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MESSENGER

Vol. 2 No. 8 April, 1896

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The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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Vol. 2.

Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.

No. 8

April, 1896.

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 a 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 contributions 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 publication under the full names or an initial of the names of the writers, is desired rather than the use of pseudonyms.

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.

N.B. This space marked with a red cross denotes the expiration of your subscription.

The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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VOL. II.

ANNANDALE, N. Y., APRIL, 1896.

No. 8

Reminiscences.

SPRING RAMBLINGS.

[The following is one of a series of articles which we hope to publish if the alumni will but respond to the urgent request which has been made. This is an endeavor, on the part of the staff, to endear the MESSENGER to the hearts of the alumni, and we hope that it is unnecessary to say that literary (and we might add financial) contributions from the alumni will always be very welcome.]

"SOME interesting reminiscences." Thus is worded the request for a brief article from the pen of an old alumnus. Interesting to whom? To the reader, without doubt. Dares then the writer to judge his readers taste by his own?

Few treasures of memory are sweeter or more frequently taken out to be gazed on, than the recollections of those spring days which were spent in the woods and the fields around Annandale, in the patient search for wild-flowers. They were days greatly longed for in the midst of winter's snows. When they came they were filled with deferred hope and ecstatic thrills, with disappointment or with as pure satisfaction as is often given to mortals. Still that sense of happiness remains which came when first amid its leaves of last year rose the sleepy-eyed hepatica, hardly revealing its purple or mauve or pink-tinged sepals. You will find the first ones along the upper edge of the belt of woods on the south side of the long narrowing lawn on which the Bard house fronts. There, too, are anemones to be found very early, the nemorosa and the thalictroides. A little later they abound in the wood-edges and rock-crests everywhere. Perhaps you like the dog-toothed violets. You will find them in their mottled leaves on the old Hunt place, not far from the island below the falls, or on the Bartlett place behind the old school-house. Near the mausoleum, too, what a wilderness there was, in old times, of the glossy-leaved blue myrtle, equalled in extent only by the similar bed buried in the woods near the little bridge below the lower falls. For saxifrage or columbine I know no better haunts than the rocky ledges leading up to the cemetery.

And there too are, or used to be, the white beauty of the bloodroot and the sullen, malodorous blossoms of the trillium.

It is a strange association of ideas which leads us captive, in thought, to the homes of those dear, sweet white violets on Bard's place. How daintily they nestled under or on their tiny leaves. Perhaps the plants have run out now. But they used to grow among the fine needles of the hackmatack tree on the west side of the path leading northward from the Bard house, and also near the little summer house in the evergreens on the knoll to the southwest of the house. One must pick the short, delicate stems so closely and so patiently, but what a joy comes to the sensitive nostrils from even a tiny bunch of them!

Are you fond of blue violets? Then you will thank God for distributing them so lavishly around Annandale. That great, ruined lawn to the west of the site where once stood the old Livingston mansion, was full of blue violets in the old days. But if you seek them in riotous profusion, follow the path from the old boat house northward to Cruger's lane. Coming out into the open meadow, at the right season, you will walk ankle-deep in their purple beauty. There, too, in the edge of the woods are the branching and many-flowered yellow violets. And not far away is that long, sloping bank where grow luscious wild strawberries. In our day there were a few of us who knew the exact spot where we might lie down in the tall grass, in early June, and feed amidst their delicate aroma, rolling over, from time to time, into fresh fields and pastures new. Those were the days when the evening gingerbread palled on the taste, or ever our laggard feet had returned to Preston Hall and to subsequent study.

It may be that you like your flowers in masses. Then you have discovered that long row of lilacs and syringas leading up to the Livingston manor. Do be careful not to break any large branch or to mar the symmetry of the bush and be not greedy in your intoxication of delight. There are others in the world who like flowers besides you and remember that you wander where you are at best on sufferance. In like manner, if you do find that strawberry bush (*not* on Livingston's!), take only one or two of those sombre, richly-odorous blossoms, as a boutonniere—no, you may take two more for your chum, with perhaps a sprig or two of the flowering quince to grace your desk. Once in the spring you will clutter your room with a mass of dogwood blossoms. More than once, yes many times, you will bury your desk in the apple blossoms, so lavish, so delicately-tinted, so suggestively sweet. The buttercups also, will have their day, in the sunshine with the robins and the moccasin-flower in the deep, dark woods, where the scarlet tanager loves to hide and whistle.

But the toils of Commencement Day gather around and hold fast the feet that fain would wander. Reluctantly you turn from the fresh flowers of the field and the wood to study anxiously the classic herbariums of Horace and

Virgil and other ancient horticulturists, within whose pages lie their well-preserved specimens of the flowers of poetry and of song.

F. H.

The Story of the Evergreen Trees.

WHEN the world was new and the natures of things were forming, when the spring-time of creation was not yet at an end, the natural forces themselves knew not their own powers. The rain fell, but it knew not for what; the little mountain streams gurgled and bubbled over the rocks, but knew not their end; the flowers budded and opened to the kisses of the sun; asking what they were for, but receiving no answer, they smiled on; and even when they drooped and withered they still were content. Indeed, throughout the whole world prevailed a spirit of loving trust. Nothing knew its end or purpose in existing, but everything felt a gentle force which urged it on throughout that first season, and taught it what to do.

To all the trees were given leaves; and the strong branches bore them willingly, feeding them with their life blood. In their turn the leaves gently sheltered the branches and sung them sweet songs when the breezes rocked their cradles, even as innocent babes in their sweet cooings sing to their mothers.

But in that first season the days were not all peaceful days. Dark clouds fought with the sun, and he with his shining armored host was forced to keep within his fortress, while his soldiers weeping, drenched the earth with their tears. Then the chariot horses of the cloudy army, the winds, became furious tempest in their wild attack. All nature was in turmoil.

There were many trees who, in sympathy with the stormy clouds and winds, shouted defiance to the kindly but imprisoned sun, and shaking their branches, would have joined the driving blast as it rushed by them to the onslaught. Only a few of them were sorrowful in these dark days. Their branches waved, but sadly, and they sighed only softly, and moaned. The other trees noticed their behavior, and when peace came again rebuked them for their simplicity and humility. Thus a disagreement arose among the trees.

Spring grew older and matured into summer. The kingly sun kissed gently those trees that loved his gentle warmth, and they for him exhaled sweet, spicy fragrance. But upon those other trees, who had bowed obeisance to his enemy, the storm king, he shone with fiercest wrath, and they became parched and dry, and only rattled and rustled when they tried to sing. The leaves in anguish cried to their fostering mother trunks: "Give us peace, happiness, some recompense for this fierce fury of the burning sun," and the trees attempted to satisfy their craving. Slowly as the days wore on the

leaves began to change their colors, and also with this additional beauty coloring they took on a toughness and felt less and less the piercing shafts of their persecutors. For a new band of forces, other enemies of the royal sun, offered their services to the suffering trees and were accepted. They came at night, when the sun slept, and going softly from tree to tree avoiding always those loyal to the sun, worked a charm.

The sun awoke and began his journey of love and bounty-bringing, across the sky, when lo, he beheld the leaves, as they had been painted, with colors rivaling those of his own vesper robes. The armies of the frost had come down from that country which the sun had never conquered, and visiting the trees each night, left them more and more gloriously arrayed. The charm was at first but a little painful; a pinching, a contraction it seemed, but being repeated again and again, the pain to the poor leaves became excruciating and many died.

Each day came forth the sun, and in pitiless anger glowed down upon the trees in their new finery. The strength of the mothering trunks almost exhausted, their arms relaxed and they let fall their children to the earth.

When next the storm king raged in fury he found but feeble allies in the leaves, who, to be sure, followed in his train, but chanted only mournful death songs, and huddled together in fear and dismay whenever the winds left them to their own strength. But the faithful trees, yet in their spring-time verdure still sighed softly or sung among themselves sweet love songs to the sun.

Herbert Seymour Hastings, '98.

Fishing on the Hudson.

IT was the Monday before College re-opened. Several were back before time. Four men representing '96, '97, '98, and '99, respectively, after diligent search armed with proper tackle started for sport. The appearance of De Soto's men, as with polished armour and brilliant standards they marched from Tampa Bay between crowds of bewildered natives, hardly pictures the scene here enacted. With a step putting a Cæsar at the Rubicon to blush at the captain of this band cross the college bounds. Indeed when Pizarro marked on the sand the line between ease and conflict his dozen followers rallied with less spirit of success than they of whom these lines are telling. The rock which yielded only to the vinegar of Hanibal could not have impeded this resolute band. The day, well, it was not just the ideal day for heroism for it seemed to usher in the summer with its sleepy, smoky and enervating character. Less than six miles of walking through bogs and swamps brought them to the shore to which such monsters of the deep were often landed by the "Kid"—no kin I think of the late captain. Slight

weary with high boots on, gladly did they take places in a boat which, with proper observance of class standing, '99's sturdy representative pulled northward against the ebbing tide.

Tradition tells of a particular portion of water extending from a certain cedar five dekameters eastward, but I will not make public that preserve known only to the favored few. The place reached, the work began. Paul Jones was not more dextrous. How the reels smoked! How the fish came in half boiled by very friction of the molecules of water H_2O . How the wrinkles deepened in the brow of the old man on the shore who, as a sort of human Cerberus, was watching the place! But the sun at length declining, the four, with tide now flowing, pulled southward. Few the words that passed between them; each was thinking as they passed on of the hero that he would be, coming with his wealth of fishes to the classic halls of College, to his happy Alma Mater. Hiawatha, far less proudly, bore upon his sun-burnt shoulder to the tent of old Nokomis his choice offering of the red deer.

After two hours the shore was reached when, lo, metamorphosis beyond even the explanation of the student who knew the cause of the Northern Lights, the load once threatening the very safety of the craft had shrunk to a single perch. There were no fish stories told at supper that night and I am indebted for my information to a loose fly leaf of the log book.

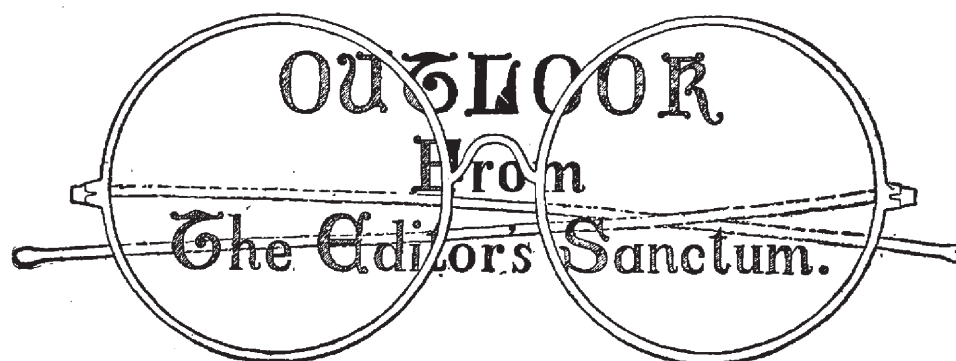
Ocenquog.

Forget—Remember.

FORGET! forget,
The toil, the strife,
The disappointment of thy life,
The bitter tear,
And that vague fear
Which came when hope at last had set.

Remember love!
For that shall last,
E'en when all else behind is cast,
Though hope be fled,
And faith be dead,
Love ever lives and blooms above.

Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98.



We were reproached quite recently for not publishing more poetry and less prose. The writer remarked that poets were scarce; their productions, more so, "But," said my interlocutor, "if you cannot obtain original pieces, why do you not get men to translate Homer, Horace, or Vergil into English verse for you? I am sure it must be very easy to translate others' thoughts into verse, if you have none of your own." The writer replied that translating was difficult, and scarcely ever attempted; no men of common ability being able even to make a readable verse copy, (and we are all of the non-genius kind) much less to attempt to interpret the well expressed, and accurately polished and finished poems of the classic writers. Think of an undergraduate attempting to translate an Ode that Horace had polished over and over again until it was as perfect as human genius could make it. Pope did it, so did Addison and many other men of their type; but are we of their class? I require all of the powers the average undergraduate can command to write in telligible, well connected prose in his own, familiar mother tongue. We have accepted and do accept all the verse we can obtain that can fairly be termed by that name, but to induce men to translate Horace into rhyme lacking the spirit, and void of the thought of the original, we shall never do. We believe too much in originality to do it. In our opinion, one might more profitably write a poor original than borrow "unconsciously" ideas from superiors. It is true that there is nothing new under the sun, but there are many new ways of expressing matter that show originality, so far as the persons who exercise their powers are concerned. The same texts are used for sermons, the same subjects are hashed and rehashed, but no one accuses the preacher of not being original, though the same text was used a thousand years ago, unless he copies word for word some other preacher's sermon. Originality, to-day means more novelty in presentment, than anything else; and as the best minds of every age have always been content to use the materials that have been at hand, it seems to strengthen this view all the more.

FREE PRESS.

As one who spent two years in the Preparatory Department connected with S. Stephen's, I beg to refer to the harm of having no mark of distinction between the College and the School. Granted that our total number, being small, militates against distinction, as well as the close friendship which knows no bounds, yet when a person pursuing purely High School studies under tutors is regarded with his Caesar or Anabasis or Sallust as a member of S. Stephen's, he lowers, in public opinion, the scholarship of the institution. One may say that the writer does not show proper regard to the faculty when he advocates a change; may say that the catalogue clearly shows the true status but, the fact remains that the injury is present. I believe, were some distinction, as the wearing of cap and gown by college men only, established the same would form an inducement to preparatory men.

In conversation, an M. A. of Yale expressed surprise at the matter here and his opinion that a change would be better.

Take the gowns off the "Department" pupils and perchance they would show work to wear it, that their examinations would show a better record.

'97.

After visiting another educational institution one naturally draws comparison between their methods and ours. Having recently visited the General Theological Seminary, we received some suggestions which appealed to us. We have no desire to discuss ritual in church ceremonial, but the hymn which in the Seminary is sung after the evening office is ended was to us a very pleasant innovation. We think that an appreciation of such a custom here, assured by the pleasure which we so often find in singing as we come up the hill after chapel or while gathered in "Battle Alley" before supper. Why not turn this desire for vocal exercise, which seems so spontaneous at that time of the day, into a spiritually profitable channel? We respectfully leave this suggestion to the proper authorities.

PREPARATORY DEPARTMENT.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CANADIAN MISSION.

THE Rev. Mr. Humph, a friend of ours, who, in his earlier years, had charge of a mission in the back woods of Canada, dined with us the other day. When the meal was over he related some amusing experiences he had while in Canada, of which the following are examples:

"I had heard," said our guest, "that an old farmer, named Monroe, had not attended the Sunday service for twelve years. A short time afterward I went

to see him ; and during my call I asked him why he did not come to church. He told me that he was afraid to go, because it always brought him bad luck. It seemed that the former rector had persuaded him to go once ; but during the service his largest hay-stack caught fire and was completely destroyed. The farmer, enraged at the loss of his hay, had not entered the church since. However, after much persuasion, he promised to come to church next Sunday. I saw him some time afterward and inquired how he had enjoyed the service ; he glared at me for a moment, and then informed me, in no very gentle tones, that he would be blown if he ever entered that meetin'ouse agin ; and he never did. I learned afterward that while he was absent his best cow had broken one of her horns in the wood pile."

"On another occasion I set out one fine winter's morning, just after a heavy snow storm, to call on an old lady ninety-six years of age who lived at the farther end of the hamlet. The snow lay two feet deep upon the ground, and the temperature was fifteen below zero. As I drew near the neighborhood in which I knew she lived, I saw an ancient female, without hat or cloak, shoveling snow off the roof of a chicken house. I enquired of her where Mrs. Bridge lived. To my surprise she told me that she was the sibyl. . . . I danced at the one hundredth anniversary of the same old lady's birthday. The invitations were written by Mrs. Bridge herself."

He also told us about an old woman who stopped him one Sunday as he was driving home from Church. He said that she presented him with a plucked goose, in not a very perfect state of preservation, and remarked that she had gone to the same spot every Sunday for three weeks to give him the goose but had missed him each time. Mr. Humph assured us that he accepted the goose with (apparently) great gratitude ; but when he got home he gave it a decent burial behind the barn. Three months later, when he received his salary, the price of the old woman's goose was deducted from it. The price of a bag of rotten apples, which an old farmer had given him to feed to his pig, was also retained.

Arthur C. Saunders.

College Notes.

—Lasher, '96 and Flint, '97 were employed in the Library during the recent recess.

—C. W. Popham, '99, recently made a flying trip to Troy, N. Y.

—The following spent the entire vacation at College: McGuire, Sams, Howell, Walker, Ogden, Wheeler, C. L., Flint, Maslin, Lasher, and Kunkel.

—Mr. A. J. Nock, tutor in Latin and Mathematics, spent a part of the vacation out of town.

—Athletics are again in the bloom. The prospects are good for a strong base ball team.

—Coerr, '98, was ill with an attack of the grippe during vacation.

—Rev. W. W. Olssen spent the vacation in Plainfield, N. J.

—How about your Algebra, Freshies?

—Herbert S. Hastings, '98, entertained his mother at Hotel de Plass, a week at the opening of the term.

—The results of the Easter examinations were very encouraging. Especial notice is due to the Junior Preps. and Freshmen while '97 still kept her record. The deity presiding over examinations seems to be especially favorable to odd-year classmen.

—Rev. W. G. W. Anthony spent a week during the Easter vacation in Wilmington, Del., as the guest of Chas. B. Dubell. S. W. Linsley, '97, took charge of his work at Madalin on the Sunday after Easter.

—At a meeting of the College, March 28th, George A. Green, '97, was elected marshall for the next commencement.

—The Warden and Miss Fairbairn spent a week in Washington, D. C., and vicinity during vacation. On their return they stopped at Wilmington, Del., where Dr. Fairbairn preached in Trinity church on Sunday April 12th.

—The Rev. Albert A. Brockway, '76, preached in the college chapel at Evening Prayer on Low Sunday.

—Dr. Malcom was the sole representative of the faculty at the services on Sunday, April 12th.

—Dr. Robertson spent a part of his vacation at Annandale.

—Dr. Hopson spent a part of the Easter recess in New York city.

—Up to the time of going to press only a few cases of "*Spring Fever*" have been reported, and as yet no cases have proved fatal. No doubt before our next edition comes out several serious cases will have occurred.

Exchanges.

We are indebted for the following magazines: *Wellesley*, *Columbia Spectator*, *Bachelor of Arts*, *Student Record*, *Morningside*, *Reveille*, *Independent*, *Westminster Review*, *Reveille of Peekskill M. A.*, *Acta Diurna* (Trinity School, N. Y.)

The *Bachelor of Arts* for March contains an article on the Monroe Doctrine by Theodore Roosevelt ; also some letters on the same subject which are well worth reading. The articles entitled *Life at the Universities of Heidelberg*

and Dublin are interesting, giving us a glimpse of a student's career at those institutions. One of the most useful articles, perhaps, is "The Collegian in Literature." The subject is somewhat hackneyed, treating as it does of the struggle for success in the world of letters, nevertheless, it is well worth perusal.

The *Columbia Spectator* rather disappoints us. It is generally well written; but in the two March numbers there is not a solitary article which treats of any good, interesting subject; athletics and advertisements seem to be the sum of their contents. It does not exhibit to advantage the great University which it represents. We expect great things from Columbia.

Wellesley for March is excellent. It contains several very readable articles which are far better than the average, and some good verse.

The *Morningside*, of Columbia, is full of good short stories; but it is our opinion that this little magazine would be improved by being enlarged. The space for contributors is so limited that the stories are sometimes condensed to obscurity.

I carried her out in my new canoe,
As summer's day towards evening drew,
A wooing bashful lover.
I kissed her on her lips divine,
And asked her softly to be mine—
When the blasted boat turned over.

—*Col. Spectator.*

FAIRYLAND.

Sith none that breaeth living aire doth know
Where is that happie land of Faerie.

—*Spenser.*

Fairyland, oh Fairyland!
Show us the road to Fairyland.
We are tired of work and woe,
Along our pathway the briars grow,
And high is the hedge on either hand,
Far have we fared from Fairyland.
Fairyland, oh Fairyland,
Show us the road to Fairyland.

Fairyland, oh Fairyland!
Lost is the road to Fairyland;
Across the storied years it winds,
Through human hearts and human minds,
None liveth now who may understand
The mystic magic of Fairyland.

Fairyland, oh Fairyland!
Lost is the road to Fairyland.

Fairyland, oh Fairyland!
Who will win back to Fairyland?
He who dwells in the yesterdays
May find the path o'er "ferny braes,"
May meet the queen of the elfin band,
And come to the long-lost Fairyland.

Fairyland, oh Fairyland!
Who will win back to Fairyland?

—*Wellesley Magazine.*

WHY NOT?

He pulled her hair,
She didn't care,
You bet it wasn't his sister;
His arm stole softly round her waist,
And then, by jove, he kissed her.

She pulled his hair,
He didn't care,
Her pull in force did lack, sir,
Said she, "I do not want your kiss,"
By jove, he took it back sir.

—*Reveille (Peekskill).*

Freshman year—Comedy of errors.
Sophomore year—Much ado about nothing.
Junior year—As you like it.
Senior year—All's well that ends well.

Ex.

A little boy and a little girl,
On ice so very thin,
An air-hole strike in onward whirl,
A plunge! —Heavenly Twins!

—*Ex.*

“A horse thief is like an unruly sailor.”

“In what way?”

“Both get the rope’s end.”

—*Acta Diurna.*

An Irishman and a Frenchman were one day having a dispute over the nationality of a friend of theirs. “I say,” said the Frenchman, “that if he was borne in France, he’s a Frenchman.”

“Begora,” said Pat, “if a cat should have kittens in an oven, would you call them biscuits?”—*Ex.*

Teacher—What did Cæsar do when he reached the Rhine?

Pupil—He proposed to Bridget—I don’t know what her other name was.

—*Ex.*