

Woodstock Academy GLENER.

Vol. 2.

August, 1902.

No. 4.

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E. C. Bohanon,

The Up-to-Date Shoeman of Windham County
Putnam, Conn.

Woodstock Academy Gleaner

Vol. 2

Woodstock, Conn., August, 1902.

No. 4

The present issue of the GLEANER comes to its readers under the ordinary conditions of publication. This is no centennial year offering unusually interesting material and moving to more than ordinary effort. The ordinary level of home life, however, is often a welcome change from mountain climbing. If the contents of this number do not have the merits of a special occasion, we hope they will offer much of interest and value to the alumni of the Academy and to all other of its constant friends.

The article in this issue on the Centennial Celebration gives us the principal events of that day; and, although it has appeared before in the Putnam Patriot, it seems worth while to print it here again as a matter of reminiscence and record. But there were other things in that celebration, which a narration of events, merely, does not present. The coming together of such a large number of people, impelled by a common love for an institution celebrating its hundredth birthday, gave evidence to the reality of something that counted for more than the outward acts. It may be well for us to try to discover and consider this power, too subtle perhaps to be found on the surface, commonly described, it may be, as a sentiment, but having a far deeper value than that term usually expresses.

A common interest in a worthy local cause, possessing a community, and handed down from generation to generation, becomes an influence for good, which can hardly be overestimated. In that long procession which marched across the park, and down the shaded street, to the church, on that beautiful morning of August 9th, 1901, there was more than a striking or beautiful spectacle; there was the embodiment of the love of three or four generations for a common alma mater. And it is this sentiment, if you wish to call it this, which is the impulse back of the act, and which we should highly esteem. Its value is not

alone in what it brings of service to its alma mater; nor in what such a love does to smooth the frictions, social, political, or religious, incident to a wide-spread community. It is only rightly appreciated, when we realize the important truth, that every noble affection is a power for culture upon individual and community. The love of a son for his mother, not only makes him considerate and obedient towards her, but develops him into broad sympathies and appreciativeness. Patriotism produces worthy national servants, but more than that it exalts a nation's character. Our Centennial Celebration, in its different phases, set before us this same great truth.

Our United States Senator, our Congressman, our poet, the prominent men from our government and from our prominent universities and colleges, came here in midsummer to address us without hire. Can any explanation be given for this, other than that they knew, that in a community where an Academy had been served and loved for a century, they were sure to find a congenial companionship, a sympathetic and appreciative audience, men and women of sterling character?

In the social intercourse of that day, in the speeches of the alumni, though largely of a lighter vein, there was generally to be found something to show that the connection of the individual with his alma mater was more than a memory; it was an influence for good lastingly felt.

And the delightful entertainment of the evening, the work of some of the last generation of the century, displayed good taste in the selections, and more than ordinary artistic ability in the rendition. It was not a dance, nor a loud comedy; but fine music and recitation were admirably given and delightfully received by those who were possessed by the same loyal love for the old Academy, and had been cultured under the influence of this affection.

We have no desire to make out here that

we belong to an aristocracy of character. We simply have thought it wise to emphasize the truth, that the hundred years of life of this institution has lifted the community up to a higher plane, not only of usefulness, but of those finer powers of sympathy and appreciation which we group under the name of character.

We have been exceptionally favored in the Graduation Address this year. Doctor Richards has long been recognized in this country as one of the best exponents of the high service of the modern pulpit. His fine personality and his finished oratory, have made him a most acceptable occupant of the pulpit in universities and in prominent churches. And it was especially fortunate for us that we could hear him just at the moment he was before the public as the successor of Henry Van Dyke in The Brick Church of New York city. His address to the Academy is published in full in this issue.

The GLEANER reports more than a dozen deaths of those more or less closely connected with the Academy history. This is doubtless a quite incomplete list, but it is long enough to remind us that every year a large number of the alumni is answering "adsum" to the roll call beyond.

We all read with interest and pleasure, in our last number, the article entitled "A Term at the Academy in 1833," by Mr. J. W. Manning. The death of Mr. Manning, last March, closed one of the most worthy lives recorded in the history of Putnam, and that city took great pains to show its high esteem for the deceased. We too do well to remember him here, as a benefactor of the Academy, and as one of her most honored alumni.

Dr. Edward E. Gaylord, who died in Pasadena, Cal., in November last, was a staunch friend of the Academy, and a hard worker in its behalf, though he lived in Woodstock only some half dozen years. The writer, long before he knew of Woodstock, personally, knew Dr. Gaylord as an ardent advocate for the Academy, and as one full of faith in the possibility of its fu-

ture usefulness. He was a man of unusual scholarship. Graduating as valedictorian from the Norwich Free Academy, taking his degree as Bachelor of Arts, with high rank, at Yale University, following up his two years of professional preparation in the same institution by a year's study in Paris, he entered upon his work as a physician, with a depth and breadth of intellectual power that brought him high rank among confreres, and immediate success in practice. As a trustee of the Academy, during his life in Woodstock, he gave freely the services of his ripened powers to this institution, and that too at one of the crises of her history. His memory should be kept green among us, and his services recorded in our annals.

Treasurers' Reports.

Report of Treasurer of Alumni Association from August, '01, to August, '02:

Received.	
Aug. 1, 1901.	
Balance on hand,	\$18.83
Received for GLEANERS,	56 02
" " advertising,	76 00
Total,	\$150.85
Paid.	
Expenses for publishing GLEANER	
1901,	\$116 30
For photos for GLEANER,	5 50
" envelopes and postals,	3 10
" postage,	9 70
" express,	1 00
" previous advertising unpaid,	3 75
Total,	\$139 35
Balance in the treasury,	\$11 50

MRS. ROBERT K. SAFFORD, Treasurer.

Report of Treasurer of the Committee on Centennial Celebration:

R. P. Benjan, treasurer, in account with Centennial Committee of Woodstock Academy, 1901:	Dr.
Donation of C. W. Bowen,	\$16 00
" Mr. Taylor Worcester,	2 00
" A. B. Chandler,	5 00
Collection made by A. McC. Mathewson,	32 00
" " " " " "	7 50
" " " " " "	10 50
Proceeds sale of badges,	15 46
Total,	\$82 46

	Cr.
Printing bills (\$2.00, \$7.75)	9 75
Postage,	12 50
Envelopes,	2 05
Ribbon for badges,	9 45
Gilding " "	50
Signature books and pins;	70
Music (Orchestra),	15 00
" (Organ)	5 00
Grass cutting on common,	1 00
Payne's bill—extra dinners,	9 00
Expenses Entertainment Committee,	6 75
Bal. transferred to Academy Tr.,	10 76

Total, \$82 46

Aside from the above were the traveling and entertainment expenses of all the invited speakers. These expenses were generously paid by Mr. Clarence W. Bowen.

The Graduation Day Address

BY WILLIAM R. RICHARDS, D. D.

The Place of the Scholar in Modern Life.

The thought which I wish to set before you is, that the scholar has certain peculiar responsibilities in our modern times; because there are certain services which the world needs, and always has needed from some one; but, in our modern world, no one is likely to render these services unless it is the scholar.

But to make my point clear, let me lay it down first as a historic fact, that thro all the past ages the progress of our race has been made possible by the growth of favored classes. We sometimes speak of human progress, and think of it, as if the whole mass of barbarous humanity had been lifted, or had lifted itself simultaneously to some high level of intelligence or character. But it is not so. You will search in vain for a single instance of such indiscriminate elevation of the people. You might as hopefully search thro this country for a hillside where the whole surface of the land, defying the laws of gravity, had lifted itself a hundred feet into the air. You know you may find many a hillside where a considerable part of the land has been lifted such a distance into the air; but it has been thro the special bestowal of advantages of vitality on certain favored classes of atoms in the leaves and stalks of certain plants. This favored class of atoms, these little aristocrats,

have then begun to lift themselves, and as their powers grew, have been able to lift other atoms with them, till at last much of the original earth of the hillside is now waving in the air far above its former level.

That is in the realm of vegetable life; but so it is with the germs of political, social, intellectual, and religious life. The kingdom of heaven itself is like a grain of mustard seed, a living seed, springing up and growing until it becomes a tree, and the fowls of the air come and lodge in the branches. That is the way humanity has risen. For example, if the world is to make progress in knowledge of God, the progress will begin with one peculiar race, growing out of one favored family, springing from one highly favored man, who was called Abraham, God's friend. For more than a thousand years those Hebrews will stand in the world as the favored class religiously, an aristocracy of the true faith.

And so, if the world is to make progress in any other good thing; in other kinds of knowledge, or in political freedom, or in material advantage, or in standards of character, the regular course of events is that there will first emerge some favored class of individuals who began to appropriate the new privilege and enjoy it themselves, and after a while, they must learn how to communicate it to their neighbors. This would have been a poor world to live in, had it never seen these different sorts of aristocrats or favored classes.

For there have been different sorts of favored classes, and many remarkable periods of history might be named best, according to the predominance of one or another favored class in the period.

"The feudal period" for instance; the phrase turns our thoughts back a thousand years to those dark days when the modern world was just beginning to be. The old classical civilizations had fallen long before. Over Northern Europe their traces had been largely obliterated. Darkness and chaos had returned. But as you peer into it, you begin to see crystallizing, a new order, a system itself fierce and disorderly which has left

frowning castle towers and dark dungeon cells for its monuments; but it was a sort of order, a cosmos, better than the chaos. We call it the feudal system. It was full of imperfections and outrageous wrongs, but its one fine product was the gentleman, the knight of chivalry. In fact, I suppose the old knight of chivalry was often far from an admirable character: not the man you would care to meet on a lonely road on a dark evening. But as an ideal,—let me give you the picture of him, which has been painted by a modern historian; “At its highest, and in theory, chivalry sets before us the perfect gentleman, gently born, gentle mannered, truthful, faithful, courteous to women, pure, brave, and fearless, unsparring of self, filled with deep religious feeling, bowing before God and woman-kind, haughty in the presence of all others: * * * That such an ideal could even be set before men for imitation, and that, in the chaos of feudal turbulence, such flowers could be thought to grow, was in itself a great step toward better things.”

That was the fair ideal of knighthood, and it did now and then embody itself, more or less perfectly in the real flesh and blood article. The true knight occasionally existed. He belonged to a favored class and never forgot it. He stood aloof from the mass of people, whose thoughts were only of bread and butter, seeking no place for himself in the useful, but often sordid competitions of trade,—but his sword leaped fiercely from its scabbard at any challenge of his honor. Honor was what he lived for. He almost worshipped his lady, but sang to her as he left her for the fight, “I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more.” There were such gentlemen: old Godfrey, that prince of Crusaders, refusing the title, King of Jerusalem, saying he would not wear a crown of gold where his Lord had worn a crown of thorns; Bayard without fear or reproach; Raleigh; the Black Prince. And sometimes the old type reappearing in the later times,—do you remember Thackeray’s exclamation about Nelson’s great captain Cuthbert Collingwood?

“Since heaven made gentlemen there is no record of a better one than that.” Or do you remember what that same English writer said of our first great American, the man who stands at the head of our national history? “A hero” says Thackeray of him, “who sheaths his sword after a life of spotless honor, a purity unreproached, a courage indomitable, and a consummate victory.”—That was Washington, a born gentleman of the older type. We cannot measure the debt that our modern world has owed for its progress to that favored class of the gentlemen, the feudal nobility, the aristocracy of birth.

But if you look through the same period, we have owed a great deal also to another favored class, the class of the successful townsmen or Burghers; and let me call your attention at this point to the fact that generally, if the world is to move on prosperously, there has been need of more than one of these favored classes at the same time. For the best of men are somewhat imperfect and selfish; and if you give one aristocracy the whole field, if you leave the feudal gentleman, for example to himself, without any check to his power, he is likely to monopolize all the advantages of his position for his own exclusive set, and the greater world gets little profit from them.

You remember Sir Launfal in his earlier days, how

“The castle alone in the landscape lay
Like an outpost of winter, dull and gray:
And never its gates might opened be,
Save to lord or lady of high degree.”

He needed thorough converting before it could be said

“And there’s no poor man in the North Coun-
tree
But is lord of the earldom, as much as be.”

If the feudal noble is to bless, not curse, there must be some rival aristocracy strong enough to curb his crude insolence; and such a rival was found, early in the feudal period, in the old townsman or burgher. How much we owe to his firm character, in the long fight for popular liberties against feudal oppression! Read the history of those wonder-

ful cities of Northern Italy, where brave hearted, clear-minded, strong handed poets and artists, artisans and tradesmen, were banding themselves together in defence of the popular rights against the nobles in the castle; Venice, and Milan, and Pisa, and, noblest of all, Florence. Or, again, read of the cities of the Netherlands; what do we not owe to them, in that death grapple of the Reformation? Read of London and her trainbands, when the Stuarts were trying to crush out liberty of faith and action, in England.

He was a fine fellow, and I know not what the world would have done without him as a rival to the feudal noble, this townsman, burgher, or as we pronounce it in these days "Bourgeois." But I feel you start when I give the word that change of pronunciation, as if there had been some unpleasant change of meaning. The old burgher of two or three hundred years ago, fighting for the liberties of the world against feudal oppression, was a magnificent character; but his great-grandson, this bourgeois of our time—we are not so sure that he is a magnificent character. He does not serve quite the same purpose as his heroic ancestor. For in our day, you see, at least in our land, the tradesman is no longer fighting for the world's liberty against feudal oppression. That fight ended in victory a good while ago. The old feudal regime went down in the crash of the French Revolution; and ever since that time the townsman, this aristocrat of trade, has held the privileges that properly belonged to himself, and many of those that once belonged to the aristocrat of birth. So you might say that the successful townsman of our day is the old burgher and the old noble rolled into one person; but no, not quite that; he may have appropriated many of the privileges and powers of the old noble, but there is reason to fear that the personal qualities of the old noble have been left out. And that is the reason why, in political and social discussions, this new term, Bourgeois, is generally spoken with some tone of reproach. He lacks certain virtues. That

old noble, with all his faults and limitations, had been trained to view life and its problems from the standpoint of honor; this new Bourgeois or tradesman is expected to view life and all its problems from the standpoint of money. He is apt to assume that all the relations of men to each other are to be governed by pecuniary considerations. His training has been that way. That has been his own habit of thought, and as his powers increase, and so his own standards are impressed more and more upon the masses of people about him, various unhappy results follow. You get an age of commercialism. Everything comes to be vulgarized and corrupted by this touch of money.

You begin to understand how a high-minded man should have called the love of money the root of all evil. It works damage everywhere. Love is vulgarized by it. For poor little Cupid seems to have lost his bow and arrows, and he is spoiling his dear little eyes studying out the balances in bank accounts. Art is vulgarized. A friend of mine saw one of these modern aristocrats standing with an air of wondering admiration before Raphael's great Madonna in Dresden, and at last she heard him murmur to himself, "That frame must have cost a thousand dollars;" his only standard of artistic excellence. Literature is vulgarized by it; and authors are rated according to the pecuniary profit of their work. Even healthy sport is apt to be vulgarized and tainted in such an age,—so the college boys tell me,—by what they call professionalism, the touch of gold. These are the symptoms of a commercial age, the age of the Bourgeois: "A shop-keeper rampant in a field of gold," its heraldic figure.

Even politics, the noble art of government, will be vulgarized. Statesmen will go into that employment for revenue only; and one must be prepared for such deplorable exhibitions, as the world was treated to a few years ago from New York City, under the monstrous peculations of Tammany; when all the functions of government had been reduced strictly to

a money basis; a schedule price set for every appointment, and every disappointment; every vice and every virtue; everything you wanted done and everything you wanted undone; always you might have your will, if you would produce the cash. Anything to be had by bargain and sale—except honor; not that; honor seemed mostly to have vanished meanwhile. The old gentlemen were right about it; honor will not wait whilst you paste a price mark on her. But such is the age of the Bourgeois, the Philistine, the aristocracy of uncontrolled money.

In the presence of such phenomena, is it not evident that once more the world needs some rival, strong enough to curb the insolence of wealth? The old burgher saved us from the haughty oppression of the noble; who shall save us now from the oppression and demoralization of the too successful burgher, the Bourgeois? Well, this brings me back to the first statement of our subject; which was the place of the scholar, or the peculiar responsibility of the scholar in modern life. I have wished to set before you educated men and women as the new aristocracy, our order of nobility or favored class, which must save us from the tyranny of unregulated wealth. I call it a new order of nobility; but really it is very old. The aristocracy of learning has a history as ancient and honorable as any aristocracy of birth. The scholar is no parvenu. Not to go so far back as the days of classical learning, even a thousand years ago, at the beginning of the feudal period, knowledge was power.

The learning of those days belonged almost exclusively to the priests and was bounded by the walls of the convents. A little later we come upon traces of the great universities, Bologna, Paris, Wittenberg, Oxford; and now the college walls began to play in this department the same part which castle walls were playing in another; for the learning gained in the universities conferred certain exclusive powers and privileges upon its possessors, and marked them off as another favored class.

In our day the old feudal castle has fallen into ruins, and will not be rebuilt;

but the old college stands, and it grows; the old college and the old school are renewing their youth continually; they are nowhere stronger than in our own America, youngest of nations. Here in America, a nation was born free from the oppressions and limitations of feudalism. We never had in America, a feudal castle, thank God. Since our nation was organized, we never have had an exclusive aristocracy of birth. But when our fathers first settled these New England colonies, almost before they had finished the rude houses they made for their own families to live in, they began to build their college. That was the story up in Massachusetts; and soon the very same story told itself over, down here in Connecticut. I believe the gracious Presence that guided those brave men to these shores gave them some prophetic sense of the perils overhanging their children. In the nation which they were founding, the power of money was to assume more portentous dimensions than ever before; and here the possession of money would constitute a more formidable class, threatening the liberties, and morals, and lives of the whole community. And some instinct told them that they must waste no time in organizing a rival power which should be strong and wise to correct, and control, and happily transform, this dangerous power of wealth, and make it a blessing to all.

This rival power was the educated class, and the organization which our fathers effected was the old college and the school.

Friends, we who are gathered here are the nobility of this later world; we can say it without any thought of vanity, or foolish pride; but rather with an humble sense of responsibilities that such privileges always impose. We, I say, gathering in the interests of this ancient seat of learning, are the nobility of this later world. We have the same sense of values as the old-fashioned gentleman. We do not rate each other here by the modern standard of the market place. The feast you spread is rather the true Round Table of chivalry; and any penniless parson or school teacher is as welcome to eat as the millionaire. In this presence it would

seem a vulgarity to mention the gaudy distinctions of wealth. No, the degrees of knighthood are what count. When Sir Lancelot, and Sir Gallahad, and King Arthur, and the rest of that gallant band, show themselves at your festivity, you do not insult them with the demand that they produce a certified list of their worldly possessions; but let them show the nick in the sword, the dent in the helmet and shield, the scars of honorable wounds gained while fighting to extend the dominion of truth, and drive back the hosts of darkness and dishonor.

Oh! the hope of our country is in occasions and institutions like this. If strangers often hold America up to reproach, and if our own hearts sometime fail within us, because of the evident demoralization attending the swift expansion of our material prosperity, as if we were a nation of money-worshippers, slaves of mammon, we can cheer our souls by recalling such events as that two hundredth anniversary of the old college in New Haven last October, or the one hundredth anniversary of this old school here in Woodstock last August. No,—this Twentieth Century shall not be known, in any shameful or disastrous sense, as the age of the Bourgeois. Not if you and I are true to our privileges. For we can make it also the age of the scholar. And that is what we are set in the world to do; but it is a hard fight. We must look well to the defences of our intellectual aristocracy, jealous of our privileges. We must see to it that a college degree, and even a school diploma, stand for something that no money can buy, representing a higher sort of value altogether than those of the market place.

I confess to no small impatience when I read in the papers of some rich man who seems possessed of the idea that, by simple writing a large enough check, he can create off hand a great institution of learning. It can not be done so easily. "He must be fenced with stronger mail who would seek and find the Holy Grail." How much nobler was Garfield's thought, when he gave as his ideal of a college "Mark Hopkins on one end of a

pine plank and the student on the other." Of course money can serve a good purpose in the interests of learning, and of religion, as of other good causes. We are thankful when men and women of large wealth devote some part of it to the endowment of churches and colleges. But never forget that such financial services are as truly subordinate in the cause of education, as in the cause of religion. A school like this, with its sacred traditions of personal sacrifice and devotion to truth, has elements of value that you could never hope to find in any brand new, mushroom university. What did your own poetess tell you a year ago:

"The scholars nurtured here —
Letters, finance, the church, the bar,
The camp, the deck, where heroes are—
A thousand busy fields afar
Have known their strength and cheer;
And could their teachers swell the throng,
With early friends and wise, who long
The founders' burden bore;
Could they but wake and walk abroad,
What welcome would there be!
Alas! the inexorable years
Restore no ties they sever,
But what those earnest workers wrought
Will live and grow forever."

Yes, and the growing advantage of what those earnest workers wrought will be working itself into the characters of every generation of students, who come up to share the privileges of this ancient Academy. "Gowns and pecuniary foundations" said Emerson, in his immortal Phi Beta Kappa oration at Harvard, "tho of towers of gold, can never controvert the least sentence or syllable of wit." And again he said, "The American scholar is to resist the vulgar prosperity that retrogrades ever to barbarism, by preserving and communicating heroic sentiments, noble biographies, melodious verse, and the conclusions of history." Ladies and gentleman, such are the high responsibilities to which we are born.

It seemed to me, when I found myself honored with an invitation to speak to you today, that this would be good ground for us all to meet on. I myself had not the privilege of studying with you here: but whatever school we come from, we can turn to those larger views

of our duty and privilege which bring us all together, according to which all lovers of learning find themselves clothed with the responsibilities of a favored class, the most highly favored class of this modern world.

So we gather here to pledge each other to a high-minded treatment of all the great questions which touch upon our modern life and civilization. It is for us to preserve in the world, against all open or insidious assault, all that was noblest in the ideals of the old chivalry, and of every other choice order of men and women. Some one must be left in the world able to say with brave King Harry, with a kind of well-bred scorn for all who cannot echo the sentiment; "I am not covetous for gold, such outward things dwell not in my desires; but if it be a sin to covet honor, I am the most offending soul alive."

And speaking to these young seekers after truth, who are graduating today, I wish I could encourage in each of them something like the religious solemnity which used to fill the soul of the youth, who was entering upon the old knight-hood of chivalry. You remember the ancient ceremonial, the white robe, the vigil in the chapel through the hours of darkness; then at daybreak the eucharist; the vow to keep all the good laws of chivalry; and then the new armour; and the consecrating blow of the sword.

Such religious solemnity might well rest on everyone in this school, or any other, who is admitted to any of the higher honors of scholarship, on everyone who is dubbed a knight of learning.

So you are dubbed to-day. This day has gentled your condition. Will you not register your vows, that so long as you live, you will keep all the good laws of chivalry?

An Old Letter.

The name and fame of Commodore Morris are world-wide, because of "brilliant laurels" won by him in naval exploits in Tripolis—where he "greatly distinguished himself;" and particularly because of "the prominent part in 1812 he bore as a first lieutenant in the capture of the British

Guerriere by the frigate Constitution. He later commanded squadrons at several foreign stations and became chief of the ordnance bureau.

His early connection with Woodstock Academy, under Preceptor Williams, may not be as well known.

The following letter, still in existence, written by him, nearly a hundred years ago to his friend, Major William Flynn, the father of Mr. Francis W. Flynn, will bear witness to his strong attachment to Woodstock associations.

Otsego, Dec. 31, and Jan. 1st, 1803.

William Flynn, Esq. Sir,—I wish you a happy New Year. Having an opportunity to write and a chance to send whatever I chose to write, directly to you, I even concluded to wish you a happy New Year, although it is the day before, yet I do not wish you above half as happy a one as I should if you had not neglected to write to me as you promised; but I will forgive all past offences if you will promise, on your honor, to write to me as soon as you receive this; but if you will not I believe we made an agreement with each other that if one neglected to write the other should send a blank letter per post and I believe I shall fulfill the agreement on my part.

I have written you so many times that I hardly know what subject to write to you upon, without it is with regard to myself, and you know I never did like to talk about myself; however I suppose if I were at your house now, you or Mary or some of them would be asking a few questions and so I will send you the answers before I come. Well, you would say, how do you do? I am very well. How do you like the new countries? Better than I did. How do the rest of your family like it? Better than they expected. How do you like the girls? Not at all. How do you like keeping school? Very well. How do you like to have to go two miles to board? Not very well. Are your scholars forward? One has got almost thro' Algebra. Have you any great awkward girls that come to school? Yes five or six, twenty years old, awkward and homely enough. Well says Mary, have you got married? No. Are you a courting. No. Why what is the reason? Because, because its none of your business.

Well now I have answered your questions, pray give me leave to ask you a few. Firstly, How do all do at your house, and the castle? What is the news? What have you been debating upon today, and which way was the question decided, and how many members have you in the society, and how many books have you in their library, and how do you agree, and

how does the school come on, and how did the exhibition come out and who were the female performers; and is William Chandler married and Baxter Lyon and Sally Paine and Hannah Lyman and Mary Flynn and Bill Flynn and who is a courting?

It is a very cold night and I am boarding nearly two miles from the school house at a place where the folks are pretty clever, and where there are two pretty likely girls, but the whole set of them are remarkably ignorant and positive. I had considerable dispute with the old man last night with regard to witches, etc. He said there was a man about ten miles from here that had a glass, which, if any looked in, they might see whatever they wished, and I almost affronted him because I would not believe it. But, never mind, he gave me two nice apples just now which are a very great rarity here. He made me laugh last night, too, at supper; we were talking of tea. He said that Bohemia came from Bohemia and that he had seen a man that had been at the West Indies and seen it growing there (in Bohemia.) There was no contradicting such authority as this; however it pleased me—but to give you a short and full description of people in this district: I must tell you that the most polished, genteel, and learned people in it are from a certain town, called Gloucester, in the State of Rhode Island, and Providence plantations, and if Preceptor Williams could distinguish them from the people of Connecticut by their awkward manners at Woodstock, they are as plainly to be distinguished here, from others, by their politeness! Judge ye then what they are, but I have got so much used to them that I can sit pretty contentedly, and hear witch stories, provided they will let me read half of the time, and if I ever should come to Woodstock again—which by the bye I never expect to—I expect I shall appear as awkward to you as they did to me, but to please you I shall get several of their stories so as to repeat them to you and then shall appear a little more natural.

Now I am writing as though I thought it probable that I might some time or other return to Woodstock; and yet, though I do not in reality think there is the least probability of it, I allow myself very frequently to indulge the hope that I may some day or other, which is very natural to me; if you only consider how much pleasure I enjoyed while I remained there.

I had nothing to disturb me; I was in a situation and engaged in a business that suited me entirely, and my wages were sufficient to support me in it; and above all I was intimate in a society of friends and acquaintances whom I highly esteemed and whom I considered as friends sharing my happiness with me, and thereby rendered it more complete. As I said

before, it is very natural for me to allow myself to anticipate happiness where I have enjoyed it so completely in times past.

I shall expect a very circumstantial account from you of my female acquaintances, since they too seem disposed to neglect doing it themselves; and if they oblige you to write for them, there will be no danger of your hiding any of their faults or follies.

I think probable that I shall resign soon and quit, going to sea, and shall keep school perhaps till April, at ten dollars a month. What I shall do after that I do not even pretend to think of. There is one thing which I have long wished to do, but am afraid that I shall never be able to do, and if I cannot do that, it matters very little to me what business I am in, so that it is honest. I have wished many times that I had some good trade whereby I could command a comfortable, honest livelihood, which, it is my opinion, that any person favored with health and any trade can do.

Perhaps you remember that we once had some conversation together about yourself. I shall now take the liberty to offer a suggestion with regard to you, and hope you will take it as it is meant, purely out of a regard to your happiness. I always thought and still think that your stand was a very good one for your business if you would but agree to make a business of it. There is no trade in my opinion that will maintain a person in good living without it is driven, and no trade but that will, if it is. Now therefore I would advise you to drive yours for some years at least, and then you may enjoy yourself the better afterwards.

Now I ask you in your turn to give me your advice with regard to what business you think best for me to pursue: You are acquainted with my disposition, likes and dislikes, and therefore I apply to you for advice, not that I will engage positively to follow it, but "In a multitude of counsellors is wisdom."

You must excuse all mistakes for it has got to be late and the room is exceedingly cold. I shall endeavor to write several other letters to my acquaintance by this conveyance, but will not promise certain. Remember me affectionately to the fair inhabitants of the Castle, to your family and to every one who will take the trouble, to inquire after your sincere friend.

CHARLES MORRIS JUNR.

The Woodstock Academy Centennial

To the delight of many of the living Alumni of Woodstock Academy, the ninth of August, Friday last, the one-hundredth anniversary of the Academy, dawned

clear and cool, and throughout the day the weather remained so bright that not even the camera fiends, who found plenty to do, had a single word of complaint.

The program for the day was as follows:

MORNING

9.45 a. m. Gathering of Alumni at Academy Grounds.

10.15 a. m. Procession to the Church.

10.30 a. m. Exercises at the Church.

1. Prayer—Rev. A. G. Hibbard.

2. Solo—by request—Miss Agnes Childe.

3. Address—Hon. William T. Harris, U. S. Commissioner of Education.

4. Poem—Miss Edna Dean Proctor.

5. Address—Hon. O. H. Platt, U. S. Senator from Connecticut.

6. Singing of America.

1.00 p. m. Dinner at Academy Hall.

AFTERNOON

2.00 p. m. Short after-dinner speeches on the Academy Lawns by the invited guests:

Hon. Charles A. Russell, M. C.

Prof. Edwin A. Grosvenor, Amherst College.

Prof. Albert Bushnell Hart, Harvard University.

Prof. George B. Adams, Yale University, and by Alumnae and Alumni of Academy.

5.00 p. m. Business meeting of Alumni Association.

EVENING.

8.00 p. m. Program of entertainment by the younger alumni in Academy Hall, followed by promenade concert.

11.00 p. m. Singing of Old Lang Syne.

The address by the Hon. William T. Harris, who is a graduate of the Academy, contained many very interesting statistics in regard to the increase of the number of schools and scholars, and of the average number of days of attendance, in different states, different sections of the country, and in the whole United States. He also spoke of the enormous advantages which even a very slight knowledge of reading and writing gives its possessor over the wholly illiterate person, showing how, as years pass, the field of observation of him who can read is continually and rapidly increasing, while that of the person unable to read is ever confined to the very few, and more or less unintelligent people with whom he comes into actual contact in his walk

of life. And he mentioned as one great result of this widening of the mental horizon and insight into the thoughts of great men the increase of the capacity for, and the power of, original thinking and reasoning.

Mr. Harris was followed by Miss Edna Dean Proctor—once a teacher at the Academy—who recited a poem written especially for the Centennial.

All present listened to the poet with great pleasure, and the quaint little footnote, in verse, on "Squire McClellan" endeared Miss Proctor to the audience more than ever.

Next came the address of the Hon. Orville H. Platt, U. S. Senator from this state. Mr. Platt appeared in sharp contrast to Dr. Bower, who introduced him. The latter speaks with a noticable briskness of manner, his hand is firm, he looks to the future and talks of it. The hand of the former is not as firm as you feel sure it once has been; he speaks slowly, and he takes you back to the past. At first you are struck with the individuality of the man, but as he proceeds, in a low and even voice, you feel yourself compelled to listen closely, and you know that everything he says has received his whole thought, and has been looked at by him from every point of view. Mr. Platt spoke of the circumstances under which the Academy was founded, and of the critical condition of the country at the time—that crucial period just after Washington's death, when people almost doubted the efficiency of that government which it had cost them so much to establish. He went on to contrast, in some respects, the systems of education prevailing then and now. He referred to Commissioner Harris's address to show how education was increasing as far as the amount of mere learning was concerned. He also referred to the statement that "knowledge is power" but said that he would not admit this without the qualification that it must act in connection with a purpose, and this purpose, or that development of individual and personal character which is so essential to it, was, he said, just what modern high.

schools and colleges did not furnish to a sufficient degree. He knew this to be an age of machinery, and that machinery, and that "machine made" things had their advantages, but that we needed "hand-made men"—men of strong purpose, personality, and character. This was the kind of men, he said, that the old New England Academies had turned out, and for which they had never been fully appreciated, and perhaps would never be.

The program was pleasantly added to as a result of Dr. Bowen's calling upon Mr. E. R. Hall, Principal of the Academy, for a few words. He said, in part, that his sympathies were with Mr. Platt, and that he agreed with his opinions about the old Academy system. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Hall's methods know that he strives to develop each student by a constant attention to his or her individual needs, and that the turning out of upright manly men and womanly women, and the building of strong characters, is perhaps his first aim. His teaching is, in fact, the very kind the passing of which Mr. Platt regretted to observe, combined with modern methods advantages.

The exercises at the well-crowded Church closed with the singing of the first and last verses of "America," and a dismissal by the Rev. A. G. Hibbard.

A dinner was served at the Academy Hall, shortly after which all gathered upon the Academy Lawns and listened to the mingled flow of wisdom, religion, humor, and good-natured "hits" from the "sandwich," as Hon. Charles A. Russell put it, which had Mr. Russell for the solid part and a pair of college professors for each crust.

Prof. A. B. Hart being a Harvard man spoke under difficulties, but he wou out by erasing a few boundary lines in geography, and then taking everybody's breath away by his beautiful rendering of a seven-syllable rhapsody about something by somebody no one was able to make out what or whom. Having thus taken possession of the audience, he proceeded on an equal footing with the others.

When the last professor had finished,

several of the alumni of the Academy were called upon for short speeches, and many and various were the good things which they said. The pathetic stories and tragic experiences of "Ed," and Arthur Chandler especially, brought tears from excessive laughter, to the eyes of all. "Ed." said that he had never spoken, and could not now, but before sitting down he convinced everybody that that statement would call for one very long chalk mark on the day of reckoning, or that the proverbial luck of beginners had in no wise forsaken him. Indeed, toward the end he waxed truly poetic and subsided with.

"Bells, bells, bells.

The tinnabulation of the bells.."

The ceremonies of the afternoon closed with three eucers for Deacon Abel Child, president of the board of trustees.

The following program for the evening entertainment was given by the younger alumni of the Academy in the Academy Hall:

- | | | |
|-------------------------------|-----------------------------|------------|
| I. Solo | { a Three Roses Red, | Norris |
| | { b Ask Nothing More, | Marzials |
| | Miss Agnes Childe | |
| II. Violin Solo. | —Sonata in G Minor, Tartini | |
| | Miss Ethel Phillips | |
| III. The Marvels of Science, | Hibbard | |
| | Miss Edith Hall | |
| IV. Solo | { a Four Leaf Clover, | Brownell |
| | { b Golden Harvest, | Moir |
| | Mr. Albert Hosmer | |
| V. Reading—A Tale of the Sea, | Original | |
| | Miss Evelyn L. Dean | |
| VI. Solo | { a Good-Bye, | Tosti |
| | { b For All Eternity, | Mascheroni |
| | (With Violin Obligato) | |
| | Miss Charlotte Grosvenor | |

The evening, like the day, was all that could have been desired in the way of good weather, and the hall was crowded. The audience listened to Miss Childe's solos with great pleasure. Miss Hall—with Mr. Henry Holt, behind a screen, furnishing the firm voice of a phonograph which worked wonderfully well—in Hibbard's farcical sketch, kept every one in a continuous roar. Miss Phillips received loud and long applause and an encore. Both Mr. Hosmer and Miss Grosvenor received encores, the latter giving "I cannot sing the old songs." Mr. Hosmer had intended to sing something lively, but as he was suffering from a severe

headache gave instead "The Land o' the Lea," accompanying himself upon the piano. Miss Dean's original recitation was much commented upon and generally praised.

When the entertainment was over, all gathered again upon the lawns to listen to the music, of the orchestra and as the old Academy bell gave warning that there was but one short hour left of the first hundred years of the useful life of the institution, those assembled joined in "Old Lang Syne," and then the singing of "Good night, ladies," with Mr. Hall's voice as usual in the lead, closed a day which a "consensus of public opinion" pronounced to have been a complete success—a day to be long and pleasantly remembered.

May there be many more such in the "onward and upward" career of Woodstock Academy!

FRED F. ROCKWELL.

The Return.

He sought the old scenes with eager feet—
The scenes he had known as a boy;
"Oh! for a draught of those fountains sweet,
And a taste of that vanished joy."

He roamed the fields, he mused by the
streams,

He threaded the paths and lanes;
On the hills he sought his youthful dreams,
In the woods to forget his pains.

Oh, sad, sad hills; oh, cold, cold hearth!
In sorrow he learned the truth,—
One may go back to the place of his birth,—
He cannot go back to his youth.

JOHN BURROUGHS.

—The Independent.

Concerning the Study of Music

"Music washes away from the soul the dust of every-day life."
—Auerbach.

"Lord, what music hast thou provided for thy saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth!"
—Izaak Walton

"O Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of pleasure, wisdom's aid!"

—Wm. Collins 1720-56

The Teachable in Art. "There is far more that is positive in art, that is, teachable and capable of being communicated, than there is generally believed to be, and the mechanical

advantages by means of which the most spiritual effects may be produced are many. When these little devices of art are known, much of that which appears miraculous is merely play for the artists."
—Goethe.

"Bach's music produces in me the feeling that the eternal harmonies are holding converse together as they may have done in the bosom of God before the creation."
—Goethe

"Music is a fair and glorious gift of God. I would not for the world forego my humble share of it."
—Martin Luther.

Influence of time on Art Works. "Art works may in the course of time lose some of their influence, and cease to edify us. All that is mortal and perishable will gradually weary us; truth alone will endure. An art work will, therefore, retain its hold upon us in proportion to the amount of truth it contains. Great art-works perish but slowly, as strong trees require many years in order to decay. Popular music, however, like grass, dies every year, and each spring reproduces a new crop. For all that, grass is a most useful article, for it serves as food for a certain species of animals."
—Karl Merz.

Mozart, "the Raphael of music," said that three factors are necessary for a good player on the pianoforte,—head, heart, and fingers. In other words, to be successful, the music student must proceed systematically and intelligently, have an interest, an enthusiasm for the subject, and must patiently train the ear and eye, and drill the fingers. The pupil who possesses merely musical feeling and enthusiasm frequently accomplishes much, but system and close application are equally necessary.

Music should be regarded in the same light as any other branch of instruction. There is no reason why the methods of Pestalozzi, and of other educational leaders, should not be applied to the study of music, vocal as well as instrumental. Apply the same exact methods and careful analysis that you do in acquiring a language or in mastering mathematics. It is as important for the singer or player to understand the sound and notation of intervals, scales and chords, as it is for the Latin scholar to know the declensions and conjugations. Yet many pupils slight the rudiments and neglect to perfect the technique, and still expect to make substantial progress because they have some "talent for music."

A musical composition may be studied before it is sung or played, just as we may study the construction and content of a poem before reading it aloud. It usually consists of several contrasted melodies, perhaps varied, or of a short theme or figure which is developed and discussed musically. Therefore it is necessary that the

performer should not only understand the concept of the piece, but be able to render it in such a manner that the hearer can appreciate the various contrasts and variations. Nothing short of painstaking, thought-filled practice will enable one to accomplish this. Pupils should examine the phrasing, or punctuation, of the selections as indicated by the slurs, the accents, or by the words. Note the vowel and consonant sounds in the words, and the length of the several themes or figures. If far enough advanced in Harmony, mark the changes in tonality that occur, also the names of any unusual chords. Even a beginner in music may at least read the notes, study the intervals and the musical signs before singing or before taking the music to the piano. To be profitably studied, music must be regarded as an art that appeals to the understanding as well as to the emotions.

Often, even in the case of adult pupils, the practice hour is wasted by a careless, haphazard review of the lesson, by running through the studies and pieces without regard to correct reading or good tone, while phrasing and expression are completely ignored. Like some children, such pupils are unable to comprehend the necessity for intelligent application, hence the advantage gained is sometimes more muscular than musical. Yet children ought to begin the study of instrumental music at least before they are twelve years old, while the muscles are still supple and the mind plastic. No extended course in voice culture should be attempted, however, until the child is older.

EDWARD H. BACON.

Dusk

An a-hen cloud
 Painted against the paleness of the west;
 A bird which wings
 Its silent way across the saffron sky;
 All things
 In hushed, unnatural rest;
 As though the dimming shroud
 Of dying day
 Was falling quietly o'er them from on high:
 This is the hour
 Whose soul is sweetest sadness,
 Whose swift life
 Is the dim, double silence, born
 Of things expectant and of things that mourn;—
 Of Earth that grieves in silence parting Day,
 And Heaven in hushed expectancy awaiting
 Night.
 It is the happy hour
 Which never lives to grieve its short delight;
 Which never wakes to find its life a dream,
 It passeth as the shadow of a breath,—
 This magic hour:
 It hath

Its birth, and life, and death,
 Between the death of Day and the birth of
 Night.

FRED F. ROCKWELL.

Senior Class Honor Essay.

Our Restrictions upon Chinese Immigration.

[Written in February, 1902.]

As it draws near to the time when our restrictions upon Chinese immigration shall cease to be in force, the question whether the Chinese shall be admitted or excluded from the United States, again confronts us. It was in 1882 that a bill was passed, which restricted the immigration of Chinamen. Today, with the light of two decades' experience, we can see more clearly than then, reasons why the Chinese should not be allowed to migrate freely to this country.

Chinese immigrants, unlike those from other lands, do not come here with the purpose of making this their permanent home. They leave their families behind, intending, after they have acquired a fortune to return. Since they have only themselves to care for, they are able to work for very little pay. From this fact arises one of the strongest arguments against the Chinamen. They tend to supplant the American laborers. Now whether our future is bright, or whether it is a blot on our triumphant past, depends largely on the condition of the laboring class. We owe our liberties to that state of affairs which incited the staunch working class of England to cling to their rights even through times of bloody strife and political turmoil.

The effect of cheap labor upon our country would not be beneficial. It would put the money into the hands of the capitalists, and would tend to form two divisions of society—the extremely rich and the extremely poor. That state of affairs would soon cause the foundations of this Republic to totter, just as, centuries ago, it weakened the power of Imperial Rome.

The Chinese are not excluded from all the advantage to be gained in this country. Only the laborers are forbidden admission to our land. Chinese students

and merchants may come, and learn of our ways and inventions, and if China would open her ports to American commerce, she would receive the benefits of American thought without harm to herself.

The liquor traffic is one of the greatest curses to the United States today, but there is another evil rapidly spreading its influence here—the opium habit. This bane to humanity has been introduced almost entirely by Chinamen. To what extent it will gain possession of Americans, we do not know, but its progress will be impeded if the immigration of those addicted to the habit is restricted.

It is now about thirty years since the presence of Chinamen here was first seen to be hurtful. Since then they, as a class, have not become citizens, neither have they made any perceptible progress. They form settlements which are famous for their lawlessness, and which perfectly ignore all judiciary measures taken for the suppression of crime.

Owing to their exclusive nature, every attempt to enforce the law upon these foreigners has failed. The Chinese colonies in the United States may be compared to a foreign body in the eye; if they are not removed they will utterly defeat the purpose of our Constitution and Government.

Already the people are aroused. President Roosevelt, in his Message to Congress, strongly advised the re enactment of the present restrictions. The Chinese Exclusion Bill, based on the President's suggestion, is now before Congress. It is receiving the careful consideration of the greatest statesmen of today.

Let us hope that the bill will be passed, and that our native land, with all its blood-bought liberties, will be preserved to our descendants until time shall be no more.

FLORENCE M. BARBER.

Senior Class Honor Essay.

The Opportunities of the New England Farmer.

"God's best gift to us is not things, but opportunity." Webster defines an oppor-

tunity as a suitable time, combined with other favorable circumstances, for the doing of a thing. A wise man makes more opportunities than he finds, and takes advantage of them. We shall now endeavor to state a few of the many privileges which a New England Farmer may enjoy, if he is energetic and industrious.

The young person, who spends his childhood and youth on a farm, realizes a freedom of which his city cousins know nothing. The pure air which he breathes, together with the simple and fresh food on which he thrives, help to build up a strong constitution that will be a blessing to him during his whole life. The farmer enjoys the benefit of an out-of-door life, for both his business away from home, and daily duties on the farm, call him out into the open air a large part of each day.

One hundred years ago, nearly all of the farm work was done by hand; but at the present day machinery is used so universally and advantageously, that much of the hard lifting and drudgery is accomplished by means of teams and machinery.

The educational benefits which we, who are brought up on a New England farm, enjoy, are not insignificant. Nature is our first instructor, and she is ever teaching us something new. Our academies have a great advantage over the public high schools, for they have less in numbers, and this fact gives the teacher a better opportunity to study the individuality of each scholar. There is also much less rigidity in the courses of study in our Academies than in our High Schools.

The young man at work on a farm must each day do much planning and thinking for himself, and the exercise of this power makes the great men. Many of our leading merchants and men of statesman's craft, including even several Presidents of the United States, have been reared on the farm.

A man who owns a farm is a free man, that is to say, he has no task-master, and may plan his work to suit himself. He can never lead a successful agricultural life if he does not enjoy it and enter into it in a whole-hearted manner; he must

always be industrious and painstaking.

On the other hand, the farmer who, at the close of his work, sits down by the fireside with his paper or book, and thus finds a source of constant education and enjoyment, passes a much pleasanter evening than the tired merchant or banker who spends half of the night at the theatre. His Sundays are much more quiet and restful than those of his city friend.

The moral atmosphere of our country towns is much purer than that of the crowded cities, because there is less temptation and vice in our rural communities than on the streets of a city.

The conveniences of our farming districts have multiplied rapidly within the past twenty-five years. The trolley line, telephone, and rural delivery systems are a great benefit to the farmer, both as a matter of convenience and of income.

If a man is honorable and courteous, he is considered to be among the best citizens and stands well in society in our country villages, while in the city he is not known for what he is, and very often is classed with his inferior neighbor.

We are proud of our long established and cultured society of the East, besides our excellent educational institutions; for, of course, our old standard colleges are much ahead of any of the new young schools of the South and West. New England's State Agricultural Colleges bring much valuable information within the reach of the average farmer boy.

Some people claim that a man can do much better, financially, out West on a large farm, or down South on a plantation. But after due consideration of the great losses from cyclones, drought and floods; and, too, from the variations in prices, this claim can hardly be held good.

The young man who has a definite purpose in life, who is ever ready to take advantage of every privilege which he can make or find, and who is fortunate enough to own a farm in New England, has before him possibilities for a very bright and happy future.

CHAUNCEY SLADE CHILD.

Personals of Alumni Before 1888.

It is a pleasure to all friends of the Academy to know that Mrs. Henry C. Bowen, in spite of her long illness, still maintains her interest in the Academy's advancement. With other ladies as we go to press she is planning a Fair and Sale, to be held August 7, in the interest of Academy improvements. Much has been accomplished by such sales in the past, and the community will doubtless respond again in the old spirit.

Miss Sara Bowen has received another promotion, viz., to be Supervisor of the New Emergency Hospital in Boston, Mass.

Mr. Herbert Leavitt and family have moved to Spencer, Mass., where he is engaged in manufacturing business.

Rev. James A. Brown is a Baptist clergyman in Ypsilanti, Michigan.

Miss Sarah M. Lake, formerly of South Woodstock, has been engaged to teach mathematics and some of the sciences at Wheaton Seminary. Miss Lake is a graduate student of Chicago University and Radcliff College.

Mr. Henry Phipps is bookkeeper for the Travelers' Insurance Co., of Hartford, Conn.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Lyon have lived in Leominster, Mass., for the past fourteen years. He is engaged in the Horn Button turning business. They have one son.

Mrs. S. Amelia Tillinghast is with Miss Emily Danielson, in Danielson, Conn.

Mathewson Angell is a dry goods dealer in Willimantic, Conn.

Miss Clara Cook, daughter of E. H. Cook, and Chas. W. Stoddard were married in Boulder, Colorado, June 12, 1902. Their home will be in Denver.

Col. and Mrs. Alexander Warner are living on a fruit farm in West Orange, New Jersey.

Benj. S. Warren is an insurance agent in the same place.

Cyrus S. Bestor is a business man in Hartford, Conn.

Mr. Albert E. Hosmer returns in September to Coshocton, Ohio, where he has

spent the past year as musical director in the schools of that city.

Miss Alice Hosmer is proving herself a very successful teacher in Weston, Mass., and has this year been promoted to the position of Principal of the school where she has been teaching.

Since the withdrawal of the U. S. troops from Cuba, Capt. Wm. F. Flynn has been assigned a position at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis.

Rev. Frederick A. Sumner, who has been pastor of a Congregational church in Little Falls, Minn., for five years, has accepted a call to Minneapolis, and there enters upon a larger field of service. The local paper of Little Falls said: "Mr. Sumner is highly respected throughout the city, as well as by his congregation, and all will regret to learn of his departure."

Mrs. Mary (Bugbee) Medbury has been appointed local Manager of both Putnam and Pomfret Divisions of the Southern New England Telephone Co.

Mrs. Harris C. Buxton (nee Florence May) is living in Seattle, Washington.

Mr. John Jenckes, who was a pupil in the Academy in '62, is now living in Newport. He was elected State Senator from Barrington, R. I., and served three years. For many years he has been a member of the Rhode Island Yacht Club, and was its Commodore in '98. Last August he made a trip to Europe.

Mrs. Ellen Hyde is with her daughter, Mrs. Banter, at Binghamton, N. Y.

James W. Ingalls, M. D., has been connected with the Brooklyn Eye and Ear Hospital fifteen years. He is President of the Ophthalmological Section of King's County Medical Society, and consulting Ophthalmic Surgeon to the Bushwick Dispensary.

Mr. William H. Allen is manager of the dry plate department of the Rochester Optical Camera Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Dr. E. M. Child is making a trip in his motor launch, from New York up the Hudson, Erie and East canals, and Glen's Falls portage, to Lake George.

President and Mrs. Wm. D. W. Hyde (nee Prudence Phillips) are spending the summer at Hancock Point, Maine, where they have been five consecutive seasons.

Mr. Ransom H. Bradley, has charge of the wholesale beef house, in Putnam, owned by Nelson Morris & Co., of Chicago. His brother Frank died about four years ago.

Mr. Frank Fenner is in Camden, N. J.

The death of Mr. F. M. Chase of Cedar Falls, Iowa, Dec. 24, will be of interest to some readers of the GLEANER. He was married in Woodstock in '59, to Miss Elizabeth Bigelow, an alumna of the Academy. She survives him, and is with her daughter in Chicago. They went to Cedar Falls when Main street of that city was covered with stumps, and east of it was a hazel thicket. Mr. Chase became a prominent man of the place. He was appointed commissioner of several expositions, was a member of the commission during the World's Fair at Chicago, Secretary of the Board and Superintendent of the Iowa Building, with Mrs. Chase as Matron.

Mr. Edward D. Fenner, who has been in Montreal, Canada, is going to New Bedford, Mass., to have charge of the erection of a large armory building.

Mr. Thomas D. Holmes is in Barrington, R. I., and Mr. John J. Holmes, address is care of Pomroy Coal Co., Providence, R. I.

Dr. Susan Hammond is a practising physician in Boston, Mass.

We have just received a very attractive circular from the Misses Bronson's Home and Day School, Hope street, Providence. The school maintains a Home Department, Kindergarten, Primary and Grammar Departments, and recently an advanced course has been added.

Mrs. Stephen O. Bowen has been obliged to leave her home in Eastford and go to California on account of her health. She and Mr. Bowen are with their daughter, Mrs. Wm. Gaylord, at Pasadena.

Miss Mary E. Reade, of Jewett City, an alumna of the Academy, died at Fort de France, probably May 9th, from burns received from the recent volcanic eruption, while she was on the steamship "Roriana," in the harbor of St. Pierre. Miss Reade was a missionary of the Woman's Presbyterian Board, of New York, in Tokio, Japan, seven years; her service

was warmly commended by those who sent her and by those with whom she was connected. Ill health compelled her to return to this country. Fond of travel and of the sea, her last work was as stewardess and nurse on the New York and Dominican steamer "Rorima."

Mrs. Alexander Warner and Mrs. Henry Perry were welcomed to the home of Woodstock friends recently.

Mrs. Nellie Mathewson Haskell and family are spending the summer with her mother.

Mr. William Lester, who has been seriously ill for more than seven months, is again able to be out.

Mrs. Nellie (Paine) Perrin and family have returned to North Woodstock. Her son graduated from the Academy in June.

Dr. and Mrs. Chas. Gardiner (nee Lottie Lyon), of Emporia, Kansas, are anticipating a trip to the "Lakes" this summer.

We regret that Mrs. Pally Bowen and family are not to occupy their house in Woodstock this season as formerly.

Miss Susan Gorden has been teaching and doing literary work in Boston during a large part of the past year.

Mrs. Anna (Herrick) Nichols, of Patoka, Washington, is expected to visit friends in North Woodstock during the summer.

Mr. F. E. Burnette is in Boston, in the publishing house of Balch Bros. Mrs. Burnette is at their home in Putnam with their daughter Ethel who is teaching in that city. Their son John is practicing medicine in Brockton.

Mr. and Mrs. E. B. Chandler sailed for Germany July 15th. They expect to spend a couple of months on the Continent and in Scotland.

For seven years Miss A. Estella Ingraham has been at the head of the Sleeper School, of about one hundred pupils, at Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. Ossian E. Mills, one of the trustees of the New England Conservatory of Music, of Boston, was instrumental four years ago in organizing a club of young men, known as the "Sinfonia." It has since become a national society, known as the "Sinfonia Fraternity." At the second annual convention at Philadelphia

last April Mr. Mills was unanimously elected Grand Supreme President for life. For twelve years Mr. Mills and his Easter mission band have carried cheer into the hospital with their music and flowers.

Mrs. Alice Sharpe Hammond, remembered as one of the Academy's most worthy students some thirty years ago, writes us of her high appreciation of what the Academy, under Mr. and Mrs. Burnette and Mr. Cook, did for her, and expresses a warm friendship for her fellow students and best wishes for the Academy. Mrs. Hammond's home is in Elliott. She has a daughter now attending the Academy. Space will not permit us to publish her letter in full.

A similar letter has been received from Mrs. Mary E. L. Pierce, of Washington, Kansas, who will be remembered as a music teacher in the Academy more than twenty years ago, then Mary E. Langdon. She speaks with pleasure of Mr. Wallace P. Dick, who was a pupil of hers, and who has since become President of a College in Pennsylvania, and a musical composer. Mrs. Pierce found her husband while on a visit West, and has remained there since. She has two daughters in their High School and two sons in the lower schools. She expresses deep regret at not having been able to be at the Centennial.

Major and Mrs. Grant are still residing in Goldsboro, N. C. Major Grant is now the Clerk of the Federal Court of that State, and has his office in Raleigh.

Henry Mathewson, M. D., surgeon in the United States service, is stationed at Puerto Rico.

William C. Collar, Principal of the Roxbury Latin School, has finished his forty-fifth year of work as a teacher. There are few men in the country who have won as high a reputation by their teaching and by the publication of school text books as Mr. Collar, and few are esteemed and loved by so long a line of pupils. We are proud to own Mr. Collar as an alumnus of Woodstock Academy; and join with Roxbury Latin School in their expressions to him of esteem and honor.

The Forbidden Garden

Where hast thou led me now, false Melody?
 How hast thou fooled me with fair treachery?
 By what undreamed-of powers
 Have thy so fleeting harmonies,
 And bodiless airs
 Disarmed the resistless hours,
 The will's decrees,
 And all today's dark cares;
 And charmed me on, through dim mysterious
 bowers,
 By devious paths, leaf-hidden winking ways,
 Unto the long-forgotten light of other days?

How did they pass the gate which Memory
 Lockt, and then lost thereof the golden key,
 Into that garden walled about with years?
 That long forbidden garden, 'neath whose
 yet green trees
 Still blossoms Love's first rose
 Glistening with first grief's tears;
 Alas! For these
 And the tall walls enclose
 The tomb of youth, and youthful hopes and
 fears.

Oh Melody, which shall I give thee,—blame, or
 praise,
 That thou shouldst thus have led me back to
 the old days?

Ah lead me hence! In silent secrecy
 Let us depart, nor wake old Memory,—
 Poor feeble Memory, who deems
 That he may lock up with his curious keys
 What e'er he will!

Oh let me go! e'er these dim dreams
 And murmuring trees
 Wrap me in an unawaking sleep. Be still,
 Sad, fleeting strains, or swift Letheian streams
 Have drowned me, dreaming; be still! that
 Time's gray haze
 May shroud again the long-lost, half-forgotten
 days.

FRED F. ROCKWELL.

Athletics At The Academy 1901-1902.

In her athletics, as well as in her studies, Woodstock Academy has been very successful during the past year. In fact, athletics are made a study here, and the results of our contests with neighboring schools show what systematic practice and drill in team work can accomplish.

The young ladies have shown an unusual interest as players in basket-ball and tennis, and as enthusiastic supporters in the exclusively masculine contests. Early in the fall the basket-ball team be-

gan practice, with Miss Steere as captain, Miss Allton as manager. Several of last year's players having returned, they were able, in a short time, to defeat a team from East Woodstock, on our court. Practice games were played almost daily during the remainder of the fall, but frozen ground made playing impossible for nearly two weeks before the game with Nichols Academy. Moreover, our girls had never before played indoors, nor with screened baskets, and it is not strange that under the existing circumstances, they were defeated in a closely played game in Dudley. It was evident to all present, however, that the winning team was outplayed at every point except in locating the baskets. This was the last game of the year, for Storr's College girls disappointed the team by cancelling the game arranged with them.

In the spring, as usual, the team was reorganized, and Miss Church was chosen for captain, and Miss Steere for manager.

As soon as school opened in the autumn, our foot-balls were inflated, and Brunn and Frank Davenport were elected captain and manager of the foot-ball eleven. A few of last year's players came back, but many positions had to be filled with new men, so that much practice was needed to get the team into playing condition.

The team was exceptionally light, so we were forced to resort to end plays and tricks, tho' later in the season we made many gains through center with our heavy full-back.

To gain practice, we arranged some games with a team composed of heavy men from East, South and North Woodstock, most of whom were formerly pupils of the school. We lost the first game, as we expected; but we discovered our weak points, and tried hard to correct them; and we defeated them in the next game, using very effectively our new quadruple pass and tackles back formation.

Our next game was with Putnam High School, whom we easily whipped, 10-0.

Encouraged by this victory, we overwhelmed the heavy Killingly High School eleven, making the large score of 34-0. None of our players were seriously injured in these games, so we were in fine

playing condition when we met a team from Putnam, composed of High School men, with a few outsiders, the next week. The Putnam team out-weighed us, but when the last whistle sounded, the score was 6-0 in favor of Woodstock, and the closest game of the season was ours.

Our last game was played in Pomfret, between the Peck's School second eleven, and an eleven from our school, equalling them in weight. This disqualified our full-back, and we lost, 5-0, in a very exciting game.

A second team was also organized, and tho' they played no games outside, many new men were broken in, who will be needed next year to fill vacancies in the first eleven.

Early in the spring the base-ball players assembled, and chose the same men for captain and manager that the foot-ball team had done. Last year's star battery and several fielders were missing; but we soon had a nine on the diamond, and accepted a challenge from Quinebaug, thinking we could get some much needed practice, and try the new players in a game. We were beaten 21-7. But with renewed energy we kept at work, and after defeating Killingly High School 46-9, we concluded we were improving.

The next week the Nichols Academy boys came over from Dudley with gay uniforms, but they were glad to take them off and go home after we had trimmed them 32-6.

These victories made us think we could play ball, and as a result, practice lagged before our game down at Danielson. And with an umpire who evidently did not know the game, we lost by one score, in a very erratic exhibition of ball playing.

But we soon got down to work again, and came home from our game in Dudley victorious, having beaten their club 17-1.

On Memorial Day we played a team of former Woodstock Academy students whom we defeated 6-5, winning our game in the last of the ninth inning.

Our last game was with Killingly High School, and we worked hard to get into form to beat them, as we wished to win two out of the three games. The game was played at Wildwood Park, with an umpire from Dudley, before an enthusias-

tic crowd of spectators, to whom we proved that our team was the better, by shutting them out, 2-0.

We think our base-ball record has been an excellent one, as we won five out of the seven games played, and one of those we lost was not with a school nine.

A tennis tournament was partly played, during the spring term, and the courts were full every noon when the weather permitted.

Throughout all these contests, a spirit of fairness, and manliness has prevailed, and an honorable defeat has been considered as greatly preferable to an unfair victory. When we notice the records of other high schools and academies, we think we compare very favorably with them, and we are proud to think that we have won and lost all our games fairly, and squarely, and have always played strictly school men.

JAMES V. PERRIN.

Personals of Alumni since

1888

'90

John A. Boyden, during the past year, has held the position of cashier and paymaster at the Geneva Factory of the American Can Company of New York City.

Mrs. Robert C. Paine is now living in Thompson where Dr. Paine is practicing medicine.

'93

Florence M. Morse has announced her engagement to Mr. Matthew Dart of Quinebaug.

Harold K. Morse is still in Woodstock. His business of carpentering is largely in Pomfret and Putnam.

'94

Mrs. Paul P. Gaylord, (nee Anne Hall) of Cleveland, Ohio, spent three weeks this summer in Woodstock.

Edward S. Boyden is still a clerk in the office of the Standard Optical Company in Geneva, New York.

Alfred T. Child is still in the employ of the American Smelting and Refining Co., but he has removed from the Perth Amboy plant to the Eilers plant in Pueblo, Colorado. His engagement to Miss Georgie Boynton of Sewaren, New Jersey, has been announced.

'95

Mrs. Clayton Palmer (nee Jessie Bowen) and her husband have resigned their positions in the Mansfield (Pa.) State Normal School, where Mr. Palmer taught Natural Science, and Mrs. Palmer held the position of librarian, and have gone to California to spend a year in study and travel. They will probably be in Palo Alto most of the winter, attending lectures at Leland Stanford.

Edward L. Child is still in the employ of the Barnard, Sumner & Putnam dry goods company of Worcester, Mass. His address is 11 Linden street.

Mrs. Lewis Colvin (nee Sara Colvin) is also living in Worcester, in a very attractive apartment in Jackson street. Several Woodstock friends have enjoyed her hospitality this winter. Mrs. Colvin and her six months old son, Kenneth, are in in Buttonwoods, R. I., for the summer.

Edith H. Hall expects to return to Bryn Mawr College in October, for a second year of graduate work.

Alice E. Sharpe has been teaching the younger children in the union Pomfret school, where Mr. Pratt is principal.

Burton T. Fitts is a roller in the rolling mill of the Providence branch of the Gorham Manufacturing Company of New York.

Stella Tompkins has spent the last two years in Tonica with her aunt; she intends entering a business college in the fall to learn to be a stenographer and typewriter.

Everett L. Upham was graduated in June with honor from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he took a course in general studies. He immediately entered into business in the employ of Brown & Adams, Wool Commission Merchants of Boston.

'96

Mary E. Bowen is attending Bryant & Stratton Business College, in Providence, R. I.

Evelyn L. Dean has been teaching the past year in Arms Academy, Shelburne Falls, Mass. Her home is in Whately, Mass.

Ralph Pike writes of making tunnels and bridges, as if they were as simple a

matter to him as stone walls. He says: "I am working on the engineer corps of the construction department of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and am now located at Altoona, Pa. I have just completed a five arch stone bridge over the Juniata River, and now have charge of a passenger tunnel being built under the new freight yards at the east of this city."

Joseph Shepard was in South Woodstock last summer. In October he went to Plainfield, New Jersey, as stenographer in the employ of the Central Railroad of New Jersey. At the time of the consolidation of the Jersey Central with the Philadelphia & Reading, he went to Schenectady to fill a position offered him by the American Locomotive Company, but has since returned to Plainfield to his former work. Address 515 Park Ave.

Clarence E. Weaver is at present acting as assistant to the Superintendent of the road department of the Compania del Ferrocarril Internacional Mexicano.

'97

Albert Lloyd Cooper has been teaching the past winter in the Correspondence School of Scranton, Pa.

The engagement of Esther Hooker Trowbridge and Joseph Priestley Catlin has been announced. Miss Trowbridge expects to teach next winter in a public school in North Rochester, Mass., where her family has moved from Eastford. Mr. Catlin is still with the Westinghouse Air Brake Company of Pittsburg. He is at present assistant to the chief electrical engineer.

Thanks to the wide information and brotherly care of Ralph Sabin of Texas, we have actually heard from Fred Fitts, of Hartford. He is bookkeeper and stenographer for a wholesale oil company in that city. And now get out your geography, gentle Gleaner reader, and see where Sabin himself has been wandering. Before last February he was in Mexico, Arizona, and New Mexico, in the employ of the Phelps-Dodge Company of New York; he is now assistant locating engineer for the Choctaw, Oklahoma, and Gulf Railroad. His letter is headed, Sherman, Texas.

Loise Grosvenor's course at the Mas-

sachusetts Normal School of Art, was interrupted this winter by an attack of typhoid fever. She is now recovered however, and will return to Boston next fall.

Mowry Ross is draughtsman for the Geneva Fire Extinguisher Company of 301 West Exchange Street, Providence. He taught school one term last winter, in district No. 7, town of Woodstock.

'98

Flora Steere has been teaching school in the center district the past year. Last August she attended the Pan-American Exposition.

Sidney D. Upham is employed as a clerk in the office of the American Express Company, in Worcester. His address is 682 Main street.

Emma Allen has been studying at Boston University the past year.

'99

Ruby Sanborn has completed her Junior year at Mt. Holyoke College.

William Child has been at home the past year, with the exception of a two weeks trip to New York, Philadelphia, and Washington.

Susan Florence Warren was graduated this spring from the New Haven School of Gymnastics.

May Gifford and Olah Withey, have been at home the past winter. Miss Gifford went to Buffalo last summer.

Bessie Barber has taught school during the past year in the Quasset district.

1900

Bertran Bugbee has completed his Sophomore year at Brown, John Paine his Sophomore year at Amherst.

Arthur Morse attended the Pan-American Exposition last autumn.

Mary Allton has taught school during the year in the English neighborhood.

'01

Ewart Brunn, after spending part of the winter in the South, is now abroad. He will visit England and Germany, and will spend the rest of the year in Portugal.

Olive Paine taught school last fall and spring, but remained at home during the winter. She expects to enter the Worcester Normal School in September with her sister, for a year of further study.

Thomas Louby has completed his first

year in the Medical department of the University of Vermont. His address is 28 Clark street, Burlington.

Frank Davenport has been doing post graduate work in the Academy for the last year. He intends entering Brown University in September.

Ernest Williamson, Hermann Chandler, and Herbert Slye have been at home the past year.

Mary Aldrich took a trip to Michigan last autumn, returning by way of Buffalo, Niagara, and Montreal. She intends to enter Wheaton Seminary in the fall.

Phoebe Randall expects to enter Smith College in the Fall. Her address will be Wallace House, Northampton, Mass.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Henry C. Holt, Yale 1903, was elected to Skull and Bones this spring.

Arthur E. Needham is engaged in general farming and stock raising near Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Fred E. Hosmer is travelling in his business as attendant through England, Norway, France and Germany. Mr. and Mrs. Hosmer expect to be located next winter in Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Safford are living in South Woodstock. Mr. Safford is again in business with Mr. Sheldon of South Woodstock.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thompson live in Worcester.

Richard L. Child is working as foreman in the employ of the American Smelting Company in Perth Amboy, New Jersey.

Adrianna Hutchins is a stenographer and typewriter in the editorial department of the Railroad Gazette, a railroad paper published every Friday in New York City.

Morning

"I believe all children's good,
 If they're only understood,—
 Even bad ones, 'pears to me
 'S jes as good as they can be!"

—James Whitcomb Riley

BIRTHS

A daughter, Dorothy, to Rev. and Mrs. Wells M. Partridge, Peabody, Mass. Sept. 19, 1902.

A son, Clyde Wallace, to Mr. and Mrs.

Frank Miller, Woodstock, Conn., Aug. 31, 1901.

A daugghter, Helen Trowbridge, to Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin S. Warner, in Salisbury, Md., Oct. 12, 1901.

A daughter, Louise, to Dr. and Mrs. Harry Flynn, in Providence, R. I., Dec 25, 1901.

A son, Kenneth Hale, to Mr. and Mrs. Lewis A. Colvin, in Worcester, Mass., Jan. 5, 1902.

A son, Stanley Jackson, to Mr. and Mrs. Edwin O. Sumner, Eastford, Conn., March 6, 1902.

Twins, Bernice Evelyn Sheldon, and Beatrice Lilian Sheldon, to Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sheldon, South Woodstock, Nov. 11, 1901.

In Boston, Mass., July 20, 1902, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Hibbard.

In Dorchester, Mass., a son to Mr. and Mrs. Rinaldo Goodwin, June 17, 1901.

Noon

"O I will walk with you, my lad, whichever way you fare,

You'll have me, too, the side o' yon, with heart as light as air;

No care for where the road you take's a leadin—anywhere,—

It can but be a joyful jaunt the whilst you journey there.

The road you take's the path of love, and that's the brith o' two—

And I will walk with you, my lad—

O I will walk with you "

James Whitcomb Riley.

MARRIAGES

Miss Mary A. Goodwin of Thetford, Vt., and Rev. A. J. Bliss, of Hampton Junction, N. Y., Sept. 16, 1901.

Mr. Winfield H. Hibbard of Woodstock, and Miss Edith Northrop, of Stoneham, Mass. Their home is in Malden, Mass.

Miss Myrtie C. Chaffee of East Woodstock and Mr. Frank A. Jordan of Quinebaug, Conn., Oct. 22, 1901.

Rev. Robert Armes of Carlisle, Mass., and Miss Carrie Moore of West Roxbury, Oct. 22, 1901.

Mr. Burton T. Fitts and Miss Alice J. Beveridge, in Providence, Oct. 22 1901

Miss Mary H. Clark and Mr. Alvin W. Marcy, both of Eastford, Conn., Oct. 20, 1901.

Mr. John E. Child and Miss Josephine Alton, both of East Woodstock, Oct. 16, 1901.

Dr. Robert C. Paine and Miss Agnes Childe, both of East Woodstock, Nov. 12 1901.

Miss May Blackmar of Woodstock, and Mr. Robert K. Safford, Nov. 26, 1901. Their home is in South Woodstock.

Miss Cora E. Wetherell and Mr. Chas. F. Thompson, in East Woodstock, Jan. 22, 1902. They are living on Ball St., Worcester, Mass.

Herbert W. Bowen, United States Minister to Venezuela, and Miss Caroline Clegg, of East Orange, N. J., were married at Caracas, Jan. 25, 1902.

Rev. Gilbert H. Bachelor of West Newfield, Maine, and Miss Mary A. Johnson, of Perry Maine, Feb. 26, 1902.

Miss Mary L. Randall and Henry M. Lowe, both of South Woodstock, April 5, 1902

In New Britain, Conn., July 9, 1902, Marie Coit Hibbard and William Henry Crowell.

In Woodstock, Conn., May 23, 1902, Mary E. Boyden and Fred E. Hosmer.

Night

"Spirit, nearing yon dark portal at the limit of thy human state,

Fear not thou the hidden purpose of that Power which alone is great,

Nor the myriad world, His shadow, nor the silent Opener of the Gate."

Tennyson.

DEATHS

Mrs. Sarah Soddard, Aug. 16, 1901, in Brooklyn, N. Y., formerly of Woodstock.

Dr. Chas. S. Pratt, Sept. 20, 1901, in Shrewsbury, Mass.

Mr. C. Jerome Allton, Sept. 30, 1901, in Putnam, Conn.

Dr. Edward E. Gaylord, Nov. 1901, in Pasadena, Cal., formerly of Woodstock and trustee of the Academy.

Mr. Harold Church, Oct. 30, 1901, in Douglas, Mass.

Mr. Henry S. Perry, Nov. 11, 1901, in Cincinnati, formerly of Woodstock.

Mr. Norton R. Dennis, Dec. 16, 1901, in Foxboro, Mass., formerly of Woodstock.

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