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MESSENGER

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after class goes out each member has contributed something to the real being of St. Stephen's and it is the sum of such contributions which to a greater degree than anything else controls the destiny of the College.

As long as there is a four-fold separation in the student body, St. Stephen's will remain small in every way. Understand, we say separation, not division. We are by no means advocating the abolition of the fraternities. It is necessary that society and every subordinate body in society be divided and again countlessly sub-divided. Even the family, which for many purposes we regard as a unit, is not one, but so many individuals; and no scheme for social reconstruction which fails to take account of this world-wide division, based finally upon the division of the human species into individuals, can hope for success. Division is necessary for life; but with separation comes death. We, then, must go upon the supposition that some division here in our student body is necessary. But if the present system fails to justify itself, if during the fifty years of the College's existence it has failed to do its proper amount of good—to do good being the only price in exchange for which any institution, custom or condition, ought to be allowed to exist: the time has come for a social revolution. We have not the means nor the inclination to make a thorough and statistical investigation of the good or bad wrought in the past by our system. Nevertheless, as operated at present it is more or less unsatisfactory.

Now that which is ordinarily accomplished by a revolution, that is, the end for which a revolution occurs, may be brought about in two ways, destructive, which course revolutions ordinarily take, and constructive, which at first glance might not seem to be the work of a revolution at all. But the word revolution does not intimate in what way anything is to be overturned, and hence the overturning may be either in tearing down or in building up, provided the end be a reversal of former conditions. I would say we needed a constructive revolution in the undergraduate body. We must not tear down what we have, but with a view to the general betterment of existing conditions, build up on it. With our fifty years have come renewed life, new opportunities, new friends; shall we not let the spirit, the existence of which is implied by all these new things, penetrate to the very heart; shall we not let it permeate that which is most of all really St. Stephen's—those who at any given time form the student body of the college? Most of us are worshippers of the past, and rightly to a certain extent. But when it comes to permitting conditions handed down from the past to hold sway over us simply because they are from the past, reverence becomes iniquity. Because each fraternity and the non-fraternity men have throughout a greater part of the history of the College occupied their own tables in the refectory does not make such a state *jure divino* right; on the contrary, it may be entirely wrong. Because fraternity spirit has ever been consciously or unconsciously emphasized above college spirit does not offer the

slightest excuse for such a state of affairs at present. It is in some of these excrescences that have nothing to do with the fraternity as such, mere outgrowth, some of them of old traditions and old customs, that largely work the harm; and it is these outward, foreign paraphernalia which we must take away. For example, why not reform the seating in the refectory? Some men in all three fraternities have been advocating it these last three months. The advantages of a new system are obvious. Those who are opposed at least to a trial of a new method of seating cannot look beyond the narrow life of the fraternity and the spirit of the past into the larger and ever widening life of the College and the spirit of 1910. We ought not to dine as fraternities, but as a College; we do not eat in our own fraternity houses, but in commons. Under the present method there are many men who are in no way brought together. Yet there is nothing so conducive to friendship and good feeling generally than the breaking of bread together. Think how one's opinions are widened when brought into play with another man's in conversation! Think of the better understanding when each of us, one and all, has sat across from the other man and partaken of the sacrament of common meal with him!

Of course the plan suggests difficulties and we are not prepared to offer a solution; but such difficulties ought the more to spur one on. It is always difficult to do what is right until one has made a habit of it. If we have but succeeded in showing that there is room for improvement, we will be well satisfied. And truly one who loves his Alma Mater ought to strive to appreciate our viewpoint. Nothing earthly is perfect; nothing is just "good enough"; everything can be improved. Let us remember that not in competition, but in co-operation there is life.

With this number of the "Messenger" the labors of the present Board are at an end. Last autumn we were planning a more or less elaborate issue for this June in honor of the anniversary, and perhaps many of our readers will be expecting some such an output; but we find that the task would be much beyond our abilities, and therefore the result to a greater or less degree disappointing. So we can but apologize for a modest number of the same calibre as the preceding.

The White City

For weeks the sign boards in all parts of the city had been covered with gorgeously colored signs beseeching the thronging crowds to spend the Thirtieth at the new White City. In every street car, smaller but no less gaily colored cards urged the passengers to spend the Thirtieth at the new White City. On the front pages of the daily papers appeared (at advertising rates) glowing accounts of the great transformation at this resort—new terminal, better facilities for handling crowds, new amusements, area of park double, bigger, better, and longer rides. Thus the advertising went gaily on, new features were daily held out to tempt the fickle public, which, following the law of suggestion, were preparing by thousands to spend the Thirtieth at the White City.

At two o'clock on the afternoon of May the 29th the superintendent of the White City stood at the window of his office and looked down over the whole park. The fists thrust deep in pockets, chewed cigar in the corner of his mouth, and deep wrinkles on his brow did not indicate a peaceful frame of mind, that feeling of self-satisfaction which should have been his on the day before the "grand opening."

Last September hundreds of laborers and scores of mechanics had started to "transform" the park. But owing to a hard winter the work had been greatly delayed and now, the day before the opening, the superintendent scowled over a tract of land which was apparently "without form and void."

The trolley terminal which was to receive and discharge seventy-five thousand passengers the next day now lay like a scar beneath the sun's hot rays, while long strings of cars filled with ballast stood on the siding, and piles of ties and rails were strewn about. The great tunnel which ran under the terminal leading passengers to and from the park was hardly half paved while thousands of bricks for this paving piled high at the tunnel's entrance. The mountain peaks of the Great Divide were yet in their elemental state of scantling, boards, and burlap. The Kriskingle Coal mine looked more like a prosperous farmer's barn than a coal breaker. The electric fountain which, on former trials, worked beautifully, threw up a feeble stream of water barely twenty feet high at the morning's final trial, and now electricians raged at the machinery in the engine room beneath the lake.

Consequently at two o'clock on the afternoon of May the 29th, the superintendent chewed his cigar and scowled. At 2:15 that much abused stump flew through the window and a new cigar replaced it. At 2:18 the superintendent with hat pulled low on his forehead was striding down the hill toward that chaos.

I remember distinctly the drowsiness of that afternoon. I had been sitting on a pile of bricks and with a frequent "yam, yam" was trying to hurry up a gang of Italians who were paving the great entrance to the tunnel. But the hum of bees, and mellow smell of spring made any exertion almost impossible. The frequent visits of the water boy

alone kept me awake. Then on the lazy air broke the voice of the superintendent and all tools immediately moved faster. Striding towards me he shouted, "Work your men all night, must be completed by eight to-morrow morning," and in a moment was hurrying to another gang.

At 7:00, having taken an hour for supper, all the gangs were again at work, but it was motion without life. The big wheels on the carts creaked wearily as they ran slowly from cars to the terminal with their loads of ballast; the very stones ran slowly down the chutes to the waiting carts.

Soon arc lights, raised on impromptu poles, threw a sickly glare over the whole scene. Gradually it grew dark and the immediate work was your little world, altho' in the distance, figures passing and repassing before lights, and strange sounds of activity attested that the work was going on. At 12:00 there was half an hour for "mongee," after which things went faster for awhile but the slow pace was soon resumed. By 2:00 the darkness became oppressive, you could feel it press upon you, familiar objects took on fantastic shapes. On the track the blaze of the electric bolter only added to the weirdness of the scene. The heavy carts groaned louder under their loads of ballast, at times drowning the sleepy melodies of their negro drivers. The stone fell through the chute with more deafening noise. On the Great Divide small lights moved about the peaks appearing like fire-flies; in the center of the lakes shadowy figures of men appeared and disappeared as if swallowed by the water.

As the darkness grew more intense the work moved slower; trowels scraped and tapped more slowly on brick; the welder beat more feebly on the bolts; the long drawn out cries of "water boy" hung to the blackness for minutes. The darkness almost blotted out the arc lights with its density. The shadowy figures moved slower, sounds grew faint.

The last visit of the water boy had slightly roused me. I sleepily pulled out my watch (it was just two fifty-seven) and as I slipped it back into my pocket I glanced hastily around, I knew not why. Something was going to happen—then in an instant it had happened, it was all over. Everywhere the work had been running slower, the darkness becoming heavier. Then, as I slipped the watch back, the arc light above me flickered and during that instant and only for an instant all work ceased over the whole operation. While a brick was being raised, the second before a cart was dumped, while a carpenter held his hammer in the air, between the beats of the bolter the light flickered, and for a second there was silence, silence complete and supreme.

In a flash it was all over, the tide turned and work was now rushing. The blackness faded into a dark grey, lights grew dim and, as the breaking morning hurried on, the dark gray changed to steel gray, to pearl gray, mingled with fog, then infused by a delicate pink. A pink streak in the east, purpling in the west, the whole east aglow

flushing the awaking world with its richness, and the first rays of the sun shot across the park. The snow-capped peak of the Great Divide was bathed in purple, a stray beam fell upon the now pulsing fountain veiling it in gorgeous rainbows. Another second and it was broad day. The rising sun shone full upon the finished White City ready to receive its thousands of guests.

C. I. S.

I walked alone thro' the fields at morn
 When the year was fresh and fair,
 The songs of birds and petals pink
 Filled all the od'rous air,
 And I dreamed of the time when you, dear love,
 By my side would wander there.

The glistening road lay quivering hot
 Under August's noon-day glow.
 A peaceful calm filled all the air
 And ripening fruit hung low
 As we walked together in the cooling glade
 With tuneful step and slow.

I sit alone by the dying glow
 While wintry winds blow cold
 Cross blasted hill and moaning pine:
 But to-night my heart is bold,
 For I soon will be with you, dear one,
 Where love grows never old.

C.

The Feather of Peace

The Great Council was over. Throughout the wide encampment, where nearly three hundred warriors lay sleeping, there was peace. A flickering fire sent the shadows of the nodding braves beside it leaping across the walls of the great council wigwam. One other light, only, was to be seen, and that shone dimly through a rather large tent, placed by itself, to the west of the camp. From this tent also came the only sounds that disturbed the silence of the dark forest night. It still lacked an hour of dawn, and until that time the low, monotonous rhythm of a single voice, interrupted at intervals by the moaning of a hollow-toned wooden horn, would continue to sound. For the approval of the Great Spirit must be obtained on the plans of the council, and it was for this that the Medicine Man chanted his supplications and waited for the dawn, when a sign would be given. Out in the forest there was not a sound, no breath of wind stirred the most delicate leaf, no snapping twig betrayed a four-footed hunter on a nightly blood-trail. The darkness settled more and more dense, the stars glittered sharp and cold, the hour of dawn was close at hand. Now the voice of the Medicine Man was hushed and only a low throbbing beat of a tom-tom sounded at long intervals. What incantations were now being performed no one knew. What evil spirits at the control of the Indian wizard might now be present in that solitary tent no one dared think. Even the tom-tom was now stilled. In the absolute silence Mitchiwena, the Medicine Man, stepped forth from his wigwam to receive the sign that should set the seal of the Great Spirit's approval upon the deliberations of the council. With arms stretched above his head, hands spread beseechingly out toward the heavens, with head bent low, and with slow steps, he walked toward the raised platform, where he was wont to give his instructions to his people. The musical tinkle of the spirit-charms which decorated his priestly clothes ceased, as he reached his place. Then with a whispered word, he slowly raised his head and looked, looked toward the East, where soon the grey of dawn must appear. And there he saw the sign, the sign of the Great Spirit. Long he looked at the great feathery bar of light that stretched from a bright star close to the distant hills, beyond which lay the white settlement, up, up into the heavens, nearly to the zenith. What may have been the thoughts in that savage, superstitious breast can not be told. No outward sign gave any suggestion as to the feelings inspired by the celestial messenger. Slowly the head bent down, slowly the up-stretched arms were lowered, slowly with the faint tinkling accompaniment, the steps to the mystic wigwam were retraced. Then was again heard the slow muffled beat of the throbbing tom-tom.

Suddenly a clanging brazen note was struck. Harsh, discordant, penetrating, the rapid notes of the Medicine Man's great gong fell upon the ears of the sleeping braves. The far-reaching strokes disturbed the peace of the camp and forest and summoned all the warriors to

the feet of the Medicine Man. In a flash, dark forms came with quick steps from the numberless wigwams. Figures sprang up as by magic throughout the camp. A surging mass of red-skinned fighters was gathering in the broad space before the wigwam of Mitchiwená. Just as the crowd parted to permit the passage of the chiefs, as they moved in solemn state to the front, the door of Mitchiwená's tent opened, and the Medicine Man stepped forth. With brazen gong in hand he quickly went to his platform, accompanied now by the crashing blows of the great dish. As he reached his place a shudder of dread went through the entire assembly, for the gleams of dawn showed to the quick eyes of the Indians that Mitchiwená was clothed in his most sacred robes, and all knew that the most powerful of spirits were now in attendance upon this man of mysteries. After a piercing double crash, Mitchiwená raised his hands once more, and then, in the silence that again closed in over the camp, he spoke:

"Chiefs of our tribe, braves of our nation, the Great Spirit has answered the prayers of His servant. The plans of our council are not good. The Great Spirit has placed His Feather of Peace over His white children, and will send His Arrows of Blood against us if we harm them. Chiefs of our tribe, braves of our nation, ye must return to your hunting grounds and leave the white brothers in peace. See, even before you, is the Feather of Peace of the Great Spirit."

As his words ceased he pointed over the heads of the listening warriors, and as they turned to gaze there fell upon them a greater fear, for there they saw the burning sign of the Feather of Peace placed over the distant settlement of the white men. Even as they looked, a blood-red star leaped into view above the hills, threatening blood to them if they regarded not the will of the Great Spirit. In silence they stood and gazed until there again sounded, from the wigwam of Mitchiwená, the moaning voices of the Medicine Man and of the spirit-born. The growing light of dawn slowly dimmed the blazing sign.

At length the aged head-chief gave a signal, and the braves, with quiet steps and without words, went to their places.

Before the sun was far above the trees, the camp was deserted, bands of Indians were disappearing in the winding forest trails, and the threatened massacre was averted.

L.

Buccaneers

I.

A purple-hazed island in the sea
Soft-stirr'd by every languid tropic breeze,
A long white strand lapp'd lazily,
White city walls grey-shadow'd mid the trees:
A speck of green upon the summer's seas.
Gold-laden ride the galleons of Spain
Slowly at anchor by the slumb'ring quays.
The lull of noon broods o'er the Spanish main;
The island sleeping dreams the might of Philip's reign.

II.

Slow trains of mules bear the Incas' gold
From mountains hidden by unwritten Kings
Of princely lines, of lineage untold.
The noontide hushes sound, save one who sings
A maid of old Castle and am'rous things
Befit a swarthy conquerer—Hark! a cry
At something looming from the deep outrings
And shatters all the dreaming noon! and high
Upleaps a black-flag'd ship moving against the sky!

III.

Another! then another! onward sweep
The fleet of buccaneers; the Spaniards pour
Out from the sun-beat city; pirates leap
Cutlass in teeth aboard, over the rail once more
They fight from deck to deck; the ocean's floor
Closes above a sinking ship; another's blaze
Glares on the sky of afternoon. The roar
Of cursing voices dies: the pirates gaze
On treasure chests abrim, blood-cover'd in a daze.

IV.

O might of England in that epic age
When as a giant thy great power on sea
Awoke, refreshed with wine, and gan to rage
Unbridled, lustful, glorious and free!
Who sing'd his beard the king of tyranny,
Engirded all the new-known, ageless world
With Freedom and with Freedom's life—and see
Where'er thy race's banners are unfurl'd
Boundless immeasurably is Freedom's war cry hurl'd!

In Praise of Magic

A dreamy, thoughtful child creeps tremblingly to bed, his mother's kiss still lingering on his lips, his evening prayers, but lately said, still lingering in his mind. And when the light is out or the night-lamp burns dimly, he snuggles down beneath the warm counterpane. As the gloom begins to be peopled with creations of his own childish imagination, ingatherings from this or that colored fairy book or from dusty volumes taken down here and there from his father's library; he draws the bedclothes higher and higher over his head until at length, by skillful artifice, nothing but a nose is to be seen,—provided seeing were possible under the circumstances,—thrust out to get the air. I know because I once knew such a little boy. I know how his chief delight was in tales of the past of the long, dim, mythical past, the past that really never had been, the past of King Arthur and the misty realm over which he ruled; a past peopled with Roland, with Siegfried, with Robin Hood, and with their accompanying heroes and pageants—all seen through mists of childhood dreaminess. But at night came not the noble warriors, the beautiful ladies, but the things of darkness, the magicians, the ogres, the trolls, the grewsome shapes which during the day had merely hovered about this little lad's Garden of Romance, perhaps beyond its red brick walls. He was feeling the Terror of the Dark, and so have men felt since the childhood of the world.

Magic, the Black Art, the occult science, has always had a fascination for me: not that which many may take from their own especial conception of the term magic; not the trickery, the puerile charms, the love-potions, with an ever-accompanying wealth of comic opera paraphernalia; but rather as representing in a distinctive sense one phase of the eternal striving of the human mind or soul (spark as it is caught from the inmost essence of the universe) to know. To me it seems that in certain ages and in certain types of mind of the past this great effort to know has frequently identified itself with the highest meaning to be found in the word magic. All forms of philosophy must have first started where men began to wonder, to be amazed, to be afraid. Why should men in distant—and yet not so distant—ages, and childhood at the present day, find a grim terror, a nameless dread of something inexpressible, unconceivable, come upon them as the shadows lengthen, the lamps are lighted and the day, bright, full of sunshine, knowable, dies away into the night, dark, full of terror, unknowable? Is not this in the barest semblance something akin to man's almost universal fear of death? This fear of death, with some, this expectancy of something beyond death with others, both deeply imbedded in human consciousness may be offered as one step in a proof leading to the existence of a God. Might not men very easily construe a like fear of night, an expectancy of something to happen in the night, at least to hint at the existence of some vague powers, other than ourselves, which we have cause to fear? The

whole hierarchy of devils and angels, characteristic in some form or other of almost all systems of religion, and especially emphasized in Jewish, Neo-Platonic and early Christian thought gives substance and form in men's minds to such powers other than ourselves. It was to know these powers, to know nature in her inmost being, that men, lead on by the Terror of the Dark, first betook themselves to magic.

Middle age magic, with its roots in Egypt, Babylonia and Assyria, its accompaniments of high-vaulted Gothic chambers and misty towers, is fairly ravishing in its attractiveness. It presents an epitome of the middle age, intellectually. For the intellectual revolt of the Renaissance had traveled long in the womb of Mediaevalism; it, by no means burst into being over night. From the close of the Dark Ages man's mind, bemuddled more or less, and intentionally, by an overpowering organization more political than religious, the Roman church, had been, sometimes subconsciously, working upwards, as a seed sends out shoots through the earth to the light. One of these shoots, rightly or wrongly at the start, but rightly in the end, took the path of magic. The so-called magicians, the real forerunners of our present wonder-age of science, had courage to break away, to revolt from the conventionalism of thought and life then bound upon man and by a bold experiment to endeavor to reach a truer knowledge of things. This, you may say, is high praise for men who oftentimes set themselves out to be deliberate deceivers; who trafficked in petty things which Western Europe had long outgrown; who played upon the credulity of the most ignorant. But after all, the magicians had hold of an eternal principle; the good they did was more than often done subconsciously, and therefore unconsciously to themselves. They represented in part, and of course could not very well help themselves, one of the upward, groping shoots from the seed, that is, the spirit of the age, a spirit which burst into corporeality at the Renaissance and has since become the chief inspiration and life of our modern civilization.

Who does not feel a strange, almost unearthly, delight in contemplating those dim mysterious Saracen universities of Spain, at Cordova or Toledo, where the Black Art, only to be mentioned in whispers, was taught openly, whither he must wend over the Pyrenees and into a dreaded country, who would know the secrets of Solomon and the awful words that would bring up fiends from hell? Who does not find a spell even in the mere catalogue of such names as Albertus Magnus, Raymond, Tullus, Roger Bacon, Michael Scott, Nicholas Cusanus, Paracelsus, and Doctor Faustus? And in this last name who does not find the very essence of that which magic means to him? Indeed, it is in Faust that we find the Middle Age magic crystallized; Faust, in a hundred different books, in quaint old ballads, in delightful and often rare comic narratives, and best of all, in two splendid tragedies, Marlowe's *Faustus* and Goethe's *Faust*. And here is Faust, too, a hundred different men, from the mere magical trickster in league with an irresistible devil, to the soul reaching out for the highest, and that by every means possible to the human race.

The Faust of Marlowe and Goethe climb far above all other conceptions of this myriad-sided abstraction; and yet both are essentially different. 'Tis not in literature, however, that we are interested. Our poor pen would scratch unheeded if that were our subject; we sing, instead, in praise of magic.

Imagine ourselves alone at night in a wild wood with Marlowe's Dr. Faustus.

"Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from the antarctic world into the sky,
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantations."

The circle is drawn within which
"Is Jehovah's name
Forward and backward anagrammatised,
The breviated names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct under heaven
By which the spirits are enforced to rise."

The woods begin to rock and quake as the terrible words of summoning proceed from the Doctor's lips.

The scene slowly changes; the gnarled trees of the ancient wood grow straight and fluted like stone columns, and their interlocking boughs are further interwoven until they are metamorphosed into a vaulted ceiling. We are standing upon the stone pavement of a high-arched gothic chamber a

"Musty room
Where heaven's dear light itself doth pass
But dimly through the painted glass!
Hemmed in by volumes thick with dust,
A prey to worms and mouldering rust.
With boxes piled around and glass
And many a useless instrument
With old ancestral lumber blent."

It is night, and a dim lamp burns, leaving the countless nooks and corners shrouded in gloom. We see Goethe's Faust seated restless at his desk, and we hear him pour forth his soul in his sublime soliloquy. The moon arises, casting through the narrow, mullioned window a wan faint light, brighter and yet more ghastly than the lamp flickering in its bracket.

"O full orb'd moon, did but thy rays
Their last upon mine anguish gaze!
Beside this desk at dead of night
Oft have I watched to hail thy light;
Then, pensive friend! o'er book and scroll
With soothing power thy radiance stole!

In thy dear light, ah, might I climb
Freely some mountain height sublime,—
And purged from knowledge fumes renew
My spirit in thy healing dew!"

Can you not see and feel the struggling soul, surfeited with the dead knowledge which the ages gave him,—struggling for light?

"Up," he cries, "Forth into the distant land!
Is not this book of mystery
By Nostradamus proper hand,
An all-sufficient guide?"

There at dead of night the sage turns o'er with trembling fingers the ponderous book of magic. He passes the mighty sign of the Macrocosmos, but finds not there the grasp of infinite nature for which he strives. At last his feverish eyes perceive the sign of the Earth Spirit, and through anguish well-nigh crushes him, invokes the dreadful shape.

"Clouds gather over me—
The moon conceals her light—
The lamp is quenched—
Vapors are rising—Quiv'ring 'round my head
A shuddering horror floats and seizes me!
I feel it, spirit, prayer-compelled it's thou
Art hovering near! Unveil thyself!
Ha! How my heart is riven now!
I feel my heart surrender'd unto thee!
Thou must, Thou must! Though life should be the fee!"

He seizes the book and mysteriously pronounces the sign of the spirit; a ruddy flame flashes up; and the Earth Spirit is there before him. Give me a scene more wildly weird than that, and one greater in its form and meaning. But here we must stop; for here, in Goethe's Faust, Magic has become apotheosized.

* * * * *

Such is the charm of magic; in spite of the cold grip which the Terror of the Dark has had and still has on many a heart. But the daylight comes and the Terror is no more. The new-born sun steals in between the dainty chintz curtains of the little lad's bedroom, and bathes his fair young brow with rosy light. Then comes his mother, tiptoeing in, and mingles the sunshine of her kiss with the rays now streaming through the window. The little lad wakes, with joy, in his mother's arms; and the long, sunny, bright-houred day is before him.

M.

The Temple of Music

A glorious fane is upreared high,
 And filled with choicest minstrelsy;
 Its turrets tower to the sky,
 Each one leaps higher towards the sea
 Of far outreaching unflecked blue
 Where cloud-ships float; the wall are set
 With precious stones of fairest hue!
 And one might scan for aye and yet
 Not reach within his ken the bounds of that domain
 Or ever know the breathless beauty of that ancient fane!

*And so, midsummer's day, it seems,
 As I lie on my back and gaze—and gaze
 Through the quivering lines of seething haze
 And float away to the Land of Dreams!*

Such faery notes mean on the breeze
 As never mortal ear has heard;
 Such melodies attune the trees
 As Orpheus ne'er nor sweetest bird
 In wildest flight of ecstasy
 Had hoped to reach, nor ever will;
 All teeming now with rhapsody
 The air wafts off the strains and still
 The very inmost being throbs of that domain
 All un-exhaust the music-fountain of that fane!

The silvery strains float down the height
 And steal into the realms of Day;
 Then men look up from depths of Night
 And hear the music, voiced by fay;
 One soul takes this, sweet, sad and low,
 And one discerns a blithe refrain,
 This one is charmed by soft and slow,
 And that held mute by raptured strain
 All life finds voice in music, stealing down in streams
 Into the realms of day from out the Land of Dreams.

P.

Some Freshman Sonnets

I.

A VIEW FROM WHALESBACK.

The Catskills in majestic grandeur rise,
 Their tow'ring summits cleave in twain the sky;
 And lo! beneath, the peaceful Hudson lies,
 With languid current ever flowing by.
 Within the vale, hard by, the flocks and herds
 Are grazing in the meadow's springtime green;
 And from the trese, the warblings of the birds
 Reverberate in harmony serene.
 When I survey this broad expanse of land
 Exposed to view on every side, I gaze
 Enchanted, like a wanderer, and stand
 Lost in the windings of a mystic maze.
 My soul, in awe, by thousand raptures torn,
 Aloft, on contemplation's wing, is borne.

II.

A VIEW FROM WHALESBACK.

The golden glowing sun is sinking fast,
 The falling shadows creep along the sky;
 And where the fiery ball is shining last
 The purple-tinted mountains rise on high.
 Across the vale, within their deep'ning shade
 The winding river gleams with fancy light,
 Reluctant that such heav'nly color fade
 And steal away amid approaching night.
 And as I muse upon this restful scene
 My thoughts grow calm, and peacefulness o'erflows
 My troubled heart, and all is left serene
 As day is softly gliding to repose.
 Ah! how like life does this calm scene appear—
 When daylight fades, eternal sleep draws near!

III.

SUNSET ON WHALESBACK.

The swirling, beating storm with all its might,
 A Summer's Tempest brought from Southern Lands,
 Was giving place to Sunset and to Night,
 A vanquished Foe, pursued in broken bands.
 The fiery tinted mountain peaks, and skies
 All gold and red and black, the verdent field,

The meadow broad from which sweet odors rise,
 To Phoebus, God of Day, their tribute yield.
 As I upon this scene of beauty gaze
 I think of glory after battle won,
 And how approaching death soon hides the praise
 Of deeds accomplished ere this life is done.
 And thus in each day's change I see some soul
 In fitful struggle for the Heaven's goal.

IV.

HOFFMAN LIBRARY.

Reminder of the ancient Grecian art
 'Thou standest there in grand magnificence;
 A temple filled with wealth, thou art
 A monument of man's intelligence.
 And looking down thy cloisters tall and grand
 Methinks I see the glory past and gone
 Of Greece, that god and hero storied land;
 Of Athens, crowned by noble Parthenon.
 Of warriors, famed by kingdoms overhurl'd
 But greater, yea, and grander far than these,
 Of those, her sons, whose minds enrich the world,
 Wise Plato, Homer, and Euripides.
 By visions thus thou teachest us to know
 The debt which we to classic ages owe.

V.

A STORM AT SUNSET.

The west was in a flood of golden light,
 I stood among the trees on yonder mound
 And saw the sun go down upon my right;
 And on my left, the moon rise from the ground.
 A whisper, and the scene was changed, and I
 Could for a moment see the distant hills
 Outlined upon a violet-tinted sky.
 And in this sight I found the joy that thrills
 As from the grapes of Dionysius pressed.
 The ruby lights of evening shades serene
 Rose to the distant clouds that hovered dressed
 In shadows of the evanescent scene.
 Now bolts of fire in yon inverted bowl,
 With clouds in dark rebellion, growl and roll.

The Wreck

Around the fire of a yacht club in the late fall, when the active pleasures of the year are over and those of the winter have not yet taken place in the minds of the members, a great many interesting stories are often told. Somehow, though there is no longer anything to draw the men together, every once in a while you will find a few of the "old guard" rehearsing the season's work and play. This is but natural, since all summer long they have cruised and raced with each other, always drawing closer together as the year advances until by winter a certain intimacy springs up, which everyone dislikes to put aside.

It was during a night such as this that I heard the following story for the first time. I have forgotten who told it now but the story is still fresh in mind.

A certain man in the club, let us call him Van, (for that is a part of his name and can stand for the whole), had recently bought a new cat-boat. Before going farther you who are inexperienced must know that a cat-boat is a boat with but one large sail and is considered one of the trickiest and meanest of craft to sail,—for a novice. Well to resume, Van had recently bought a new cat-boat. He had been sailing, as most of us had sailed at some time, a small boat of another pattern and knew nothing about this particular style of boat. The first day he took it out he invited a veteran to go with him to see what the craft could do. Now this veteran had had a vast experience with cat-boats and in fact with every kind of boat, in other words when he talked he knew whereof he spoke. All went very well with the two sailors until a squall sprang up. The novice had rigged the sheet (a rope by which the sail is controlled) in a new and unheard of way for a cat-boat and was very anxious to show the veteran that this was the only simon-pure way of rigging a sheet. The squall came and the veteran attempted to let out the sheet in order to spill the wind. At the same time the amateur should have moved the rudder and thrown the boat's head into the wind. The amateur didn't, as he thought he knew a bit about sailing. Also the rope refused to let out. It stuck, stuck most gloriously. The veteran said words unfit for polite usage, the amateur lost his head and very gradually, so very gradually, the boat started to turn over. Little by little the water rose over the gunwale until the boat gave an extra lurch and lay down on her side for a rest. The veteran had "been there before," as the saying is, and at the first sign of water had started over to the opposite side until at the end he was sitting high and dry on the edge. Even his shoes were not wet.

He had been sitting there for a moment or two when it suddenly occurred to him that he was alone. Where was the amateur? As Van failed to answer his shouts, he cautiously lowered himself into the water to investigate. Hanging to the gunwale he poked his foot under the sail, which lay flat on the water, and felt something soft. Also his foot was taken hold of very suddenly and enthusiastically. He pulled

back on it and here came his friend Van. Van had been under the water about as long as it is safe for a man to play the fish and had done his level best to drink up the lake. The veteran lifted him up into the boat. After some of the water had been emptied from the poor man he began to "explain" how the sheet had failed to work. The veteran didn't care, it hadn't worked and that was all there was to it, voila, it was no good. Then the amateur rose in his wrath and declared that his pet hobby did not have a chance to prove itself in the hands of such a bungler as the veteran. This was not getting the boat ashore, however. It was cool out there in the wet, so a passing launch was hailed. The two stranded sailors were towed ashore and left to right the ship.

Here once again the amateur shone in all his glory. It is a well known fact among small boat sailors that a little craft like that can be more easily righted simply by getting a purchase on the top of the mast and heaving, than by any other means. But this method was too common for Van. As he knew nothing about the thing he knew everything, as people very often do. The mast must be taken out of the boat before it could be righted. The veteran said "no" but Van said "yes" and that was all there was to it. The mast was taken out, the boat righted, the sail taken off to dry and Van spent hours in trying to sort out the wet ropes and blocks so that he could re-rig the troublesome craft.

This was the story told. There is a sequel to it which is rather unusual, however. Van did not sell his boat nor did he discard the new invention which had caused the trouble. He was not built that way. He started to find out what was the trouble with the thing. First he found out that there were a good many things about rigging a boat which he had never known before, and secondly that the blocks, or pulleys over which his rope ran, were all too small to let the rope run through them when it was a bit wet. Van is still sailing the same boat but he now takes advice from veterans with good grace and sees also that his ropes do not get any wetter than necessary and that all the rigging fits.

H.

College Notes

At a meeting of the convocation, May 19, L. F. Piper, '11, was elected marshal for the ensuing year; W. T. Sherwood, '11, was elected editor-in-chief of the Messenger; N. A. Morgan, associate editor; C. I. Shoemaker, '12, business manager; P. L. Fernsler, '12, first assistant, and F. A. Rhea, '13, second assistant.

At a meeting of the Junior Class, Holt was elected president of the class, Piper vice-president, and Sherwood, secretary-treasurer. These men will hold the like offices in the convocation of undergraduates, in accordance with the constitution of the convocation.

At a meeting of the Dragon Club, held May 23, the following officers

were elected for next year: Sherwood, president; Holt, vice-president, and Piper, secretary and treasurer. The following were elected to membership: Boak, '12; Shoemaker, '12; Mahaffey, '13, and Rhea, '13.

The following men have been elected to oversee the different activities in athletics for the season of 1910-1911. Athletic Association: President, Joseph Boak, Jr., '12; secretary and treasurer, Ethelbert Foster, '13. Foot-ball: Manager, Carl I. Shoemaker, '12; Captain, William T. Sherwood, '11. Basket Ball: Manager, Nathan A. Morgan; captain, Joseph Boak, Jr., '12.

The athletic meet held on May 7, was a great success. The events and the winners were as follows: 100 yard dash, Tenny; high jump, Boak; shot put, Tenny; three-legged race, Tenny and Groser; 220 yard dash, Boak; broad jump, Tenny; hop, skip and jump, Tenny; ball throw, Tenny; potato race Forsyth. The points scored by classes were as follows: Specials, 58; Sophomores, 18½; Freshman, 4½. Of individual points, Tenny and Boak secured the most, the former scoring 33½, and the latter 17. Another meet is to be held on class day, Tuesday of commencement week.

A seven inning baseball game was played on Friday, May 13, on Zabriskie Field, between the Specials and the College. Considering the small amount of practice that the teams had, the game was well played and the work of the batteries must be highly commended. The score was 12-7 in favor of the Specials. Boak pitched for the College and Bennett for the Specials.

The tennis tournament is coming along famously. There are to be two cups for the winners of the doubles, given by Dr. Rogers, and a racket for the winner of the singles given by Professor Robb. The finals are to be played on Tuesday of commencement week.

On Saturday, April 30, Mr. E. S. Hale, '09, gave a dinner for the Senior class at Dutchess Inn, Poughkeepsie. On Monday evening, May 16, Dr. and Mrs. Rodgers entertained the Senior class at dinner. On Monday evening, May 23, Miss Johnson gave a delightful after dinner coffee to the Senior class. Three jolly good blow-outs for the "grave and reverend"!

The Deutscher Zirkel, with a number of guests, held a Kneipe—(which, being interpreted, is "Bust")—in Preston Hall, on Saturday evening, May 21, "shust like they do in Chermamy." It was a masquerade affair and every walk of life was represented from a Chinese laundryman to an abbot arrayed in cope and mitre. Herr Schleicher, who impersonated a real German beer barrel, performed his part admirably, as he led the procession about the "Speise-saal." The whole weird and motely gathering might well have been the product of a Welsh rarebit dream—but it was fun-producing, which was after all the principal thing. The real entertainment consisted of the singing by Herr Halie, of a number of his own compositions, accompanying

himself on the piano. Of course there was the usual round of good things to eat that goes to make up a first-class Bust.

The Society of the Sons of Clergyman was organized on April 18, 1910, with the following membership: Keble Dean, '89, chairman; George St. John Rathbun, '10, secretary and treasurer; Edward Stuart Hale, '09, Edouard G. C. Jones, '10, Ethelbert Foster, '13, George B. S. Hale, and A. Warner Lewis Forsythe.

Some time last fall the Freshmen played a nerry one on the Sophs, and we all rather expected to see some dire calamity happen to prevent the burial of the much-mourned Algebra; but all went off peacefully. To be sure, the children chose a night for the obsequies on which one of the few active members of the sophomore class was away from college, while all the other one could do was to lose his sleep; but the fact remains that in the gray dawn of April 30, Algebra, as the Freshman card announcing the fact reports, entered into rest. The dear old soul, according to the same bulletin, departed this life February 1. We presume they mean to say that he had been in Hades during the interval, but being well-behaved children, refrained from the use of the naughty word.

Pavens Venus in the sky
Cum Cometa sweeping by,
Ad caudam autem did she cling,
Et per noctem the boys did sing,
O Tempora! O Mores!

Oh you comet! Talk about Venus springing from the waves of the sea! Why, did you not see her come up behind Whale'sback a few weeks ago, sticking to old boy Comet as though he were trying to skip a board bill? Nothing doing for Comet. You can't beat a woman's pertinacity of purpose, and you can bet he did not get away with the goods. She stuck closer than a brother. Perhaps she saw that wild band of youths on Aspinwall roof and was afraid that he might get in to bad company. Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast. Wonder what Venus and the Comet thought of the Aspinwall Roof Garden Quartette?

I beheld the Freshmen and Sophs living as brothers. Wonder of Wonders! I saw the Juniors STUDYING!!! The Seniors were graduating! I saw a throng of clamorous youths, with specimens of their literary ability, besieging the editorial offices of the Messenger. Dr. Robertson's Greek had become a "cinch." Dr. Hopson's Latin next door to it. Philosophy and Oratory were pleasant diversions. Mathematics was mere child's play. It was a crime to study physics. The English classes had become pink tea gatherings. German and French were merely for recreation. Boxing classes supplanted the history and civic courses. Our new \$100,000 gymnasium had just been completed. Our football team were the champions of the world. The basket ball team was the terror of the colleges. "Hey, young feller! Come out of it!" cried a rude voice in my ear. "Barrytown!" shouted the conductor. I awoke, and behold! It was a dream.