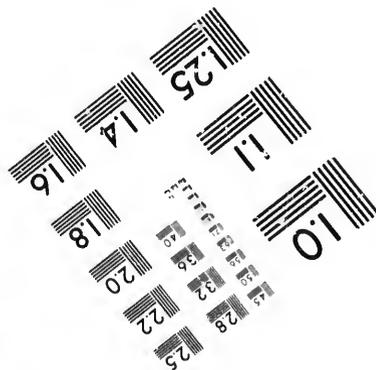
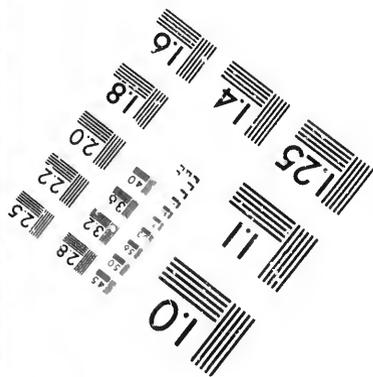
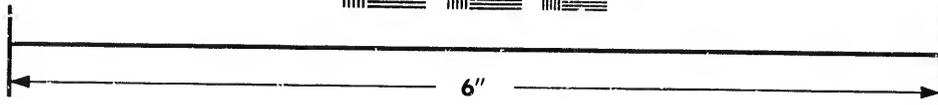
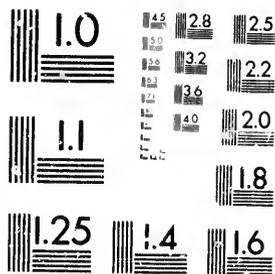


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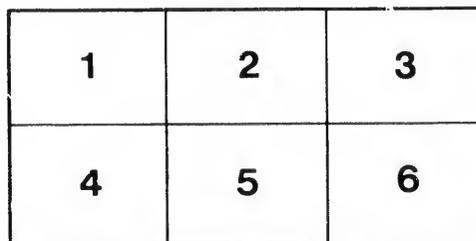
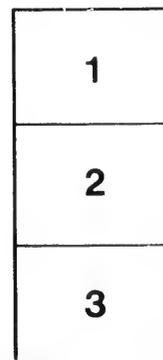
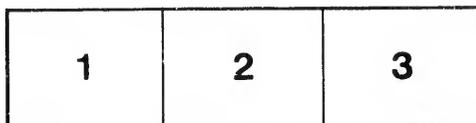
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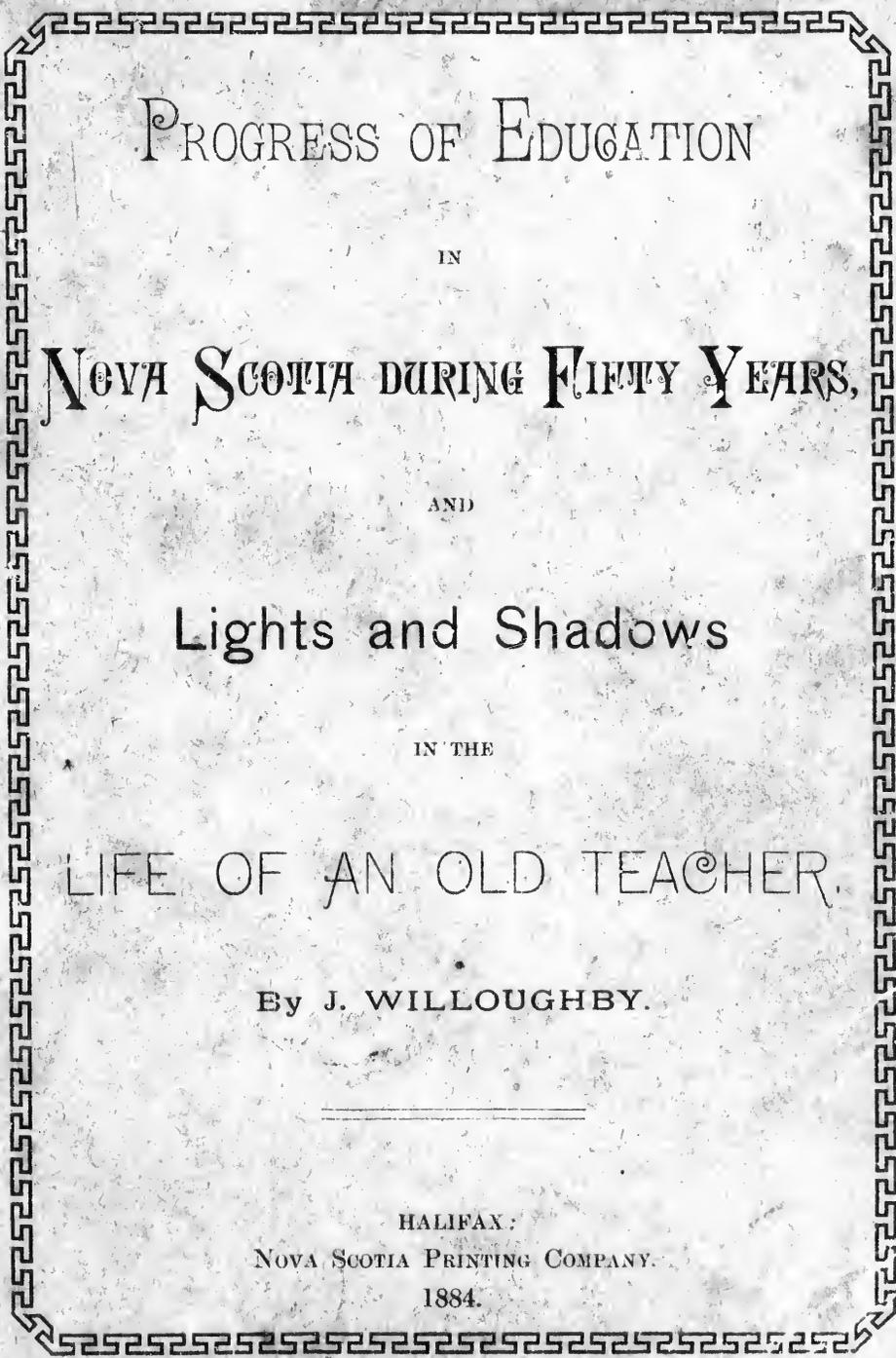
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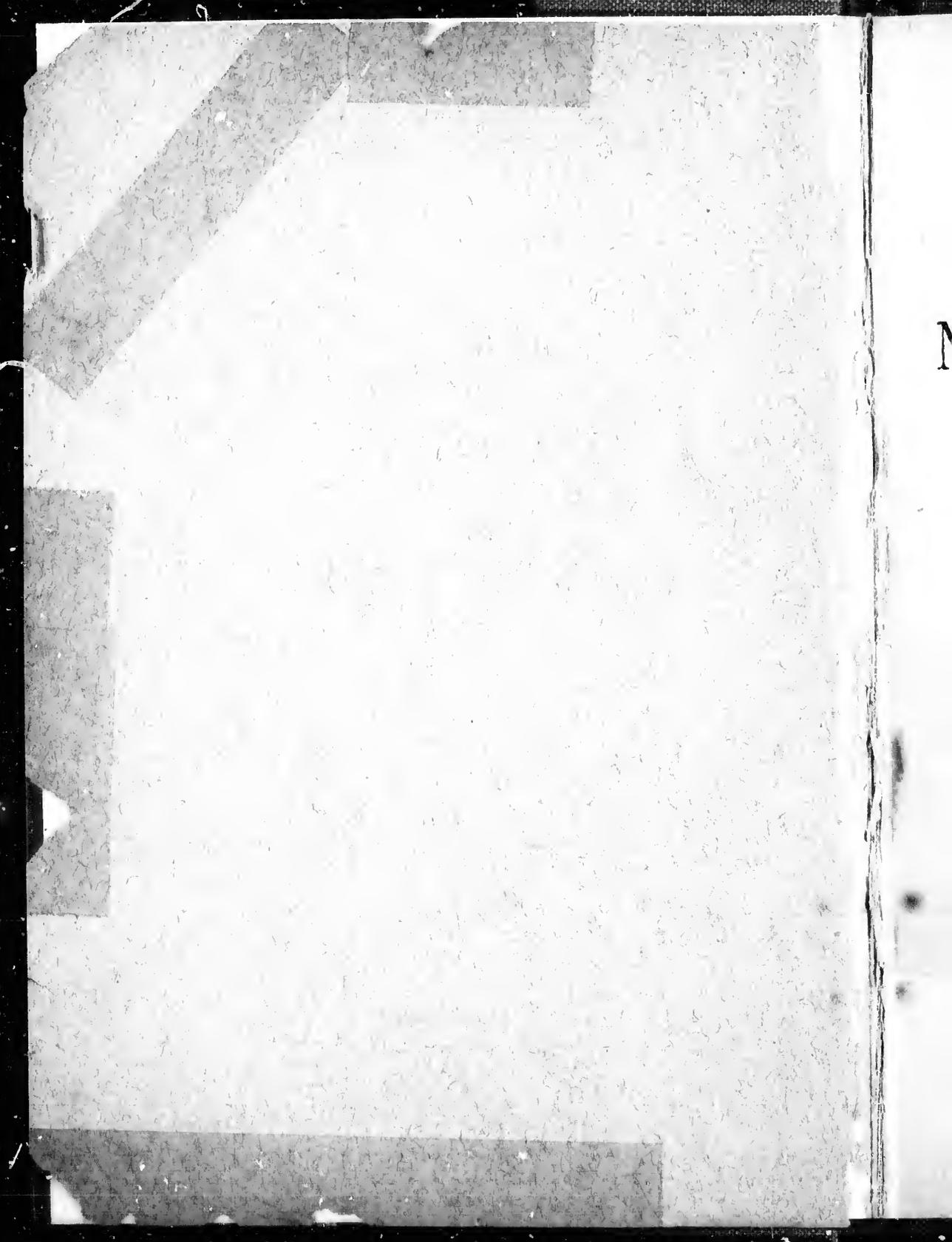




PROGRESS OF EDUCATION
IN
NOVA SCOTIA DURING FIFTY YEARS,
AND
Lights and Shadows
IN THE
LIFE OF AN OLD TEACHER.

By J. WILLOUGHBY.

HALIFAX:
NOVA SCOTIA PRINTING COMPANY.
1884.



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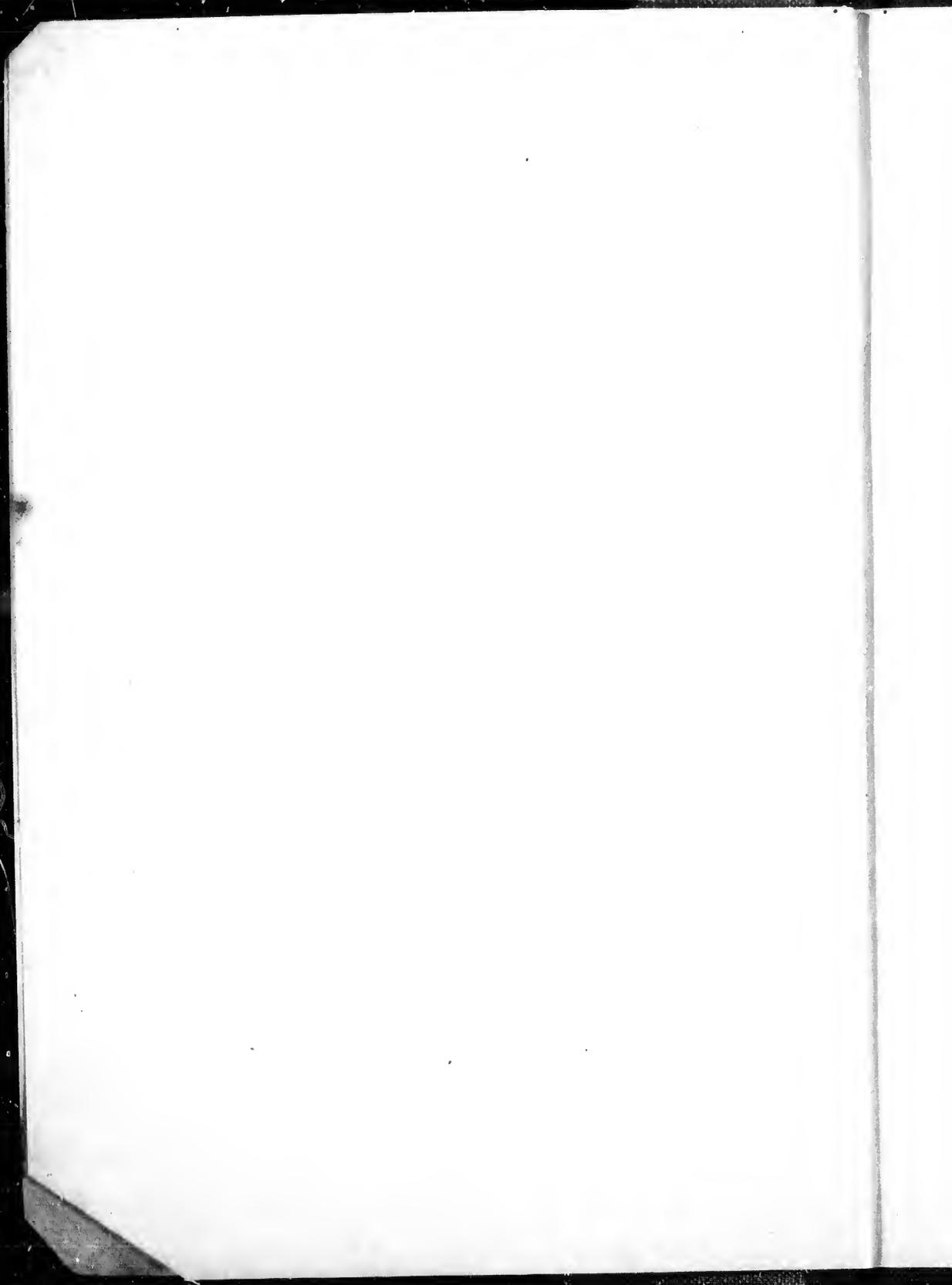
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AN Italian who delivered a course of lectures in Halifax, some years since, remarked that his countrywomen were surpassingly beautiful. Among other attractions for which he gave them credit was very beautiful hair. "But," said the lecturer, "there is one peculiarity about their hair—a very remarkable peculiarity—*it is all their own.*" Though the author of the following pages cannot say that the style or styles—for there are several—are very beautiful—if the reader say so he will not object—yet he can truthfully say that everything herein contained is all his own except, it may be, an expression or two from the Rev. Mr. Harvey's lecture entitled "This Newfoundland of Ours." Even in these, though he has adopted a few ideas, yet he could not have followed the phraseology of the Rev. gentlemen very closely, because not having a printed copy at hand, he wrote solely from memory, and did not know where to place quotation marks or where to omit them. Very little indeed, will be here found that is not purely original.

THE AUTHOR.



PREFACE.

THIS humble offering was not originally intended for publication during the lifetime of its author. He is very reluctant to assume the character of an autobiographer, knowing that few lives, even of great men, will bear an autobiography. Nevertheless, as the progress of popular education is interwoven with the fifty years' experience of the author, he entertains the hope that an impartial public will not too severely arraign him on the charge of egotism. It is his earnest wish that his personality be overshadowed by the importance of the subjects upon which he treats.

In "counting the cost" the author does not ignore the probability of adverse winds and currents from a class of reviewers. These are all in the estimate; but, against them, he expects to make a prosperous voyage, and enter port with flowing sail. In other words, he rests in the calm assurance that an intelligent public will give his little book a cordial reception. Right here, at the very outset, he feels it his duty to disclaim all pretensions to purely disinterested motives, in the undertaking in hand. That the perusal of his work will benefit many—of the young especially—he sincerely hopes; that the liberal patronage which awaits it will assist in smoothing the last stage of a life of toil, he also hopes. It is this hope that induces him to publish it while living. If an intelligent people, thousands

of whom know the author personally, and know, too, how all the best years of his life have been spent, deem him worthy of their patronage in this literary effort—probably his last—he will receive that patronage as a mark of their approval, and estimate it accordingly. Everybody knows that teachers' services, with few exceptions, have hitherto been too unremunerative to admit of the making of adequate provision for old age. The consciousness, however, of having done some good, is a sweet solace to every earnest worker at the close of his labours. Whatever awaits the author in the future, he cannot be deprived of this solace. With all his deficiencies he ventures to entertain the hope, that his life-work will leave on the sands of time

“Foot-prints that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,
A forlorn and ship-wrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.”

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

THE DARK AGE OF EDUCATION. FIRST RECOGNITION OF
COMMON SCHOOLS BY THE LEGISLATURE. LIGHT DAWNS.
LABORS OF MR. DAWSON. ESTABLISHMENT OF THE
NORMAL SCHOOL.

That the state of education in Nova Scotia was most deplorable, during many years of its early history, is a fact painfully felt by nearly all the old inhabitants of the country. How the children of the early settlers were taught, is not recorded in any work to which the author can find access. It may be assumed, however, that few of them received any teaching outside the home circle; and that very many grew up without acquiring even the ability to read. After the expulsion of the French in 1755 many emigrants from New England received grants of the lands left vacant, while many others settled in the wild woods, and, with vigorous hands and brave hearts, made new homes for themselves, and their descendants. Coming, as they did, from a country

where they had enjoyed the benefits of a noble common school system, it is but reasonable to assume that here, in their exiled condition, they severely felt the want of schools. Wherever it was possible they supplied that want, even in the face of difficulties which, to less energetic men and women, would have been deemed insurmountable. One example, out of many that might be recorded, may here be given: Three families had chosen their location in the eastern section of Cornwallis, far remote from any other settlers. In the three families were eleven children between the ages of four and fourteen. To allow those children to grow up without schooling was not to be thought of. There were little ones sufficient for a school, *and a school their parents would have*. A "meeting" was held, and after due deliberation upon the important subject, a resolution was unanimously passed to build a school-house, as the first step in obtaining the much desired object. By the united labors of that enterprising community of three families, a building was soon erected and equipped. The reader who is familiar with the style of school architecture, and the equipment of school-houses in the present day, may compare these with those of a former period. The edifice, which the three sturdy backwoodsmen erected, was built of unhewn logs, and the interstices filled with moss, which could be removed in summer to admit air and

keep the room cool, and replaced in winter to exclude air and keep the room warm. The equipments consisted of wall desks—simply boards inclined, and affixed to the walls—to serve as desks for the larger pupils; rough benches for the smaller ones, with a chair, and a desk of an indescribable pattern for the teacher. Such were most of the first school-houses all over the country. To those three worthy men this ‘honorab!e mention’ is due:—Their school-house was in no respect inferior, or less elegant, than was the best of their own residences.

The next consideration—a very serious one,—was the securing the services of a suitable teacher. Of their own number, though all the adults were qualified, *having come from New England*, no one could be spared from other avocations. All who could wield an axe, a hoe, or other implement of industry, had other work to do. After diligent inquiry, the worthy three heard of an eligible young woman, who resided at a settlement some twenty miles distant. Thither one of them, duly delegated by the other two, proceeded, mounted on a strong horse—waggons were unknown in the country at that time, and even if he had possessed one he could not have driven it on *that* road. Over rocks and roots, through bogs and brooks, he rode bravely on, till he reached his destination. A brief interview sufficed for him to ascertain the extent of the young lady’s qualifications.

She could read, the bible, the New England primer, and Dilworth's spelling book, with tolerable accuracy. She could write a plain round hand. She could do and teach needle-work of marvellous intricacy and neatness. In religion she was a Puritan of the strictest type; and on that account all the more acceptable to her prospective patrons. That she had not been initiated into the mysteries of arithmetic was not considered an insuperable objection, to say nothing of other branches which are now considered indispensable to all teachers. That she could induct her prospective pupils into the art of the first R., was about all that was required, for a beginning at least. Her services were engaged without difficulty, and next morning thereafter, she was seated on the horse behind her patron, who in due time lifted her down at his own humble door.

Well, next morning found the "school-ma'am"—to use the parlance of the time—at her desk in that little log school-house, with nine of the eleven pupils before her. One of those pupils who died some years since, at a very advanced age, describes his own experience in that very school—to the following effect:—"We all had Dilworth's spelling book and the primer, as our only text books. At first only two of our number could read without spelling out the words, and most of us had to begin at the letter A. We all thought that the spelling book

contained the stores of all necessary knowledge of a secular nature—quite sufficient for the most aspiring mind. The last part of the book, *i. e.*, the grammar, was what we emphatically called *hard reading*. Any one able to read it readily, was regarded by us with wonder approaching reverence. After the school had been in operation for several months," continues the narrator, "it became necessary for me to obtain a new book, the old one having been thumbed out. Weeks elapsed before that book could be procured, as my father had to wait an opportunity to send to Windsor or Halifax for it. At last it came, and a proud and happy boy was I as, next morning, I skipped along with my brand new book in hand. By this time I had advanced through the first stage of learning, and as I sat, on one fine morning, studying a new lesson in the harder monosyllables, I came upon a strange looking word of five letters. I spelt it over and over, but could not master the pronunciation. Presently I passed the book to a more advanced school-mate. He too was puzzled, and so were all the rest of us; so I thought it high time to refer it to "headquarters." The school-ma'am, examined it long and critically, and finally declared it to be a word of two syllables, which, by mistake, or by a trick of the printer's boy, had been placed among monosyllables. What the stubborn little word was she did not say, and it

was evident to us all that even she was puzzled. This formidable intruder among monosyllables presented his bold head and front, thus—*a-i-s-I-e!*” This amusing little anecdote was written by one of our old inhabitants, and published in one of the newspapers of Halifax years ago; and the author has no doubt of its veracity.

In those primitive times it was a common practice for a farmer to hire a man—often a discharged soldier from the old colonies,—who had some education; and who, during the winter months, taught his employer’s children to “read, write and cipher.” In this way many were assisted over the rudimentary stages of learning. Schools proper were “like angels’ visits—few and far between.” They were almost exclusively limited to the more populous settlements; while the isolated dweller in the deep forest, among many privations, had to endure the absence of all educational advantages. Even the schools in the settlements were frequently closed for months, and, when open, were too often under the mismanagement of miserable, broken down teachers. Men who had failed in everything they had previously tried, engaged in teaching, as a *dernier resort*. The rum-bottle frequently occupied a corner of the desk, and it is a well authenticated fact that teachers have been known to get drunk in school. Sometimes they would act like incarnate demens, sometimes like

drivelling imbeciles, and sometimes they would go to sleep! For a long time the only remuneration which teachers received was their board, received at as many tables as there were families in the "school district," and six or eight pounds a year; and truly many of them were too dear, even at that price. But the author must not omit all mention of some who were vastly superior to their circumstances. There were, indeed, some good teachers even at that dark period in our educational history—some pure gold there was among a mass of dross and tinsel. For all such the pay was miserably insufficient, and worthy men were doomed to a life of hardship and penury, while engaged in their high and noble calling. Old men of the present day, including the author, can remember some of those teachers to whom we owe a debt of everlasting gratitude. Yes! in the old school-houses, seated on the rude rough benches, with the gentle breezes of summer fanning our cheeks through interstices in the walls, and the cutting air of winter biting our noses through the same openings, have we received such lessons from faithful and efficient teachers, as have been a life-long blessing to us. Can we ever cease to venerate the memory of such men? For the author's own part, he can say,—if he forget them and their words and works, "let his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth, and his right hand forget its cunning!" Prominent among

the old teachers whom the author remembers with such feelings, are Israel T. Rand, John Mills, John Hall, Hezekiah Cogswell, and Thomas Rand. All with, it may be, one exception, have passed from earth; but their works live and are following them, Cornwallis—beautiful Cornwallis—was the scene of their labors; but doubtless other sections of our province were blessed with men equally true and faithful. Such men were bright exceptions to the teachers of their day;—shining lights were they in a dark place.

The first Provincial Parliament of Nova Scotia met in 1758. How strange it is that our pioneer legislators, with the bright example of old Massachusetts right before them, ignored the great subject of Education *in toto*. Among the first public acts of the old Pilgrim Fathers, of imperishable renown, was the laying of a broad and firm foundation for the future greatness and glory of their posterity, in the noble system of Education which they wisely inaugurated. Oh, that our legislators of the last century had “taken a leaf out of that book!” Had they recognised the obligation of the State to give all her sons and daughters a sound common school education, how different would our provincial record now be from what it is! Beyond all question our little sea-girt province would to-day be abreast of any country under the sun, in all things that make a people truly

great. It was not till the year 1811, that our provincial legislators made any provision for common schools, though nine years previously King's College, Windsor, was endowed by a grant of £400 a year. In 1811 the legislature offered £25 a year to every common school, sustained by an annual subscription of £50. This offer was little better than mockery, as very few schools could fulfil the condition, and, consequently, the provincial grant was unavailable. In 1826 a fixed sum was granted to each county, in aid of common schools. Small, indeed, was such aid, as the amount for the whole province was only £3250. Of this sum each county received a share in proportion to its population; and this, when subdivided among all the schools, afforded a mere pittance to each. Little change was made during the next twenty-five years, and our progress in education was painfully slow.

The old log school-houses, having fallen into decay, had been replaced by frame buildings; but, oh, *such* buildings! Had the main object been the securing of disease and death, instead of health and education, for the children, the builders could not have adopted a better plan. Not infrequently the most unhealthy site that could be found in the district was chosen, *because some generous donor gave the land*; and thereon parents would erect an ugly little den for their children, and call it a school-house. A

Yankee show-man once occupied one of these little buildings, and when he found it packed with his patrons, and as many more outside, who could not gain admittance, he opened the evening's entertainment with these remarks :—" Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen, you call this hole a school-house, do you ? In the State of Maine from which I came, we have better houses for pig-pens." Yes, our school-houses of that period were small, low, unpainted, and unadorned specimens of nondescript architecture, and just as forbidding in appearance as they could be made. Inside, the desks still adhered to the walls, while most of the benches were of the proper height to keep the little ones' feet about six inches from the floor. Had societies for the prevention of cruelty (to children) then existed they would have found lots of work ready prepared to their hands in the school-houses all over the country. Where the author finds so much to condemn, he is happy to find some things to praise and approve. Good old Thomas Dilworth's "New Guide to the English Tongue," the admirable works of the erudite Lindley Murray, Mavor's fascinating spelling book, with some other works of merit, were the standard text-books in the schools of the time. The author cares not how many pretentious individuals may sneer at those old works ; he is prepared to defend them, and to maintain, against "all comers," that *for the time when they were in use,*

they were not inferior to the books used in our schools of the present day. It would be strange indeed, if, with the marvellous improvements in school-houses and apparatus, in recent times, we had been left without improvement in daily lesson-books of the schools. Yet it is a question if the improvement be so great as to justify the invidious comparisons that are frequently made, between the old books and the new. The author intends to recur to this subject in future remarks.

In 1852, or about that time, our legislators awakened, at least partially, to the necessity of looking more carefully to the state of common schools. At that time Mr. Dawson was appointed to the office of Superintendent of Education. That talented gentleman concentrated a surprising amount of energy, zeal and intelligence as well as of practical common sense, upon the duties of his office; and the best results soon appeared. Better school-houses, improved furniture, more suitable and increased apparatus, and higher salaries to teachers, were some of the fruits of his indefatigable labors. He also made a vigorous effort to introduce the principle of general assessment for the support of common schools. To this end he formulated a bill, influenced several members of provincial parliament to support it, and had good reason to expect that, at the right time, it would, at least, receive the consideration from the

legislature which its importance demanded. When that bill came up in the house of assembly, *two or three hours* were spent in discussing it, *and then it was rejected!* After such a slight, from the members of the house generally, those who best knew Mr. Dawson did not wonder that he almost immediately resigned his office. If his efficient services and commanding talents were not duly appreciated in his native province, Montreal stood ready to accept them; and he soon took the high position of Principal of McGill College. That position he has held, with honor to himself, and benefit to the institution, as well as to the *literati* of the country generally, down to the present time.

In 1854 the Rev. Alexander Forrester succeeded Mr. Dawson as Superintendent of Education in Nova Scotia. A man more eminently qualified for the office could not have been found in the country. A warmer, and more enthusiastic friend to the noble cause committed to his care, did not exist in the world. Immediately on the appointment, he visited the United States, and spent several months in making careful investigation of the practical working of the educational institutions—common schools especially—of that country. On comparing the teachers of the New England States with those of Nova Scotia, the painful conviction was forced upon him that our teachers, as a class, were inferior to theirs.

To bring a better class to the front, he clearly saw that a Normal School was indispensable. With earnestness and determination that would take no denial, he addressed himself to the accomplishment of the mighty task, and a mighty task he found it. Possibly the legislature had learned wisdom from the experience of the past, and dared not repeat its former folly. Both political parties in the two houses were pressed into acquiescence to the measure, and a Normal School was provided for. Truro was chosen as the most convenient locality in which to place it, and soon a modest edifice was erected for the purpose in that beautiful and thriving town. A staff of teachers, or a faculty for the "Peoples' College" was the next consideration. The Rev. Alex. Forrester consented to accept the office of Principal, in conjunction with that of Superintendent of Education, and Messrs. Randall and Mulholland accepted appointment as his subordinates. Thus were the good and great superintendent's efforts crowned with success.

Early in the month of November, 1855, the Normal School was opened and the important and glorious work of training teachers for our public schools was forthwith commenced. The dark period of our educational history had passed, and a new era commenced. Looking down the opening vista of future time from that point, one might say:—"Now, teachers of low attainments and lower habits, you

may step down and out ; but let the fittest survive, Soon our public schools will be under the management of men and women qualified for their high vocation ; and henceforth the upward and onward march of education in this land will be rapid and triumphal."

CHAPTER II.

WORKING OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL. SUCCESSFUL LABORS OF DR. FORRESTER. ASSESSMENT FOR SCHOOLS GAINED. MR. RAND APPOINTED TO THE SUPERINTENDENCY OF EDUCATION. THE GOOD WORK STILL PROGRESSING.

Sixty-four pupil teachers, most of whom had been teaching previously, attended at the opening of the first term of the Normal School. The attainments of all were more or less deficient, for the profession of teaching; and much of their time was devoted to the acquisition of more extensive knowledge. Scholarships worth five pounds were provided for all who should succeed in taking diplomas of the first class. At the examination with which the term closed, only four came up to the required standard, namely, Joseph H. Webster, William Waddell, William Parker, and your humble author. Two of these—Webster and Parker, have passed from earth, and are now resting from their labors, their works following them. The two survivors are laboring still. God grant that our labor be not in vain.

During the first term the Rev. Principal received the title D. D. from one of the universities of the

United States, and thenceforward was known as Doctor Forrester.

For several years Dr. Forrester worked with unabated zeal and untiring energy in both his offices. At the close of each term of the Normal School he made an extensive tour, lecturing on Education, encouraging teachers in their arduous work, and promoting the good cause by all the rich and varied means within the grasp of his majestic mind. Oh, how many desponding hearts have been cheered, and endued with new force, by his wise counsels and gentle sympathies! How many weak hands have been strengthened to their work by his encouraging and life-inspiring words! The effects of his efforts were marvellous. Everywhere, from centre to circumference of the country, teachers of the "waif and stray" type were falling out of the ranks, and their places filling with men and women able and willing to do their work, *and to do it well*. New and commodious school-houses were erected on suitable sites, and equipped with increased and improved apparatus. Thus the grand work of Education received an impetus of such force, as sent it forward with accelerated motion and increasing glory.

Another parliamentary measure, namely, that of general assessment for the support of common schools, was needed to give full effect to all that had been already accomplished. Dr. Forrester was

determined that this measure should be pressed through the legislature. No difficulties—and difficulties of mountainous magnitude lay in his path—moved him from his steady purpose. The reader knows the result. Complete success, after repeated attempts, was at length achieved, and our noble Free School System triumphantly inaugurated. The prominent features of our excellent school laws were conceived in Dr. Forrester's lucid mind, and sketched by his facile pen; and he rested not, nor relaxed his efforts till, in 1864, his bill passed into an act, and the principle of assessment was affirmed.

In 1865 the offices of Superintendent of Education, and Principal of the Normal School were separated. Mr. Rand, now Dr. Rand, was appointed to the former, while Dr. Forrester retained the latter. The good doctor was not fully satisfied with the arrangement. What wonder? It was natural—it was right—that he should feel the most intense solicitude for the successful working of a measure on which he had spent so much pains and labor. Just as a skillful artizan, who had invented a new machine, would be deeply desirous to put his own handiwork into operation, and to control its first movements, so Dr. Forrester doubtless felt solicitous to put *his* machine for the more effective carrying on of popular education, in motion with his own hand. It pleased the government of the time, however, to

place the principal part of the educational machinery in the hands of Mr. Rand; and it was he who made the first practical application of the new system. When Dr. Forrester saw that Mr. Rand fairly understood his work, and entered upon it with zeal and intelligence, that most unselfish of men—the generous doctor—became reconciled to the change. He rejoiced to see the work of education rapidly progressing in other hands, as well as in his own. Mr. Rand proved an efficient officer, and fairly reflected the light borrowed from his predecessor, and also sent forth some brilliant rays of his own. That he did good service to the cause of education, during his incumbency of office, thousands of his countrymen, including the author, are ready and willing to bear testimony.

After the Normal School had been in operation for a year or two, model schools were established in connexion with it; and these have been eminently successful down to the present time. Dr. Forrester continued to control the Normal and Model Schools, with ever-increasing efficiency and success till in the year 1869 he “ceased at once to work and live;” nay he ceased to work, and began to live the higher life. “Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord; they rest from their labours and their works do follow them.”

On the retirement of Mr. Rand from the office of Superintendent in 1870, the Rev. A. S. Hunt, M.A.,

was appointed to fill the vacancy. He held the office and faithfully discharged his onerous duties till his death in 1877. The present able incumbent—Dr. Allison—was then appointed, and under his skillful guidance the good ship—*Education*—goes bravely on her voyage, conveying tens of thousands of our rising generation towards the bright shores of honour and true greatness.

J. B. Calkin, Esq., B.A., a gentleman of high culture and refinement, succeeded Dr. Forrester, as Principal of the Normal School. His invaluable services, both as teacher and author, are so well known, and so highly appreciated, that they require no additional commendation in these pages. He is still the successful incumbent of the office. The modest building in which Dr. Forrester officiated has given place to a very superior edifice of magnificent proportions, with furniture and apparatus of corresponding excellence; and under the efficient management of Principal Calkin and his able subordinates, the noble work of training teachers is pushed steadily forward from year to year.

Nova Scotia has now a system of education equal, if not superior, to that of any country in the world. Of the higher institutions it has four colleges liberally endowed, namely, Dalhousie College and University, undenominational; King's College, Church of England; St. Francis Xavier's, Roman Catholic; Acadia,

Baptist; and Mount Allison, Methodist. The last named institution receives a portion of its endowment from New Brunswick, and is located in that province. We have also in Nova Scotia a number of excellent academies, and various seminaries of learning scattered over the whole country.

But it is of our common school system that we are justly proud. At its head we have a Council of Public Instruction of the highest type—the whole Executive of the Province—and a Superintendent of Education. Each county or district has a board of Commissioners and an Inspector. We have four grades of teachers, A, B, C, and D; and all who seek the office of either grade must pass a faithful and impartial examination, and obtain a formal license:—thus we obtain competent and well-qualified teachers in all our public schools, at least as a general rule.

The reader cannot fail to note the strong contrast between the whole state of education in our little province, as it now is, and that which existed during the dark period so briefly and imperfectly delineated in the preceding pages. The author's personal experiences, for nearly forty years, as recorded in the second part of this little volume, will further elucidate this most striking contrast. It is no small wonder that, with such a poor class of teachers, and all the difficulties and deficiencies which beset the whole

situation, the pupils of former days learned anything whatever of value and utility. And yet with such teachers, and such meagre means and appliances, not a few forced their toilsome way along the steep and thorny path, until they arrived at very respectable attainments, and became men and women of respectability and virtue.

Let our coming men and women see to it that they avail themselves of the great advantages which they have at command. Let them not crowd out the rich ripe fruit of knowledge by the chips of nonsense and trifling amusement. Our boys and girls can easily draw their own inference from the following little anecdote :—A few years since a sprightly boy, whom we will call Robert, was attending a public school. At first his progress was rapid and satisfactory ; but after a time he became careless, and consequently his lessons were generally neglected. One evening his father, who was a keen observer, directed him to take a half-bushel basket and bring it in half full of chips. While the boy was gathering the chips his father got ready a half-bushel of apples. When the boy returned with about a peck of chips in his basket, the old gentleman directed him to put *all* the apples into the basket without emptying it of the chips. Finding, of course, that the basket would not hold more than half the apples, Robert expostulated with his father on the unreasonableness of the command. “ Now,”

said the father, "out with the chips and in with the apples." The fruit all found ample room and the basket was quite full. "Robert," said the shrewd old man, "that is a good illustration of your recent proceedings in your studies—*there are too many chips in the basket.*"

Let parents and teachers work with their might to make the path of learning pleasant—to strew the way with roses, that the children may take delight in pushing forward, until they shall arrive at high and advanced positions. Let us all devotedly thank God that "the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places, yea, that we have a goodly heritage." The long night of ignorance is past, the sun of knowledge has arisen, and is flooding the hills and vales of our happy land with "a glory that excelleth."

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

THE AUTHOR'S OWN SCHOOL DAYS. DESCRIPTION OF A SCHOOL OF THE OLDEN TIME. EXCITING AND LUDICROUS INCIDENT OF DISCIPLINE. TEXT BOOKS OF THE PAST AND PRESENT. RECOLLECTIONS OF A GOOD TEACHER.

Sixty years have passed swiftly away since the author first entered a school room as a pupil. He was then a child of four summers: he is now an old man of sixty-four. Verily "*tempus fugit.*" That the youthful reader may form a faint conception of schools and school houses, as they existed at that early day, a brief description of the particular school referred to, is here recorded. The building covered an area of about six hundred square feet and was considered a very fair specimen of school architecture at that time; though now many of the thrifty farmers of the same locality have better buildings for their pigs and poultry. Its form was oblong, nearly approaching a square, and this, with its low walls, and huge roof, gave it an appearance utterly void of symmetry and elegance. The action of the weather upon its unpainted surface rendered its aspect

forbidding and repulsive. But, if the exterior was unattractive, the interior was even more so. "The rude, rough beams" of the frame were fully exposed to view, as there was neither plastering nor ceiling to hide them. Overhead some undressed boards, laid upon cross beams, forming what, in those days, was called the "chamber floor," answered the purpose of a ceiling and hid the rafters from sight. At one end was a huge chimney, with a most capacious fire-place, in which a roaring wood-fire burned during school hours in winter; but in summer it was occupied by a forest of evergreens. Around the walls, and fixed thereto, ran rough desks very much inclined; and many curious specimens of carving or engraving in wood might have been seen thereon. Before these rough desks were rougher seats, in the form of long benches, for the accommodation of the "big boys and girls," who sat with their faces towards the walls, and, of course, their backs to the teacher. Near one corner stood the teacher's desk and chair; around which a considerable space was kept clear; and a number of low benches, for the use of the little boys and girls, occupied the remaining portion of the room; the little one's feet dangling in the air, and, as the seats had no backs, the chubby urchins often tumbled off and lay sprawling and squalling on the floor till reseated.

Awkward as was the old arrangement of desks attached to the walls, it had, at least, one advantage over the more modern plan. While it was more difficult for the pupils to watch the teacher, it was easier for him to watch them. If, from the too close proximity of heads, he suspected mischief, he had only to rise from his chair of state, step lightly up behind the group, and look right over their heads upon their proceedings. The author was eye and ear witness to some very ludicrous incidents which fell from this practice of watching. One of these he will here record. It occurred in the school already referred to, while it was in charge of a dapper little gentleman who bore an euphonious name, beginning and ending with the letter K. As that school-monarch was, on one fine afternoon, in the month of September, 1826, taking a leisurely survey of his assembled subjects, in that same queer old school-house, he espied two small heads close together over one slate. The fair owners of these heads were busily engaged in a kind of exercise, which, though not included in the curriculum, has doubtless been surreptitiously practised in schools from time immemorial; and probably will continue through all future ages. It requires two to perform it, one making the sign of multiplication and the other the figure 0 in little square spaces, each occasionally rubbing out one or more of the other's peculiar marks, and insert-

ing his or her own. Well, Mr. K., seeing these two little fair ones most industriously employed in this very fascinating exercise, stole softly up behind them, and rudely interrupted their delightful operations. The interruption was made in such a manner as to cause two sharp reports, and suddenly heighten the colour of two pearly ears, one on the right, and the other on the left side of each of the flaxen heads. Sweet little Kate bore the ruthless act with meek submission; but so did not the more impulsive Eliza. An indignant protest against such an outrage burst with vehemence from her rose-bud mouth, while her bright dark eyes blazed in angry defiance of the little monarch's power. Mr. K. was, for a few moments, dumb with amazement. Such resistance to authority, universally recognized as absolute, was what he had not calculated upon. Such contumacy must be stamped out *instantly*, or there would be no safety for any government under the sun. Seizing a supple rod from his desk, he applied it smartly and rapidly to the thinly covered shoulders of the daring little rebel. But Eliza was not so easily subdued. Her spirit was up, and she was determined to maintain the unequal war. Swinging her tiny feet outward, from her unfavorable position, she bounded upon the floor, closed with her antagonist, and attempted to wrest the sceptre from his hand. Vain, though brave, effort! The dove contending with the

eagle, or the lamb with the lion, might as well hope to gain the victory. Failing to secure the cruel rod, and only bringing upon herself seven fold more vengeance, her next resort was flight. Darting through the open door, like a gleam of light, she fled homewards, with the celerity of a fawn. Out went Mr. K., on her track, like a hawk in pursuit of a dove. During all this time the scholars sat in mute fear and astonishment. When the exciting chase commenced, every countenance expressed the hope that the dove would make her escape; and for a time it seemed as if their hopes would be realized, so swiftly did she speed. But a misfortune brought her to the ground, and the poor fluttering, trembling one, was captured. A narrow skirt and long strides caused the mischief. With no gentle hand the little captive was brought back; but her over strained nerves relaxed, and her resistance was ended. Mr. K., unduly excited though he was, had sufficient self control to refrain from administering further punishment, and the little heroine resumed her seat; but that game of *tee-taw-tex*—if that is the correct way to spell it—was indefinitely postponed. On entering the school next morning Eliza demurely walked up to the teacher's desk, drew six large early pears from her basket, and arranged them in a row before Mr. K. Whether those "coals of fire" were felt or not, is unknown. He gave no

sign of pain. From this specimen of discipline it might be inferred that the teacher was a heartless and cruel tyrant; but though this one act may seem to partially justify the inference, yet, upon the whole, he was a just and kind little personage; and a teacher of no mean ability. He rises upon the author's mental vision at this moment, as he sat upon his chair, behind his great red desk, or paced the floor with elastic step, his hands locked behind his back under the swallow-tails of his bright blue coat. A model of neatness was Mr. K. He usually appeared in a blue dress coat, buff vest, drab pants, fine shirt, with a front of immaculate whiteness, and the narrowest of plaits, boots as bright as mirrors, and a hat of the finest beaver. In stature he was small, though compact and symmetrical. His complexion was florid, hair light, and eyes blue. His hands were smooth and white, and the feet of many a lady would have had scant room in his boots. Such is a description of the first teacher before whom the author stood and trembled.

Though Mr. K. was a man of considerable erudition, yet his teaching was chiefly limited to the elementary branches. The principal text books used were the then ubiquitous Dilworth's spelling book, Murray's spelling book, and the New Testament Scripture. The only treatise on arithmetic known to the arithmeticians of that time was the "School-master's

Assistant, by Thomas Dilworth." Dear old books ! How refreshing would the sight of one, or all of you, be to the author's mind at this moment ! He, for one, has no sympathy with the many smatterers who, at the present day, think they say something both wise and witty, when they express contempt for the works of those erudite authors of the past century. Right well and faithfully did they serve the past generation ; and some of them, if revised and supplemented, would do good service to the boys and girls of the present day. This proposition is especially true of Lindley Murray's excellent little manual. The author would like to see any elementary book in our schools now, worthy of comparison with it, even as it was fifty years ago. One of the great excellencies of these books is—that, in the first stages, the sound of each of the vowels is uniform throughout several lessons ; and it is not till a later stage is reached, and the little learner prepared for it, that different sounds of the same letter occur in the same lesson. This is an advantage which modern authors of books for children entirely ignore. How the letter "a," for example, has one sound in *day*, another in *all*, and still another in *cut*, is beyond the child's comprehension, until he is gradually inducted into the mystery ; and yet in our present books we have the various sounds all jumbled in the same lesson, to the great perplexity and confusion of the

poor little learner. Let any one compare this mixing up of the sounds of any vowel in the same lesson, and frequently in the same sentence, with the systematic arrangement of the sounds of the vowels and diphthongs, found in the books referred to—the same sound running through a whole lesson, and even a series of lessons,—and he will not be at a loss to understand why children, as a general rule, formerly learned to read more readily and to spell more accurately than those of the same age now do. Another most excellent school-book for young children which came into use a little later than those already mentioned, was Mavor's spelling book. Without the fear of successful contradiction, the author affirms, that for the place it was designed, and fitted to fill, there is no book equal to it in our schools to-day. Thomas Dilworth and Lindley Murray! Your are honored names indeed! Thousands are to-day blessing your memories, and will bless you to all eternity for your invaluable labors, in the cause of education, as well as that of religion. But to close up this lengthy discussion, the author pledges himself to take Murray's spelling book, and the good old "English Reader" with its Introduction and Sequel, provided that he can now obtain them; and with their aid make better readers, in less time, than can any other teacher how superior soever he or she may be, with the "School Readers" now in use. To com-

plete the list of school-books, at least for a common school, he would choose MacKinlay's Grammar, Calkin's Geography, Hamblin Smith's Arithmetic, Chamber's Mathematics and Algebra, Collier's Histories, any good History of Br. America,—and Norie's Navigation. In teaching any branch he would depend more upon *vive voce* instruction, combined with the free use of the black-board, than upon text books; and in teaching the fundamental principles of every branch, he would depend upon this mode entirely. It is now time to resume the description of Mr. K.'s school. Though that gentleman occasionally lost temper and freely used the rod, as in the case referred to, yet, upon the whole, he was kind to his pupils and faithful to his duties. His success, all thing considered, was by no means small. Place one of the very ablest teachers of our time in his circumstances—with such a school-room, such furniture, and without either black-board or wall maps—and he will wilt, and wither, and fail. Yet with his meagre means and appliances, and in almost utter destitution of the apparatus now deemed essential to success, Mr. K. did very creditable work indeed. When the author sees a mite of a boy almost staggering under the weight of a satchel crammed with books, and learns that the poor little fellow is studying arithmetic, and grammar, and geography, and history, and algebra, and geometry,

and philosophy, and Latin, and chemistry, and ever so many other subjects with hard names; and that he is taking them all simultaneously, memory brings vividly back, or rather forward, in contrast, the old school-house and the days of Mr. K., and of Dilworth's spelling book. The child who is oppressed with too many and too hard studies, at a tender age, might well adopt the sentiments if not the language of the poor Irish boy in a similar case:—"Arrah! bad look to ye, Fadther O'Leary, wid yer geometry, yer philosophy, yer perlitical economy, and all yer bodtheration. I can't oondersthand ye at all, at all. God be wid the toime when we wint to Fadther Maguire's school, wid the primer in our fist, and a sod o' turf under our arm, and got all our lessons noice and aisy. widout schalding the heart and brains av us." Let not the reader, however, infer that the author ignores the vast improvement which has been made in our whole educational system and work since the days of good Mr. K., and his school at the head of Canard street, Cornwallis. During the two last decades, especially, the improvement has been marvellous; and to-day few countries are blessed with a better system of popular education, and more efficient common schools, than is this, our own loved and lovely "Land of the Mayflower." Still, with all the superior advantages which teachers now possess, it cannot be denied that not a few of our public

schools are inferior in usefulness and efficiency to many of those which existed half a century ago. Among the gold of the present time there is too much brass and tinsel; and, on the other hand, among the baser metals, of former times, there was, at least, some sterling gold. Few teachers of any period are or were more worthy of the distinction which this metaphor implies than was Mr. K. Through his instrumentality more than one individual was placed fairly on the road to learning and honorable positions in life,—and have since attained to an eminence which they would have failed to reach, had they not sat as disciples, if not at his feet, yet upon the rough benches of that humble school-house, under his faithful instruction. But it is time to take leave of Mr. K. figuratively, as his pupils—the author included—did literally over fifty years ago. On that day which memory so faithfully and distinctly recalls, we all went home with full hearts and overflowing eyes; and even now the reminiscence almost causes the tears again to flow.

CHAPTER II.

RETROSPECT. THE AUTHOR BECOMES A TEACHER.

Looking forward, how long the time requisite to develop the child into the adult, appears! Looking backward, after that important stage is reached, how all those years, which, in prospective, seemed almost interminable, contract into a span! From early childhood almost to manhood, the author attended that same school, under various teachers; the old school-house, growing dingier and more repulsive, as year after year was added to the annals of the past. Most of those teachers have passed away from earth. Few of them equalled, and none excelled, the one faintly described in the previous chapter. Let the mantle of silence rest upon those who not only *stumbled*, and sometimes *fell* themselves, but became stumbling-blocks to others, causing them also to fall. Let the exalted virtues and graces of others, whose record is unsullied, live and work through all coming ages.

Where now are the former pupils—the author's school-mates—of that once distinguished school? In imagination he is back again, laughing, shouting,

and taking part in the exciting games of the noisy crowd, congregated on the "parade," near the old Baptist Meeting-house; or racing down the gentle declivity upon whose summit the old school-house stood. Again, he is seated at one of the long desks, puzzling over "hard sums," or drawing grotesque figures on his slate, as the spirit of work and idleness holds alternate sway. Old familiar forms and faces rise upon his mental vision, as he pens these lines; but their real forms will never again appear to his natural sight. Some—not a few—have "passed beyond the bourn whence no traveller returns." Some are fighting the battle of life on foreign shores; a residue have grown old amid the scenes of their childhood; and one—the author—is now writing these sentences in his room, in a fishing village of Newfoundland. The living as well as the dead are changed. The survivors of the merry crowd whose shouts and laughter were so often heard in and around that old school-house, are not the Johns, the Williams, the Marys, and the Elizabeths, whom the author knew in the happy days of boyhood; and if, perchance, he meet one of them in these later days, he meets him or her as a stranger. Verily *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur cum illis*.

The year of grace, 1841, marks an epoch in the life history of the author. In that year he made his debut as a teacher. His first school was in a quiet,

rural settlement on the left bank of the turbid Shubenacadie. Up to that time but little improvement had been made either in school architecture or furniture. The same style of building, and the same kind of fittings and fixings, as those already described, prevailed throughout the country. Good old Thomas Dilworth and Lindley Murray's works still held disputed sway in all the schools. Beyond reading, writing, and arithmetic, lay the *ultima thule* of common school education; and he who ventured into that region was deemed an adventurous youth. So, also, the teacher who could lead and guide his pupils through the mysterious realms of the higher education, was regarded by the common people with admiration and wonder equal to that bestowed upon the "Country School-master," so graphically described by the immortal Goldsmith. Sad, very sad, too, to record, is the fact that those were days when intemperance was regarded as a venial offence, even in a teacher, and many, alas! of that class were frightfully addicted to the debasing practice of that terrible vice. Some of the most intemperate were generally regarded as the most profound scholars; though the truth is, the majority of them were woefully illiterate, while not a few were arrant imposters. A hackneyed quotation from a classic author, though often mutilated, if not murdered outright, some incoherent babbling upon philosophy

or mathematics, were sufficient, however, to set the crowd astare. "And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew, &c." A few were, indeed, men of education, though broken down by intemperate habits; while others were teachers worthy their vocation—men who possessed both learning and moral worth.—The whole state of education in Nova Scotia at that time was deplorably low, as it had been for many years previously, and continued to be for many years subsequently. The cheapest, roughest, and most repulsive building was thought good enough for a school-house; and any old drunkard, with a small stock of learning, and a large stock of assumption, was considered good enough for a teacher. He might be unfit for any and every other situation; but, then, he could teach children, and, therefore, the school-room was his proper place. Strange infatuation! How deeply has this beauteous land suffered through the blindness of its people in the past!

Neither common schools, nor higher institutions of learning, King's College excepted, received any direct recognition and encouragement from the Provincial Legislature, until about the year 1826. At that time a small allowance in aid of common schools was provided, and teachers, who expected to participate therein, were required to obtain formal license to teach. Local boards of education were also formed for the examination of candidates for license, for the appor-

tioning of the Provincial allowance, and for the general superintendence of schools. In the absence, however, of that strict and impartial supervision which a subject of so great importance demanded, the public money was for many years little better than wasted; and the common schools and teachers were of the type already described. System was entirely wanting, and the whole *modus operandi* was loose and disjointed. A teacher, when in want of a situation, generally started on his travels, all his worldly effects on his person and in his hand, the latter portion usually tied up in a cotton handkerchief; and thus he went forth until he found a vacant school, for which he forthwith applied. The application was usually made in the following absurd and ridiculous fashion:—The applicant first called upon one of the nominal trustees, or upon some other influential person in the “district,” and if he met with any measure of encouragement, he would draw up a memorandum of agreement, or produce one already drawn, and travel from house to house until he obtained a number of signatures sufficient to warrant him to open the school. Sometimes a school-meeting was convened, and the business, if not very formally, yet more expeditiously settled. It not infrequently happened that there was a failure; and then the applicant had only to travel further, in the hope of faring better.

Many years ago one of these "knights of the ferule" set out on his travels in quest of a school. Having heard of a vacancy far back in the country, he thitherward directed his steps. On the outskirts of the district was a way-side inn, at which he stopped to rest and refresh himself. The marvels which he saw and felt when he resumed his journey, indicated the peculiar kind of refreshment of which he had partaken. What had happened to the road while he had been resting? Had it perversely contracted in width? So, indeed, it seemed; for, in order to find room enough to travel comfortably, it was needful to include the gutters on both sides. Nor was the straitness of the road his only trouble; it seemed to have lost part of its specific gravity, and to have become unstable as water. The way that road seemed to pitch and heave greatly astonished the *refreshed* traveller. Possibly he fancied himself in danger of being lost among the billows. To some extent, at least, his fears were realized, for a huge wave seemed to come into contact with his forehead, and over he rolled, if not into the trough of the sea, yet yet right into one of the deep gutters on the road-side. There he lay for some time in a partially unconscious state; but at length the effects of his potent refreshment so far subsided that he was able to rise and take "a new departure." About sun down he halted in front of a farmer's gate, over which the farmer

himself was leaning, looking with no little curiosity and amusement upon the grotesque figure before him. Every article of the distinguished stranger's clothing, as well as the exposed parts of his person, bore testimony to the fact that he had been having a very *wet*, but certainly not a very clean time of it. The style of his dress, too, was a curiosity. His small person was enveloped in a large coat, the top of whose high and stiff collar maintained a close intimacy with the back part of the rim of his beaver. Such a beaver as that was, after the recent exploits of its owner, the reader may readily imagine. Its claim to the title, "shocking bad hat," was most unequivocal. The lower extremities of the skirts of his long coat seemed to cultivate an acquaintance with his boots, as did the collar with his hat. Standing in such a plight before the farmer's astonished vision, he removed that battered beaver, made a bow intended to be graceful, and thus addressed him:—"I hears, zur, that yees wants to ingage a school-master. If yees do yees had betther hire me, for ye'll get no betther, I'm a good rader, an illigant writher and graat in figures intirely." The worthy farmer, who was himself a superior scholar, as well as an inveterate wag; seeing a prospect of rare amusement, invited the aspirant to distinction into his house as his guest for the night. Not doubting that he had made a most favourable impression, the important little man readily accepted

the kind invitation, and was made welcome. After partaking of refreshment of a very different kind from the last, he, in turn, volunteered to entertain his entertainers by some accounts of his "thravels;" and also of what other "gintlemin" of his acquaintance he had seen and done. Here is one of the marvellous stories which he told in the inimitable style of a native of the "Emerald Isle." "The Unoited Sthates, zur, where I have thravelled, is a wonderful country intirely. It is full of all sorts av quare bastes; and one of the quarest is the eracodoile. Sure, zur, ye have heard about that ugliest and most dangerous of all craythurs," The waggish host pretended not to know much about it. "Well, zur, continued the voluble guest," the eracodoile is a most feroshus baste, I was near being aiten up aloive wid one of them one day,—I mit him as I was going through a bit av woods. He was more nor fifty fate in linth, and the thickest part av his body was twice as thick as the body of a harse. He came towards me shnapping his big sharp tathe and thrashing the ground wid his monsthrous big tail; but I cloimbed up a three, where he couldn't rache me, though he first thried to cut the three down wid his tatehe, and next to tear it up by the roots wid the ind of his shnout. The three was too big and tough for him though, and I jist sthayed up in the branches till the ugly divil wint off widout anaking a male av me, as he intinted. An affisur—a

frind av moine—toulde me that he mit one of thies
one foine day, as he was crassing the racky moun-
thains—the racky mounthains, zur, sure ye knows,
are jist betune Philadelphye and New Yark. My
frind would have been kilt and aiten, only for his
courage. Whin he saw the ugly baste coming at him
wid his graat rid moudth woide open, he jist stipped
on one soide, whipped out his soord, made a clip at
him, and made his big hid fly tin feet!”

Many other equally wonderful stories were nar-
rated during the evening, to the evident gratification
of the narrator, as well as to the great amusement of
his entertainers. Next morning, after breakfast, this
rare specimen of the *genus preceptor* renewed his
inquiries about the school, and did not forget to
repeat his marvellous qualifications. “My friend,”
said the waggish farmer, in a quiet voice, and with
the serenest gravity of manner, though his merry eye
twinkled under their long fringes, “your knowledge,
especially of natural history and geogrophy has really
astonished me. I had quite a different idea of the
haunts and habits of the crocodile, as well as of the
position of the rocky mountains, till you enlightened
me. Doubtless your knowledge of other subjects is
equally profound; but I very much fear that my
neighbors would fail to appreciate your superior
abilities. I, therefore, advise you to try in some
other place, where your high attainments will be

sure to receive due recognition." Without detecting, or in the least, suspecting the covert irony of this little speech, but accepting it in full, as a just tribute to his great learning, the little ignoramus took his leave and resumed his travels. This little anecdote is no fanciful sketch. It is literally true; and for aught the writer knows both the actors, or rather speakers in the scene are still living. One of them, at least, was alive and well a few months since in the distant West.* The reader must not suppose, however, that every Nova Scotian farmer of that day, would have so readily detected the hollowness of such a man's pretensions. Not a few of the yeomen of that period would have accepted all these absurdities as truth, and all this assumption as genuine worth. Hence it was that wretched ignoramuses were found in our schools all over the country, with here and there a gentleman and a scholar, as an exception. Even some of the very intemperate teachers were excellent scholars, though they had destroyed themselves, and blighted their lives by their miserable habits.

Such was the state of education in Nova Scotia, when in the year 1841, the author—then a young man—engaged in the noble calling of a teacher—a vocation which he has enthusiastically followed from

* He was living when this was written; but died recently at Minneapolis.

that time, with the exception of a few short intervals, down to the present year of grace, 1884. His longest absence from the teacher's desk was six years, which were spent in a school of another type, namely, a printing office. During these six years his pen was almost incessantly employed in the advocacy of the political policy of the old conservative party. His services though confessedly subservient, in no small degree, to the aims and interests of that party, received no recognition more substantial than hollow commendations and empty compliments. Neither have his long and faithful services as a public teacher been acknowledged by an appointment to either of the subordinate offices in the Educational Department. Years ago when such offices were held by gentlemen of other professions, the author, felt, spoke and wrote of the injustice thus done to teachers; but, as now most of such offices are held by gentlemen who have "fairly won their spurs" by faithful service as teachers, he has no grievance to complain of, though he has been "left out in the cold." He has always paddled his own canoe, and is still paddling.

But to resume the often broken thread of this narrative,—that first school was located, as has been said, on the Shubenacadie, and was composed of about twenty pupils. The engagement, which was merely one of experiment, was only for four months. The school-house and furniture were of the same

style and quality as those described in the first chapter. The text books were also the same and reading, writing and arithmetic formed the whole *curriculum* of the school, if we except a crude attempt at teaching English grammar, partly orally, and partly by the aid of Murray's abridgement, as a text book. The salary was ridiculously small—ten pounds for four months, with "bed, board and washing"—and the provincial allowance, if the teacher could obtain license. Through extreme modesty, however, he declined to present himself to the board at Windsor, for examination, and so deprived himself of the safest, if not the largest, part of a teacher's salary in those days. According to the custom of the time the teacher was expected to "board round" among his patrons. Ludicrous and amusing incidents were constantly occurring from this custom of boarding from house to house. Any "old stager" who followed it for a number of years might easily fill an interesting volume with such personal experiences. Here is one in which the author figured rather too prominently for his own comfort and convenience. Among his patrons was a man who, with his large family, lived in the very depth of squalor and poverty. His residence was an old log house very small and fast falling into irreparable decay. As two of his children attended school, of course the teacher was expected to take his "turn" of two weeks' boarding

and lodging at this house, or rather hut. The first turn came round in the severe month of February; and in order to give the poor people time to provide a few extra comforts, and make any available preparations which they might deem necessary, the author sent them a week's notice in advance. When the week was past, and the time came to commence the dreaded ordeal, he sent word by one of the boys, when he dismissed school for the day, that he would be at the place within an hour. Accordingly, just as night was falling, and a bitter night it was, he put in an appearance at the low door of the little cabin. The door was speedily opened in answer to his rather sharp knock, when out poured a volume of blinding smoke and out rushed a crowd of howling boys, hatless and shoeless, and almost *sans calotte*, as well. The poor, quiet looking woman, who answered the knock, offered apologies in profusion for the annoyance of the smoke and the rudeness of the boys. Seated in the corner by the fire was an old man, enveloped in a large gray coat, which, at some period, had evidently done military duty, and had seen much service. A seat was provided for the author in the opposite corner where he ensconced himself in the midst of blinding and suffocating smoke. The woman explained that the old man was a poor traveller, and a stranger who had sought shelter and rest for the night in her lowly dwelling; and that she could not

be so hard as to refuse his request. She further added that the man had been a great traveller, and had seen many wonderful sights—not the least of which was the Garden of Eden, which he had *sailed* past, such, in substance, was the statement of the simple woman, and she made it in perfect faith, on the assurance of her guest. The old impostor looked with his bleared eyes through the intervening smoke at the modest teacher, and addressed him to this effect:—"You're a school-master, are you? I suppose you're well up in the Latin." The amazed youth, who had not, at that time, learned the advantage of answering a *quiz* with a *quiz*, innocently disclaimed all knowledge of that ancient language. The disclaimer had, at least the merit of truth, for, whatever he may have since learned, the works of the old classic authors were then sealed books to him, "Don't know Latin!" exclaimed the old man, "I doubt you're fit for navigation!" Never having heard that any important nautical works were published in the vernacular of the Ancient Romans, the modest young pedagogue wondered in silence what connection there was between Latin and navigation. To avoid further humiliation, the author, in turn, became the interlocutor. "And you really have seen the veritable Garden of Eden, have you?" "Aye, young man," was the bold reply; "I have sailed close to the walls of it, and seen the lovely trees, and the flaming sword.

Only the fear of being killed by that same flaming sword kept the captain from going on shore for a walk among the beautiful trees, in the fine old place." The credulous woman paused in her culinary operations, held up her hands in astonishment, and bestowed a look of awe upon the man who had seen such wonderful things. Presently, the evening meal was ready, and the good man of the house having just entered, we were all invited to "sit in." Sit in we did, to a really well spread table, the viands consisting of fried pork, potatoes, warm bread and tea. The author had the sad misfortune to lose the best part of his share of these good things by a mishap. This was the manner of it:—The meat and gravy had been served round, leaving very little, if any, in the central dish for replenishing the plates. The room was nearly dark and the table much too small for the crowd around it. Scarcely had we commenced active operations, when the author's plate attempted a summersault, but performed only the half of it, and came to a full stop, in an inverted position, upon his drawn up legs, while the meat and gravy lay partly between the legs of his best black pants, and partly on the floor. What caused that plate to play such a prank was unknown; but probably it was moved thereto by a wicked looking urchin, who occupied the next place, in a standing position. After supper—there was no cloth to remove, and no drawing-room

to which to withdraw—we all gathered round the flickering fire, which afforded the only light we enjoyed. Other stories were related by the man of travel, all more or less highly colored with the marvellous, and all accepted by the gazing and gaping listeners, with one exception, as authentic and unquestionable as Holy Writ. Bed time having arrived, the author was informed that the old way-farer and he would be under the necessity of sharing the same room and bed. The prospect was not a cheerful one, but, making a virtue of the necessity, the author accepted the unpleasant situation with the best grace possible, in the circumstances. Crouching close to the bare logs of the wall, recumbent on a hard couch, with slight covering, and beside a bed-fellow whose person and clothing had evidently long been strangers to soap and water, was not the most enviable situation, and proved rather too trying to the author's powers of endurance. After suffering inexpressible torture, mental and physical, till near midnight, he sprang bolt upright, and, in the act, brought the crown of his head sharply in contact with a nail or knot in one of the logs. Another spasmodic motion landed him, in a standing position, on the floor, and in a few minutes he succeeded, by a succession of jerks, in getting inside his clothes. A few minutes more found him the occupant of a much larger room, namely, "all out doors," and on his way, over a hard

road, and under a sparkling sky, to a village about three miles distant. He arrived just in time to obtain admittance into the nearest of two hotels, and to secure the accommodation of a warm bed. Oh, the inexpressible comfort of that downy bed, and of those clean, warm blankets! Oh, the delicious sweetness of those six hours sleep! After an early and most substantial breakfast next morning, the author retraced his steps to the scene of his sufferings of the previous evening at a more moderate rate of speed than when he last measured the distance; and at eight o'clock found himself once again before that low door. A dense volume of smoke was issuing from the clay chimney, and on opening the door no object in the room was clearly visible. Thick as was the blinding smoke, the master of the house and his guest, seated in opposite corners, were most industriously contributing to its density. A spectral looking woman was gliding about the room, presumably engaged in preparing breakfast; while a forlorn looking boy was near the door, cutting, with a *sh* at every stroke, a half decayed log with which to replenish the smoke. Not needing a second breakfast, the author made his excuse, and started for his school. So ended his "turn" of boarding at that house; for he never returned.

And now a word about the school, especially its "inner life," and the progress of the pupils. As has

already been said the average attendance was about twenty, and bright boys and girls, almost without exception, those young hopefuls were. Never had the author, either during his own school days or subsequently heard the first word of oral instruction; all his teachers having bound themselves to a rigid adherence to the text book. The idea, however, in some way got into the author's mind that there was a more excellent way—a way that if more laborious to the teacher, was less irksome, and more profitable to the learner. He, therefore, made an effort, however defective, to breathe, by *vive voce* instruction, life and soul into the dead letter of the text book, especially in grammar and arithmetic. The effort was not entirely unsuccessful and the results were far from discouraging. This practice has, long since, become general in all our schools and other institutions of learning; but, though it may have been followed for generations in older countries, it was a novelty in Nova Scotia, at the time when the author entered the educational field as a teacher; and with him it was *purely original*. Without the slightest disposition "to boast of things beyond his measure," he therefore claims the paternity of oral instruction in Nova Scotia. In English grammar, the four parts or divisions were first taken up and the pupils made to understand that orthography was limited to *letters*, etymology to *words*, syntax to *sentences*, and prosody properly to

versification, though it commonly included accentuation, pause, inflexion, and emphasis, in all composition whether poetical or prosaic. The nine parts of speech in etymology—for at that time the words “*a* or *an* and *the*” formed a separate class—were then taken up in succession, and such explanations and elucidations, as the author could command, were added to the definitions of the text book. His error here was that of treating each class of words exhaustively, or rather to the full extent of his own knowledge, before proceeding to the next class; instead of giving a mere outline of all the classes first, and filling in the minor details subsequently. He has learned better since, but, it must be remembered, he was only a novice—a mere experimenter—in teaching then. All through the various stages of the learners’ progress, the author did his best, poor as it was, to elucidate and make plain all that was difficult and perplexing to their comprehension. In arithmetic, though too little, in fact scarcely anything, was done by a purely mental process, yet pains were taken to show the use and application of each rule, while the pupils were working out the exercises under it. Faithfulness, was then, as it has been ever since, the main spring of whatever success he was able, or has been able to accomplish. Under his instructions, with all his deficiencies, he had the satisfaction of seeing all the

subjects of his charge make a very fair start on the road to learning.

Difficulties, which resulted in the author's first experience in litigation, having arisen, he closed this, his first school at the end of the four months. Those difficulties arose from the refusal of one of the patrons of the school to fulfil his part of the engagement. The amount of his liability for tuition, was two pounds, with three weeks' board; but at the end of two months he proposed to pay one pound and withdraw his children. Assuming that he could make his own terms, he gave the author a draft upon his merchant for twenty shillings, and took his children from school. The author received the draft, but only in part payment, and intended to demand the balance at the end of the term. The draft, however, was rejected by the person on whom it was drawn, and the author returned with it in his pocket to the maker. The merchant who had refused to honor the draft was made the subject of some earnest prayers, not of the orthodox type, after which another draft was given upon a person who, it was expected, would be more reasonable. The former order, however, was not given up by the author, and he went away with both in his possession. Here a temptation presented itself, to obtain his honest dues *dishonestly*; and to the temptation he too readily yielded. He negotiated both orders, and silenced his conscience by the fact

that he had only obtained his own, and not all even of that, as he was still entitled to three weeks board—a claim which he was willing to forego. In the end the author was sued for the balance, and as the plaintiff brought witnesses from his family who testified that a compromise had been verbally agreed to by the defendant, by which he had consented to accept one pound in full, the judgment was adverse, and he was compelled to refund part of the money obtained on the drafts. The *whole* truth was that the compromise was agreed to by the defendant, only upon condition that, by the consent of all his patrons the school should close at the end of three months—a condition to which they would not agree, but insisted upon the full term, which was accordingly fulfilled, and the compromise nullified. The author's opinion then was, and still is, that the written agreement, bearing the signature of the plaintiff, should have outweighed the testimony to a verbal compromise, especially as the defendant proved that he had faithfully fulfilled his part of the compact. The author's next field of labor was a rural settlement in a township of Hants county, which bears a distinguished name. Here strange things befell him, the record of which requires a new chapter.

CHAPTER III.

THE AUTHOR OBTAINS HIS FIRST SCHOOL-LICENSE. MAKES FRIENDS AND ENEMIES. SKETCHES OF REMARKABLE PERSONS. THE MYSTERIOUS LETTER. EXCITING LAWSUIT.

In the month of April 1842, the author was invited to take charge of his second school, the locality of which is given at the close of the preceding chapter. Accordingly, a public meeting was convened, an agreement entered into, and a day appointed for the opening of the school. Previous to the day, the author made a journey on foot to the town of Windsor for the important purposes of submitting to his first "examination," and, if successful, of obtaining license. Oh, how he dreaded that examination! Visions of abstruse exercises in arithmetic, perplexing sentences in parsing, bewildering questions in geography, to say nothing of algebra and mathematics, all rose in formidable array before his mind, and made him feel, as he never felt before, his insufficiency for these things. On a most charming morning he presented himself to the urbane old gentleman—the Rev. J. L. M., who, at that time held the Secretaryship to the Board of Education for that county. The Rev.

gentleman received the trembling applicant with a reassuring smile of genuine kindness, and after a few preliminary questions most courteously accompanied him to the residence of the Chairman of the Board. While waiting in the hall for the answer to the summons of the bell, the author's gaze was fixed upon a curious instrument hanging on the wall. What is it? What is its use? were questions which he modestly and hesitatingly put to his condescending companion. A smile, indicative of amusement and pleasure, played over the genial features of the kind minister as he cheerfully and readily answered the questions; adding to the explanation a word of approval and advice—"that is right, young man; never be ashamed to betray ignorance for the purpose of obtaining knowledge." That commendation and that advice have never been forgotten by the author, and they have been of life-long service to him. Of course the reader has rightly guessed that the mysterious instrument was nothing more or less than a thermometer! Now, youthful reader, don't express so much contempt. Don't exclaim "what an ignoramus"! Remember, that thermometers, and many other excellent things, were not so common in the days of your grand-fathers and fathers, as they are in yours. Be thankful that you live in a time of progress, and take care to avail yourself of your high privileges. Be sure "never to be ashamed to betray ignorance

for the purpose of gaining knowledge." The bell having been answered, we were most courteously received by the chairman—as noble a specimen of true dignity and geniality as ever breathed. Those who had the honor to be acquainted with the late Thomas King, D. D.,—familiarily known, in his time, as Parson King, will cordially endorse the affirmation. The dreaded "examination," after all, when at last it came, proved immeasurably less formidable in reality, than it had been in imagination. It was easily passed, and the much prized license gained. No lawyer or doctor ever looked with more complacency and self-gratulation upon his hardly won diploma, than did the author upon that narrow slip of paper giving him the authority of the Board of Education to teach a common school in the County of Hants; nor has any more pretentious document since obtained, after many a hard struggle, given him half so much pleasure. Light as was the examination, however, it was a trifle weightier than that of a fellow-teacher, who thus facetiously described one of his experiences in that line:—"Having," said he "engaged to teach in a certain locality," I applied for the usual license. A worthy member of the Board conducted the examination, and I answered all his questions quite accurately. The examination was about as follows:—

Examiner.—Have you ever taught before?

Candidate.—Yes, sir,

Ex.—Where ?

Can.—At —— (naming the place.)

Ex.—Had you a license ?

Can.—Yes, sir.

Ex.—Have you it with you ?

Can.—Here it is sir, (producing the document.)

Ex.—What salary do you receive ?

Can.—Thirty pounds per annum, with board.

Ex.—Where do you board ?

Can.—All round.

Ex.—Well, as you have already been licensed by a competent Board, I shall not trouble you with further questions ; but shall with pleasure grant you a new license.

“All these *hard questions*,” said the funny Candidate, “I answered without a single mistake.”

Having obtained the requisite authority, the author returned, and forthwith opened his second school ; the school-house, apparatus, and text-books all being of the same old type and character. The number of pupils was much larger than at the former place, and often reached to fifty. Here too, the author introduced the novelty of oral instruction, and for six months the school flourished. The elements of discord and disruption, however, were at work, both within and without the school-room. At that time there was living in the settlement a most remarkable man. He was a minister of religion, and a preacher

of commanding eloquence, as well as of marvellous magnetic power. He was, moreover, a man of warm and generous impulses, as well as of indomitable will and energy. This singular man had, in early life, belonged to the Roman Catholic Communion, but had, while still a youth, left that church, and joined one of our leading Protestant denominations, namely, the Baptists. Soon after conversion, or perversion whichever the reader deems it, he entered the ministry of his adopted church, and rapidly rose to popularity. After a brief and brilliant career he again seceded, and identified himself with a body called *Christians*, by themselves, and Campbellites, by others. This body was, at that time, extremely unpopular everywhere, and in that place, odious to the majority of the people. There was, however, a respectable minority who sympathized with the preacher, and gladly accepted him as their minister in holy things.* His forceful onslaughts with tongue and pen upon the popular creeds, raised a host of enemies against him in the community. The raging fires of religious conflict were not abated by the addition of another stick, and not an incombustible one either, to the blazing pile of the minority. The author was, at that time, in full sympathy with the unpopular sect, and soon became a member of their body, and an ardent

* The author omits the title "Rev.," for the ministers of that body ignore it; and substitute that of "Elder."

admirer of their champion. Between the Elder and him, a warm friendship sprang up spontaneously, and rapidly developed into unbounded confidence on both sides.

As a general rule, as everybody knows, whatever deeply interests parents takes a firm hold upon their children; and, accordingly, when parents are in accord with a teacher, their children honor and respect him. On the contrary, when parents are antagonistic to the teacher, the children also dislike and contemn him, if not openly, not the less decidedly in their hearts. So it was in the author's second school. The children of those who followed the Elder were in "high feather" and regarded their teacher as second only to the champion himself; while the sons and daughters of the opposite party looked upon him with a prejudiced eye, and regarded him with marked disfavour. Not infrequently, during play times, were hard words and hard blows exchanged by the belligerent boys; while the scratching of fair faces and the pulling of silken hair often indicated the *animus* which ruled in the little zealous souls of the girls. All those jarring elements, to the contrary, notwithstanding, as a lawyer might say, the school would probably have continued with a fair measure of success, under the author's charge, had not some parties, surcharged with the prevailing spirit, precipitated a crisis. To clearly explain this crisis the

author must here tie up the thread of his narrative while he unravels another which is intertwined with it.

Another of the prominent members of the little seething community was a lady of rare beauty. This lady was the daughter of one of the most wonderful fathers, judging from current reports, whose wife ever presented him with a daughter. It was said that he could and did perform more fantastic tricks than any magician, ancient or modern, that ever lived. Ubiquity, and the ability to escape at will, and with inscrutable mysteriousness, from the strongest prisons, were classed among the wondrous powers which he possessed. It is recorded that he had often been seen at a particular point, and within an hour or two had turned up, cool and fresh, at another point scores of miles distant, and that, too, long before the days of steam locomotion in this country. Of this strange being it is moreover recorded, that he had often been thrown into prison for breaches of civil law, and that though his bolted and barred cell was guarded and watched with the utmost vigilance, he would disappear, no one would know whither, whenever it pleased him to go. These and similar stories respecting the lady's father were most surely believed by persons of all classes in that place at the time of the author's sojourn there, and by no one, it was said, were they more fully accredited than by the lady herself. This man, whom all believed to have possessed superhuman

powers, many years anterior to the time of which the author is writing, had appeared, as a stranger, among the simple-minded people of the settlement. There he had married and there his daughter—the only child of that marriage—was born. He remained in the place for several years, and greatly astonished the natives by the performance of his marvellous feats. After a time he went away, no one knew whither, leaving his wife and child behind, and was never again seen in that locality. Many years after his departure his wife was again married, and his daughter, who had grown to womanhood, became the wife of a person whose name need not appear.

Resuming now, the thread of the narrative, the author will proceed to show what precipitated that crisis, upset the school, and set the little community all ablaze. Some time during the summer, or early autumn of 1842, this lady deposed before a Justice of the Peace, that the Elder had, for a year or more been persecuting her with indelicate solicitations. No sooner was this charge made public,—and the reader may be sure that it travelled in a circle, which expanded with amazing speed—than the two hostile parties blazed up with higher flame and intenser heat than ever. One party held the Elder up as a doubly dyed villain, who deserved public execration and penal chastisement; while the other regarded him as a martyr, and the victim of a vile conspiracy. The

women, as is usual in such cases, were the most heated and most decided partizans for and against the accused. Of course the affair could not rest where it was; but legal action must be taken at once. Accordingly off to Halifax went the heroine, accompanied by a retinue of friends, and the case was placed in the hands of H. M. Attorney-General. The Elder and his friends also secured the services of an astute minister of the law,—a resident of Windsor,—and lively preparations on both sides were made for a trial of no ordinary interest. The author was among the many witnesses cited for the defence, as he was cognizant of the facts that only a few evenings prior to the accusation, the Elder had been an invited guest at the table of the prosecutrix; that she had requested him to invoke the Divine blessing, and had honored him with the ordinary polite attentions recognised in good society. Such testimony, it was reasonably thought, would greatly weaken the charges of misconduct, which the depositions of the prosecutrix affirmed had been persisted in for a year or more.

As the time fixed for the great trial drew near, the author and his friend, the defendant, had frequent interviews; and discussed the subject in all its probable and possible bearings and issues. At each of these interviews the author's belief in the innocence of the accused was strengthened. With streaming

eyes, and in melting accents, he would most solemnly appeal to his God in denial of the truth of the charge against him. Nay, he would often go further and declare that, so far from seeking to subvert the virtue of his accuser, he himself had been the tempted one ; and that, in his case, the history of Joseph had repeated itself. On one of these occasions he expressed the hope that the case would be withdrawn, and further scandal avoided. He thought that a warning letter, purporting to come from the father of the prosecutrix, in whose supernatural power she so firmly believed, might so intimidate her as to induce her to acknowledge the falsity of her accusation, and suppress the pending suit. The author did not think much of the plan at that time ; but when he subsequently learned that it had taken such a firm hold of the Elder's mind that he really intended to put it into execution, he—the author—was more deeply impressed with the belief that his friend was verily a much wronged and innocent man. If he really had been guilty of the offence laid against him, it would be worse than folly to attempt to make her retract, as false, what she knew to be true ; for she would naturally think that a letter, based upon the assumption that she had made a false charge, could not come from her father ; but must be a mere subterfuge. So at least reasoned the author. Not long after the idea of concocting such a scheme had been proposed, the

Elder showed the author the draft of a letter, which he asked him to transcribe, in a disguised hand, and, after a little hesitation, he did so. The following is nearly, if not quite a *verbatim* copy of that

MYSTERIOUS LETTER :—

——— “Sept. —, 1842.

MY DEAR DAUGHTER,—

I arrived in this city last evening, and took up my lodgings, at my old quarters, in the —— hotel. After retiring to my room my mind became unusually and unaccountably oppressed; and my thoughts took the most gloomy and foreboding turn. It seemed that some mysterious, and undefinable calamity was impending, either over myself or some other person dear to my heart. I naturally thought of you, whom I have never ceased to love most affectionately, though I have never seen you since I left you, a bright prattling little girl. While in this gloomy mood, I suddenly became conscious of the presence of a second person in my room, though the door was locked,—and no human or earthly creature could gain admittance without violence. I had already extinguished my light, and was about to seek relief in sleep when this conviction of the presence of another came upon me. Looking in the direction of the door, a pale sulphurous light was first visible. Soon I saw that it hovered around a form resembling that of my

old friend, *Palanti*, who had often released me from prisons secured by bars and bolts. Knowing that such a visit portended some terrible revelation, I sat in mute expectancy and fear before my ghostly visitant. Presently he broke the awful silence, and in a hollow sepulchral voice thus addressed me:—
‘ My dear friend ;—you know that the terms of our engagement are not yet all fulfilled, and that I am still your servant, bound to aid you and yours in all times of peril. This is why I am here to-night. My mission is to make known to you the awful danger into which your beloved daughter has placed herself. By the bad advice of erring friends she has accused a man, and he a minister of the gospel, of a terrible crime. She has entered the courts of law against him, and the trial is now pending. That law-suit must be revoked—that trial arrested, or consequences direful beyond expression, will be the result. Two duels will be fought ; one life will be lost ; your daughter’s reason will be dethroned, and she will be a raving maniac for the rest of her life. I have, therefore, to command you to write at once to your unhappy child—she is still near your old home—and adjure her, on her peril, to countermand her ill-advised action against that injured man. Bid her make all the reparation in her power, by acknowledging her wrong, and seeking the pardon of him whom she is so deeply injuring. If she obey these

commands, all will yet be well; but if she refuse terrible consequences will fall, with crushing weight upon her own head. I have now discharged my duty. Farewell till'—— Not having distinctly heard the concluding words of the last sentence, I looked up, but Palanti was gone, and I was alone. Re-lighting my lamp I hastened to comply with the commands of my friend, who is now my slave, but who will, ere long, become my terrible master forever, unless our compact be broken. I have now only to most solemnly warn you to suppress that wretched law-suit, or I know all the threatened evils will come upon you. Farewell."

This miserable rhapsody was sealed and sent to the lady's address through a distant post office, and the denouement awaited in anxious suspense. The author long, long, ago, saw the extreme absurdity and folly of the whole transaction, to say nothing of the sin of "doing evil that good might come." While he seeks not to excuse, or exculpate himself, for his part in the worse than stupid business, yet it must be borne in mind that he firmly believed in the innocence of his friend; and he too readily laid the flattering unction to his soul, that the end aimed at justified the means. Leaving out the moral, or rather immoral aspect of the plan, might not he and his friend most reasonably have assumed that the letter would be placed in the hands of the attorney for the prosecu-

tion? Might they not have readily foreseen that, whatever might be the effect of such an epistle upon the mind of a weak and credulous woman, it would exert a widely different influence upon the mind of an astute lawyer? The reliance which the Elder placed in the means adopted to intimidate his adversary, was, however, to the author's mind, very strong, presumptive evidence of his innocence; and his opinion would never have been changed had the Elder's subsequent career been unimpeachable.

According to current reports the first effect of the mysterious letter was favourable to the Elder's cause. It was said that the lady did wish to quash proceedings, and that she blamed her friends for persuading her to take legal action at first. But time passed and no steps were taken to arrest the action, until at last, in the autumn term of the Supreme Court at Windsor, it resulted in

A MOST EXCITING TRIAL.

The court-house was crowded by men from far and near, all in a state of feverish excitement. The prosecutrix, as witness for the Queen, in whose name the suit was brought, was first called and subjected to a very close examination. She adhered to the letter and spirit of her previous deposition; nor could the most severe cross-examination shake her testimony; and so the case for the crown rested. The defence was then called for, and several witnesses were

examined. When the author was called to the witness-stand, and had given his testimony, the learned counsel for the crown arose, and with an air of inimitable drollery, handed him a paper, and asked if he had ever seen it before. It scarcely need be said that it was that wonderful letter, and it evidently took the counsel for the defendant by surprise, for he turned a puzzled look upon his client, and the two spent a little time in a whispered conversation. The defendant's counsel at length turned to the bench and objected to the entertainment of the document by the Court, on the ground that it had no necessary bearing upon the case at issue. His sharp opponent, on the other hand, contended for the admission of the letter on the very opposite ground—that it had a direct and important bearing upon the case. The venerable Judge, after carefully reading the strange epistle, ruled that it should be admitted, and that all questions relating to it should be answered by the witness. In these circumstances the author could not do otherwise, without committing perjury, than admit his complicity in the affair, at least to the extent of transcribing the original paper, prepared and furnished by the defendant. In closing the case for the crown the learned counsel read the letter, eloquently harangued the jury thereon, and turned it against the defendant with tremendous effect. The counsel for the defence was so indignant that full confidence had been with-

held from him, that he abandoned the case, and declined to further address the jury on the part of his client. In summing up the evidence and putting the case fairly before the jury, the learned Judge remarked that, in his opinion, the document to which such point and prominence had been given, had very little to do with the case. He further stated that so far as he understood it, the puerile effort, unworthy a minister or a teacher, indicated the innocence rather than the guilt of the defendant. The jury, after an absence of several hours, returned with the verdict "guilty;" and so the great trial, which many of the author's readers distinctly remember, was at an end; the Elder was fined in the sum of *two pounds*, to the great disgust and disappointment of many who thought that he would be sentenced to several years imprisonment, with hard labour, at least.

The author has been thus explicit in reference to that singular episode in his early career, as a public teacher, because the wildest and most distorted statements have been made in reference thereto, that it is possible to conceive. Many have said that the mysterious letter purported to have come direct from the nether regions, and it is quite possible that some so understand it. Even the jury who tried the cause did not apprehend the true character and object of the document. It took the whole court, as has been said, by surprise, and the only persons there, who

could have thrown light upon it, were the parties who executed the mad scheme. As the counsel for the defence had been left in utter ignorance of the very existence of such a scheme, up to the moment when it burst upon him in court, he was totally unprepared to examine the witness upon it. On the other hand the counsel for the prosecution was solicitous to elicit nothing more than the fact, which he evidently suspected, that the defendant was the real author of that marvellous piece of composition. Having gained this point, he was in a position to turn it to the best account. Had the author known that it was his duty, in order to the presentation of the "*whole truth*," to go beyond simple answers to such questions as the counsel chose to ask, and that it is the privilege of any witness in court to do so, he certainly would have taken the sting out of that able lawyer's eloquent address, before it was delivered, by revealing to the jury the same facts which he has herein made plain to the reader.

The author, fearing that his indiscretion in assisting his friend, might be magnified into undue proportions, especially as the venerable judge had expressed decided disapprobation of the whole affair, called upon his lordship, a few days after the trial, and obtained from him a certificate, *exonerating him from any offence*, beyond that of indiscretion. For this noble act, as well as for the excellent advice,

which accompanied it, he has never ceased to feel the liveliest emotions of gratitude.

So deeply absorbed has the author been in recording the foregoing facts, that he has forgotten to note another event in his personal history, which took place during that eventful period of his life. While preparations for the great trial were in progress, and the *hubbub* was culminating to its climax, he passed into the state of matrimonial blessedness. Date—September 8th, 1842. Name—Hannah Stuart. Residence—Selmah, the scene of his first labors as a teacher. As his domestic engagements have no direct bearing upon education, no further reference will be made to them in these pages.

CHAPTER IV.

THE AUTHOR RESIGNS HIS SITUATION. SEEKS AND FINDS ANOTHER.

The famous trial over, the author returned to his young wife and aged mother, resigned his situation, —he would have been summarily dismissed had he not forestalled the action, for his opponents were in the majority, and started, during the next week, in search of another place. Had the part which he had taken in his friend's interest, been half as bad as some parties chose to represent it, his case would have been hopeless, for his license would have been cancelled, with no prospect of a speedy renewal. But though the great trial had been conducted at Windsor, where most of the members of the local Board of Education resided, and though the presiding judge was himself a prominent member of that board, no word of such a proceeding had been spoken by any of those gentlemen. There was hope then, bright hope, for the future, and the author, though truly sorry for past indiscretion, was not unduly depressed, or in any degree despondent. Before retracing further, his own "lights and shadows," he will take final leave of his

quondam friend, the defendant in the trial just recorded. That erratic and unfortunate man also found it desirable to leave his situation and remove to another field of operation. Accordingly, he sold his property and went to P. E. Island; thence, after a "clouded" sojourn of two or three years, he removed to Western New York. There more clouds overshadowed him, and again he "changed his base" and settled in Western Canada. There, clouds denser and darker than ever, closed around him, and he sank into oblivion. What caused those clouds? Well, gentle reader, you may rest assured that more than one frail fair one, or fair frail one, which ever you please, if they chose, could tell you more about them than the author knows or cares to know. Poor Elder! Let his frailties and follies go into oblivion with him, and his virtues only be remembered. The author has not seen him since he left, as stated, in search of a new field of labour. He never expects to see him again till they stand, with an assembled world, before a tribunal infinitely higher than the one referred to in the last chapter. God grant that both shall have found absolution from the Judge, and acceptance with Him, before that day!

It was on a bright November morning that the author started, with chastened, though hopeful feelings, in quest of a new situation. He could not for a moment entertain the thought of abandoning the

educational field, for he felt a growing conviction that by nature, and to some extent by education he was qualified for the work of teaching. He found a vacancy near the head waters of the Shubenacadie, and applied for the place. Reports, not a little exaggerated, had out-travelled him, and threatened to bar him out; but his own explanations, backed by the certificate of the noble old Judge, counteracted the prejudicial reports and so far removed the odium, that he was engaged. His removal to a new school necessitated a renewal of license, and again he travelled on foot to Windsor, the scene of his recent notoriety, and from the same Board, under the hand of the same Secretary, he, for the second time, received authority to teach a public school. This fact is recorded as a significant answer to the accusations of some who, up to this very hour, would magnify a youthful indiscretion into a high misdemeanor, or even a flagrant crime. The reverend gentlemen and honourable laymen who composed that Board were not the parties to tolerate a person who lay under any disability—and they knew the full extent of the offence—as a teacher of youth. *No, verily.*

The school-house, in the locality named was unique, even in those times when school architecture was in its incipient stage. It was built of rough-hewn logs, the interstices between them filled with moss, and surmounted by a roof of slabs. In the centre was a

rude chimney formed of billets of wood laid rectangularly, tier above tier, and covered within and without with clay. It had two fire-places facing in opposite directions, and across the building ran a partition, dividing it into two rooms, with a fire place in each. One small window of six panes of small sized glass admitted a faint light into each room, one of which was the teacher's residence! One farm-house only was visible from the school-house, dense woods shutting out the view on all other sides. The residents of the locality were simple and primitive in their mode of living; but like most people, in a similar condition, were kind and hospitable. Here the author spent a year, and, upon the whole, not unpleasantly. But could he, or any other teacher, do any good in such a school-house, and in such circumstances? Well, kind inquirer, he *tried*, and the pupils tried, too, to make the most and the best of the situation. In the summer the moss was removed from between the logs, admitting the free air of heaven to relieve the panting lungs of pupils and teacher; but in winter want of ventilation was severely felt. It would be well for some boys and girls, whom the author knows, if, in their fine, comfortable and airy school-rooms, and with their superior means of every kind, they would learn as much and as well, in one year, as did the boys and girls of that humble school, at that time, under all their disadvantages. Great changes have

since taken place in that neighborhood. The thick and silent forests which stood in solemn grandeur upon the margin of that beautiful sheet of limpid water known as the Grand Lake, have yielded to the sturdy blows of the axeman. Those giant trunks, the growth of centuries, have been riven by the harshly grating saw, and converted into other forms better adapted to the purposes of civilized life. The potent agency of fire has been added to the transforming influences which busy man has brought to bear upon the scene; and, last of all, the plough and harrow have been pressed into service in changing the face of nature; and truly the change is marvellous. Fertile fields and extensive grazing grounds, yielding in rich abundance the food required by man and beast, are now seen where grand old trees waved their branches for centuries, until civilized man, with the varied paraphernalia of husbandry, entered upon the domain of his "untutored" brother, and greatly discomposd both him and the lower denizens of the forest, which it was his highest joy to hunt. Upon this scene, too, cosy farm-houses and out-buildings, with places of religious worship, and school-houses, have here and there arisen; nor have marriages in the churches and babies in the homes been wanting; and thus progress and population are on the increase. Reader, if you knew the country, or rather the woodlands stretching away back for miles from the western shore of Grand

Lake, a quarter of a century ago ; if you ever traversed those woods, or glided along the margin of the Lake in boat or canoe, under the shadow of the giant trees, as the author was wont to do—go revisit the scene to-day and you will fully understand and appreciate the sentiments ascribed by the poet to the Indian who stood at the burial place of his fathers. Thus it has been, thus it is, and thus it will be on this continent, till the progressing race “shall fill the land and the receding race shall be driven into the western sea.” But other and greater changes than those described have been effected in this recently secluded locality. In the days when the author sojourned there, even a fine carriage behind a spirited horse upon the dusty road, was an unusual sight, and did not fail to attract the admiring eyes of the settlers, as it whirled past their humble and scattered dwellings. Now, the long train behind the “iron horse” dashes over the rails, and through more than one aspiring village, several times each day, without causing the slightest wonder or exciting the smallest degree of curiosity.

CHAPTER V.

SPECIMENS OF THE LIBERALITY OF MANY PERSONS OF A FORMER PERIOD IN SUPPORTING SCHOOLS. HAPPY CHANGE IN FAVOR OF THE POOR AND MIDDLE CLASSES. THE AUTHOR BECOMES A NEWSPAPER WRITER—EDITS A PAPER—TRAVELS AS A LECTURER—RESUMES HIS VOCATION.

The author's next remove was to Fall River, twelve miles east of Dartmouth. In this district two schools—the lower one near Portobello, were placed in his charge. In order to sustain those schools, three individuals, namely, Mrs. Marshall, Mr. George Taylor, and Mr. W. Brittan, subscribed six pounds or twenty-four dollars a year each. Think of this fact, ye present grumblers about your small school-taxes of three or four dollars a year, and be thankful for the Free School System. The lady and gentlemen named paid at the rate of forty-eight dollars a year each,—for they had only half of the teacher's time. Others subscribed very liberally to help along the work, and consequently the schools were fairly supported. Mainly owing to such generous assistance, and to the kindly sympathy of the supporters, the schools came up to a much higher degree of excel-

lence than those previously taught by the author, had done. To say the least, his services were fully appreciated, and his popularity was as great as he deserved.

While teaching at Fall River and Portobello from 1843 to 1846, the author began to write for the press; and furnished many articles to the columns of the old *Halifax Morning Post*, then edited by the late John H. Crosskill. During the six years next succeeding the author occupied the editorial chair of the *Halifax Morning Post*, as has already been stated. It would have been more to his advantage, if he had spent those years in teaching. Then followed two years spent in lecturing on Mnemotechny, through the lower provinces, after which the old vocation was resumed. Passages through alternate light and shade were made during the two years spent in lecturing. At the very beginning the author passed through a dark cloud financially. Owing to the inability of his former patron, J. H. C., to pay him a considerable sum of arrears, he left Halifax, on one dark November morning, with the sum of six shillings and three pence—\$1.25, in his pocket, a valise in one hand and a cane in the other. Thus equipped he walked to Chester, a distance of nearly fifty miles. By the time he arrived at that pretty village his finances were reduced to sevenpence-half-penny—12½ cents! After having planned an honorable retreat in case his

first lecture should prove a failure, he took up a temporary residence at the best hotel in the village. His next step was to engage the town hall for one evening—price one dollar and a half. Next up went hand-bills announcing the lecture. Then for two days the author sat writing in his room, and trying hard to “hope for the best.” Each evening he took a walk through the village feeling that solitary piece of silver in one of his pockets. The reader may be sure that it cost a strong mental effort to keep hope uppermost during this time of suspense. On the evening appointed for the lecture, the author saw the hall door opened, the fire lighted, and a man in position to receive the admission fee. He then returned to his hotel, and nervously awaited the time appointed for his appearance on the platform. The minute came; and, with a friend, he passed out upon the street, and turned his face towards the hall. His spirits rose as he observed a crowd walking in the same direction; and when he saw the crowd enter the building his joy overflowed. If a glad heart is any assistance to the tongue of a speaker, the lecturer that evening had the full benefit of it. Nearly five dollars were added to the tiny piece of silver already mentioned; and a class of thirteen members, at one dollar and a half each, was secured for a course of six lessons. At the end of the course, which occupied a day over a week, the author found about fifteen dollars in his

pocket; and his genial host never knew whether finances were high or low with his guest when he first entered that hotel as a boarder.

With varying success two years were pleasantly passed in travelling; and never did the author find himself in so straitened circumstances as when he first took the field as lecturer. Not infrequently, however, did he meet with opposition; but it rather helped than hindered him. Here is one harmless example:—Having arrived at a certain town late one afternoon, and wishing to appear on the platform on the next evening the lecturer engaged the hall, and had his notices all posted, before he sought his temporary lodgings. Further on in the evening he attended to this necessary business, found comfortable quarters, ate a hearty supper, and retired to sleep or think, as the case might be. As usual, thought held sway till near morning, and then sleep prevailed for a few hours. On leaving his sleeping apartment, the author found no one stirring. The morning was cold, and he was bound to find a warmer place than the room which he had engaged; so he sought and found the kitchen, but no fire. Before a huge fire-place, an old man was kneeling, click, clicking away with a piece of quartz on the back of his jack-knife. The sparks were flying about, and, after a while, one of them was caught on the prepared tinder, and soon a blaze, and then a roaring fire trembled and crackled

up the old chimney. While the old man was putting on his buskins, lacing and tying them, and fixing his "leggings," operations which occupied him for half an hour, the following dialogue was held:—

Guest.—"Why don't you use matches?"

Host.—"Because they are the invention of the devil."

G.—"I was not aware of that; but thought matches were the invention of some practical chemist."

H.—"Where did chemistry come from but from the devil?"

G.—"Doubtless you attribute all science to the same author."

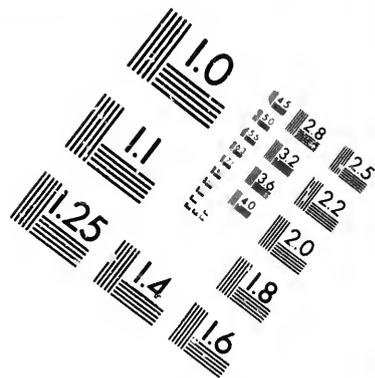
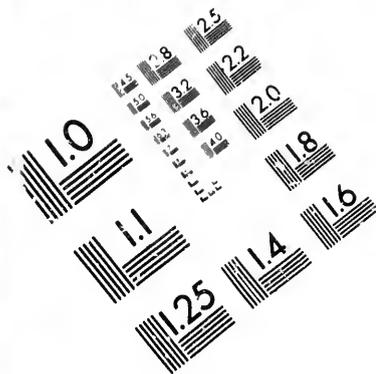
H.—"Certainly I do. Men are studying and writing on science, contradicting the bible, beguiling souls, and leading them to perdition."

G.—"You use strong terms and speak as if you knew what you are talking about."

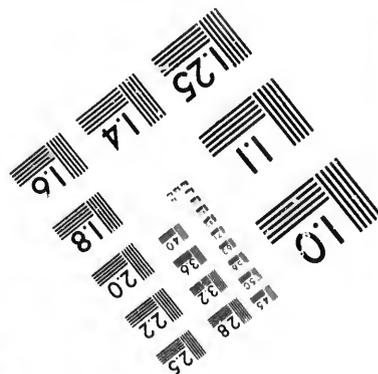
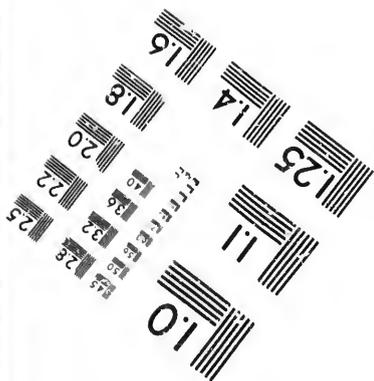
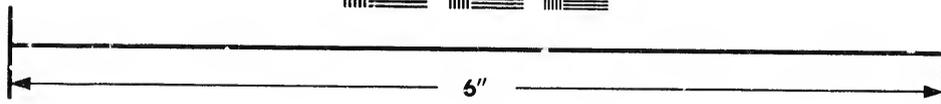
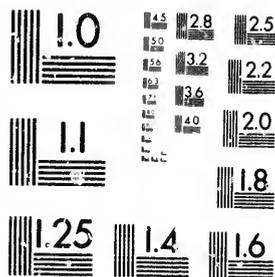
H.—"I do know what I am talking about; I like the good old ways, and hate all your new notions and inventions, because they are false and dangerous."

At this point the old man went to his morning work, and the author was soon ensconced in an old fashioned rocking chair, by the side of a square stove in a back parlor. Soon breakfast was served and the dialogue resumed:—





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H.—“What is it that you are going to lecture about to-night? I can't understand it, or even pronounce the word.”

G.—“The word is *Mnemotechny*, and it means the science of memory. It greatly assists and improves the memory, and it is therefore of great service to all classes, especially to professional men.”

H.—“I thought all God's works were perfect; He made the memory and you think you can improve it.”

G.—“God made man with certain faculties mental, moral and physical. All those require development; and means must be used to develop them, or man will be imbecile and powerless. The beautiful system which I teach greatly aids the memory, and all hard students,—particularly lawyers and clergymen, ought to avail themselves of its assistance.”

H.—“I would not go to hear a preacher who would resort to any such help. I don't believe that preachers ought to study sermons at all; they ought to depend on the influence of the Spirit of God.”

The reader will understand that to reason with a man of such a type would be labor lost. The author, therefore, quietly subsided, and the subject dropped. Of course such a man would feel bound to make all the opposition in his power to the author's success; but as his whims and fancies were all known to the community, his opposition proved more serviceable

than his approval would have done. On taking leave of his host, at the close of the course of lessons, the author thanked him for his opposition, on which he had counted from the moment when he saw that process of fire-kindling.

In the year 1851 the author resumed his work as teacher. The beautiful valley of the Musquodoboit was, this time, the scene of his labors. Now all readers of these pages may not know that Musquodoboit held at that time, and long anterior to it, had held a high reputation for the intelligence and virtue of its inhabitants. From an early period they had rigidly excluded teachers of "waif and stray" type, and consequently education was in a more advanced stage with them than it was in many other parts of Nova Scotia. Here, then, the author found himself among a congenial people, and whether deservedly or not, they regarded him as a superior teacher indeed. Here, once for all, let the author disclaim all desire or intention to "blow his own trumpet." No teacher ever felt his or her insufficiency for the high calling, more painfully than he.

At this time Dr. Dawson, now Principal of McGill College, was Superintendent of Education in Nova Scotia. He was a man of the right stamp for the work. The office, in his hands, was no sinecure. He brought fervent zeal, guided by extensive knowledge, to bear upon his duties, and soon there was a general

awakening to the necessity of making better provision for education throughout the country. Teachers, as well as pupils of the present day, will be surprised to learn that, out of ten or twelve teachers, who organized themselves into a County Institute under Dr. Dawson's supervision, only two could give the boundaries of Nova Scotia correctly! Earnestly and faithfully did that talented gentleman labor for the promotion of education in his native country. In some measure his labours were successful; but they doubtless would have been immeasurably more so, had his hands been strengthened to his work by enlightened legislation. Failing to secure such legislation he resigned his office, and soon after took his position in McGill College, and thus Nova Scotia lost the invaluable service of one of her brightest sons. As the result of Dr. Dawson's labors during his short—too short—period of office, better school-houses and improved apparatus were provided; Chambers' excellent school-book superseded the works formerly used; black-boards and wall-maps were introduced; more spirit and life were infused into common schools; and a new educational era dawned upon our country.

It was just at the commencement of this transitional period that the author entered upon his labors at Meagher's Grant, Musquodoboit. He is thankful that he can look back upon the five years passed in

that peaceful vale, with a high degree of satisfaction, Trustees, parents and teacher uniformly acted in concert; and the progress of the pupils was, without exception, steady and rapid. While the author was engaged in this school the Rev. Alexander Forrester was appointed to the office of Superintendent of Education in Nova Scotia. The wisdom of that appointment was demonstrated by the indefatigable labors of that eminent and distinguished Educationist, during his whole official career, which ended only with his life. The office of Superintendent, when he accepted it, was beset with difficulties; but he proved "equal to the situation," eye, and master of it. With a perfect understanding that, unless a better class of teachers, than had hitherto occupied the field, could be brought forward, our common school, as a rule, would continue to languish, he set his heart on the establishment of a Normal School for the training of teachers. The legislature listened to his forceful appeals for such an institution, and, acceded to his request.

CHAPTER VI.

THE AUTHOR RETRACES HIS STEPS IN RELIGION, AND TAKES A "NEW DEPARTURE." ATTENDS THE NORMAL SCHOOL. PUBLISHES "LAND OF THE MAYFLOWER." LABORS IN VARIOUS FIELDS.

While teaching at Musquodoboit the author began to seriously review his past life in reference to the all-important subject of religion. He had been brought up by pious parents of the Methodist denomination, and at the age of eighteen had become a member of that branch of the Christian Church. From childhood he had been a reader and thinker, and took much interest in controversial works on points of religious doctrine. As the reader has learned by a previous reference to the author's religious views, he soon drifted away from Methodism and embraced the tenets of a body then very unpopular in Nova Scotia. If this step was not wisely taken, he has, at least, the comfort of knowing that it was taken *conscientiously*. After a time he became apathetic to religion of any type, though he maintained, upon the whole, a fair exterior. In this dangerous and unsatisfactory state he passed several years; but now, while residing in

the peaceful valley mentioned, he was led to take a calm retrospect of his past life. The faithful admonitions of a young Methodist preacher, who at that time preached monthly at Meagher's Grant, were, at least in part instrumental in re-awakening the author's mind to the importance of earnest vital religion. The result was that he painfully and prayerfully retraced his steps to the point whence he had, years before, diverged from the Methodistic path; found peace and hallowed joy; and has ever since been a member, though an unworthy one, of the church in which he was born, and trusts was also born again. The zealous young preacher referred to was the late Rev. H. McKeown, who subsequently became a pillar in the ministry, and at his death left a glorious record.

The Provincial Normal School having been established, the author hailed the auspicious event with a glad heart. He attended during the very first session, and enjoyed the high privilege of receiving instruction from the lips of that able instructor, the Rev. Dr. Forrester. For that privilege, he was, and is, and ever shall be, most sincerely thankful. Messrs. Randall and Mulholland, the Dr.'s subordinate teachers also rendered the author much valuable assistance in his struggle for a higher standard of excellence in his profession. In their departments, however, he might have "worked his way" unaided; but, the knowledge which he received from the venerable doctor

was beyond his reach : he never would have attained to it by his own unassisted efforts.

At the close of the term all the aspirants to educational honors were subjected to a faithful examination, both *vive voce* and written. Four only, the author included, passed the tests. The names of the other three have been already given ; two of them, namely, Mr. Webster and Mr. Parker, have passed from earth, each leaving behind him a good record.

Though the author severely represses many of the minor incidents of his life that are not immediately connected with the progress of education, yet a few of his experiences in working his way into and through the Normal School, together with an amusing anecdote or two in connection therewith, may here be tolerated by the reader. At that period the author was in the shadow of financial difficulty. Without funds to pay board and other unavoidable expenses, the outlook was dark indeed. To work his way through one term, at least, was his fixed determination. With this end in view he went to Halifax to secure ways and means. The result was an engagement with his former patron, J. H. C., to write for his paper, at one dollar per column, limited to one column per week. Then, having made provision for his family during his prospective absence, with four dollars in his pocket, heavy valise in hand, he trudged to Truro. Having engaged board in an excellent family at two dollars

and fifty cents per week, the author's next care was to mature plans for raising additional funds. Lecturing and private teaching were the only means at his command; and his first night at his new quarters was spent in the preparation of one lecture, and outlining others to follow. Like the son of the Vicar of Wakefield, whom Goldsmith immortalized, the author had "a good knack of hoping," and never for one moment did he give way to despondency. He had come to Truro to study and work for the highest honors of the "Peoples' College;" and his "colors were nailed to the mast." Sixty-four Pupil Teachers passed a preliminary examination, answering to matriculation, were admitted, and eagerly entered upon the prescribed courses of study. Mr. Mulholland not only gave us severe exercises in mathematics, but often excited much merriment by his sharp witticisms. Sometimes an interchange of pasquinades occurred in the class-room. Here is one specimen which passed between Mr. M. and a rather eccentric young lady:

Teacher.—"Miss H., have you mastered, or rather *mistressed*, that last lesson?"

Miss H.—"With your assistance, sir, I may understand it, but I can do nothing in geometry alone."

Teacher.—"Then you want me (matematically) always tied to your apron string."

Miss H.--“It would require an attachment stronger than an apron string to hold me to mathematics.” (Laughter.)

Next day Mr. Mulholland requested either of the pupils to lend him a string, with which to sweep a circle on the black-board, when Miss R. raised renewed laughter by tendering her apron string, on condition that he would further use it as a tie and thus assist her in understanding the lesson. Some of the students did not hold Mr. Mulholland in the highest estimation; but the author must here, in justice to that gentleman, state that he, found in him a genial, pleasant, faithful teacher; and a mathematician of rare excellence.

Sometimes the students, during their brief intervals of relaxation, would amuse each other by an interchange of personal experiences. Foremost among those, who engaged in this pastime, was a Mr. R. K., a young gentleman full of geniality and generosity; also, a hard student and a fair scholar. One of his many amusing stories is as follows:—“My first attempt at teaching was in a back settlement in the County of Lunenburg, whither I had been directed by a clergyman. The school was on the itinerant plan; held by turns, in all the houses in the place; the teacher boarding where he taught. My first teaching and boarding house was a Mr. B’s. ‘Go as you please’ seemed to be the order of things all

round. In the school room the children, some with parts of spelling books, some with a few leaves of the New Testament, or some forgotten author, some with old almanacs, and some without a printed page of any author, conned over their lessons aloud, or talked and laughed at pleasure, creating a modern Babel. At the table the every-one-help-myself principle prevailed, and whenever I availed myself of the privilege, one of the urchins of the family would shout—‘there he’s got a piece of bread, or meat,’ or whatever else it might be. As, from time to time I repeated the performance, they would shout,—‘the school-master does well ; he will soon have it all, &c., &c.’ One morning after I had been about a week in such strange and unpleasant quarters, Mrs. B., a stout Dutch dame, visited the school. One of her boys was just reciting his lesson in spelling. ‘*Reddish*, somewhat red, and *reddish*, a root,’ shouted the boy. When I corrected him by saying,—‘*radish*, a root,’ he replied—‘it is not so in the pook.’ Then, said I, the book is wrong. Said Mrs. B.,—‘you are the first school-master I ever heard find fault wid the pook. I wonder who knows pest, you, or the man that made the pook.’ Thus encouraged the boy shouted—‘I spelt the word the way it is in the pook, and I believe the school-master is a liar a’ready.’ I charged on the impudent young imp with a strap, and his mother

charged on me with a broom-stick, and this episode broke up that school."

Well, the term ended, the author, had struggled through successfully, and the pupils separated, never all to meet again on earth. Some have since crossed the dark river, let us hope to the bright shore; some have entered learned professions, other than teaching; some have engaged in commerce; and a few still serve their country as teachers, and have grown old in the service. All honor to them. After graduating the author returned to Musquodoboit, and continued there another year, making five years' service in that school.

In reference to his labors and their results during these five years, he can adopt the language of the Poet Rogers:—

“Sweet memory! wafted by the gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail,
To view the long lost scenes of happy hours,
Blest with far greener shades—far fresher bowers.”

Yes! the author looks back upon his experiences of that time with almost unalloyed pleasure. Scarcely an act of wilful disobedience by either of the fifty pupils—scarcely an angry look or word by the teacher—scarcely a frown or tear on any young countenance, rise up in memory before him, to mar the gratification with which he reviews that portion of the past.

From Musquodoboit, the author, at the request of Dr. Forrester, removed to the picturesque town of Antigonish. The officers of the school to which he was recommended demurred to accept a first class diploma from the Normal School, as a sufficient guarantee of the qualifications of a teacher for the rectorship of their school. The difficulty was surmounted by subjecting the author to a special examination, particularly in the classics, which he was so fortunate as to pass successfully. Here he became acquainted with Dr. Honeyman, who most kindly assisted him over many a difficulty in the Latin and Greek languages—a favor which he can never forget. In the town of Antigonish, and in the populous settlement of Lochaber the author spent four years in the exercise of his high vocation. Though he met with a few difficulties incident to his profession, yet, upon the whole, by God's blessing, he was enabled to achieve a fair measure of success—especially in the place last named.

At the close of the author's services at Lochaber, he returned by invitation, to Musquodoboit, and taught for a year in the upper settlement on that beautiful river. It was there that he wrote his compendium of the history of Nova Scotia under the fanciful title of "The Land of the Mayflower, or the Past History and Present State of Nova Scotia, with a glance at the probable Future." In reference to

that little book the author may here observe that he was prevented from doing himself justice. After having completed his manuscript, which was original, with the exception of a few quotations, properly marked and duly credited, he entrusted it to a gentleman then resident in Halifax, who engaged to have it printed in the United States. That manuscript the author never saw again. On the return of the gentleman referred to, he reported that he had lost it. Here was a dilemma. To reproduce the work was beyond the author's power. It had cost him very considerable thought and research ; and he had not preserved any notes or references. The time had nearly arrived for the appearance of the work, and it could not be deferred without loss and inconvenience. In these circumstances the author produced another work, partly original and partly compiled ; and in less than a week it was in the printer's hands. The public would have had a *book* of superior merit to the *pamphlet* which was substituted, had not the original manuscript been lost. The author, however, was much gratified that the "Land of the Mayflower" was very acceptable to the public, and met with an extensive and ready sale. The consciousness that it did some service is still pleasing.

"Boys and girls," said the late Governor Howe, in an address to the author's pupils in Musquodoboit,

“be sure to learn to read, spell, write, and cipher. Learn these branches thoroughly, and then if you never learn anything further in school, you will have education enough to enable you to achieve success in almost any department of industry you may choose. If you wish to obtain more learning the road will be open to you, and you can learn whatever you please without the aid of teachers.” Then, turning to the author, he tendered this good advice:—“Be careful not to attempt too much. Do not try to teach too many branches simultaneously, or you will fail to teach anything well, and accomplish very little of practical utility.” The advice was excellent; but it was given too late to be of any service to the author; for experience—that best of teachers—had long before taught him the inutility—not to say folly—of “cramming.” That great Educator, Dr. Forrester, too, had duly impressed all his pupils with the same sentiments.

The author next taught three years most successfully at Little River, Musquodoboit, and had the satisfaction of seeing several of his pupils subsequently distinguish themselves in learned professions. At that time there were a number of very superior teachers in the beautiful chain of Settlements along the valley of the Musquodoboit. Their labors were appreciated by an intelligent and energetic people, and, as a consequence, their schools gained and main-

tained an efficient and flourishing condition. Few, if any of our rural settlements have surpassed Musquodoboit in this respect.

From Musquodoboit the author, by recommendation of Dr. Forrester, went to the extreme west of Nova Scotia, and taught during several terms in the County of Yarmouth. There, many of his pupils were fine, manly youths, whose home was principally "on the mountain wave." They aspired to rise above the position of fore-mast-men, and to walk the quarter-deck; consequently, they applied the energies of their intellects to the mastery of the intricacies of navigation, and right well they succeeded. A large number of bright young women were also learners in that school; and learn with right good will and marked success they did. The patrons of the school were highly appreciative of the teachers efforts, for a time, and he occupied an elevated position in their estimation.

The following little anecdote will show the docility and obedient disposition of the brave sailor lads who composed so large a part of the school:—One day when the author returned to his work from dinner, he found a company of the young men engaged in a game of cards. On calling the school to order, he informed his pupils that card-playing, in the school-room, was strictly prohibited. "Why do you disallow so harmless amusement as a quiet game of cards?"

inquired one of the young men. The author gave a variety of reasons, and earnestly advised them to refrain from the practice, and thereby avoid the danger of being enticed into the vice of gambling, which is so easy for one who has become addicted to playing merely for amusement. "Well," said the young man, "I don't think that anything could tempt me to enter a gambling house, though I can see no harm in an occasional game for amusement; but, when I am at sea, I must obey the captain's orders, and, as you are captain here, I shall follow the same course." The author replied—"that is a very correct view of the case, how many of you agree with it?" A forest of hands rose, and thus the affair was pleasantly and amicably settled. From that day not a card was seen in the school-room while the author had charge of the school.

One cloud, black and heavy, cast its dark shadow athwart the author's path before he left his noble school in Yarmouth. He neither criminates nor exculpates himself, in this place, in reference to that time of darkness. If he could put his readers in possession of *all* the facts of the case, he would adopt the language of the great poet, Thompson :

"Ye prudes in virtue say—*say ye severest,*
What would you have done?"

From man's erring judgment the author is ever ready to appeal to the Judge who reads the heart.

Before that holy Judge he bows lowly in the dust ; but, in the presence of his fellow-sinner he bears his brow aloft ; always excepting any whom he may have injured. From all such he meekly sues for pardon.

The author cannot take leave of Yarmouth without a passing notice of the magnificent institution of learning in the principal town of that fine county. About the year 1863, a few residents of that flourishing town were one evening speaking of sending their sons abroad for an education. One of the gentlemen, thus informally convened in one of the stories of the town, asked why they could not have a school of their own, and, not only educate their children at home, but also bring students from abroad, to receive the higher education. The suggestion was most favorably received by the others, and they resolved to take the first step in the business there and then. Before separating, the three or four gentlemen agreed to subscribe most liberally to the laudable enterprize. Next day the subject was discussed all over the town and met with general approbation. Soon a large and enthusiaetic meeting was convened, and the munificent sum of \$16,000 subscribed. It was decided to make the school free, with the exception of the high department, and to support it voluntarily, quite independently of provincial grants. The sole control of the institution was to be vested in a Board of Education of their own choosing. The building was

commenced without delay, and, in an incredibly short time it was pushed forward to completion, at a cost of over \$20,000, all subscribed and paid by the public-spirited residents of Yarmouth !

The author has not seen that truly magnificent edifice, so highly creditable to an enterprising community ; but, from reliable reports, he believes that it is not inferior to any similar building in Nova Scotia, not excepting the Normal School, Truro, or the High School of Halifax. It was only in the course of erection when he left Yarmouth. Eight or ten departments were made, and most thoroughly provided with first class furniture and apparatus, and an efficient teacher for each was engaged at a liberal salary. After the institution had thus been successfully started by the people of Yarmouth, *upon their own base*, the Superintendent of Education, Mr. Rand, went thither and induced them to accept the Academy grant, and make it the County Academy, without materially changing their own arrangements. A more efficient and successful seat of learning, of its kind, cannot be found in the Province.

The author next spent five years in Avondale and Poplar Grove, Newport. Light, comfort, and success cheered him from first to last in those two noble schools. Several young men and women, he is happy to state, so profited by his labors, and their own

diligence, that they successfully passed examination, and became acceptable teachers. One of them is now a Methodist minister, of high repute, in the United States. Rev. J. M., if you and your old teacher ever meet again on earth, eight fingers on two right hands will ache!

CHAPTER VII.

A YEAR IN NEWFOUNDLAND. AUTHOR'S IMPRESSION OF THAT REMARKABLE ISLAND.

The picturesque town of Cupids, on Conception Bay, Newfoundland, was the scene of the author's labors for one year,—1877--8. It was there a large portion of this modest *brochure* was written. It is deeply to be regretted that education in the old colony is not in an advanced state. The Free School System has not there been adopted, owing, the author believes, to disunion among the various religious bodies. No blame, however, can be laid upon the Presbyterians for the failure. That body, numerically weak in the island, would gladly have united with the Wesleyans, who are much stronger in numbers, for the purpose of obtaining such legislative action, as would have secured the desired object. The Roman Catholic and Anglican churches stood opposed to the measure; but, had the Wesleyans and Presbyterians united, the opposition would, in all probability, have been neutralized, and the necessary legislation obtained.

The schools of the island have for many years been running upon denominational lines. Four bodies

only are recognized, namely the Roman Catholic, the Church of England, the Methodists, and the Presbyterians. These comprise nearly all the inhabitants of Newfoundland. A very liberal provincial grant, for support of education, is divided among these four bodies, each receiving a sum proportionate to its number; and the balance of teachers' salaries is made up by tuition fees. Each body has its own Superintendent of Education, and there are also denominational boards of education in the various sections of the island. When will the masses receive the blessings and benefits, resulting from the general diffusion of knowledge from such a system? To this question the author volunteers the answer:—when a large field can be uniformly and sufficiently watered, by the use of a watering pot.

The school at Cupids was very large and very interesting. Over eighty bright boys and girls were enrolled, and were regular in attendance during winter; but in summer many families shut up their houses, and go off to Labrador, where they remain during the fishing season. All, both male and female, who are able to take part in the operations of taking and curing fish, are engaged in the work; while the little ones run wild on the wild shores, and lay in a stock of irrepressible vitality—to say nothing of tricks and pranks—sufficient to set the teacher wild, too, when they return to school. To teach a young

Newfoundlander to pronounce many of our English words accurately is no easy task. He will persist in saying *harse*—often omitting the aspirate, though you tell him fifty times a day that the word is *horse*; and so with all other words in which the letter o has the short Saxon sound.

One thing in connection with the schools of Newfoundland might be adopted, with advantage, by other countries. There is usually attached to the school-house, or at the distance of a few yards from it, a commodious and comfortable dwelling-house for the teacher. Such was the arrangement at Cupids, and doubtless it continues. The school-house there was of ample dimensions—30 x 45 ft.,—and the teacher's house was a model of neatness and convenience. One great disadvantage with us in Nova Scotia, is the frequency with which our teachers are changed, at least, in very many sections. Another is the employing of too many young, and inexperienced teachers—ladies especially—in large miscellaneous schools. If suitable dwellings were provided, teachers of experience, with families, might be more frequently induced to remain several years in one school, and thus have time and opportunity to accomplish much more than is usually done. No young teachers should be eligible to employment till they have served an apprenticeship, of one term at least, in the Normal and Model Schools. Even then it is desirable that they teach for

a year or two in one of the subordinate departments of a graded school, before taking sole charge of a large miscellaneous school, too unwieldy for them to handle with any considerable degree of comfort to themselves, or benefit to their pupils.

Though foreign to the design of this little work, it may not be unacceptable to the reader that the author give here a short sketch of the general state, prospects, and history of Newfoundland. Appropriate as was the name it bears in the days of Henry VII, when the island was discovered by Cabot, it is now a misnomer, inasmuch as Newfoundland is the oldest British colony in America, if not in the world. In the year 1583, the brave Sir Humphrey Gilbert took formal possession of it in the name of Queen Elizabeth, by unfurling the British flag over the site now occupied by the city St. John's. 301 years have passed since that day; and the history of the *Nova Terra*, through these centuries, has not been uneventful. But before tracing this history in bold outline, it may be well to take a rapid glance at the position, resources, industries and physical features of this wonderful island.

Newfoundland occupies a most commanding and advantageous position. Anchored near the shores of the New World, and stretching further than any other American land towards the Old World, it is destined, according to high authority, to furnish the

shortest, cheapest, and safest route between both. Already it is the great telegraphic station whence stretch the cables that unite both hemispheres. Its situation, moreover, secures for it the command of the magnificent Gulf of St. Lawrence; and gives it easy access, during a great part of the year, to the large commercial cities on the banks of the noble river which bears the same name. In these days of progress and enterprise the hardy inhabitants of Newfoundland are beginning to feel the stirring impulses of the times. They now have a railroad from St. John's to Bay St. George, through the very heart of the country; and the vast rich and varied resources of the rough old island, are about to be brought forth in astounding abundance. When the land, both from above and beneath the surface, as well as the depth of the sea, shall afford this rich abundance of commodities for exportation, then will the advantageous position of Newfoundland be known and appreciated by the business men of the world. Before the merchandize of Ontario, and other sections of America in the remote West, can reach the sea-board, for shipments to the markets of Britain and Europe, that of Newfoundland may be half across the Atlantic, thus effecting a large saving of time, to say nothing of the saving expense in the transport over long lines of railway.

Does the reader inquire what are the resources of Newfoundland whence this merchandize shall come? Resources? Their name is legion. *First*—there are fisheries marvellously extensive and productive. The value of the fish and other sea animals, taken from the waters and ice in one recent year, was about \$8,000,000; and the average annual value is still increasing.

Secondly,—there are the minerals. That enterprising German gentleman, Mr. Ellershausen, while working the copper mines of Bett's Cove, raised 45000 tons of rich ore in one year. A very large area around the mines which he so successfully worked is marvellously rich in that valuable metal. The geological map of Newfoundland, published a few years since, shows that the Serpentine rocks, with which the ore is associated, extend over 5000 square miles—a space sufficient to afford room for mining operations in all coming time. In view of these facts, without reference to the existence of other minerals, yet to be discovered, it is evident that Newfoundland is destined to become one of the world's great mining regions.

Thirdly—Let us look at the agricultural capabilities of the island. The author fancies he detects a smile of incredulity on the face of the reader, at the mention of agriculture in connexion with a country that has been miscalled “a land of rocks,

bogs and fogs." It is true there are abundance of rocks; but they are piled up on the coasts, while the interior is as free from these incumbrances as are most countries on this continent. Without doubt there are also fogs and mists, cold enough, too, they are, even in July, as the author found, to his discomfort, during his brief sojourn in Newfoundland; but these are also limited to the coasts. Go back into the interior, and you will, as in Nova Scotia, find warm sunlight, while the shores are enshrouded in chilly fog. Some fair sized bogs and barrens, there are; but when the total area of land unfit for cultivation is subtracted from the 42000 square miles of which the island is composed, the remainder will be found amply sufficient to produce food for home consumption, with a surplus for exportation.

Fourthly—there are large forests of very superior timber, both hard and soft, and lumbering operations on an extensive scale are already in progress. Thousands of tons of timber, millions of feet of boards and deals, shingles and laths beyond computation, are yet to be taken out of the woods of Newfoundland. In connexion with these forest resources, mention may be made of the facilities which the island possesses for ship-building and the manufacture of wooden merchandize of every description from ships to shoe-pegs. Not only do woods abound, but there, are also waters in profusion. Numerous streams

intersect the country, affording water-power to run all the machinery required for transforming the wood into all the forms of which it is capable. Other manufactories, in great variety, might also be as profitably and as successfully worked in Newfoundland, as in any place on the continent of N. America. Whatever enterprising men may do, or fail to do, in regard to factories, it is all but a certainty that ship-building, already in an incipient stage, will develop into gigantic proportions ere long. Why not? All around the island are magnificent bays and the most convenient coves. These bays pierce the land so deeply that the distance from any point in the interior to navigable water, is inconsiderable. Suitable timber, in any required quantity, can be readily obtained in the woods, and, with little difficulty, floated down the streams to, or near to, the places of building.

The resources briefly noticed in the four last paragraphs *are known to exist* in Newfoundland, and they are sufficient to make it a hive, resonant with the hum of industry. The author will not here speculate upon *unknown* resources, which lie concealed in Nature's dark arcana, but leave them there in silence, till the bold hand of Enterprise shall bring them forth to the light of day, and make them available for purposes for which they were created.

In reference to Newfoundland's first railroad, the following thoughts are readily suggested. Without the railroad, the vast area of 42000 square miles would be left in all future time, as it has been left in the past, to the wolves and other wild animals. With it the large territory in the interior is accessible, and will soon be changed into smiling farms, and become the happy homes of men. Already an English company has opened negotiations with the government of Newfoundland, for the purchase of 50,000 acres of land, for the use of settlers, whom the company intend to send out. Before this last sentence shall meet the reader's eye, doubtless the negotiations will be ended, and the settlers' axes ringing in the grand old woods.

Without the railroad Newfoundland's coal beds and rich mineral deposits of other kinds, would sleep forever where bountiful Nature has stored them; with it these abundant minerals will be available for the use and benefit, not only of the present generation, but of generations yet unborn. Furnaces shall blaze, anvils shall ring, and ships shall be laden with the riches which shall be drawn from hidden beds, through coming ages.

What does this railroad mean to Newfoundlanders? It means the opening up of their magnificent island; the union of its eastern and western shores; the working of its land, forests, and min-

erals; its connexion, by means of rapid communication, with the neighboring continent. It means the quadrupling of its population by a mighty stream of immigration, and the commencement of a material prosperity to which no limits can be drawn. It means employment and good wages to a large class of honest toiling men and women, who could heretofore barely subsist. To St. John's, the quaint old capital, the railroad means a vast increase of business; new houses erecting; steamers daily arriving and departing, real estate increasing in value four fold; and an end to complaining among merchants, and other traders, about bad debts and heavy stocks on hand at the close of each season. Above and beyond all these things it means openings of all kinds for the talents and energy of the rising generation; so that Newfoundland's young men shall find honorable and remunerative employment at home, instead of being compelled to seek it abroad.

Come, now, kind reader, and let us take a glance at the principal physical features of the old colony, about which the author is scribbling these stirring thoughts. Newfoundland may be called an island of the tenth magnitude, as there are only nine larger ones in the world. As compared with Nova Scotia, Newfoundland is about twice the size of our little peninsula; as compared with New Brunswick, it is one third larger; it contains 10,000 square miles

more land than does Ireland ; 12,000 more than Scotland ; it is three times as large as Holland ; and twice the size of Denmark. It is 317 miles in length, and 316 in breadth, and contains a land surface of 42,000 square miles. Its lakes are numerous, and some of them are of very respectable proportions. Grand lake—the largest—has an area of 192 square miles ; ten or twelve mighty arms of the sea, and numerous smaller inlets deeply indent the coast, some of the larger bays extending fifty miles into the land.

The coast line, as given by Mr. Calkin, in his very excellent Geography, is 1200 miles ; but the Rev. Mr. Harvey, in his admirable lecture, says it is 2000 miles. There is not an equal area of land in the world with such an extent of coast-line. This is owing to the large bays just referred to. The larger coast-waters are Hare Bay, White Bay, Notre Dame Bay, Bonavista Bay, Trinity Bay, Conception Bay, Placentia Bay, Fortune Bay, Hermitage Bay, St. George's Bay, and Bay of Islands ; and the numerous inlets which branch off from these magnificent sheets of water, form excellent harbors, many of which are among the best in the world.

The coast does not present an inviting aspect ; on the contrary, it is severely stern and forbidding. Precipitous rocks rise abruptly from the deep waters at their bases, towering to the height of several

hundred feet, and standing like frowning sentinels to warn adventurous mariners off the rugged coast. Nearly all the inhabitants of the island are settled in little towns and villages, around the bays and harbors, while the interior, which is destined, in the near future, to afford peaceful and prosperous homes to thousands, has long been left to the wild denizens of the forest.

Stern and wild as are these rock-bound shores, the hardy Newfoundlander loves them as devotedly as though they were equal in beauty to the classic lands of the east,

“Where the hues of the earth and the tints of the sky,
In colour though varied in beauty may vie,
And the purple of ocean is deepest in dye;”

or to the valley of Cashmere,

“Where the roses ever blossom, the beams ever shine.”

All honor to the poor Newfoundlander for his patriotic feelings, for patriotism is a shining virtue.

“Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, by native land,” &c. ?

Newfoundland has been the scene of many strange and stirring events. Its history comprises two distinct periods, namely, one of chaos and anarchy, and the other of transition. A third period—that of maturity—has now commenced. The first, or anarchic

period, began when the ill-fated Sir Humphrey Gilbert took possession of the island; and continued through 145 weary years, down to the time when it was raised to the dignity of a British colony, by the appointment of Sir Henry Osborne, as its first Lieut.-Governor in 1728. The most prominent features of this period were misrule and oppression, among the resident population, and a most erroneous and injurious policy on the part of England towards the colonists. The rulers who were entrusted with absolute power over the people, lorded it over them with insolence equalled only by their ignorance; while the policy of England was so absurd as to aim only at making the island a fishing station—persistently prohibiting the permanent settlement of the country. Laws were enacted and enforced, which, for nearly a century and a half, disallowed the occupancy of the land, and the erection of houses, except such as were necessary for the prosecution of summer fishing. In the spring and summer of each year fishing crews came to Newfoundland, caught and cured large quantities of fish, and, on the approach of winter, *were compelled by law*, to return to England with the products of their labor.

One of the outrageous enactments of the British parliament conferred on the master of the first ship, that entered a harbor in the spring the office of Admiral of that harbor for the season. He was

empowered to administer justice, and adjudicate upon all difficulties and complaints that might arise within the limits of his jurisdiction while he held office. From such a system of jurisprudence, what could be expected but anarchy, confusion and gross injustice? What a travesty on a court of justice! A rough old skipper, with a tobacco pipe in his mouth, a glass of rum before him, a bottle at his elbow, from which to re-fill it as often as the ends of justice required, and a marline spike in hand, with which to enforce respect for the court! But, in spite of such "irregular regulations," and all the oppressive laws in force during that chaotic period, many who sought homes on the wild shores of Newfoundland held steadily to their purpose, and finally succeeded in gaining a firm hold upon the soil. As late as 1790, Governor Milbank ordered a settler's house to be pulled down because it had a chimney in it, and lodgings for six or eight "dieters," and had been erected, contrary to law, as a permanent residence. A few years previously Governor Elford asked the British parliament to remove all women from the island, and to allow no more to come, hoping by such means to prevent the permanent settlement of the country. That Governor did not know what women will do and dare to take care of men. Wherever man is found woman is sure to venture; and she cannot be scared off by any petty governor. What woman can be found who does not

think that man alone is as useless as one side of a pair of scissors? In justice to the men, it must be recorded that her thoughts and feelings are reciprocated.

The Italians tell a story of a nobleman who grew sick of the "better half" of the world, and retired with his infant son to one of his castles in the mountains. Thither no womankind was ever allowed to go, and the child grew to manhood without seeing the face of girl or woman. His stupid old father at length ventured down with his son to a great public festival in the valley. There, among other wonders, he saw a bevy of pretty girls, and with wide-open eyes fixed upon the young beauties, he whispered to his father: "What are they?" The father answered, with alarm: "They are devils, my son, don't look at them." As they were about to return to their home, if this sweet word may be applied to any place whence woman is banished, the father asked his young hopeful what he would like to take with him. Now the youth had been smitten by a pair of roseate cheeks, a mouth like a bursting rosebud, and a pair of eyes as blue as the skies above his native Italy. It was a case of love at first sight. Pointing to the lovely creature who had so impressed him, he gasped: "Oh, father, get that young devil for me!" Had the silly governor succeeded in keeping women away, he would effectually have put a stop to the settlement of

Newfoundland; but women would come, girl babies were born, and grew to womanhood there; and thousands of the fascinating dev—creatures, the author means—are there to-day, as ready to do battle for the men as were their grandmothers of yore.

In 1832 Newfoundland obtained the boon of a Representative Government, when the transitional period, which had commenced with the advent of Governor Osborne, assumed a more distinctive character. In 1855 the complement to parliamentary representation—Responsible Government—was conceded, and all the privileges common to British subjects were conferred upon the loyal people of the old province. Step by step the colony has painfully advanced, from a mere fishing station to a position of influence, which secures for it all due recognition from the parent state, as well as from foreign powers.

With the opening of the railroad last year, the period of maturity commenced, and henceforward the upward and onward career of Newfoundland must necessarily be rapid and brilliant. Down to the present hour Newfoundland stoutly refuses to identify herself with the Dominion of Canada. Well, perhaps her course is directed by wise counsels; but the author fails to discover the wisdom of staying out so long “in the cold.” We Canadians would gladly welcome our brave little sister, and, once in with us, she would be more comfortable than she is out there all alone.

CHAPTER VIII.

TEMPERANCE. RELIGION IN SCHOOL.

The reader will now bear with a short chapter of Temperance. Frequent reference has been made in these pages to the intemperate habits of many teachers of a former period. It must not be supposed, however, that the degrading vice was confined to the poor old school-masters. It pervaded all grades of society, not excepting the clerical ranks. Alas! The author knows of more than one instance in which men who entered upon "the holy calling," with prospects of a glorious career, reeled from their lofty stations and sank beneath the dark waters of intemperance.

In the early part of this century the now sainted Edward Manning, then pastor of the first Baptist Church in Cornwallis, inaugurated the grand Temperance Reform in that locality. At the age of thirteen years the author, with a number of his schoolmates, enlisted in the little army which had made a noble attack upon the enemy. Would to God he could here record that to this hour he had proved a faithful soldier! For several years of his early manhood, including the six spent in conducting a newspaper, he proved recreant to the principles which he had, in

his boyhood, so ardently espoused. God be thanked for mercifully preserving him from ruin, disgrace and degradation. Though he fell, yet by God's grace he rose again, and for the last thirty years he has been fighting that mighty agent of the devil, Alcohol, and, by divine grace, means to die in harness.

Entering a village store not many years since, the author found a company of six or eight young men examining some old and discoloured manuscripts. "Hallo, gentlemen! What have you there? Have you been searching the archives of your town, and discovered its ancient records?" "Come and see for yourself," was the answer. On looking over the old sheets, they proved to be part of the day-book of a trader long since dead. By the entries made for part of the year 1836 it appeared that a reverend gentleman had been a most liberal patron, especially of the liquor branch of the trader's business. Rum, brandy and wine were charged with astounding frequency on the old pages. "Well," inquired one of the young men, "what do you think of a minister who used intoxicating liquor at that rate?" The reply was an expression of devout thankfulness that the "times of ignorance," upon the practices of former days, were past, never to return,—that no minister of religion in any church could now be found encouraging and upholding the accursed liquor traffic.

The reverend gentleman, to whose account so much liquor had been charged, was not unknown to the author in his early years. That worthy old minister was not a drunkard; nay, he was earnest and eloquent in the denunciation of drunkenness, though a staunch advocate of moderate drinking. In accordance with the general custom, he kept a supply of intoxicating beverages in his house, for his own use and with which to entertain his friends; but he frequently spoke, in plain and pointed words from his pulpit, against the immoderate use of such beverages. On one of those occasions there were present two individuals, both of whom had long before passed the uncertain line that divides moderation from immoderation in drinking. At the close of the service one of those old toppers thus addressed a gentleman near the church door: "I say, didn't our old friend," (naming the other individual) "get a hard time of it to-day? I would not have been in his place for a gallon of the best brandy in C.'s store." So deceiving and mocking is strong drink. Though its victim's vision is strong to discern the mote in his brother's eye, it is dull to see the beam in his own.

That the progress of the Temperance Reform has been slow hitherto is a fact painful to think upon. Yet when we compare public sentiment and practice, as they now exist, with the ideas and usages of society of forty years ago, we find reason to "thank

God and take courage." Ministers of the gospel no longer encourage the use of alcohol either by precept or example. On the contrary, the great body of them are in hearty sympathy with the temperance cause, and ardent supporters of its principles. Teachers no longer quaff the intoxicating draught, but with earnest tone cry "dash it down!" Farmers, mechanics and the laboring classes generally, no longer consider rum as one of the necessaries of life; but rightly regard it as the destroyer of health, happiness and comfort; and have banished it from their homes, or never admitted it into those hallowed precincts. Clergymen, teachers and parents are training the rising generation to the practice of temperance. Various organizations are waging uncompromising war upon the stubborn old foe; and he is evidently giving way, though contesting the ground inch by inch. Will such a foe ever be routed? Will complete victory ever perch upon the banners of the mighty temperance army? YES! When? "How long, oh Lord, how long?" Well, let us labor, let us fight, let us pray and faint not. "Truth is mighty and must prevail."

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers,
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers."

When boys, some of whom are now in our public schools, some in their mother's arms, and some in the

loins of their fathers,—boys trained and nurtured in temperance principles—shall become their country's legislators, we may reasonably hope that the enemy will be driven from his strong entrenchment behind the walls of legislative enactments, whence he has long flaunted defiance in our faces. Prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors must eventually come; and, with its advent, our victory will be complete. God speed the day!

Though the author humbly hopes that by Divine grace he has been enabled to do some good by his efforts, yet he is painfully conscious that he might have done far more in many of the schools over which he has presided. If he had his life to live over again, he would choose the same profession; and be more earnest and faithful in laboring for the promotion of temperance among his pupils.

On the "Inner Life" of the school, the author could write a whole volume of larger dimensions than this little offering; but here a few words on religious instruction only, must suffice. Ought religion to have a place in the public school? Yes; religion, in its true sense, should have the first place everywhere; and it would be a great wrong to exclude it from the school. The religion of the school, however, should be free from denominationalism; nothing should be introduced that could offend the conscience of any

pupil. Let controverted points of doctrine be discussed elsewhere ; but keep them out of public schools, where all denominations have equal rights. Let the teacher train his or her pupils to be truthful, honest, faithful, diligent, obedient, and courteous ; to suppress angry and vindictive feelings ; to meet rudeness and unkindness with forbearance and gentleness ; never to use objectionable language ; and ever to do to others as they would that others should do to them. All Christians—aye all jews and Mohammedans—will agree to this type of religion ; and if children be so *trained*, they will not fail to become good and useful citizens. Some may say that this is mere morality and not religion. The author respectfully refers the objector to St. James : “ Pure religion and undefiled, before God and the Father is this,—to visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.” If by this the holy apostle did not mean that we are to do all the good in our power, especially to the afflicted, and to live pure and blameless lives, the author is unable to understand his teaching. Devotional exercises should be severely simple ; and the prayers offered in the spirit of the model given by our blessed Lord ; and, if any parents object to even such simple exercises, their children should not be compelled to attend them. Should the bible be used in the school ? Certainly not as a text book ;—that

would be subjecting the sacred scriptures to irreverend treatment; for it cannot be expected that a crowd of thoughtless boys and girls in a school will read the holy book with the devout and earnest attention, which its solemn importance demands; though they may be trained to do so, at least in a good measure, in their homes and Sabbath schools. The high and holy precepts of the bible, which bear upon daily life and manners, may be inculcated and enforced, without the daily reading of a given portion of scripture in school. Such precepts should live in the hearts, and influence the lives of all teachers, and then they will not fail to impress them upon the minds of their pupils.

The only type of religion worth anything is that which makes good, true, and earnest persons, ready and willing to faithfully discharge all their duties, first to God, secondly to their neighbors, and lastly to themselves. A religion which consists merely in subscribing to a certain creed, believing certain doctrines, and observing certain forms, however excellent these may be in themselves, is dead and barren. "A good tree bringeth forth good fruit." Not many years since a religious "revival" was in progress in one of our rural settlements. Special services were held day after day and night after night, and excitement rose high. A and B were neighbors, and both were members of the church in which the

revival took place. A's emotions were deeply stirred, and he gave full expression of his feelings in lusty shouts, prayers and exhortations. B, who was noted for his *practical* Christianity, was less demonstrative, though his calmness was not that of indifference; but rather of humility. A thought his neighbor and brother ought to "take higher ground," and frequently exhorted him to do so. "Come, brother B," he would say, "you must help on the good work by more earnest zeal, and obtain a larger measure of grace for yourself. This is a favourable time to take a fresh start, &c., &c." Well, after the close of the special services, B went, one day, to purchase a quantity of oats from A. Together they went to the granary, and A commenced to measure the grain, and at the same time to talk of the glorious results of the recent meetings. "But, brother B," said he, "I am sorry you did not seem to receive as much benefit as you might have done. You seemed very happy; but then you did not rejoice aloud as I and others did." At this stage of A's exordium, he emptied the first half bushel, *minus* about a quart. Continuing his remarks he filled the measure, but adroitly swept out a handful or two, before pouring the oats into the bag. The next half bushel was also a trifle short of good measure, while the talk still went on. "I thank you, brother A," said B, "for your excellent advice; but I believe in religion *in*

measuring oats, as much, aye, more than in shouting Halleluia in the meeting." Just so, a religion that does not enter into all our business affairs, and cause us to *refuse the wrong* and *do the right*, is worthless, however pious and correct the *talk* may be. The author does not vouch for the accuracy of the above anecdote; but he is in perfect accord with B; supposing the story true.

Let not the reader infer, from these remarks, that the author deems it of little importance what a man believes or disbelieves, so long as his life is blameless. He, by no means, undervalues "soundness in the faith." But, were it necessary to choose between a heterodox faith combined with good works, and an orthodox faith with bad works, he would not hesitate to be heterodox. Happily genuine faith is always productive of good works;—they are its fruits; though, doubtless, the life may be irreproachable even in the absence of faith.

CHAPTER IX.

LAST OF THE TEACHERS OF THE OLD TYPE. CONCLUSION.

“Retreat, is it?” shouted a son of Erin to his comrades in arms, when such a movement had been ordered by the commanding officer. “No! but we’ll *advance to the rear.*” A similar advance was made by the whole brigade of old-time teachers when the new system of education came into operation. The greater part of them became thoroughly demoralized, and fell out of the ranks altogether. Some few, however, found places in remote settlements in the poorest localities, and on the wild shores of the Atlantic. There they maintained an uncertain footing for a few years, and filled the contracted circles of their influence with dismal wailings on the ruinous changes which had deprived them of their occupation, and the country of their invaluable services.

As late as the year 1868, the author met with one of the rarest specimens of the extinct class of teachers that he had ever seen. How he had survived was a mystery. While travelling in one of the back settlements of Hants County, he came in sight of a small log building, which he at first mistook for the residence

of some settler ; but on approaching it he discovered, by certain unmistakeable signs, that it was a school house, and that the school was then in session. Prompted by curiosity, he alighted from his waggon, tied his horse to a bush, and knocked for admission. The door, which swung on wooden hinges, was opened by the teacher, who, with the politeness of an Irishman, made a not ungraceful bow, and invited the author to enter. On stepping in, the polite teacher, pointing to his own seat of honor, asked his visitor to sit down, and to be so kind as to pay attention to the work, which had been slightly interrupted by so welcome a visit. That seat of honor was neither more nor less than a shingle block ! City reader, a shingle block is a round log, about eighteen inches long and sawn squarely off at each end, so that when placed on end, it will stand firmly in an upright position. The author, declining that place of distinction, took a back seat, and asked the teacher to proceed. To give a faithful description of that teacher and his surroundings is beyond the author's power, but he will draw the best pen-picture of both that he can produce.

The lively little gentleman was in stature about five feet. His head was of the shape of an orange, but considerably larger, and closely shorn of its sandy hair, except one slight forelock. He wore a frieze coat, the collar of which stood quite as high as

the crown of his round head, while the skirts nearly swept the floor. That coat so completely enveloped him from head to heels, that it was difficult to discover what else he wore, excepting a pair of strong brogans. At one end of the school room was a "cat and clay" chimney, if the reader knows what that is, with a wide fire-place, in which a fire was burning, though the day was a warm one in June. Presumably the fire was there for the convenience of lighting the teacher's pipe, as one greatly curtailed in longitude and of the darkest hue, lay on a ledge in the corner. The school furniture consisted of rough boards laid on shingle blocks placed close to the walls on two sides of the room. On one side sat twelve girls, varying in age from four to thirteen years, and all seated in descending order. On the opposite side nine boys, of whom the eldest was about eight or nine years, were similarly perched upon the boards. No arrangements for writing were visible. Those of the pupils who could write performed the operation on slates held on their drawn-up legs. Blackboard and wall maps were also absent from that school.

"Come awaah to the notaation," called out the teacher in tones of command. All the pupils arose, and the boys passed over to the girls' side. After some dodging and ducking, they all got into position, and presented a straight line extending the whole length of the room, standing in the same order as that

in which they had been sitting, so that the tallest stood at one end of the line and the shortest at the other. As neither teacher nor pupils had slates in hand, and as there was no blackboard, the author was curious to learn how a lesson on "the notation" was to be given. "Now, Mary," pointing to a little girl about the middle of the line, "and all yeas below listen and ye'll learn," was the next order. "All above Mary go on." The part of the pupils indicated then recited the *multiplication table*, with the aid of the teacher's outspread digits as objects by which to assist their mental powers. The pupils, having finished that remarkable lesson on notation, resumed their seats, and the teacher, turning to the author with an air of great importance, said: "I'm an excellent Irish scholar. Rading, writhing and arthmetic are all plain and aisy to me; but the madthematics is my delight intirely; I can find the waait av a cubic fut of any substance on the face of the globe by chimacal equivalints. Ah, none of your school maams can vie wid me! You are the Inspictor, Sir, I preshume," said the teacher, and I wants ye to see that I gits bitter accommodashun and ivery thing ilse ye sees I wants." "The government," replied the author, "has not yet done me the honor to make me an Inspector; but if I held the office for this County *I would not fail to give your rare abilities their due recognition.*

Good bye, sir, and may you soon find your proper place."

The reader may reasonably doubt that such an ignoramus could possibly have found employment in any school, however low, at so late a period ; but the author has simply given the facts of what he saw and heard, without the slightest exaggeration. Probably, in the poor circumstances of the locality, a duly licensed teacher could not be obtained, and that the original personage described received permission to teach there for a term.

CONCLUSION.

The author will now draw the "Lights and Shadows" to a close, though he might extend them through several years further. He is conscious that his experiences in several schools, besides those named, is equally, if not more, deserving of notice. Cole Harbor, near Dartmouth, is especially worthy of remembrance, both from the virtues of its inhabitants, and the high degree of success which crowned his labors during three years residence among them. Sabbath schools, too, in which he has taken a deep interest and borne a humble part, through the whole of his career, might well receive a more than passing notice, but he must forbear. He is a teacher still, having been enabled to maintain his position and hold his grade through all the educational changes of the last twenty-five years. He is conscious that he must soon "put off his harness" and cease from his labors. When that solemn hour shall come, God grant that he be found at his post; and that there may be "light in the valley."

CONCLUSION,

Reader, the author's little book is before you, Make due allowance for his weakness, and its defects; and may you learn some useful lessons from the experiences of one who had labored hard from youth to old age; and who is not, even now, reposing on a bed of roses,

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