

sides of the chamber were narrow desks, set close against the wall, with benches arranged at their outer side. Through the whole length of the room, from west to east, between the ends of the two sets of cross-benches, a wide space remained vacant. Every object and surface within this exterior were of the tawny hue, which unpainted pine gradually assumes. Many were the gashes that had furtively been made in the ledges of the desks, and on the exterior angles of the benches; many the ducts cut in the slopes of the desks for spilt ink or other fluid; many the small cell, with sliding-lid, for the incarceration of fly or spider; many the initials and dates carved here, and on other convenient surfaces, on the wainscot and the four posts.

On the benches and at the desks, enumerated and described, on either side, were ordinarily to be seen the figures and groups which usually fill up a school-interior, all busily engaged in one or other of the many matters customary in the training and informing the minds of boys. Here, at one time, was to be heard, on every side, the mingled but subdued sound of voices conning or repeating tasks, answering and putting questions; at another time, the commotion arising out of a transposition of classes, or the breaking up of the whole assembly into a fresh set of classes; at another time, a hushed stillness, preparatory to some expected allocution, or consequent on some rebuke or admonition. It was manifest, at a glance, that the whole scene was under the spell of a skilled disciplinarian. Here, again, the presiding genius of the place was Dr. Strachan. The immediate successor of Dr. Strachan in the school was Mr. Samuel Armour, a graduate of Glasgow, whose profile resembled that of Cicero, as shown in some engravings. Being fond of sporting, his excitement was great when the flocks of wild pigeons were passing over the town, and the report of firearms in all directions was to be heard. During the hours of school his attention, on these occasions, would be much drawn off from the class-subjects. In those days there was not a plentiful supply in the town of every book wanted in the school. Sometimes the stock at Messrs. Wood & Anderson's, and at Messrs. Edward Leslie & Sons would be all but exhausted. The only copy of a "Eutropius" which we ourselves on a particular occasion required, was one with an English translation at the end. The book was bought, Mr. Armour stipulating that the English portion of the volume should be sewn up—in fact he himself stitched the leaves together. In Mr. Armour's time there was, for some reason now forgotten, a barring-out, a pile of heavy wood (sticks of cordwood whole used then to be thrust into the great school-room stove) was built against the door within; and the master had to effect, and did effect, an entrance through a window on the north side of the school. Mr. A. became afterwards a clergyman of the English Church, and officiated for many years in the township of Cavan. The master who succeeded Mr. Armour was Dr. Phillips, who came out from England to take charge of the school. He had been previously master of a school at Whitchurch, in Herefordshire. His degree was from Cambridge, where he graduated as a B.A. of Queen's, in the year 1805. He was a venerable looking man—the very ideal, outwardly, of an English country parson of an old type—a figure in the general scene, that would have been taken note of congenially by Fuller or Anthony a Wood. The costume in which he always appeared (shovel-hat included) was that usually assumed by the senior clergy some years ago. He also wore powder in his hair, except when in mourning. According to the standards of the day he was an accomplished scholar and a good reader and writer of English. He introduced into the school at York the English public school traditions of the strictest type. His text-books were those published and used at Eton, as Eton then was. The Eton Latin Grammar, without note or comment, displaced "Ruddiman's Rudiments"—the book to which we had previously been accustomed and which really did give hints of something rational underlying what we learnt out of it. Even the Eton Greek Grammar, in its purely mediæval untranslated state, made its appearance, it was through the medium of that very uninviting manual that we obtained our earliest acquaintance with the first elements of the Greek tongue. Our "Palæphatus" and other extracts from the *Græca Minora* were translated by us, not into English, but into Latin, in which all the notes and elucidations of difficulties in that book were given. Very many of the Greek "genitives absolute," we remember, were to be rendered by *quum* with a subjunctive pluperfect—all enormous mystery to us at the time. Our Lexicon was Schrevelius, as yet un-Englished. For the Greek Testament we had "Dawson," a vocabulary couched in the Latin tongue, notwithstanding the sound of the name. The *chevaux de frise* set up across the paths to knowledge were many and formidable. The Latin translation, line of a line, at the end of Clarke's Homer, as also the *Ordo* in the Delphin Classics, were held to be mischievous aids; but the help was slight that could be derived from them, as the Latin language itself was not yet grasped. For whatever of the anomalous we moderns may

observe in all this, let the good old traditional school-system of England be solely responsible—not the accomplished and the benevolent man who transplanted the system, pure and simple, as a duty, to Canadian ground. For ourselves, in one point of view, we deem it a piece of singular good fortune to have been subjected for a time to this sort of drill; for it has enabled us to enter with intelligence into the discussions of English education that have marked the era in which we live. Without this morsel of experience we should have known only by vague report what the reviewers and essayists of Great Britain were attacking. Our early recollections in this regard we treasure up now among our mental curiosities, with thankfulness; just as we treasure up our memories of the few years which, in the days of our youth, we had an opportunity of passing in the old father-land, while yet mail-coaches and guards, and genuine coachmen were extant there; while yet the time-honoured watchman was to be heard patrolling the streets at night, and calling the hours. Deprived of this personal experience, how tamely would have read "School-days at Rugby," for example, or the "Scouring of the White Horse," or many another healthy classic in recent English literature—to say nothing of "The Sketch Book," and earlier pieces which involve numerous allusions to these now vanished entities!—Moreover, we found that our boyish initiation in the Eaton formularies, however little they may have contributed to the intellectual furniture of the mind at an early period had the effect of putting us *en rapport*, in one relation at all events, with a large class in the old country. We found that the stock-quotations and scraps of Latin employed to give an air of learning to discourse, "to point a moral and adorn a tale," among the country clergy of England, and among members of Parliament of the ante-Reform Bill period, were mostly relics of school-boy lore derived from Eton books. Fragments of the *as in presenti*, of *propria que maribus*; shreds from the Syntax, as *vir bonus est quis, ingenuus didicisse*, and a score more, were instantly recognized, and constituted a kind of talismanic mode of communication, making the quoter and the hearer, to some extents akin. Furthermore, in regard to our honoured and beloved master, Dr. Phillips himself, there is this advantage to be named as enjoyed by those whose lot it was, in this new region, to pass a portion of their impressible youth in the society of such a character, it furnished them with a visible concrete illustration of much that otherwise would have been a vague abstraction in the pictures of English society set before the fancy in the *Spectator*, for instance, or Boswell's *Johnson*, and other standard literary productions of a century ago. As it is, we doubt not that the experience of many of our Canadian co-evals correspond with our own. Whenever we read of the good Vicar of Wakefield, or of any similar personage; when in the biography of some distinguished man, a kind-hearted old clerical tutor comes upon the scene, or one moulded to be a college-fellow, or one who had actually been a college-fellow, carrying about with him, when down in the country, the tastes and ideas of the academic cloister; it is the figure of Dr. Phillips that rises before the mental vision. And without doubt he has no bad embodiment of the class of English character just alluded to. He was thoroughly English in his predilections and tone; and he unconsciously left on our plastic selves traces of his own temperament and style. It was from him we received our first impressions of Cambridge life; of its outer form, at all events; of its traditions and customs; of the Acts and Opponencies in its Schools, and other quaint formalities, still in use in our own undergraduate day, but now abolished; from him we first heard of Trumpington, and St. Mary's, and the Gognagogs; of Lady Margaret and the cloisters at Queen's; of the wooden bridge and Erasmus' walk in the gardens of that College; and of many another storied object and spot afterwards very familiar. A manuscript Journal of a Johnsonian cast kept by Dr. Phillips when a youth, during a tour of his on foot in Wales, lent to us for perusal, marks an era in our early experience, awakening in us, as it did, our first inklings of travel. The excursion described was a trifling one in itself—only from Whitchurch, in Herefordshire, across the Severn into Wales—but to the unsophisticated fancy of a boy it was invested with a peculiar charm; and it led, we think, in our own case, to many an ambitious ramble, in after years, among cities and men. In the time of Dr. Phillips, there was put up, by subscription, across the whole of the western end of the school-house, over the door, a rough lean-to of considerable dimensions. A large covered space was then provided for purposes of recreation in bad weather. This room is memorable as being associated with our first acquaintance with the term "Gymnasium," that was the title which we were directed to give it. There is extant, we believe, a good portrait, in oil, of Dr. Phillips, (other particulars relating to him are given in our section on the interior of St. James). We here close our notice of the Old Blue School at York. In many a brain, from time to time, the mention of its name has exercised a spell like that of Wendell Holmes'