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MESSENGER

Vol. 2 No. 4 December, 1895

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The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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Vol. 2.

Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.

No. 4.

December, 1895.

Entered as second-class mail matter, at the Post-Office at Annandale, N. Y.

Prospectus of The S. Stephen's College Messenger

This Magazine will be published every month from September to June inclusive, by the students of the College. Its character will be literary. A special feature during the present year will be an article in each number by member of the Faculty, a prominent alumnus, or some noted friend of the college.

Subscriptions may commence with any number, and will always be for ten months, exclusive of vacation. Terms, \$1.00: single copies 10 cents.

All business communications and subscriptions should be addressed to the Business Manager.

While notes and items of interest about the Alumni and friends of the College are desired and requested, the chief purpose for which the paper is maintained is to exhibit the best literary work of the undergraduates.

A prize of \$10.00 will be given to that undergraduate whose contribution of essays, poems or stories, during the college year, judged in respect to excellence and number, shall be considered the most deserving.

No contributions will be published if written on both sides of the paper.

Contributions will be returned, if stamps are enclosed.

All contributions must be accompanied by the names of the authors, and will be published only under the full names or an initial of the names of the writers.

Contributions to appear in any particular number must be received before the fifteenth day of the preceding month.

Address:

"EDITOR-IN-CHIEF,"

THE S. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE MESSENGER.

The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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VOL. II.

ANNANDALE, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1895.

No. 4

Esprit de Corps and Reciprocity.

A LETTER FROM THE BISHOP OF DELAWARE.

Mr. Editor:

IT is with much pleasure that I avail myself of your kind invitation to write a short article for your journal. My warm interest in S. Stephen's makes me glad to do anything—however so little—that may conduce to its welfare and prosperity, and this, I am sure, is the feeling which prompts your own exertions.

Indeed, one of the things which have most impressed me during my several visits to Annandale has been the *esprit de corps* animating those belonging to S. Stephen's. This is an endowment in itself of no mean value. I trust that it may go on increasing more and more.

I am led on by this thought to another one, upon which I should like to dwell for a short space. It is the idea of *Reciprocity*. Most men, it may be said, come to S. Stephen's for what they can get out of the college in the way of education, of fitting themselves for their future walks in life. This is right enough in itself. It is acting upon the power and responsibility of election or choice with which we all are endowed. S. Stephen's is chosen because, all things considered, it is the best or most available college to which they can go.

But the undergraduates should also ask themselves the question: What can we give to or do for S. Stephen's? They can help the institution very much. Every exhibition of good scholarship, every well-spent life will add to its reputation and attractiveness. So that while a man who studies hard and is upright in his conduct will himself therefrom have great advantage, he will also, by reason of his wholesome example, be the means of forwarding the best interests of the college and thus have an opportunity of showing practically the gratitude which he feels for the benefits there received.

And let every man reflect upon the no less certain fact that, whensoever he is idle or careless or vicious, he is not only withholding from the common benefit the share which he himself might have contributed, but he is also, by

his pernicious example, tempting his fellow-students to a like unremunerative life.

It were well if each member of the college were animated towards it with the sentiments which Solon incorporated into the oath which every Athenian was obliged to take when admitted to citizenship. "I will transmit my fatherland not only not less but greater and better than it was transmitted to me."

Let some such resolution govern all at S. Stephen's, and it would not be long before her graduates would rank with the greatest benefactors of their age, and the already fair name of their Alma Mater would shine even more resplendently.

Leighton Coleman.

College Spirit.

YES it is awaking at S. Stephen's and is truly a good sign of her increasing prosperity. We see it taking root and growing as the weeks and months and years roll by. To be sure it is in its infancy. We are painfully aware of that fact. But by nursing it gently, and patiently, and forbearingly now, there must come a time when its full development will be a joyful realization. Patriotism is love for one's country. What better definition of College spirit is there than love for one's College? Taking this as a guide for our treatment of our Alma Mater, there is no danger of our ever doing an act which would in any way demean her, or on the other hand, which would belittle ourselves; for every ill to ourselves is an ill to her. It is an actual fact that a number of years ago some students here would not so much as say good morning to those who were not in their society. The men to-day, we believe, are as loyal as they ever were to their brethren, but there seems to have grown up a more manly and broad-minded feeling. The broad-minded man cannot blind himself to the fact that there are good men in each society, and beneath it all he feels and must acknowledge that every man is his brother, be he society man or non-society man, Republican or Democrat, high or low, rich or poor. How pleasant it is to see the society and fraternity men seated at their respective tables in the dining-room, gathered together like so many happy families! How pleasant when Friday night comes to see them departing for their meetings! Truly they are as loyal to one another as ever! Then again, O student of long ago, behold another scene. Go to the athletic field and you will see, not a society war, but men from all societies standing side by side in their endeavor to advance the athletic interests of S. Stephen's. Look in the different rooms, or out on the campus and you will find men of all societies talking together in the most friendly manner. Go again to the foot-ball field and you will see the Freshman and Sophomore teams contending in a friendly match. These, too, are pleasant sights. This strengthening of class ties, we

believe, is productive of the best results for College spirit; and charity, connected with broad-minded principles in society affairs, is also bound to bring us nearer to unity.

There are some College pranks which in themselves are harmless and perhaps do us all good by causing a hearty laugh if nothing more. But on the other hand there are certain acts which not only do not promote College spirit, but tend rather to lessen a man's interest in his College. To be perfectly frank, and not "beat about the bush," we will state what some of these acts are. One of them is what is called "setting a man up." What—we as you as men—can a new man think of such an act? Perfectly puerile to say the least! Another act, on a par with this for its utter foolishness and waste of time and sleep, is that which was perpetrated by a small band some weeks since. It prevented nearly all of the other students from sleeping, and the general feeling of the men the next morning was that of disgust. Still another of these nonsensical acts is the "night-shirt parade" with its accompanying clang, and bonfire, and bell ringing. Such acts may be becoming to boys at boarding school, but when a fellow goes to College let his manly characteristics be developed.

Some one made the statement that we should do more as other Colleges do. That is true to a certain extent; but if they are to be imitated why not imitate their virtues rather than their faults? Let "The Vigilance Committee" seek out any man of low principles who will crib in examinations, and have him brought before the faculty for expulsion. That is the way the students at Princeton are now guarding their Alma Mater. Let them seek out those whose habits and conduct blacken the name of dear old S. Stephen's, and there will be a "Vigilance Committee" in truth.

On the trip home during the holidays we are criticised by many persons whom we do not suspect are watching us. These people know that we are College men, and according to our conduct is S. Stephen's judged. Thus it wherever we go. More especially is it so in places near the College. That prophet is not without honor save in his own country is literally true here. Men should be particularly careful to avoid all suspicion of evil. Sad to relate, some of the gossip about the students' conduct while in the surrounding towns is true. If we would preserve the honor of S. Stephen's by endeavoring to make a clean record while here, we will assuredly be showing the best College spirit. Of course a loyal student will help the MESSENGER in any way he can, and be glad to take part in advancing the interests of the College at all times. But after all, perhaps the chief work he can do is to study hard; for scholarship must be the foundation of any educational institution which is to be permanent and enduring.

M.

A Summer's Tale.

(CONCLUDED.)

STOKESVILLE, August 3rd.

My Dear, Dear Ned:—I have not written in nearly three weeks; but for very good reasons. I have been passing through the saddest scenes of my life. Before I go any farther I will say that Fr. Gardner is dead. He did not leave his bed after his arrival here, but daily grew weaker; never losing hope, however: his very hopefulness deceived us, and we did not realize his dangerous condition until the very last.

Since last writing I have been a daily visitor at the farm, and if I seem to you to be very familiar with the Gardners, it is not an exaggeration, for indeed I am. From the very first they have treated me without formality; and although Mrs. and Miss Gardner have not ceased to call me "Mister," with Fr. Gardner I was always "My boy." I spent many afternoons reading to him or listening while Miss Joan did the reading; and in these last few weeks Mrs. Haws has learned not to expect me home for tea.

It is very sad to write of these happy times, now that they are passed. One morning I drove out to the farm before breakfast and found the ladies much alarmed. Fr. Gardner was sinking rapidly. I went immediately for the physician, but found that he was out on his rounds, and leaving a message I hastened back. In my absence, the sick man, realizing that his end was near knew that he must be his own spiritual physician. Good priest that he was, he never traveled without a small set of Eucharistic vessels. Asking for these, he desired to be bolstered up in bed and there celebrated his last Eucharist and received his Viaticum.

I came in upon the scene. Mrs. Gardner and Miss Joan were kneeling one on either side of the dying priest; and he with upturned face was saying the office from memory. I have never seen such a divine peacefulness upon a human face. The whole room seemed to glow with a divine presence, and I knelt with a heart never more worshipful, valuing then, if ever, priestly absolution, as it came from the lips of one, who seemed to hold the very hand of God.

After the canon he tried to hold up his hands after the manner of an interceding priest, but he was too weak and he sighed as they dropped wearied to the bed. But his loving wife and daughter, always observant of his every desire, gently raised his hands, supporting them at the elbows as Aaron and Hur stayed the hands of Moses. Mrs. Gardner steadied his hand as he raised the chalice to his lips; but after his own reception of the Divine mysteries, he seemed temporarily strengthened, and was able to administer to us as we knelt close by him. His voice weakened, word by word, during the "Our Father," and the Thanksgiving; and when he reached the Benediction he but

whispered the words. Then he turned with a face full of love, to his wife, who gathered him to her arms, and there he died.

Oh, Ned, I am not ashamed to tell you that I weep as I write; but they are tears of peaceful grief mingled with joy that such a man has lived and that I have been permitted to know him and his love; and that he has gone, in the communion of the Catholic faith to his everlasting rest.

They did not carry the body back to their home in a suburb of Boston,—they are sensible people in all things—but buried him in the little churchyard which surrounds S. Timothy's. I asked if I should send for the nearest priest, who lives twenty miles from here; but they preferred that I should read the office of Holy Church over the dear body which I had grown so to love. Mrs. Gardner and Miss Joan will remain here indefinitely. They are two noble women and to know them is an inspiration.

I am very tired, old fellow; the long nights of watching and care have told on me, I fear. Poor Horace; I have not looked at his Odes in weeks.

Dear old Ned, I am very sad and lonely; would that you were with me!

Dominus vobiscum.

Affectionately,

HANK.

After an interval of several weeks, during which he received no answer to his letter, Mr. Ned Brewster received a letter bearing the Stokesville postmark, but addressed in an unfamiliar feminine hand. He read as follows:

STOKESVILLE, August 29th.

Mr. Edward Brewster, Dear Sir:—I write as the amanuensis of your friend Mr. Tompkins. He is just convalescent after a severe attack of brain fever, brought on, we think, by a partial sun-stroke. It has been the happy privilege of my mother and myself to nurse him in his illness. He has often mentioned your name in his delirium, but only today did we deem it safe to give him your letter. He has asked me to write and satisfy your anxious inquiries. I am glad to assure you that he is improving; slowly, however, and will not be able to return to college for at least a month yet. He asks me to urge you to visit him here upon your return, and if an invitation from my mother and myself will accomplish this we most heartily extend it; for we have heard a great many nice things of you and are anxious to meet Mr. Tompkins' "bosom friend." I am,

Yours very sincerely,

JOAN GARDNER.

P. S. Having read this to Mr. Tompkins he bids me add a postscript, which I at first thought was a symptom of the delirium's return; but he assures me that he is in his right mind and very much in earnest. I write at his dicta-

tion: "I am building a bridge; it is nearing completion; and I have no desire to burn it. Laus Deo." J. G.

Herbert Seymour Hastings, '98.

All Saints' Day.

SWEET memories of the blessed dead,
 "All Saints" awakened in our breasts,
 Sweet thoughts of days long past and gone,
 Sweet hopes of union on that glorious morn. H.

The closing week of October, up to the final day, was such as seemed fitted to usher in

"that beautiful season
 Called by the pious Arcadian peasants the Summer of All Saints!
 Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light, and the landscape
 Lay as if new created in all the freshness of childhood.
 Peace seemed to reign."

and then just on the eve of that festival, whose annual return is the dearer to each one, as his individual "cloud of witnesses" is gaining in numbers, came a cheerless rain, not unlike the death struggle at the end of a quiet life; but ere the hour of service arrived the clouds from the sky were wiped away and all nature joined in joyful remembrance of "The Saints who from their Labors Rest." The full choral service was well intoned by Dr. Hopson, who was celebrant, assisted by Dr. Worcester, who also preached the sermon. The offertory was Stainer's "The Sun shall be no more their Light by Day."

L., '97.

Foot-Ball: A Retrospect.

THE goal posts will soon be taken from the Athletic field and stored in a place of safety until next September. The foot-ball team, having played its final match game, has disbanded and now the gridiron will be devoted to the old fashioned kicking game in which the entire College may join.

This seems a fitting time to review the progress of the team and to make a few comments on the individual work of the eleven.

Undoubtedly there were many difficulties and discouragements facing the half-dozen or so men who, at the opening of college determined they would have S. Stephen's represented in the athletic world.

There were not so many as eleven men to be found who had ever worn a canvas jacket. The Athletic Association was tottering on feeble legs and could give but little financial aid. There were no means of getting coaches, and the captain had to be called upon to act as team coach for the season.

He unfortunately had a severe fall from his bicycle the day before training began which resulted in water on the knee. This kept him for nearly four weeks on the side lines and consequently he could not do much effective coaching.

The team were *not* put at a training table; and last but not least among the numerous disadvantages to contend against, it was impossible to get a scrum team with which to practice, until so late in the season that little or no real benefit was derived from it.

However, considering these great disadvantages under which the team labored we feel justified in saying that the rapidity with which it got down to steady team work was most commendable. A notable feature of every game was the *fearlessness* of the players. From the fact that all the teams which they met were veterans and outweighed them by an average of twenty-five pounds, S. Stephen's justly won the distinction of having a courageous and intrepid eleven to represent her. Moreover, her opponents were men who would spend half an hour or more every afternoon during the winter in gymnasium work. S. Stephen's winter gymnastics consists in sitting around of an afternoon in the studies, drawing tobacco smoke through the lungs and spinning yarns. Undoubtedly a *splendid* physical and mental foundation and preparation for the work of life.

Allison would have made the team this year had he not been so unfortunate as to receive an injury before the season had fairly opened.

Toop did not join us until the last match game. He did good work as guard, but it is not by any means his position. He would make a better tackle.

Carroll is a quick and energetic player. If he had more weight he would make a star half-back. He does not run *low* enough. He can increase his weight materially by abstaining from cigarettes and getting more sleep.

Devall can buck the line for a gain if he stays low; and he crawls well. It is better at advancing the ball for his own side than in stopping the advance of his opponents. He is poor in the interference, where he could do much better work.

Coerr punts very well indeed. The team followed his punts up well. Both Coerr and Dunlap behind the line gave the men confidence. Coerr is a good tackler, the surest on the team. His principal fault is in not starting quick enough in the interference. Dunlap proved that he had the requisites of a quarter-back of the first order. His pass was good. In the interference line was an important part and he always got into it at the right time. His good judgment can always be relied upon.

The work of the centre and guards at the first of the season was poor. They improved considerably later on and fully retrieved their reputation. They did not stay low at first but finally realized that their position was one of their hands and knees.

Mayers is a strong man and, remarkable in a guard, gets down the field on a kick almost as quickly as the ends. He has yet to learn to break through the line and tackle. He is also a little slow. He has made marked improvement this year.

Belsey, guard, did fine work in the Trinity game. He and Mayers can both be depended upon for blocking well. His English blood shows itself in his bull-dog determination.

Judd, centre, played a good game and fulfilled the hopes of the most sanguine.

Knapp, tackle, as a Hartford paper said, is a "doughty man." He is the strongest and hardest tackler on the team, although Greiner is perhaps his equal. He does not break through the line as he should. He is a good ground gainer and runs low.

Greiner, tackle, plays a strong game and fills the position most satisfactorily. He runs low and bucks centre in his trick play *well*.

Kroll is a good man and plays end well but showed lack of practice. We regret that his studies took up his recreation hours as well as his study hours. He does not tackle *low* enough.

Flint played an active game on the end but was in poor condition. *If he would train* he would accomplish twice the work he does now.

Popham is a sure tackle and gets through the interference quickly. He is poor on the defensive, not blocking well. Tulley, Porter, C. Wheeler and A. J. Wheeler promise good work to come. They were not tried enough in the match games to bring out their best qualities.

On the whole the team is to be congratulated on having again begun the manly sport. Most of them will be back next Fall and with a season's practice they ought to show up well in the games.

Francis Van R. Moore, Captain.

Messenger Verse.

ADUMBRATIONS.

Shadows in Bethlehem, under the guiding star;
Shadows borne by the Magi from lands afar;
Touching the radiance glowing about The Child,
Dimming the eyes of Mary, the while she smiled.

Myrrh and incense and gold—Prophet and Priest and King—
Types of the mystery hold, hint at the marvelous thing.

Notes of a warning Voice, heard in the after-years;
Blood of a Sacrifice; falling of distant tears;
Altar that is a Cross; thorns for a Crown; a reed
His only Sceptre; and friends fleeing before His need.

Shadows, soon passing, these, yet in the Mother-heart
Kept and pondered, no doubt, till they made of her life a part.

Shadows here at our feast, brood o'er the birth of the Lord;
Plead we His Sacrifice, worship His presence adored;—
See in the holly-boughs there, wreathed with their berries on high,
A crown of thorns sprinkled with blood—a shadow of Calvary.

John Mills Gilbert, '90

NOËL.

All hail! sweet Babe
Upon Thy Mother's breast.
When joys and pleasures fade
We come for rest
And worship Thee.

At each year's end,
Sorry with this world's cheer,
Our hearts to mend,
We seek Thee here,
Incarnate Deity.

Thy purity and peace
To sin and strife appeal;
O may contentions cease.
Our truest weal:
Thy sweet humility.

H., '90

AT SUNSET.

Ah, could I lay my hand in thine
Just as of old at set of sun,
And in the daylight's soft decline,
When the long day was done

Whisper into thy patient ear,
As once I did my every thought,
My longing for the night—my fear
Of failure which the day had brought.

How blest it were again to meet
Thy fond approval, as of yore,
Thy words of counsel grave and sweet
That come to aid my life no more.

I am so weak, and like the blind
 Seeking a shelter from the blast,
 I stretch my hands in vain to find
 The strong right arm which held me fast.

The loving heart whose wisdom planned
 The safer paths my feet should press;
 The gentle eyes which never scanned
 Too close my oft unworthiness.

Yet long the months, or fast or slow,
 Roll onward to the boundless main,
 And time's swift course will bring, I know,
 All I have lost to me again.

So when the sunset-hour has come
 And I sit musing silently,
 Methinks a presence fills the room
 And whispers "Love can never die."

That comes apace life's sun's decline,
 That months and years will soon be gone,
 And I shall lay my hand in thine
 For age, at setting of the sun.

M. N. M.

The literary student sends
 His manuscripts away
 To more pretentious magazines
 And editors that pay;
 But when with thanks they are returned,
 He comes with tearful eyes
 And lays his offerings at *our* feet
 A NOBLE SACRIFICE!

A FLUNK.

A jolly chat,
 A lack of study—
 A feeling flat,
 A brain all muddy;
 A lot of gall,
 A cheeky fellow—
 A sorry fall,
 A mark to tell O.



Dear Subscribers: Needing four hundred more subscriptions to make the paper pay, we beg all of you to try and find us some subscribers. This is practicable, and we hope will receive your thoughtful attention.

BOOKS, READING.

While at the library a few days ago and watching the books selected and taken out, the writer was much amused as well as interested at the class of books demanded. He found by carefully looking over the register of books taken out during the past six years, that to every volume of fiction or poetry taken, there were two of essays, three of sermons, and five of ritual; plainly showing what direction our thought is taking. There is no desire to censure this tendency to read principally works of theology, though we think that the perusal of such could well be deferred until we are riper in years; yet, we wonder why it is that men do not read more of fiction, biography, historical essays (such as Froude's and John Lord's), reviews, magazines, and note essays, and so fill their minds with such useful information as their years and present mental capacity enable them to thoroughly acquire.

A young man's reading should be graduated according to his ability and intelligence, just as he perceives that his college studies are systematized: the most simple should come first, the most difficult last; things material before things philosophical and spiritual, the powers of observation before the powers of reasoning;

The baby crawls before it walks,
 The baby lisps before it talks.

It will be time enough when we become more mature to read books that require keen perception and sound judgment. To waste time perusing works, slightly, to say the most, comprehensible to us now (of which Apology pro Ritu may be given as a specimen), is both detrimental and foolish. Reading according to a sensible method reminds one forcibly of deductive logic.

Simple apprehension is exercised just as much in reading one of the simple tales of Cooper or "The Legend of King Arthur and His Knights," for instance, as in looking at the beautiful landscape from a window. The one is a picture described for the mind's eye; the other, a picture seen by the material eye.

In both cases we merely see or grasp, as it were, an object apart from all others; in other words, we perform the function of simple apprehension. Now this is just why we should first read books which simply present pictures to our mind's eye, because we first are capable only of simple apprehension; being able to go no further, to make no advancement, until we have acquired this first step.

In logic, judgment follows next, and so it is in reading. We behold two tall objects, they are both green, and grow up out of the earth, and we say they are trees because when we have compared them to notions of trees which we retain by our memory, we find that they correspond. Again as Fall approaches we may notice that one of the trees retains its green hue, while the leaves of the other change color, and assume many tints, generally of yellow, red, and brown, and finally fall to the earth leaving the dark branches of the tree naked; and we say that the former tree is an evergreen, the latter deciduous.

In reading the process is similar. The continual and thorough reading of books will cause us to judge one thought or character from another, and prepare us by this useful preparation of comparison to exercise our reason, which is the highest and most Godlike of all of man's functions. To reason, however, to say that because one thing is like a second and third, therefore the second and third are like each other; to so form a syllogism that the conclusion is correct; and to so state the premises that there is no doubt that, having been tested by "simple apprehension and judgment," they are true; is to exercise the most difficult mental capacity, and to require the cultivation of both of the former to their fullest extent. It may then be plainly seen how ridiculous it is to try to reason, or to read books full of the most subtle reasonings, as theological works generally are, until we have first acquired a thorough knowledge of the other two. When men have read the works of Homer, Hesiod, Vergil, Chaucer, DeFoe, Cervantes, Moliere, Kingsley, Dickens, Thackeray, Scott, Lowell, and Eliot; and have read Arabian Nights, Gulliver's Travels, Boswell's Life of Johnson, Schiller's William Tell, Sheridan's Critic, etc.; they are ready for Goethe's Faust, Pope's works, Milton's Paradise Lost, Plutarch's Lives; the histories of Hume, Grote, Carlyle, Green, and Lewis; the philosophical works of Locke, Whately, Whewell, Descartes, Berkeley, Butler, and Bacon; and the essays of Addison, Emerson, Burke, Smiles, Macaulay. Having read all these, men are then prepared to enter upon the study of such

works as Hooker's, Taylors', Pascal's, Wakes', and many others; but as few of us, if any, will ever read all of the above works, we would suggest that the order here given be maintained, or one very similar. To those interested, no list of books is more practicable than the one of Sir John Lubbock in his essay "The Choice of Books."

HOFFMAN LECTURE, NO. 3

The writer was more than pleased a few days ago to receive a copy of "Washington in His Library and Life" by President Potter, published by Young & Co. This book is an enlargement of No. 3 of the Hoffman Lectures which are on the same foundation as that of the Hoffman Library. The book contains, as does its valuable predecessors, very interesting information. The father of our country has been so misrepresented and slandered that it is refreshing to read a book proving his moral, intellectual, and spiritual worth and integrity; and so when we are desirous of reading a work which will show us a true American ideal, free from all that vulgar infidelism and plutocracy which seem recently to characterize so many of the so-called ideals, we heartily recommend this scholarly work.



Editors' Corner

AMONG the names which stand out most prominently on the pages of Germany's literary history, that of Ludwig Uhland cannot but be of interest to all who care to study the character and intellectual life of truly great men.

It is the object of this paper to review briefly some of the characteristics of Uhland's poetry. The deductions are for the most part based upon a chronological study of his poems.

The lack of a good translation, together with the very limited ground covered, have decided the writer in not attempting to give quotations.

Ludwig Uhland took a foremost position among his contemporaries as poet, politician and scholar. In all three of these capacities his strong personality stood forth in clear and distinct lines. In most cases the civil and intellectual, and the public and private life of the majority of mankind move side by side, but as separate functions, so to speak. With Uhland these phases of life were closely united.

Calmness and clear perception, coupled with highly developed intellectual powers characterized his nature. No brilliant outburst of poetic fireworks lit up his life to leave it in all the darker shadow when they had burned out. He passed through no such interval of youthful wildness as that which brought forth such charming fruit in the case of Goethe.

That period of his life as a poet which is marked by the greatest activity, covers but a few years. From his seventeenth to his twenty-eighth year he wrote the greater number of his poems.

It is as Uhland the *poet* that he is best known to the world at the present day, but during his life-time and among his countrymen he was fully as highly renowned as a statesman. His political career was as brilliant as his intellectual life. The comparative ignorance of the majority of people at the present day concerning the vital questions which were being agitated in Germany while he was a young man, and their consequent lack of interest in them are accountable for the fact that so little is generally known regarding Uhland the politician.

It is his poetry, however, which it is our intention to discuss in this paper. His first literary labor was the writing of poetry. While yet a student at the University he wrote many of those poems which are now considered to rank among his best. It is a remarkable fact that from the very beginning his poems show that development of thought, clear insight into human nature and mature judgment which characterize them throughout. Only in the selection and adaptation of the metre do we observe that gradual improvement which is to be expected in the work of a young author. We venture to say that in the case of Uhland's poetry small room for improvement can be found in the sublimity of thought and beauty of conception, as we examine the separate poems in their chronological order. Fischer well says "Uhland's poetry has no history." Brought forth already matured and developed, his genius had run its course before the weariness and expended energy of old age began to show itself.

From earliest boyhood the romantic seems to have possessed a great attraction for him. His ballads introduce us into a world peopled with gentle maidens, aged kings, harpers, monks and nuns; characters of the middle ages—the age of romance. All the store of old German and Frankish legends was by him explored, and furnished much of the material for his poems and dramas. It is in his romantic ballads and sonnets that his masterly skill in the adaptation of the form to the subject-matter is most clearly manifested. The use of old words and quaint forms of speech, now fallen into disuse but none the less pure and appropriate; the careful adaptation of the metre to the subject so as to be in perfect harmony with it, as thematic music with the action of the opera; these give his poems an almost magic charm which none who read them can resist.

Like Goethe, Uhland was an ardent lover of nature and his lyric poems which have to do with it are ranked by the Germans with Goethe's. On the other hand his love lyrics breathe forth none of that fiery passion which pulsates in those of Goethe. His conception of love seems to us more like friendship. Strong and pure but calm and passionless.

All through his poems, with few exceptions, there seems to be an under-current of sadness, a shadow darkening even the brightest spots. In some of his ballads, such as * "The Castle by the Sea" and "The Black Night," this melancholy tendency becomes very apparent however. There is nothing morbid in them. Uhland's faith was far too pure and strong to admit of it. It is rather a "sweet and soothing sadness" which permeates them.

A German, perhaps it was Richter, said that Uhland was the one German poet who "always kept within the limits of his ability." In the case of Goethe it is, of course, almost out of the question to speak of any such

* Both of these exquisite poems have been translated by Longfellow in his "Hyperion;" Book III, Chap. 6.

"limits" but many lesser geniuses too often over-rate their own powers and reach out for materials and forms which are beyond them. This does not impress one as being the case with Uhland. The principle of *truth* in everything which he did is, we believe, often accountable for this fact. He reproduces in his poems that which he has really experienced or read, and what he feels in his inner consciousness to be true. His nature was calm, earnest and self-reliant and it speaks to us faithfully in his poems.

Charles W. Popham, '99

Initiations—Official Reports.

EULEXIAN.

This Society held its Anniversary Initiation Nov. 20; the initiates being Messrs. Herbert L. Hannah, '99, and Arthur P. Kelley. Of the Alumni members there were present Rev. Pierre McD. Bleeker, M. A., '76, Staatsburg; Rev. John F. Ballantyne, B. A., '88, Springfield, Mass.; Rev. Anthon T. Gesner, M. A., '88, St. Paul, Minn.; Messrs. W. G. W. Anthony, M. A., '90, Leon D. Bonnett, B. A., '90, and Robert H. Mize, B. A., '94.

SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON.

On a certain Friday recently about dusk, six trembling "barbarians" who had applied for admission to the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity were taken blindfolded to a neighboring town, dear to the hearts of the students, there to undergo the change from barbarianism to the rights and privileges of the Hellenic World. Having awakened the echoes of the peaceful town, they were made to don costumes weird and grotesque, and requested to amuse the assembled citizens with various kinds of entertainments. This, we are assured, they performed in a creditable manner. They were then conducted to the Rhinebeck Hotel to meet "His Royal Highness" and his retinue of friends who proceeded to administer tortures both exquisite and unique.

All of them, we are happy to say, sustained these with varying degrees of fortitude, and were accordingly conducted, with the "marks of the beast" still upon them, to be initiated into the more solemn mysteries of Greekdom. What these were we can only guess. However, their trials and tribulations being over they sat down older and wiser fledglings to enjoy the bounties of a well laden board and regaled themselves with the good cheer, while bright flowing of wit and ethereal soaring of eloquence made time pass swiftly and pleasantly. Not until bright Aurora appeared to begin the day were they reminded that they must seek again their academic abodes and leave behind so much good cheer, and in the memory of the good people of Rhinebeck impressions both pleasing and lasting.

Alumni and College Notes.

'86—Rev. Chas. Martin Niles, D.D., has resigned the rectorship of Trinity Church, Rutland, Vt.

'92—W. M. Mitcham, '92, has passed his canonical examinations for Priest's orders.

—Rev. Charles Donohue of Brooklyn, N. Y., was the guest of William H. Webb for a few days recently.

—H. Harrington Pease was away from College for several weeks in October and November.

—Clarke L. Lewis, ex-'97, of Poughkeepsie, was at College recently.

—Rev. Mr. Nock, father of Tutor Nock, is acting as Rector at S. Johns, Barrytown, during the absence of Rev. Mr. Brick.

—Maslin, Wilson, Green, Flint, Toop, Hind and Sidman attended the Paderewski Concert at Poughkeepsie, Nov. 6th.

—Maslin, '96, Superior of S. Peter's Brotherhood, has charge of the mission at Clermont.

—Edward Noble of Johnstown, Pa., has entered the Junior Preparatory class.

—Friday, Nov. 1st, All Saints' Day and Tuesday, Nov. 5th, Election Day were holidays.

—Coerr, '94, Sp. C. and Worrall, made flying visits at Annandale Nov. 15-16 to attend the annual initiation of the S. A. E. fraternity.

—Mr. Edward Peyson Weston, the famous pedestrian, lectured to the students on the evening of Nov. 21st, '95. The lecture was highly interesting. Mr. Weston was the guest of Dr. Malcom during his stay at Annandale.

—A law recently passed by the Faculty forbids the wearing of sweaters either in class room or in chapel.

—At the recent initiations, Messrs. Jackson, Sidman, Lacey, Sams, Walker and Staples were received into *Sigma Alpha Epsilon*; Messrs. Hannah and Kelley into *Eulexian*; and Messrs. McGinnis and Greiner into *Kappa Gamma Chi*.

—On Tuesday afternoon, November 19, the Freshman and Sophomore Foot-ball teams lined up on the Athletic field for their annual game. F. V. R. Moore acted as Referee and E. S. Dunlap as Umpire. The game was hotly

contested from start to finish. Carroll, '99, made a touch down soon after the game started but failed to kick a goal. Then Knapp, '98, made a touch down from which a goal was kicked. No more points were made. '98 out-weighed '99 but the Freshmen played a better game and no doubt would have scored again had the game been longer. The ball was in the Sophomore territory during the entire second half. Time: Two twenty-minute halves. Score '98-6; '99-4.

—As guests of the Warden and Miss Fairbairn Nov. 1st were Mr. and Mrs. John Bard of Washington, Rev. Dr. Worcester and Mrs. Worcester of Lehigh University, Mrs. Delafield and Mrs. Sands of New York.

—All Saints' evening the hospitable doors of Ludlow & Willink Hall opened for an informal gathering of students. All were glad to meet the honorable benefactor of the College, Mr. Bard, while the captivating voice of Mrs. Bard delighted her hearers. We note especially "There is a Green Hill far away" by Gounod, and Mendelssohn's "Lost Chord" as among her selections. Such evenings at the Warden's are among the happiest events here and each time can we heartily say "Vivat Academia et qui illam regit."

Exchanges and Extracts.

THE *Students' Record* (University of Nevada) devotes a page to what it calls "Bits of Fun." This department is under the direction of a young woman (The University is a co-educational institution) whose name appears at the head of the department. We blushed for this same young woman and the paper which she helps to edit, when we read in a recent number a little parody whose chief point and only variation from the original verse was the use of an expression, common among men perhaps, but which we never expected from a young woman whose refinement and culture have evidently gained for her a position on the staff of a college paper.

EXCHANGES.

All night within the dim cathedral choir
He watched beside his armor: vigil kept
With prayer and fasting, while his fellows slept;
And as the gray dawn touched the cross-capped spire
There came to him a vision. Holy fire
Of pure devotion up within him leapt,
The song of service through his spirit swept,—
GOD'S accolade bestowed on lowly squire.

When the sun shone across the world's new day
They found him at the altar. Not a trace
Of struggle on the fair uplifted face;
And as they bore him home they softly trod,
With reverent feet, as those who go to pray.
He died a squire. Arise, O Knight of GOD!

—*Wellesley Magazine.*

There was once a man who went through life, a Fool; he made a home for himself in obscurity, he laid himself down for people to walk on if they had tired feet, and always carried a little tin cup at his belt; he was always in people's way, he tried to be; his cup was often thrown in his face and people thought his smile hideous; he hated to be alone and let his hair grow long to give warmth at night to a tiny mouse which he loved.

One day he met a great scholar and offered him a drink from his cup, but the scholar refused because of the rust, though suffering from thirst, and he explained to the Fool the sin of offering drink from such a cup to the world—how he might cause sickness and death—and the Fool turned and went his way, and his heart was so wounded that that night he died, and when they found him his hair lay in long yellow curls to his waist, and as they looked he unfolded his wings and rose from among them, smiling his foolish smile; his wings brushed the Heavenly Gates and they burst open and the precious stones were scattered to earth—the Great Scholar reached his hand for a pearl and sold it for a cup of cold water.—Ex.

A CHEMICAL ROMANCE.

Said Atom to Molly Cule,
"Will you unite with me?"
And Molly Cule did quick retort,
"There's no affinity."

Beneath Electric light plant's shade,
Poor Atom hoped he'd meet her,
But she eloped with a rascal Base,
Her name is now Saltpetre.

—Ex.

PRIZE TRANSLATION.

Eutropius.

—"In omnium conspectu se occidit." "She killed everybody in sight."

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