

PEDAGOGUES AND PEDAGOGY.

[AN ALLEGORY.]

BY A. H. MORRISON, BRANTFORD.

There in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
—*Deserted Village.*

YES, I am a pedagogue, and, though I say it myself, a conscientious one, I trust. Mr. Goodfellow, my friend, who is the leading spirit in a certain department of a highly respectable firm down ——— Street, sometimes in the course of conversation condescends to offer sundry and manifold invaluable suggestions as to the practical utility of pedagogy in general, and the individual merits and demerits of divers pedagogues of our acquaintance in particular. Now Goodfellow is a very good sort of fellow indeed, in spite of certain frailties and idiosyncrasies of habit to which he, in common with the rest of poor humanity, has fallen heir. I do not profess to be a casuist in any sense of the word, neither have I ever called a man conceited to his face in my life, but when a fellow lays himself open to the spiteful little innuendoes of his lady acquaintances, why whose fault is it? We cannot always pinch our tongues between our finger tips you know. And what are you to do for a man who will choke himself with six-story stick-ups, and thunder and lightning cravats, but slap him on the back till he comes to and returns to a normal state of respiration. It is undeniable that my friend G., by a pleasant fiction of imagination, does consider himself the dual fountain-head of importance in these parts, to wit; first, as absolutely and incontrovertibly unique in inherited ability to detect a spurious article in his especial line of goods, or tear into shreds the specious arguments of a fraudu-

lent drummer; secondly, as being by self-acclamation the elected and seated *Magnus Apollo* of the good town of ———, upon whose superb presence the admiring glances of the fair electors of young ladydom rest, as on the *ne plus ultra* of masculine super-excellence. But then you will remark, these are mere frailties, scarcely deserving the name of faults. What if one of our friends persists in wearing orthodox stand-ups, that need not necessitate a renunciation on our part of heterodox, but infinitely more comfortable, lay-downs? What if another, in a moment of verbal inspiration, declares that President So-and-so was greatly *debilitated*, or that he suffers from *voyalant* spasms, that need not entail upon us the office of expounder of the whole "faith and duty" of a lexicographer and orthoepist. And if a third chooses to imagine himself the head centre of feminine attraction, or the best beloved of the amorous belles of the locality, what business is that of yours, brother Pick-a-hole, or of mine, either? Are *you* not the mainstay of this or that interest in a certain riding or township, which shall be nameless? Am not *I* the most enlightened pedagogue on this continent? Are not *my* opinions *the* opinions that will one day be the opinions of all enlightened pedagogues in this fair land? And am I not only too well aware that had I but inclination I could step out into the streets any day and cut out all the *beaux* of the district, and appropriate as my own the fairest dove of the fluttering flock which bills and coos so prettily round the strutting turkey gobblers of humanity? Ah!