

Bard College
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MESSENGER

Vol. 3 No. 2 October, 1896

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The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

Board of Editors:

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ANGUS MACKAY PORTER, '99.

TALCOTT O. VANAMEE, 1900.

BUSINESS MANAGER, HOMER A. FLINT, '97,

ASSOCIATE, CHARLES L. WHEELER, '98.

VOL. III.

ANNANDALE, N. Y., OCTOBER, 1896.

NO. 2.

To H. A. W.

(ACKNOWLEDGING A COPY OF HERRICK'S POEMS.)

THIS, then, for me!
This Poet of dainty phrase
And courtesy!
My gratitude should wear
Some borrowed whim,
Or some faint fragrance bear
Just caught from him.

He who would fain indite
Due mead of thanks,
With pointed thorn should write,
Upon rose-petal white,
A cheque or draft, signed duly,
Drawn on his banker, Love,
For sum full lavish truly,
Yet too scant payment for the gift above.

* * * * *

Consider, then, such cheque despatched herein,
And should th' amount seem small,
With deft hand raise it—count it not a sin
To forge, when he who signs would give thee all.
John Mills Gilbert, '90.

The Greater Love.

THE Silver City *Evening News* of July 9th bore, emblazoned among its glaring head-lines, the following: "Settled at Last—The Sensational Murder Trial Brought to a Close—Bayard T. Cleveland Convicted and Sentenced.—What has long been settled in the minds of all thoughtful and cool-headed citizens was yesterday given the legal stamp and authority, and we may now feel that something besides our own common sense warrants us in the belief that Jessie Garrett was murdered by Bayard T. Cleveland."

"The evidence and facts briefly reviewed are these—and we will omit as much as possible of the disgusting details:

"Late in the afternoon of the 17th of last May the neighbors of Jessie Garrett, who lived in apartments over the clothing store of Cleveland, Sims & Co., being unable to account for the unusual silence in Miss Garrett's rooms, and becoming alarmed, sent for the police; who broke open the door and found the woman dead on the floor. There were no marks of violence on the body; but signs of a struggle in the room, a rumpled pillow near the head, and the additional weight of the physicians' testimony amply proved that the woman had been smothered. In searching the apartments, the one convincing point of evidence was found in the presence of Bayard T. Cleveland's overcoat, which hung in the hall.

"The less said about the murdered woman's character the better; in the subsequent investigation, however, it could not be proved that Cleveland was one of her "gentlemen friends;" nevertheless, the presence of his overcoat in the hall, which he had evidently forgotten to take away with him after his foul deed, and his utter inability to prove an alibi, or, in fact, to account for his whereabouts on the evening of the murder, will bring him to the scaffold. The insanity dodge has been worked to its fullest extent by his attorneys, but has proved ineffectual, and Cleveland will hang on September 3d. Further particulars, and illustrations by our special artists, will appear in our Sunday edition."

In another column of the same paper appeared the following:

"Burglar Captured—What may prove to be a very important capture was made by the police last night. A man, who gives his name as James Carson, was caught in the act of burglarizing the residence of Samuel Powers, on Elm Street. An extraordinarily complete kit of burglar's tools was found upon his person, and the police are of the opinion that they have captured a long sought for thief. The man is now in the county jail awaiting the action of the Grand Jury."

Among the thousands of copies of the Silver City *Evening News*, which were scattered broadcast among the people of that vicinity, on that afternoon, one found its way to the pit of the county jail, and was passed around among

the inmates. The new prisoner, who had come in that morning, smiled cynically as he read of the capture of "James Carson," and the comment thereon; but his eye fixed with eager interest upon the account of the murderer's conviction, and he spent the rest of the day, until the prisoners were marched to their cells for the night, in deep thought. Nor did he stop his cogitations when alone in his own dark cell, but muttered to himself at times, uttering his thoughts aloud in short, guttural sentences:

"Poor gal!—poor gal! She might better ha' took me—'for better or worse.' Well, she's got the 'worse;' but o' course there aint no certainty that I would ha' been 'better.' No, I aint forgot—she used to say she liked me better 'n she did him; and I believe it. But she does take on awful about him now; so the papers say. She believes he didn't do it.—Cussed dog!—'course he did. Probably Jess Garrett got too much for him. Poor Sally!—wish I hadn't a got caught; believe I'd reform and take care of her, if she'd let me. But I reckon I aint a going to get loose very soon again; there's too many old bones that the law's got to pick with me. I'll do well if I get out in twenty years—might better go to hell now, than live in a poor counterfeit of it here for twenty years"

The hand of the desperate man sought his pocket for his familiar weapon, forgetting that he had been stripped of his possessions. Then, on his hands and knees, he felt about the narrow cell for something that he could use as a weapon for self-slaughter. He found nothing, and, with a despairing groan and bitter curses, he threw himself on the cot.

He must have slept a little, and dreamed fitful, unquiet dreams, for he awakened with a start, calling "Sally! Sally!" and then shivered and groaned, when he realized his situation. But he was more peaceful, and the slowly dawning morning light lit up his face, still set in thought, but less desperate. As the minutes passed he became more and more animated, and even smiled grimly as he paced the floor.

Long before his usual rising hour, the deputy sheriff was aroused by a violent noise in corridor A, and hurrying thither, found the confined burglar in number 16 shaking his cell door. In answer to the wrathful inquiry of the jailer, he demanded writing material, saying that he had an important message for the public; that he wanted to make a confession, and feared to let it wait lest the "fit" should leave him. He was accommodated, and the sheriff remained within hearing distance until the man called him again, to thrust a paper into his hand and urge him to hurry it to the District Attorney.

Another anxious soul in that city had been waiting for the dawn to come. It was Sarah Cleveland, the wife of the convicted murderer. Prostrated at the result of her husband's trial, she had not been able to go to him immediately; but as soon now as possible, she would go and tell him again, and for the hundredth time, that she trusted him—would trust him always.

Mrs. Cleveland had been a country girl, who had married her husband at the earnest solicitation of her family, who were dazzled by the flattering prospects of the prosperous young merchant. So she shut her heart to its own pleadings for her rustic lover, and learned to be a helpful, trustful wife to Bayard Cleveland. She had never heard more of the man, whom she might have loved fondly as well as devotedly, save that he had left his native village and had not been heard of for ten years.

Early in the business hours of the day she was admitted to the prison, and there clung helplessly to her husband, able only to whisper her trust into his ear, which seemed all unmindful of everything. Suddenly his frame trembled, and for the first time since his accusation he lost his stolid indifference and wept bitterly and unrestrainedly. Then, as his passion subsided, he gathered his wife in his arms, kissing her again and again, until he could control himself sufficiently to speak. "Dear little woman," he began, "you have been a noble wife; you have trusted me above everything, and I will be silent no longer; you shall know——"

Here he was interrupted by the sound of footsteps in the corridor, and husband and wife, clasped in each other's arms, waited. The warden of the prison approached the cell, and with him the familiar figure of the District Attorney. With a brisk step the lawyer brushed past his companion, and stood at the grated door. "Mr. Cleveland," he said, "your execution has been postponed, perhaps indefinitely." And as the trembling wife sprang toward him imploringly, he thrust a paper into her hand. "Read it to him," he said, and with the prison officer he walked a little way down the corridor.

With gasping breath and parched lips she read: "*Mr. District Attorney*: I want to tell you that you and all the court has made a big mistake. Cleveland didn't kill Jess Garrett. It was me. I can tell you all about it, and where Cleveland was, too. I wish you'd tell his wife this, quick. I'm a friend of hers. You'll find me in the county jail. Ask for James Carson, but tell Sally Cleveland that John Fulton aint forgot her."

The woman burst into a tearful prayer of thanksgiving; then threw her arms about her husband, crying: "Oh, I knew I was right! I knew I was right!"

But he was silent again, and seemed yet more dazed. He did not respond to his wife's caresses. Finally, with much effort, he said: "I will not tell you now—he will explain; but who is he?" And the woman quivering at his feet whispered: "We were children together, and he loved me before I married you." Then she swooned.

The truth of the statement of John Fulton (alias James Carson) was proved sufficiently in the eyes of the law by his further confession. He said that he had attempted to burglarize the store of Cleveland, Sims & Co. on the night of May 16th, and having effected an entrance through a back window, was

surprised to find the senior partner asleep in his office chair. Lest he should disturb him, he held a chloroformed sponge to the sleeper's face until assured that he was sleeping soundly. After doing this, he was startled by a noise overhead, then by some one descending the stairs which led from the second story to the alley-way, and a woman's face peered in at the window. He jumped, and followed her up-stairs, where, unable to restrain her by persuasion, he overpowered and smothered her. Then, deftly to conceal his tracks, he had brought up Cleveland's overcoat from below and left it as a scent to hoodwink the police. Upon his return to the office he thought that the sleeping man showed signs of awakening, and quickly made his escape. He further explained Cleveland's inability to prove an alibi, by saying that probably he did not recover consciousness until late in the night, and waking, was completely dazed.

With the law as an authority, again the public changed its mind; and although the Clevelands left Silver City to make their home elsewhere, they did so with the sympathy and good wishes of their friends, who said, "He still has an opportunity for a useful, happy life."

The execution of Fulton took place on September 3d, that date so nearly fatal to Cleveland, who, it may be hazarded, Barrabas-like, is passing in the prison of his own conscience the twenty years' hell which his deliverer so dreaded. And the latter? "Greater love hath no man than this; that a man lay down his life for his friend."

J. R. S., '98.

At Nightfall.

THE swallow homeward wings his flight,
Through rising mist and fading light,
The purple glow fades in the west,
And earth sinks gently into rest.

Fond dreams arise
As daylight dies;
And hopes, I hardly dare to entertain,
Possess my wearied brain.

The shadows thicken round my life,
And still more doubtful grows the strife;
For vainly I so high aspire,
My hopes ill matched with my desire;

But if I still
Fulfill His will—
Though all unknown, unmarked by human eye—
I need not fear to die.

Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98.

Horace, Bk. III., Ode 25.

TO BACCHUS.

O BACCHUS! filled with thy blest power,
 Into what cave with spirit strange
 Am I now borne? Into what bower,
 Or cavern dark, or rocky range,
 With inspiration swift and new
 Do I now gladly follow you?
 In what hid caverns dark and cold,
 Shall I, while singing of the wars
 Of our illustrious Cæsar bold,
 Be heard, enrolling to the stars
 This worthy warrior of our Jove,
 Who reigns as king supreme above?
 No common acts will I relate,
 Sung by a bard with museless voice,
 No petty deeds of recent date
 Shall lure me from a greater choice.
 Not otherwise upon the land
 The sleepless Bacchanal doth stand,
 Beholding Hebrus; snow white Thrace,
 Fair Rhodope, where savage men
 With footsteps rude mar her fair face,—
 Then I am lost in rapture, when
 With free-born heart I careless rove
 Admiring cave and desert grove.
 O Lord of Naiads! Lord of bands
 Of Bacchanalian women strong,
 Who turn up ash-trees with their hands,—
 I sing no small nor mortal song.
 To follow him in his retreat,
 Bound with the wreath, is danger sweet.

Herbert L. Hannah, '99.

HOW TO A-DOOR.

"I adore thee, my love," he exclaimed,
 "As an ancient—his love of yore,"
 But her father appeared and explained
 The modern way to a-door.

*Reiland.***Foot-Ball.**

WITH each recurring fall, the enthusiasm with respect to foot-ball becomes positively contagious, and it is safe to say, that notwithstanding the many objections which have been raised by College presidents, professors, etc., the game commonly called "foot-ball" has come to stay, and indeed, will hold its established place among the athletic sports.

The foot-ball played by most athletic societies and college teams of this country differs materially from the foot-ball of England. The term foot-ball is more correct, when used with reference to the English or Rugby style of play, than when applied to the American style, and therefore it becomes necessary to distinguish between "Rugby foot-ball" and "American Inter-Collegiate Assoc. foot-ball." The old Rugby game has never excited very great interest among the Americans, perhaps because there is less demand for head-work and foot-ball science, than in the game best known to us. For instance, the American game prohibits, backing, throttling, tripping up, tackling below the knees or around the neck and striking with closed fists, all of which are tolerated by the Rugby rules. This alone justifies the statement, that where there is an absence of this method of play, by no means desirable, the game must necessarily be played on a reasonable and scientific basis.

It is indeed true, that the participants in an American game of foot-ball may at will introduce novelties in the way of momentary exhibitions of pugilistic propensities; but in so doing they are met with the rule of objection.

There is no more reason in condemning foot-ball, because some men see fit to resort to extreme roughness while playing, than there is in condemning card-playing, because some who play see fit to use two kinds of clubs. Foot-ball is eminently a gentlemanly game, if gentlemen are playing at it, and as in other things, all depends upon the men who play, rather than on the game itself.

It would, I think, be unwise to bring these few remarks to an end in the limited space afforded me, without presenting in brief the encouraging prospect of the College team this year. The men are light, I admit, but this want of weight can be counterbalanced by the foot-ball actions of the men, and the style of play used. A quick, snappy, style of play has won for a light team many games, that would otherwise have been lost by reason of weightier opponents. The three center men will hold the line easily against the average teams. Belsey, at right tackle, plays a strong game and keeps a good head; but is as yet slow in action. Argus is a novice at the game, and, though slow and heavy in action, may be strong on the line. Flint and Porter are trying for the team as ends. Flint will undoubtedly hold his place, but as yet has had no chance to show his ability to break up interference. MacGuire, at quarter-back, is cool and willing, but has not yet perfected his pass, and does not get into the interference in time to be of much use. He will, however, at the

present rate of improvement, be all right in a short time. Carroll, as left half-back, has been playing well and steadily improves; he has good motion and is very faithful, as is Toop, who plays right half-back. Toop runs quickly, has good motion and gains headway, but sometimes weakens the interference by leading too quickly. It remains for me to mention Knapp, who plays full-back. The position is a difficult one to fill; but Knapp will undoubtedly hold the place, as he runs well, bucks well and tackles finely, but is apt to become over excited. This will conclude the comments on the men at present, and suffice it to say, that S. Stephen's should have an eleven this year of which she may well be proud. The men are gentlemen and play a clean game throughout. The foot-ball of this College should take a great "brace up" and maintain it. There is no reason why athletics here should not be able to demand average recognition, and develop a higher degree of physical perfection than heretofore. This can be done if the men will realize that foot-ball, base-ball, tennis, and all out door sports tend to this and more; for absolute vigor of mind can only be brought about, to a point of lasting excellence, by absolute vigor of body.

Therefore, if the College men will show more interest along these lines, there will be no reason that can be given among men, why S. Stephen's graduates will not possess the same marked degree of physical attainment, that they most certainly will possess of intellectual, and for the possession of which they have for so many years been prominently recognized.

Carl Reiland, Capt. S. S. F. B. T.

Moonlight.

SHE.

"Why, John, you've never stayed so long,
Since we've been married, dear,
Your breath, indeed, seems very strong,
Your actions loud and queer."

HE.

"My love, I stayed to think upon
The beauties of the night,
And I've been watching from the lawn,
The moon so full and bright."

IT.

"From this time forth, forevermore,
You shall stay home at night;
'Tis you are full; the moon you saw,
Was an electric light."

Reiland.

As Summer Dies.

THE summer dies!

Speak low, nor let a breath of sorrow thrill
The silent room wherein she sleeps and sighs;
Waking, perchance with wonder or surprise,
Then, smiling, sleeps again, so calm, so still,—
Heedless of tears that crowd and overfill
Our watching eyes.

A silence keep!

We, watching, need no quick'ning to recall
The gifts of life her hand unstinting gave.
We would be thankful, even tho' a grave
Doth bar the way, and loneliness appall;
For the same Love gave these, Who giveth all.
Break not that sleep.

We would give thanks!

Yes, thanks that paradise has grown more near,
More precious for the new soul it enfolds,
And truer for the love it safely holds.
E'en while we stumble o'er the grave-clods here,
The meaning of the gift of loss dawns clear,
And we give thanks.

The summer dies!

God's fullness floods the emptiness we dread—
His "Sursum Corda" sounds in Autumn's wind.
Yes, Lord, we lift our hearts. But Thou wilt find
Some scars scarce healed where they of late have bled—
Where they have ached. Grant us Thy peace instead,
Ere summer dies!

John Mills Gilbert, '90.

INSEPARABLE.

There is oft a peculiar affection in beast,
Like that of a goat for a doe,
And I have been told there's a case in the east,
Of a rooster attached to a crow.

Reiland.



Editors' Corner

THE INROAD OF THE BICYCLE.

Four score and many years ago, our fathers brought forth in obscurity a new man; one, who being far advanced for the age in which he was living, and who, looking forward to that time when rapid transit would be the vital question of the day, perceived in the dim future all that vast multitude of horseless conveyances, which is now so familiar to us. Whether he was a new man in mind, or body, has been the subject of much discussion; the one party claiming that he was a new man in mind, by having conceived a new mode of conveyance for the good of humanity at large; the other declaring that he was a new man in body alone, meaning that being too lazy to walk standing up, he had employed a method of walking sitting down. For the furthering of this plan he joined together two wheels, by means of a bar, upon which was placed a seat at sufficient height from the ground to enable him to *literally* walk sitting down.

In the course of time the man died, but the wheel rolled ever onward, with each revolution gaining some improvement, until, in the Year of Grace "1896," we have what is considered a perfect bicycle.

One sultry day in June not many years ago we of S. Stephen's heard upon the College campus a learned discourse upon "Fads." The bicycle was mentioned. Is the wheel a fad? Can a machine which has been so widely accepted as the bicycle, and which has so indisputably succeeded horses, be so termed? Long ago publishers raised their voices in wailing protest against the inroad of the bicycle upon the book trade. Those, who a few summers ago were idling away their time in the cool shade of some widespreading tree, reading the inevitable "yellow backed" novel, are this year pedaling, perchance sometimes scorching, along country roads. This year there has been no demand for the summer novel, therefore the summer novel has not been written. But surely that was no loss.

How much better the stooped shoulders and bulging calves of the scorcher,

than the mind overloaded with trash. In spite of the complaints of writers and publishers, we would claim that the mind is far better, swept clean of every cobweb of false sentimentalism and entirely empty, than filled with useless matter. But the mind is not empty when the body is healthily exercising in the open air. We hear it stated in newspapers, that the liquor trade is suffering—the explanation is simple. The women of to-day have asserted their rights (?) and are riding bicycles; if man can not meet and converse with women in the drawing room he will do so upon the road, and who can deny but that the fair sex becomes as thirsty as the other, after a brisk ride upon a dusty road; so a soda is the order of programme, and man's thirst is quenched (*for the time being*), and when quenched why drink other liquors? And then the bicycle is slowly, but surely, revolutionizing dress. Fifty years ago short trousers were the conventional dress of man. With the advent of the bicycle this custom has gradually revived, until now we see that comfortable costume wherever we turn, upon all fields of sport, upon the street, nay even upon women, and a dress suit of knickerbockers has been proposed.

A. MacK. P., '99.

?

I mention here a game of pool, and if perchance I'm right,
Each man who plays must use a single cue.

A Chinaman was playing at the game the other night,
And did he cheat because he played with two?

Reiland.

ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR—Mr. C., have you your book there?

MR. C.—You have it, sir.

A. M. P.—Well, open your book.

Comfort.

THE greatest rest, the truest joy,
 The best repast by far
 For me, is found when I employ
 In smoking a cigar.

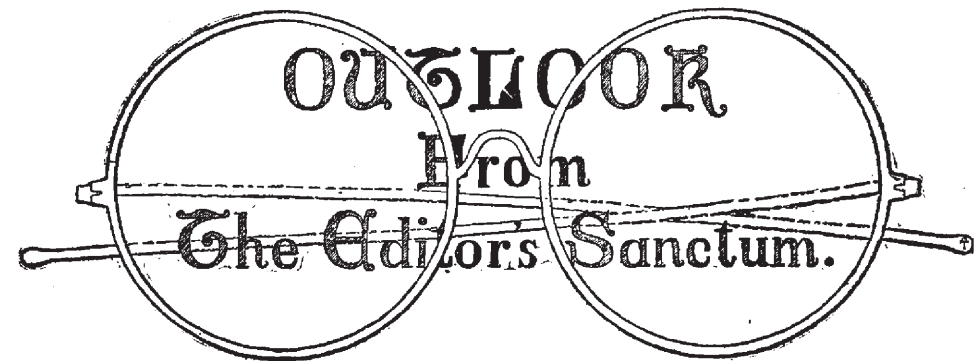
When evening hours close the day
 And drive the cares afar,
 To muse, I find no better way,
 Than through a good cigar.

And as the curls of smoke I send,
 Deep thought I do not mar,
 For thoughts and actions strangely blend,
 In smoking a cigar.

Of love, the dearest and the best,
 When naught is to debar,
 Is contemplated in the rest
 That comes from a cigar.

And when I traverse o'er the sea,
 And o'er the land afar,
 All anxious fears are found to be
 Dispelled by a cigar.

So that I pray when having passed
 The gates that stand ajar,
 That in eternal pleasures classed,
 I'll find a good cigar.

Reiland.

WE are pleased to note the great amount of interest taken this term in the different college organizations. Capt. Reiland promises great things for the Foot-ball Team, which, of course, occupies the first place in the minds of college men at this season of the year. The hard daily practice is bringing forth fruits; in the shape of efficient team work, and although the team will be light, yet this may be compensated for by united work on the part of the men. We are glad that we are to have a Glee Club again, and wish the new organization all success. There is sufficient musical talent in college from which to make an excellent Glee Club. We learn, too, that the Dramatic Association is again at work, and that we may expect an entertainment before many weeks. As the majority of those who took part last year are still with us, we shall expect them to profit by last year's experience, and to produce something even better than their last effort.

At a college meeting, held September 15th, it was unanimously voted that each student pledge himself to procure at least three subscriptions to THE MESSENGER. This is the proper spirit, and we trust that the interest taken in the paper may continue, so that ere this year be over we may see it clear of financial difficulties, and with a greatly enlarged subscription list. It seems to us that there is not a man in college, who, by a slight effort on his part, cannot get four or five of his friends to subscribe. The alumni have now to maintain their reputation by doing as well as the undergraduates. S. Stephen's deserves the support of all of her sons, and we venture to suggest that a college is successful, or not, in exact proportion as its alumni are, or are not enthusiastic. Learned professors and large endowments are, it is true, important factors in the success of an institution; but neither of these is apt to exist without enthusiasm; and if the *alumni* are not enthusiastic, how can we expect *others* to take an interest?

College Notes.

—Toop, a few days ago, had a bad fall from his wheel, but was not seriously injured.

—McGuire, '99, has been appointed the captain of the base-ball team for next year.

—Ex-tutor Whitcomb visited in vicinity during the summer, and preached at All Saint's and S. John's.

—H. A. Fairbairn, '75, M. A., M. D., spent six weeks with Dr. Fairbairn during August and September.

—The Rev. S. M. Haskins, an alumnus of Union College, and his family spent a fortnight in this vicinity.

—The Class of '97 has suffered a loss in Isaac Yohannor, who, we understand, has entered Columbia College.

—Rev. A. R. B. Hegeman, '91, and Rev. J. B. Van Fleet, '91, visited Dr. Fairbairn during the summer vacation.

—Rev. George W. West, for some time a member of the class of '72, preached in the Collegiate Church, on Sunday morning, September 20.

—It is reported that Mr. Champlin has bought The College, which has recently been on sale on account of the graduation of the former owner.

—The foot-ball team, coached and captained by Reiland, is doing excellent work, and expects to win the game with Peekskill on the 3d of October.

—Messrs. Mize, '94, Kunkel, '96, Lasher, '96, Maslin, '96, and Devall, '96 Sp. C., stopped at Annandale, for a few days, on their way to the G. T. S.

—On Sunday evening, September 20, the '99 Quartette sang that beautiful anthem, "O, Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem," at S. John's Church, Barrytown.

—Miss Fairbairn gave the first of her series of afternoon receptions Thursday, September 17, at which there was an unusually large number of ladies, among whom were the Misses Hitchcock, of Poughkeepsie.

—The Class of '97 has elected the following officers for the senior year: President, J. P. Gibson; Vice-President, S. W. Linsley; Secretary, G. A. Greene; Treasurer, E. S. Dunlap; Historian, S. W. Linsley.

—The following Gymnasium Building Committee has been appointed: Rev. F. C. Steinmetz, '93, A. M. Judd, '98, F. V. R. Moore, 1900, J. B. Grimer, '98 Sp. C. It is understood they intend to push the building as rapidly as possible. About six hundred dollars is yet required.

—The following games have been scheduled by the manager of the Foot-Ball Team: October 3, P. M. A., at Peekskill; October 17, Riverview, at Poughkeepsie; October 24, Eastman, at Poughkeepsie; October 31, S. Luke's, at Fishkill; November 5, Riverview, at Annandale; November 14, P. M. A., at Annandale; November 21, Claverack, at Claverack.

—A Glee Club of sixteen members has been organized. Carl Reiland was elected director, and C. S. Champlin, '99, manager. The voices are clear, and blend well. A quartette has been chosen from this number, to be known as the Fairbairn Quartette. The manager is now billing Rhinebeck for a concert in October, and corresponding in regard to a five days' trip at Christmas.

—At a meeting of the members of last year's Dramatic Club, it was decided to form a permanent organization, to be known as the S. Stephen's College Dramatic Association. A committee was appointed to select a play, which will be given in the near future. The officers of the association are: Edward H. Young, '97, manager; Edward S. Dunlap, '97, assistant manager; and C. B. McGuire, '99, secretary and treasurer.

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