lay the valley of the Stoney Creek, where the American army was routed while preparing food for the following day’s march on Burlington Heights, which never took place; beyond lay the village, which, though small, had its stagehouse, post-office, shops, stores and mills.

If the reader does not weary, I will recapitulate: the graveyard was considered sacred, and we were not allowed to run riot inside its limits; there was ample space in front for a playground. The massive old chapel inspired us with veneration and awe, and the sheen on the window panes inclined us to imagine weary spirits lingered within, who, however, became invisible when flesh and blood approached their legitimate lurking-place. On funeral occasions the school was allowed to attend, with the strict injunction not to tread upon a grave. Loyalty was securely fastened upon us by the presence of the little mounds and pits where our country’s defenders lay sleeping, who gave up their lives to secure our freedom; and every leaden bullet, and every rusty bayonet, and other fragments, were to us valuable relics of the midnight struggle. We circled round “Loreny’s oak tree,” where the first sentry was bayoneted and the first blood shed. We gazed on the valley and the hill side, and compared notes concerning the position of the invading army, and in our childish imagination could almost see their artillery in the road, and on the south of it, with the reserve in the rear