

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

essary destruction of life, in whatever form, and how ashamed we were of what we regarded as a pleasant amusement, and how, nevertheless, when opportunity again occurred, we looked longingly for nests, and caught fish even if with a slightly subdued gusto. Our sources of amusement were not seriously curtailed, however, because two or three were tabooed. One of those permitted to us lives in my memory. Kites had their run and all sorts and sizes of highflyers were sent aloft. The master suggested an advance upon anything ever thought of by us, and subscriptions were taken up, the village carpenter was consulted, and a monster kite, about ten feet in height, with a canvas covered frame resulted. Twine of enormous strength was secured, and we whistled for a breeze. It came tearing along from the west, over that high cliff land, and the kite was taken, and with fear and suppressed excitement on our part, was sent aloft, with a tail of enormous length, and soared with unexpected steadiness and vigor. To hold it against that breeze was a feat requiring the united strength of a long line of students, and until we had fastened the heavy cord to a ponderous cart, which was dragged to a high stone wall, and held there by the pulling power of the kite, we feared the loss of our bold venture. The kite drew, the cord was at utmost tension, and we momentarily looked for a wreck, but the breeze fell off and our treasure came back to earth. It was a success and a failure, and seldom went aloft after that. Once it ascended with a large lanthorn at the end of its tail, much to our delight, and much to the horror of neighboring farmers, who predicted a fall of kite and light, and a blaze in some stack-yard. After that it soared no more. Our life was full

of incidents which might have occurred anywhere, and were not peculiar to Waddington. To tell them would be to repeat the experience of every schoolboy, and to fill several numbers of this Journal. Let it suffice to say that, another favorable opportunity offering, Mr. Boole removed his school from Woden's Town to Lincoln, and carried with him the majority of his pupils. With him I remained until I had reached my fourteenth year, when I foolishly sought greater liberty than school afforded, left the desk for the counter, and so began the real battle of life, for which I was but partially prepared. Mr. Boole successfully conducted his Academy for some years, and established a reputation as a mathematician which resulted in his appointment as Professor in Queen's College in Cork, when that institution was established by the British Government. There he died in harness, universally beloved, and leaving his impress upon the scores of students who had come under his influence. A memorial window in the old Cathedral at Lincoln attested the appreciation by his fellow citizens of a really good life.

GRANDFATHER.
