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MESSENGER

Vol. 2 No. 10 June, 1896

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Commencement Number.

The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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Vol. 2.

Annandale-on-Hudson, N. Y.

No. 10.

June, 1896.

The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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BUSINESS MANAGER, HOMER A. FLINT, '97,

ASSOCIATE, CHARLES L. WHEELER, '98.

VOL. II.

ANNANDALE, N. Y., JUNE, 1896.

No.

Commencement.

Commencement has come and gone, leaving behind it many pleasant memories, and now, as we look back over the past week, it is with a certain regret that we take up our pen, to write an account of the thirty-sixth Commencement.

As usual the observances commenced on Sunday, with the Baccalaureate Sermon, which was preached by the Rt. Rev. Edward R. Atwill, D. Bishop of Western Missouri. He took for his text Acts xix, 32: "So therefore cried one thing, and some another; for the assembly was confused and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together." After a brilliant and scholarly introduction, the Bishop compared the religion and social ferment of to-day, with the confusion of the Ephesian mob, and urged upon his hearers, especially those of the graduating class, that they should unite to lead their fellow-men to the correct solution of the religious and social questions of the day, and "seek to become, indeed, Masters of Arts." Besides the Faculty, there were present in the Chancel Rev. J. G. Brick, Batavia, N. Y., Rev. J. M. Blackwell, M.A., Rev. F. C. Steinmitz, B.A., and J. D. Ewing.

Tuesday. On Tuesday evening, the Junior Class gave a ball. This was held in Preston Hall. The room was very tastefully decorated in the colors of the Senior Class, apple green and lavender. A noticeable feature of the occasion was the large number of ladies present, there being more of the fair than of gentlemen, a very unusual circumstance at Annandale. Everyone seemed to thoroughly enjoy the affair; and there was genuine regret, when the last number of the programme was reached. The committee in charge of the Ball, Messrs. E. S. Dunlap, E. H. Young, and H. A. Flint are to be

gratulated upon the admirable manner in which the arrangements were carried out.

Wednesday. The Annual Service of the Missionary Society was held in the Chapel, Wednesday evening at 7:30. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Wm. M. Grosvenor, Rector of the Church of the Incarnation, New York. His text was St. Luke x, 16. With exuberance of thought and terseness of diction, he hurriedly traced the history of the church missionary enterprise, and reviewed and confuted the arguments advanced by those, who in these latter days are opposed to missions. The very manner of the preacher carried with it conviction, and we venture to say that it is by far the best missionary sermon that we have had in some years.

At the conclusion of the sermon, the Warden came forward and having announced that it was the intention to unveil the Stryker Memorial Tablet, he made a few feeling remarks concerning the late Professor Stryker, and introduced the Rev. Samuel Moran, M.A., '69, who then delivered a eulogy upon his friend and class-mate, and made us all feel that Dr. Stryker's memory is indeed an heritage of which S. Stephen's may well be proud.

It is hard to appreciate how full of power Dr. Stryker's life really was; for twenty-nine years he was connected with the College as student, tutor and professor. He was Primus of his class and a general favorite among his associates in his student days, and as a Professor, he not only took high rank, but exerted a remarkable influence over his pupils, no one of whom has ever been heard to speak of him, except in praise. At the conclusion of this address the marshal unveiled the tablet, which reads as follows:

In Memoriam



JACOBI STRYKER, LL.D.

¶II. kal. mart, A. D. MDCCCLII nati,
ad gradum Baccalaurei in Artibus, hoc in Collegio
A. D. MDCCCLXXIX admissi,
quinque et viginti annos Doctoris atque Professoris
eruditi mathematici, pholosophi,
Christiani probi liberalis casti,
adicipulis dilecti,
ab omnibus, qui eum noverant, observati,
in praeclaræ resurrectionis spe
Jun. A. D. MDCCCXCIV mortui,
hec tabula
ab ejus discipulis
Sancti Stephani Collegii filijs
posita est.

The Warden's reception to the Alumni and Graduating Class followed, and over a hundred guests of the College paid their respects to Dr. Fairbairn, who was assisted in receiving by his daughter, Miss Fairbairn. Meanwhile many couples were promenading on the campus, which was illuminated by Japanese lanterns; and the Freshman Quartette sang college songs.

As usual the Eulexian Society held their banquet in Preston Hall. They had with them many of their Alumni and report a grand good time. The following gentlemen responded to toasts: Rev. Wm. M. Grosvenor, Rev. F. L. Humphreys, Mus. D., S.T.D., Rev. Jos. Carey, M.A., D.D., '61, Rev. R. E. Post, B.A., '62, Rev. A. C. Kimber, M.A., D.D., '66, Rev. P. McD. Bleecker M.A., '76, Rev. Geo. S. Bennitt, B.D., Henry Fairbairn, M.A., M.D., '75, Geo. A. Green, '97, Francis VanR. Moore, Rev. W. G. W. Anthony, M.A., '90, Rev. E. L. Toy, B.A., B.D., '68, Rev. J. F. Ballantyne, B.A., '88 and Thos. P. Maslin, '96. Dr. Silliman acted as toast-master.

The Kappa Gamma Chi men gathered around the festive board in Bar Hall, and kept up their festivities until early dawn. Although the attendance of their Alumni was somewhat smaller than usual, the event was no less enjoyable. The following toasts were responded to: The Kappa Gamma Chi The Rev. P. C. Pyle; The Active Members, Mr. J. C. Davis, '96 Sp. C.; The Ladies, The Rev. H. S. Smith; The Chapter House, The Rev. A. R. B. Hege man, '91; The Passed Members, The Rev. J. M. Blackwell, '92; Athletics, Mr. A. M. Judd, '98; THE MESSENGER, Mr. J. P. Gibson, '97; The Future Prospects of S. Stephens, Rev. F. C. Steinmitz, '93.

This year the Sigma Alpha Epsilon men went to the Rhinebeck Hotel for their banquet, arriving there about half-past twelve. Having waked up the old town with "Phi Alpha," they sat down to an excellent repast, and it was not until broad day-light that they started homeward, singing their songs. The toast list was as follows: Sigma Alpha Epsilon, Rev. Wm. F. Beilby M.A., '75; Anniversaries, Rev. David L. Sanford, B.A., '76; Trials and Tribulations, Rev. D. Russ Judd, B.A., '90; Sigma Chi, Chas. B. McGuire, '99, Σ. X Adventures, Watson Bartemus Selva, '98; Graduation, James L. Lasher, '96 Pessimism, John H. Wilson, '96. Mr. Chas. G. Coffin, B.A., LL.B., '76, acted as toast-master.

Thursday. At half-past seven the Alumni, and many of the Undergraduates with them, assembled in the Chapel for their annual celebration of the Holy Communion. The Rev. Arthur C. Kimber, D.D., '66, was the Celebrant, assisted by The Rev. Eugene L. Toy, B.D., '68, as Gospeller and the Rev. John F. Ballantyne, B.A., '88, Epistoller.

At the meeting of the convocation of the Alumni, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

The Rev. Arthur C. Kimber, M.A., D.D., '66—*President*.

The Rev. Thomas B. Fulcher, M.A., B.D., '73—*Vice-President*.

The Rev. D. Russ Judd, B.A., '90—*Treasurer*.
 The Rev. W. Geo. W. Anthony, M.A., '90—*Secretary*.
 The Rev. A. C. Kimber, M.A., D.D., '66—*Trustee Scholarship Fund*.
 The Rev. W. C. J. Agnew, M.A., B.D., '84—*Necrologist*.
 The Rev. Wm. F. Beilby, M.A., '75,
 The Rev. A. C. Kimber, M.A., D.D., '66,
 Frank R. Bagley, B.A., '77,
 The Rev. Eugene L. Toy, B.A., B.D., '68,
 The Rev. P. McD. Bleeker, M.A., B.D., '76,
 The Rev. Geo. D. Silliman, D.D., '67, was elected to represent the Alumni upon the Board of Trustees.

Executive Committee.

Shortly after, the Board of Trustees held their annual meeting in Ludlow and Wielink Hall.

Long before twelve o'clock the Campus was thronged with students and friends of the College. The band discoursed sweet music and this together with the festive appearance of our visitors, reminded one of some fête. Little crowds gathered under the trees, or stood about the board, where the plans for the New Gymnasium were exhibited, and here and there a Doctor in his gown and scarlet hood gave an academic color to the scene.

The meeting of the Board of Trustees was considerably prolonged, so that it was nearly one o'clock before the procession, headed by the band, started for the Chapel. Then came the Marshal, Mr. Geo. A. Green, '97, followed by the Choir and Undergraduates, then the Assistant Marshals, Messrs. E. S. Dunlap, '97 and J. P. Gibson, '97, the Graduating Class, the Alumni, the Warden and Professors, the Rev. W. Geo. W. Anthony, who was to sing the Litany, and last of all, the Board of Trustees.

All having taken their places in the Chapel, the Warden read the Bidding Prayer, after which the Lord's Prayer and Litany were sung.

The service being concluded, the congregation, under the direction of the Marshal, proceeded to the platform erected upon the Campus for the Commencement Exercises, followed by the Students, Alumni, Professors and Trustees. The exercises of Commencement were as follows:

MUSIC.

Peter the Hermit, WILLIAM EVANS KUNKEL.
 Courage, *JAMES LEWIS LASHER.

MUSIC.

The Perception of Beauty, THOMAS PAUL MASLIN.
 Statesmanship, ALBERT LARRIEU LONGLEY.

MUSIC.

Should Civilization be Propagated by Force,
 FREDERICK DUMONTIER DEVALL.

*Excused from speaking.

Philosophy of Fads—with Valedictory Address,

JOHN HENRY WILSON.

MUSIC.

Prizes in Latin, Greek, Natural Philosophy and Logic were awarded to Homer A. Flint, '97.

A certificate was granted to Frederick DuMontier Devall.

The degree of Bachelor of Arts was then conferred upon William Evan Kunkel, Chickies, Pa.; James Lewis Lasher, Fleischmanns, N. Y.; Albert Larrieu Longley, Lansingburgh, N. Y.; Thomas Paul Maslin, Sacramento, Cal; John Henry Wilson, New York.

The following were advanced to the Master's Degree: The Rev. Harry S Longley, B.A., 1891; The Rev. A. R. B. Hegeman, B.A., 1891; The Rev. I. St. G. McLean, B.A., 1892; Albert J. Nock, B.A., 1892; Breckenridge S Gibson, B.A., 1893; The Rev. F. C. Steinmetz, B.A., 1893; The Rev. Isaac Newton Phelps, B.A. (Br. Un.)

Degrees "Honoris Causa" were conferred as follows:

B. D.—The Rev. Henry Bell Bryan, Garden City, L. I.; The Rev. Wm Brown-Sernon, Chestertown, N. Y.

LL.D.—Jacob Van Bechten Olcott; Clarence Boutelle.

Mus. Doc.—D. Lipton, Albany, N. Y.

D. D.—The Rev. Gilbert H. Sterling, B.A., '71, South Bethlehem, Pa.; The Rev. George F. Nelson, New York.

After the singing of a hymn the Benediction was pronounced by the Rev. R. B. Fairbairn, D.D., LL.D., the Bishop being absent.

The College and guests then gathered in Preston Hall, where the Alumni dinner was served, after which the Warden, acting as toast-master, introduced Mr. John Bard, the Rev. Frank L. Humphries, Mus.D., S.T.D., the Rev. Isaac Newton Phelps, M.A., the Rev. Henry Bell Bryan, B.D., the Rev. Geo. D. Silliman, D.D., all of whose speeches were thoroughly enjoyed.

We consider that we have passed a very enjoyable Commencement, and our only regret is, that many of those, whose presence in former years has gone so far to make Commencement a success, were unable to be with us. Our good Bishop and Dr. Charles Hoffman, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., were sadly missed and we sincerely hope that they may be with us another year.

WIND UPS.

To start a clock you wind it up—
 Do likewise with a top;
 But in the ring, the wind up comes
 When they're prepared to stop.

Trinity Tablet.

Reminiscences of College Life!

THEY come pouring down so thick and fast from the storehouse of memory, when once I have touched the spring, that I have to stand from under. Music, art, literature, athletics, fun, frolic, study, devotion; which shall I take, and where shall I begin? I might as well make a crazy quilt and be done with it, for to reduce college life to a syllogism, or a proposition in Euclid, would be absurd.

We had a glee club then, and it was at the height of its glory when Bagley, Reazor, Cawthorne, Coffin, McMillen and Pedal Jack warbled the intricate melodies of Vogel's Waltz, and made "mine host" of Glasco glow with patriotism over "Abt's compositions." In fact, it was the first "really and truly" glee club that the college had ever had, and great was the enthusiasm, when McMillen received the copies of the Arion glee book, and when the strains of "How can I leave thee," "Where would I be?" and "Kisses love," enwrapt the souls of preps and freshmen in their mellifluous toils. The College orchestra was the crowning work of Pedal Jack, and Feb. 22, 1876, when the Rector of Kingston drank to George Washington's health, was a fête day, which, none of the participants will ever forget. The day opened with the firing of cannon by the Piccadilly Brigade, under the command of Captain Brockway. Then Brockway's oration in the School House, the Warden's magnificent dinner, and the Concert in the evening! It seems a pity that Edison could not now reproduce it all with his kinetoscope, to show to the College some of the seeds of its present greatness. I often wonder what became of the "goose." That was the name which the fellows gave to the violoncello. We took up a subscription to get this instrument. "Who is going to play it?" they asked. "Reazor," I answered. "Oh!" Finally Reazor asked, "Who is going to play it?" "You are, of course," I answered. He laughed and said: "I never touched a fiddle in my life." "Well," I replied, "you will have to play it, for there is no one else that ever could." And play it he did, and played it well. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* I wonder if he remembers the superfluity of "chin music" at that last rehearsal.

Athletics? Yes, we played foot-ball; but not as they play it now. Then we kicked the ball; now they kick the fellow that has the ball. One day there was an intermission in the game. A sow with a litter of a dozen half-grown pigs came scurrying across the field, and, leaving the ball poised in the air, we gave chase. We succeeded in catching one pig. "What shall we do with him?" "Take him to the Greek recitation room, and offer him up to Zeus." Four of us had him, one by each leg, upside down, and we were carrying him, amid squeals and yells, toward the door of Orient Hall. At the door the fellows dropped him, and I, not knowing the cause, caught him by the neck with my feet and held him fast. Just then I felt a touch upon my

shoulder, and heard a polite request: "Will you please let me pass." It was Professor Stryker, now of blessed memory. I will warrant that not until now has the Warden ever known of it.

Another incident will illustrate the "*makrothumia*" of this wonderful man. I may not give it accurately, but this is the way that it is painted on one of the cells of my cranium. Some one put a small cat in the professor's desk. It most likely had gone to sleep when the recitation began. In the course of the hour it began to mew. We were "preps" then, and a class of more than twenty. Stubbs was sitting at the end next to the door. Prof. S.—"Mr. Stubbs, will you please remove this cat?" Stubbs—"Yes, sir." Stubbs took the cat and held it, and the recitation proceeded. Soon the professor looked up. "Well, Mr. Stubbs?" "What shall I do with it, Professor?" "Oh, I don't care what you do with it." The professor then buried his face behind his book. Stubbs then put the cat on the transom sill, above the door. But this did not please the cat, and she so expressed herself. "Mr. Stubbs, will you please take that cat down?" "Yes, sir." The cat was taken down and put in the middle of the room. Then came the denouement. "Will some gentleman please put that cat out?" The class rose as one man, and the cat was put out, while the professor was left alone. But the class—not the cat—came back, and all was peaceful. Professor Stryker! Surely the time will come in some fairer realm than this, when the graceless scamps to whom you taught the "humanities" in more senses than one, will have the opportunity to retrieve themselves and to reward you as you deserve!

The class of '76 was the class of the Nine Muses. The class poet wrote an ode about them, which ended thus:

"Now these are the Muses I would bring,
The muses of which I now would sing;
And I think that you all will agree with me,
When I say that those of antiquity
Sink into nothing before these nine,
That stand so boldly out in line.
Sheltered beneath the glorious wing
Of the bird that never was known to sing;
Nothing can ever them inveigle,
Protected by the American Eagle.
Then hip, hurrah for seventy-six!
And all your drums and fiddles fix,
To play for them at the celebration
Of the grand Centennial of the Nation."

But when the class was graduated, the College did not go to pieces, as some of us were afraid that it might.

J. D. Herron, '76.

Change.

THE jar and fret have dulled my thought, perchance;
 Life's hurrying tones have sped, and altered so,
 Since Hope's first cymbals clashed. Joy's even flow,
 Whose sweet monotony could but enchain
 Each graceful strain's familiar dalliance,
 Faltered and broke,—and as I turned to know
 The cause, there struck a new chord, earnest, low,
 Care's sadder theme of Pain's significance.

Whether from heights all sun, or depths of gray,
 E'en as we gaze, some change we still must see;
 Some hour that strews dull ashes of the day,
 In twilight o'er the dimpling roseate sea:—
 Yet calm and strong One Voice sounds on, always,
 "I am: and as I am, so will I be."

John Mills Gilbert, '90.

Tales of a Plantation House.**IV.****ON THE STRENGTH OF A LIKENESS.**

ARTHUR VAUGHN was not a sentimental man. On the contrary, he had lived to be twenty-five without having entertained a thought of marriage. He had been a student at old William and Mary College for two years; but at the end of that time, he had been called home by the illness of his father, and assumed the management of the plantation. He had made few friends, owing to his haughty reserve; but women admired his fine person and courtly bearing. More than once during the succeeding three years his father urged him to marry; but at last, the old man passed away and Arthur was still unmarried.

A few weeks after the funeral, while looking over his father's strong box, he found an ivory miniature set in rubies. He held the likeness up to the light, and gazed on it with a rapt expression for some moments, and then, as he laid it down, he said, "If I ever marry, it will be such a woman."

The years came and went, and those who knew him wondered why he did not take a wife. They did not know that he had fallen in love with a miniature. Even if he had told them, they would not have believed that such a cold, passionless man was capable of such an affection; but nevertheless he wore the miniature of this unknown woman around his neck, just as though

he were going to marry her. Nor was his devotion without its sacrifice. He knew, that he was the sole representative of his family and had all the aristocrat's feeling of responsibility to perpetuate his name. He was fond of children and envied the poor negroes, as he passed their cabin doors and saw their children playing about them.

In the winter of 1815 he visited Washington City and there met the Duc di Cavona, who represented some petty Italian prince at the capital of the infant republic. It was at a ball, given by the French ambassador, that he first met this Italian nobleman and his beautiful daughter. When Arthur Vaughn was introduced to her, he was almost speechless with surprise; for her features were almost identical with those of the miniature, which he wore around his neck. At first, it seemed that it must be her likeness; but this woman was not yet twenty, and the picture had been in his possession for nearly five years. He had made the woman of the miniature his ideal, and now she stood before him, in all her transcendent loveliness, a woman of flesh and blood. She courtesied and he raised her jewelled hand to his lips and kissed it fervently.

Veleria di Cavona was in her eighteenth year. As he looked upon her, he saw a tall graceful woman with the clear olive complexion and red gold hair, which is found occasionally among the inhabitants of northern Italy. She was such a woman as Raphael would have chosen to pose as the Madonna. Men raved over her loveliness and wrote her verses and sent her flowers; but she smiled on all with an air of indulgence, and accepted their devotion, as though it were her's by right. All that winter he followed her about like a shadow, sending her flowers, handing her in and out of carriages, dancing with her, driving with her, talking to her, till people raised their eye-brows when they saw them apart; and they became as necessary to each other as the air they breathed. The Duc was disposed to favor his suit because Arthur Vaughn was rich, while he, although descended from one of the proudest families in all Italy, was so poor that he was dependent on his brother Cardinal di Cavona, who was a high official in Rome. So when Arthur Vaughn asked her hand in marriage the Duc readily gave his consent, and the wedding was solemnized early in June.

One warm evening, several weeks after the wedding, Arthur Vaughn and his bride were standing by an open window in the library, and the Duc lay half asleep on a sofa at the other end of the room.

"Veleria," said her husband, "I have something here which I wish to show you."

He loosened his neck-cloth and drew out the miniature. The light flashed back from its ruby setting and lit up the painted countenance and the face of the young bride, who bent over it. She raised her eyes to his and said:

"I do not understand. I never sat for that picture."

"No, little one," he said, "I have worn it for more than five years. Do you know that I loved this woman before I ever saw you?"

"But it is my picture," she said with a puzzled look.

"It is your mother's," said the Duc di Cavona, who had joined them, "there is the artist's name and the date, 'C. Roddimi, Florence, 1786.' Sir"—turning to his son-in-law—"where did *you* come by this?"

"I found it among my father's papers, after his death."

The Duc uttered an oath under his breath and drawing a dagger made a stab at Vaughn; but he stepped aside and the steel plunged into the wood of the window casing. The two men grappled. There was a short struggle, and then Arthur Vaughn planted his knees on his assailant's breast and with his hand still on his throat, he said, "Tell me all you know."

At first, the Italian made no answer; but at last he spoke.

"Take your hand off my throat, I say! That's my wife's picture. She was betrothed to me in her cradle. To me—to *me*, Manuel di Cavona! And some rascal won her love, and had not her father forced her, she would not have married me. Said she did not love me. Her heart was *another's*. I have waited all these years to avenge myself on the villain." Here Vaughn's grip tightened on his throat and the Duc nearly strangled. "He is dead now! He who robbed me of my Lucretia's love. He—I could never make her tell his name—he climbed the wall into the palace garden and courted her there, night after night; gave her his picture—ah *now* I know! *He looked like you!*—she never loved me. Talked of *him* when she was delirious after her child was born; cursed *me* as I stood by her bed-side. I thought I should have my revenge; a Cavona can strike when the time comes."

"Yes," said Arthur Vaughn grimly, "but you were not quick enough, my friend. Who was my wife's mother? Who was Lucretia?"

"The daughter of Prince Cosmo di Merichi, of Florence. I was betrothed to her while she was yet in her cradle, and her father made her marry me. He starved her to it; she was so weak that she fainted twice during the ceremony. It broke her proud spirit and she died after a few years. Then I hunted for the man who robbed me of her love, thinking that at last I should find him; but I was too late. Fate mocks me. He robbed me of my wife's love, and now, his son is married to my daughter."

"If I let you up, will you leave this place at once and return to Italy?" asked Arthur Vaughn.

"No," responded the Italian with an oath.

"I advise you to think well of this matter; for if you do not promise, I will hunt you off the place with the dogs."

The two men glared at each other in the twilight, and Veleria crouched in the far corner of the room, and covered her face with her hands. The silence was oppressive. Then Veleria came and knelt by them, and put a hand on each.

"My father—my husband," she said, "do not quarrel. Let me be the peace-maker. You have no cause for hatred, father; if my mother wronged you GOD knows she atoned for it by her suffering, and the man, Winfrid Vaughn"—her voice was lowered—"is dead. Forgive and forget, father. That is best. Would you make me a widow?"

"I have sinned," said the Duc.

Arthur Vaughn stood up and put an arm around his wife and kissed her. Manuel di Cavona rose and came toward them.

"I am going away," he said. "I give you my blessing, Veleria. I brook your mother's heart."

Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98.

A Love-Charm.

MY love reach'd forth and took my pipe,
As yesternight I sat with her:

"I'll fill its bowl with blessings ripe,
Like incense sweet and soothing myrrh,"

She said, and press'd with dainty touch
its fragrant filling down.

"With this first pinch I'll work a charm,
And as you smoke, my love you'll know:
For loving thoughts will ward off harm,
And mine shall make your pipe to glow:
Each pinch, a wish, that you may wear
a sweet contentment's crown.

"I'll place in this long hallow'd shrine
Such thoughts of love and plans for peace,
That life may seem with joy to shine,
And all its pressing cares to cease;
While floating smoke in azure clouds
builds us a dreamland town.

"I bless the weed which now I've pressed;
I'd have it sweet with thoughts of me.
Take now, my love, what I have bless'd,
And may it bring repose to Thee."

I kissed her then; and joyed in love
and smoke all care to drown.

H., '98

Sophomores vs. Freshmen.

AT last the Freshmen Algebra has been safely consigned to mother earth. The class of '99 has been somewhat slow in arranging for the obsequies, but they may readily be pardoned, in view of the excellent manner in which the affair was managed.

For several weeks, if current rumor is to be believed, had the Sophs kept nightly watch to prevent them from getting away from college, but on the afternoon of May 20, the Freshies successfully eluded them in broad daylight.

At supper the following invitation was found upon each plate:

*"The Class of Ninety-nine requests your presence
at the last sad rites and obsequies of their
ALGEBRA,
to be held to-morrow morning, at 3:45 prompt,
at the Devil's Half-acre."*

Unfortunately, the location of the "Devil's Half-acre" is known only to the class of '99, so we imagine that the attendance of outsiders was rather small.

Great was the rage of the Sophs when they discovered how nicely they had been tricked, and having learned that the Freshmen festivities included a supper in Rhinebeck, they, with blood in their eyes, at once set out in pursuit, in order to spoil their fun, if possible.

Upon their arrival in Rhinebeck, some one suggested the brilliant scheme of driving off the Freshmen's wagon and leaving them a seven mile walk home. And forthwith they attempted to put their plan into execution, but unfortunately for the laurels of the Sophs, they mistook the wagon, and instead of the Freshmen's, they galloped off at a break-neck pace with one belonging to a citizen of Red Hook. Immediately a great hue and cry was raised, and shouting "Horse-thieves" the owner and a posse started in pursuit of the errant Sophs.

They were overtaken at Barrytown Corners, and the owner of the wagon recovered possession of his property, in a manner so forcible, that it will not soon be forgotten by the quintette, who were with it.

The baffled Sophs returned home in a somewhat crest-fallen manner, and, as horse-stealing, even in the East is considered a rather serious offense, kept themselves very low the next day, quaking in their boots, lest the sheriff appear on the scene with a warrant for their arrest, and to increase their trepidation, in the afternoon a newly elected constable, anxious for business, and having imbibed so much "fire-water" that he imagined he had a warrant, appeared on the scene and endeavored to find the culprits, they however remained invisible.

In the meantime, the Freshies, after having enjoyed their spread at Rhinebeck, returned to College in the "wee sma' hours" and serenaded the Sophs with some very bright original songs.

The Sophs in no mood to retaliate, were compelled to acknowledge that the joke was on them. Altogether the college was treated to a most exciting time, and the poor Sophs were most unmercifully roasted from all sides.

We congratulate the class of '99 upon their success, and offer our sincere condolence to the class of '98, and would suggest to them some wholesome advice, in the amended words of Virgil: "*Equo alieno ne credite.*"

Life's Trials.

WHY is it that in those we meet
In daily walks of life,
There seems to be a hidden grief,
An inward silent strife?

For when we see one, who, we think,
Has not a single care;
We seek his face again, and find
That sorrow's written there.

Oft we would fain remove the grief
That seems to mortals born;
Did we not feel the truth of this,
That "Man was made to mourn."

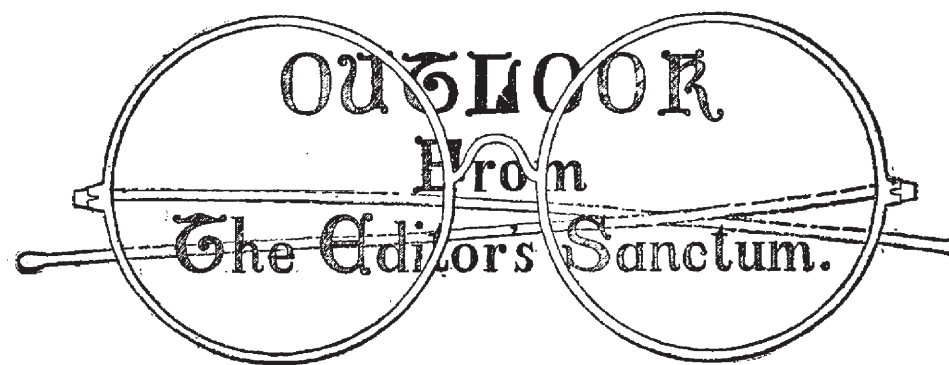
E. Slater Dunlap, '97.

The square on a man's soul is sometimes equal to the sum of the squares on his pocket-book and his mother-in-law's temper.

OPERA MAXIMA DEI.

He looked upon the bending sky,
And saw the zig-zag lightnings fly;
He thought of planets whirled apace
Through the infinitude of space,
Yet said, "There is no God."
Then turned his gaze on woman's face,
And said, "There is a God."

Columbia Spectator.



The new Board of Editors begin their labors with this number of THE MESSENGER, fully aware of the arduous nature of their task. We thank the retiring Board for the compliment tendered us in the May number, and hope that we may deserve it. At any rate we shall endeavor, to the best of our ability, to make THE MESSENGER interesting to S. Stephen's men, both Undergraduates and Alumni, and also attractive to all who are interested in the welfare of the College. To do this it will be necessary that we have the hearty co-operation and support of all who call S. Stephen's their *Alma Mater*.

Many, we think, are deterred from contributing to THE MESSENGER, by the fear that their articles will be rejected. This feeling should not exist. It is of course impossible that all contributions shall secure a place, but we beg to assure all, that any contribution will receive careful consideration from a literary standpoint, and none will be rejected without due cause. Do not be discouraged because your first or second article be not accepted, try again, perhaps you may at last produce something worthy of publication. It is surely evident to everyone, that the more matter the Editors have, from which to select, the more able they will be to produce a creditable paper. As the retiring Editor has well said, THE MESSENGER is yours, just as much as it is ours, and each student should feel, in a measure, responsible for its welfare. Remember this, and let each one feel it as much his duty, to contribute regularly to THE MESSENGER, as to perform the work required by the College.

We desire especially, during the coming year, to make THE MESSENGER attractive to all the Alumni, and to this end, we ask contributions from the Alumni, particularly "Reminiscences of College life." One or two articles of this nature have already appeared, and we hope this year to be able to publish one in each number. This, we trust, will tend to bring the Alumni more in touch with the College and with each other. We will also be glad to receive and publish any items of interest to the Alumni.

As this issue, through the kindness of the Alumni Association in allowing

us to publish their report, will be put into the hands of every Alumnus, we hope that each and every one will show his love for his *Alma Mater*, and his appreciation of the efforts of the under-graduates to produce a paper worthy of S. Stephen's, by subscribing. One dollar a year is a small matter to each one, but when we consider that if all, or even three-fourths of the Alumni would subscribe, it would go far toward putting the paper on a paying basis we ask, if this is too much to expect of those who in the past have spent four years or more here, and who must look back with interest and pleasure upon the days of their College life.

DIFFICULTIES.

I have plowed the festive clearing
Many a weary summer day,
And have wrestled with the locust roots
That filled me with dismay.
I have dived in Anglo-Saxon,
And have grubbed "Achilles' Wrath,"
But the curliest-crooked, toughest, are
The roots I met in Math.

Kenyon Collegian.

MISS PERKINS UP TO DATE.

There was a young lady named Perkins,
Who simply doted on gherkins.
She used an X ray,
And since then, they say,
She has pictured her internal workin's.

Vassar Miscellany.

I see her turn the corner,
I hear her mannish tread,
I feel an awful presence
That fills my soul with dread.
Great Scott! She's drawing nearer;
I'll vanish while I can,
If she's the coming woman,
Then I'm the going man.

Kenyon Collegian.



Editors' Corner

CRITICS AND CRITICISM.

SOME one has said, that any one who is sufficiently ignorant can make a good critic. Andrew Lang and John Ruskin are simply the exceptions which prove the rule; and yet these men have been listened to with less respect than the "great unknown," who plays hide-and-seek behind the editorial "*we*" and lays down the law with an assurance, which would put to blush even Baron Munchausen. The critic has, in fact, constituted himself the director of the minds of his fellows. With no warrant but his presumption, he has assailed Homer and Shakespeare, pointed out faults in Michael Angelo's drawing and condemned Wagner's music as "noisy." Criticism has degenerated into fault-finding, and the spirit of inquiry has been supplanted by a vindictive jealousy.

The living, also, have had their share of abuse. The books which go out from the press and the pictures which are entered for exhibition are all "written up;" and alas how few find a word of commendation. Many a man who, as the saying is—has it in him to do great things, is wounded and disheartened by his critics. He has given his best effort to the world; but it has been received with jeers, and like a turtle he draws back into his shell; he becomes crabbed and cynical, and one who might have been a leader is trampled in the dust. The critic has earned his pittance and cares not for the ruin of a genius. *That is his business.* Keats is not the only man who has been killed by criticism.

"The tale is as old as the Eden Tree, as new as the new cut tooth,
For each man knows e'er his lip-thatch grows, he is master of art and truth,
And each man hears as the twilight nears, to the beat of his dying heart,
The Devil drum on the window pane, 'You did it; but was it art?'
We have learned to whittle the Eden Tree to the shape of a surplice peg,
We have learned to bottle our parents twain in the yolk of an addled egg,
We know that the tail must wag the dog, as the horse is drawn by the cart;
But the Devil whoops as he whooped of old. 'It's pretty; but is it art?'"

Is it not about time to begin to look for something *good*? Criticism, like some people, has gotten a bad name from the company it has kept. We can not expect to abolish criticism; but we can insist that those around us shall be less prone to deliver judgment. It is true that strong convictions are to be cultivated; but it is high time that we become more humble as to our opinions, and more ready to accord respect to the ideas of other people. Let us be quite sure that we have not the faults for which we score others. The man who tirades against "newspaper English" and then makes grave blunders, only makes himself ridiculous, and the narrow-minded man who complains of his opponent's bigotry, earns the contempt of all sober minded people. Truth is as manifold as the crystals of the snow-flake; to every man she reveals a particular aspect.

Now if we could win to the Eden Tree, where the four great rivers flow,
And the wreath of Eve is red on the turf, as she left it long ago,
And if we could come while the sentry slept, and softly scurry through,
By the favor of GOD we might come to know—as much as our father
Adam knew.

W. B. S., '98.

The Gymnasium Fund.

It has been asked how the Fund for our new gymnasium is progressing, and I take this opportunity of making a report which will reach all. Since I was elected Treasurer of the Fund, with the assistance of Messrs. Devall and Davis, and a few others, upwards of one hundred and fifty solicitations have been written, besides sending printed appeals to every alumnus. Very few of the alumni have responded; to those who have, we again tender our thanks. The only reason which can be assigned for the silence of the others, is a lack of love for their Alma Mater, for beyond question, it is possible for every man, in whatever circumstances, to secure from some source the small amount asked for in our appeals. We still want five hundred dollars to complete the amount needed for the building alone, without apparatus. We have failed to get it this Commencement, but can we not have it next Fall? Is there not enough interest for S. Stephen's, among church people, to incite them to do what they can for us? The need of a gymnasium here is one of long standing, and has now become one of the greatest importance to the welfare of the College. Send something, for every little helps to swell the Fund.

Donations may be sent at any time to the Treasurer of the Gymnasium Fund, Archibald M. Judd, Box 30, Annandale, N. Y.

Men build houses and then the steps leading thereto; so after conceiving their dogmas and theories, do they construct their explanations.

The Fates.

IN the land of shades and shadows, Clotho spins,
 And the tangled web of destiny begins
 To assume the warp and woof,
 Which the spinner holds aloof;
 For our eyes are blinded, while the Fates that will,
 Spin for us the yarn of mingled good and ill.
 There she sits forever at the wheel
 Winding out the threads of being on a reel;
 Always spinning someone's fortune, while the loom
 Makes an endless humming in the room,
 Where our tangled web of destiny begins,
 There, through all the ages, Clotho spins.

In the land of shades and shadows sits, allotting,
 And the fateful meshy woof of life a-plotting,
 Fair Lachesis: she who measures out our share,
 Of predestined pleasure, pain or care,
 She who portions every man his fate,
 Makes him sadly poor, or richly great.
 Bending o'er the weaving, there she sits,
 Fair Lachesis: while a darksome shadow flits
 All around her, 't is the shadow of men's lives,
 Dim, forboding; man is foolish, if he strives
 To avert his fate, for this he may not flout
 While Lachesis sits a lotting out.

In the land of shades and shadows, with her shears,
 Sits Atropos: she who marks the end of years,
 She who cuts the fateful thread of life,
 Ending with one stroke the fevered strife,
 Finishing the weaving that began
 With the spinning of the Fate of Man.
 Weird and fearful Sisters, fateful three,
 They who hold within their hands man's destiny,
 Sit forever: Clotho spinning at the wheel,
 Fair Lachesis winding on a reel,
 All the warp of human hopes and fears
 Waiting for Atropos and her shears.

G. F. R.

College Notes.

—The prize given by last year's board of Editors, for excellence of work, was awarded to Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98.

—The Rev. and Mrs. Blackwell tendered to their friends the usual reception at "The Manse" on Commencement evening.

—All contributions for the September number should be sent before August 1, to the Class Editor, or to Jos. P. Gibson, Evan's Mills, N. Y.

—The class of '98 held their annual supper at the Rhinebeck Hotel, Tuesday evening, June 9. As usual, the class reports a very enjoyable time.

—The Missionary Society has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: *President*, S. W. Linsley, '97; *Vice-President and Treasurer*, Jos. P. Gibson, '97; *Secretary*, R. F. Kellemen, '99.

—The class of 1900 drove to Rhinebeck a few evenings ago, and celebrated their "prep" exit (or rather the nearness of it) in a manner worthy of a senior. A typical Southern dinner was served at 10 o'clock, and genuine wit flowed throughout and the toasts especially were most commendable.

—At a meeting of the Athletic Association held May 28, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: *President*, E. H. Young, '97; *Vice-President*, C. W. Popham, '99; *Secretary-Treasurer*, C. L. Wheeler, '98; *Manager of Foot-Ball Team*, E. H. Young, '97; *Manager of Base-Ball Team*, J. B. Griener, '98 Sp. C.

—Mr. C. G. Clark tendered a banquet to the Class of '96 Sp. C. at Rhinebeck Hotel, on the evening of April 29. Mr. J. C. Davis acted as toast master. The following toasts were responded to: "The relation of '96 Sp. C. to Societies and Fraternities," by Mr. Clark; "The Ladies," by Mr. Staples, and "Our relation with the class of '99," by Mr. Devall.

—We all rejoice to know that Mr. Edward H. Young, '97, is the manager of next season's Foot Ball Team. We congratulate him and wish him a season of great prosperity and satisfaction. Mr. Young's address is Rock Island, Illinois, and he will be very happy to receive word from any college eleven, desiring to play with us this coming Autumn.

—The Ascension Day service in the Chapel of the Holy Innocents was a most impressive one. The Warden's sermon, concerning the Ascension, was a master piece of its kind. Towards the close of the service, the Warden spoke feelingly of St. Peter's Mission and the good work carried on there by the students. He then announced that Mr. Seth Wolcott Linsley, '97, had been elected Superior for the coming college year, and with a few appropriate and touching words installed him to that office.

—Ludlow Hall was the scene of much merriment and happiness on the evening of May 19. Miss Fairbairn's reception and dance, given in honor

of the undergraduates, was the occasion of such rejoicing, and if possible even exceeded those given previously, in respect to the floral decorations, the music and the real pleasures of the evening. Surely no one as a hostess is the superior of Miss Fairbairn. It is a genuine privilege to receive her kindly welcome and enjoy the hospitality of her home. We, as students at S. Stephen's are ever grateful to her, and thank her most kindly and sincerely.

—The Quarterly meeting of the Archdeaconry of Dutchess County, N. Y. was held here Thursday, May 21. The service began at 11:45 o'clock. The Rev. Mr. Evans of Amenia, delivered a most excellent sermon concerning "The Church," which showed great research and study. After the celebration of the Holy Communion, the delegates assembled in Bard Hall and made the reports. Lunch was served in the dining hall at 2:45. A number of ladies were present and many speeches were made, the Warden himself acting as toast master, which position he filled in his own characteristic and unequalled way.

—The S. Stephen's Dramatic Club, on May 18, produced two farces in a highly creditable manner. In the first, "That Rascal, Pat," M. L. L. Knott, '95 Sp. C., in the title-role. Mr. F. D. Devall, '96 Sp. C., as "Major Puffjacket," and Mr. E. S. Dunlap, '97, as "Charles Livingston," are to be specially commended. Mr. A. M. Judd, '98, as "Hans" in "Hans von Smash" made a typical German emigrant. The Freshman Quartette, consisting of Messrs. Kellemen, Jackson, Porter and Carrol, under the direction of Mr. C. S. Chaplin, rendered selections. The proceeds were devoted to the expenses of the Base-Ball Team.

—It was with pleasure that we learned of the election of Mr. E. S. Dunlap, '97, as captain of the Base-Ball nine for ninety-six. Under his able leadership the nine has made a better showing than any we have had for several years. This season the team has made its appearance in new uniforms, which are very attractive indeed. The new athletic field is the best we have yet had, and if it is kept in its present good condition, next fall it will be something to gladden the hearts of those who delight in foot-ball. The material in the base ball line for '96 is promising, and we see that the old players have not deemed their past reputations sufficient, but have pressed forward, winning for themselves fresh laurels. Although we have not won *all* the games, yet we have been very successful, and the men are to be congratulated on their good playing. Up to the present time five games have been played, of which S. Stephen's has won two. The first game of the season was played with the Athletic Association of Tivoli. This game could hardly be called interesting as S. S. took the lead in the first inning, and continued running up the score during the whole game. Score: Tivoli 4, S. S. 30. Germantown next presented herself, and departed in the evening with her colors tucked under the seats of her carriages. The score stood: Germantown 17, S. S. 34. And now comes on

of the greatest pleasures of the year; a game with P. M. A., and we think we may take the liberty of saying; that there is no class of men with whom we would rather play, whether in base-ball or foot-ball, whether we are successful or defeated. In the present instance we were defeated. The game was the best we have had this year, and there was some very clever playing on both sides. The score was: Peekskill 11, S. S. 2. The next game took place at Fishkill. DeGarmo vs. S. S., resulting in a score of thirty to ten in favor of DeGarmo. A return game was played at Annandale the next day, resulting in twenty runs for S. Stephen's twenty-six for DeGarmo.

—May 27 was the seventy-eighth anniversary of the Dr. Fairbairn's birthday. It was celebrated by a reception, tendered by Miss Fairbairn to the Faculty and Students. The Warden was warmly congratulated and responded in his usual gracious manner. The feature of the evening was the singing by Mr. A. W. Porter, '99, of the following original song composed by Messrs. H. S. Hastings, '98; H. L. Hannah, '99, and H. H. Pease in honor of the occasion.

Our Warden, 'tis of thee,
We sing this melody,
Of thee we sing.
We're gathered here to-night,
With all our spirits bright,
We shout with all our might,
And wish thee well.
CHORUS—So say we all of us, etc.

All through this prosperous land,
Is spread a noble band,
S. Stephen's boys.
And were they with us here,
They'd join us in our cheer,
Voices from far and near,
To wish thee joys.
CHORUS—So say we all, etc.

Long have you ruled and well,
As now your works do tell,
S. Stephen's hoar.
Thy honored years we praise,
So full of useful days,
And now a cheer we raise,
Our Warden dear.
CHORUS—So say we all, etc.

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