

Bard College
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MESSENGER

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59	Annandale Verse
62	Observations of Black Beta Francis Van R. Moore. Sp. C., '98
65	The Cadaver on Table Nine! Angus Mackay Porter, '99
68	An Explanation A.I. Ernest Boss, '98
72	In Troy Town Edward Richards Noble, '02
75	At Vassar [a poem] Carl Rieland
76	Outlook From the Editor's Sanctum
77	The Glee Club
78	College Notes

The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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VOL. IV.

ANNANDALE, N. Y., DECEMBER, 1897.

NO. 4.

ANNANDALE VERSE.

AS THEY JOURNEYED THROUGH EGYPT.

THE way is long,
O Mother of my Lord,
And dark the hours, as speeds the night.
Across the path the hostel's light
Shines through the shelt'ring gates,
But not for us it waits.
O Mother of my Lord,
The way is long.

Calm sleeps the Babe
Upon thy bosom pressed.
Grieve not that flight must urge us on,
The Father's will still leads His Son.
The sword that pierces thee,
This sharp anxiety
Upon thy sweet soul pressed,
Wakes not the Babe.

Where now we go
Another child found grace—
Saved from the Pharaoh's dread decree,
A saviour for God's host to be.
So nurse thy Little One
And dream the danger gone.
Thy child shall thus find grace
Where now we go.

There may we rest,
 O Mother of my Lord,
 Till God from Egypt calls His Son,
 And this our banishment is done.
 Then Nazareth again
 Shall give thee joy for pain,
 O Mother of my Lord,
 And we may rest.

John Mills Gilbert, '98.

THE FALLS OF THE SAWKILL.

O MUSE of the woodland whisper the secret,
 How here, lovely Nature, displayeth her jewels,
 Her fair robe of ermine embellished with diamonds
 That sparkle and beam in the gold gleam of sunlight.
 O sing how that nectar, the drink of our mother,
 In leaping and dancing and frolicking downward,
 Becomes more obedient; and calmly in gliding,
 Is folded with love to the breast of the river.
 Deep is the gorge with sides high upmounting,
 Rockbound and mossy, with hemlocks outspreading;
 Green leafy banners waved by the breezes
 Welcome the waters, that roaring leap downward.
 How are they sporting those myriad naiads,
 Shouting and dashing the spray back and forward,
 Rushing and jostling in revel and madness,
 Tossing their arms in turbulent gladness;
 Singing to forest trees songs wild and wanton,
 Careless of mortals, yet soothing our spirits,
 If we but pause in their haunts there and listen.

Arthur Paul Kelley, 1901.

POOR BOY!

A FRESHMAN bold,
 As green as mold,
 Went out to call one day;
 The miss was sweet,
 And fair and neat,
 And stole his heart away.

Three weeks of play,
 Both bright and gay,
 Was more than he could stand;
 An awful break
 He did not make
 Was—asking for her hand.

But now she's gone,
 Is he alone?
 Nay! Though he keeps it mum,
 He's got a girl,
 A Southern pearl,
 And, too, quite close "to 'hum."

O Freshman, dear,
 If God you fear,
 Don't play at hearts for fun;
 For if you do,
 This fate 'waits you,
 Old Bach'lorhood or gun.

E. D.

SOME FLORIDA SUMS.

A YOUTH and maid walked by the sea,
 As youths and maidens do;
 And soon they met—what else could be?
 And one and one made two.

Another youth espied the pair,
 The lass was fair to see,
 And straight he joined the others there;
 And two and one made three.

But, ah! the way he fared was sad,
 The air full chilly grew;
 At length he went and left them glad,
 That one from three left two.

The time flew swift; the tide rose free,
 A wave, unseen, did run,
 And washed the maiden out to sea;
 And one from two left one.

The second youth the peril saw,
 And to the rescue flew,
 And brought the dripping maid ashore;
 And one and one made two.

* * * *

The organ pealed in grandest style,
 The Bishop long did drone;
 The youth and maid marched down the aisle,
 For one had made two one.

C. G. P., 1901.

Observations of Black Beta.

PERHAPS you belong to that class of persons, who believe that cats can not think. I counsel you to change your belief. I am a cat, and, let me tell you, one of no ordinary lineage. My parents on both sides, and their parents, and so on, for some forty years back, were born and bred within this classic domain. In other words, I am a College cat, and bear for a name the second letter of the Greek alphabet, which signifies that I am the second born of two once playful kittens. Alpha, poor dear, died some months ago of too much consumption; consumption, alas, of College food. May she have gone to that happy hunting ground where the venison is ever digestible! I don't hesitate to say that I am a favorite among the boys. There is no reason why I should not be. I have a beautiful glossy black coat, from which I take my first name. This they admire—they can't do otherwise—and like to stroke. Besides being a beautiful cat, I am a companionable beast, and fall in with all their moods. I make it a point to do so. If a man is sad or weary, I do not disturb him, but curl up on a rug and sleep; if he is cheery, I accompany his song with my musical purr; and if he is gay, I even put aside my own pensive thoughts, and make him believe I am young again, and delight in playing with a string. Another reason for my popularity is that I can be made such a convenience of. A man will come across me on the campus on his way from dinner, and carry me to his room, where I am allowed to luxuriate on the divan. While I amuse him all is well; but when he grows tired of me I am unceremoniously shown to the door. Yes, it's nice to be handsome, companionable and useful, and thus popular; but when no more advantage can be derived from me, and the boys show me the door, it does seem as though their companionship was not quite satisfying, and I seem to have a vague longing for something more lasting. But, here! I must not give way to such thoughts. I am expected to purr whenever any one feels in the mood for it, so I'll keep the sad thoughts down until I am alone.

I generally wander into the dining-room at meal time. The men stand around the tables, and the one who has been in College longest, and knows well how to appreciate the spread before him, expresses the opinion of all by devout words of thanksgiving for "These gifts of Thy bounty." Perhaps, being only a cat, I may not hear aright, but it does sound to me as if the sentiment of that prayer takes a very plaintive tone as the meal proceeds; yes, and ends in a *complaint*. However, I am only a cat, and perhaps it is merely the musical sound of cheerful, happy men enjoying a good dinner. Sometimes—perhaps you think I am bold—I stroll over to the two men on the south side of the room. They are Professors. They teach Greek and Latin. But do you know, that for all their learning and wisdom, they are still quite human and very much like other men? Of course they have their own little peculiarities; but then all people have. Once and awhile at breakfast they put a saucer of milk on the floor for me. I appreciate a little practical attention of that kind. I don't believe, either, that they are any less the Professors for their kindness. In fact, I heard once that the truly great are always simple in word and act. Why, I have seen these Professors stay to glee club rehearsal. One of them makes criticisms for the leader. I have seen them on the athletic field, at College entertainments, and, in fact they take so much interest in Undergraduate affairs, that I hear the men say they are in touch with them, and can talk freely to them about nearly anything, and gain much profit thereby. I notice this unity of feeling among all the Professors and students, so I fancy that more help and encouragement and enthusiasm is derived from the Professors during the social hours, than when men sit under them to learn mere dry facts. It's nice to think that things are so, isn't it? During the Thanksgiving recess there were quite a number of the students who did not go home. I'm glad they didn't, for I should have been so lonely without them. After dinner they seemed loath to separate, and so sat around taking the accustomed smoke while one called Sid played the violin. After supper the college orchestra played, and some of the tables were pushed aside and the fellows had a stag dance. I perched myself on a chair—I did not want my paws stepped on—and I tell you I enjoyed that dance immensely. It was certainly an amusing and jolly affair. I will admit, though, that there did seem to be something lacking, even in the midst of the fun. I think I know the reason of it, too. I managed to get into the German the other night. Well, would you believe it? those same men hardly looked at one another there. They danced just as much, but they had beautiful partners with long hair, who did not dress just as they did. I think these partners were what seemed to be lacking at the stag dance. It looks that way, doesn't it? But something else worries me about the way the men remain after meals and smoke and listen to music. It seems evident that a good-sized, comfortable room for all to meet in after

meals would promote good fellowship among the men, and make them better acquainted with one another. Of course, this is only from the cat's standpoint.

Every morning at nine, and again at six in the evening, the men put on their caps and gowns and go down the hill to chapel. That is *most* of them; not all. I have been in chapel myself, although I generally prefer to stay with one of those who sit at their study windows and watch the after glow of the glorious sunset over the Catskills across the Hudson. I suppose they are counted as the sinners for staying away. I must confess, if that is so, that there is something genuine about a sinner which does me good. I don't think their thoughts are so very much inferior to those of the men in chapel. At times it even seems as though they were in closer communion with the Creator of Nature than if they had gone down to the well-lit chapel. The men are quite various in their actions at service. Of course, I do not understand all their gestures, but some of them seem to be very polite, and I always like to see people polite and polished. But I like the singing part best of all; it is so genuine and hearty.

Sometimes on Friday nights, after the chapter meetings are over, a number of the fellows will congregate in some one's room and spend several social hours. I like these evenings. They generally let me in, and I curl up on a rug near the fireplace, and purr and go to sleep and dream. I often wake up, though, and so know pretty well what's going on. They act in quite an exciting manner when they come in, and everybody seems to be talking at the same time. They generally have refreshment of some kind, so, perhaps, that part of the evening might be called what I've heard spoken of as a tea-fight. Then they light up their briar-woods, and the smoke seems to have a soothing effect, for they quiet down considerably, and get to talking in little groups about whatever may interest them. Pretty soon, some one reads a story and, oh, what a good opportunity it gives one to sit and cogitate over the fire while all are still but the one voice which you do not have to listen to. Before the party disperses some one starts a song, the lights are put out, and song follows story and story song—with now and then a bright remark from some wit—until the last logs have burned to ashes, and the small hours are growing larger. These are evenings not to be forgotten. I might go on and relate many other incidents which I have observed at S. Stephen's, but I must stop, for the gong has just sounded, and I want to go over to Commons and hear who gives out the most notices before dinner time is over.

Francis Van R. Moore, Sp. C., '98.

The Cadaver on Table Nine!

I PULLED the soft hat I wore well down over my ears, buttoned up my storm coat, and started out through the wet streets. Some day, I reasoned, I shall become an opulent physician, owning a horse and carriage; then I shall ride. For the present I must become a philosopher and walk. It was quite late when I reached the college, and as I climbed the long winding stairs I met Roberts and Chapman coming down. "Here's our man," Roberts called out, then, turning to me, he said, "Bill just received a box from home—turkey, claret and all kinds of good things; it's too late for you to work to-night, so come over and help us devour the grub." "No," I replied, "I would like to, but I must finish my dissecting to-night; it's my last head, you know, and then I'll feel free to buckle down for the Xmas exams. May be I'll be over later." So they passed on, but stopping again further down, they called after me, "Send Ben over when he comes. He may be here to meet us about ten. Tell him that we will all be in my rooms."

Up I climbed, up the ill-lighted stairs, with the halls yawning darkly at each landing. On either side extended shelves laden with rows of specimens in alcohol; the walls made hideous with prints of diseased structures. On up to the very top of great lonely building, and then opening the door I entered the dissecting room. Several students were still there, among them Harris, the only one I knew, and three or four Freshmen at work upon their first dissection. They looked up enviously as they heard me reply to Harris that I was about to finish my last section.

Harris is an example of that rare article in a medical school, a man who is truly fond of his dissecting; and in consequence of that gift he devotes most of his time to this branch of work; in fact, almost lives in the room when he has a subject to work upon. I was, therefore, much surprised to see him just putting away his tools and getting out of his old coat and apron as I started to don mine. He looked up as I expressed surprise at his leaving. "Well," said he, "it's going to rain, and as I have been working all day, I think I'll leave you. You will have plenty of company, both alive and dead!" So, laughing, he descended the stairs. As I passed by the table where the Freshmen were bending over their subject I paused to admire their work and the care they displayed. It was easy to recognize it as their first, even had I not known this; for a first dissection is very apt to be a model. Afterwards one is not so careful. It really was a beautiful piece of work—every structure carefully dissected out and cleaned up so neatly—but what hours of drudgery it represented. I complimented them upon their work, and then passed on to see the body to which my ticket assigned me. Almost all the bodies we obtain are those of negroes, but so great has been the intermixture of races during the past years that it is now very seldom that we meet with a true

negro. The color of the body I now saw for the first time was neither that of the pure negro, nor of the mulatto, but of a dark chocolate, different from either.

The features also were of a different mould, high cheek bones, the nose prominent, and these characteristics, together with the high intellectual forehead, gave the dead face before me an intelligent and refined air quite beyond that of any negro I had ever seen. Surprised by the difference in feature, and still more by the nameless but decided difference in expression, I examined still more closely the body. The man had been tall and strong; but the lithe straight limbs and splendid muscles swelling beneath the shiny skin—in a word, the graceful mould of the whole—seemed more like that of an European than an African.

As I stood looking at my new subject I heard some one approaching, and, turning, I saw one of the Freshmen standing near me, gazing with evident admiration at the wonderful subject before me.

"Isn't he a fine fellow?" he whispered. I imagine the feeling of awe in the presence of death had hardly worn off. As we proceeded to examine him more closely the Freshman called my attention to a smooth scar about the size of a half dollar just above the shin bone, and as I felt the part I could detect something hard and round which moved beneath my fingers. I reached for my knife, and was about to cut out what I supposed to be an imbedded bullet, when I remembered, that I had really no right to cut into a leg for which some one else had paid, and for meddling with which, he would not be likely to thank me. The boys at the other table put up their instruments, chucked their aprons into their lockers, and, calling out a cheery good-bye, went crashing down the stairs, and I heard the door slam at the bottom. Left alone in the great bare dissecting room I filled my pipe for company, and turned again to my work. Carefully I cut away, dissecting the skin from the tissues beneath. As I did so, there came to view the wonderful network of vessels which had so recently carried the coursing currents of the life blood of this man now but a stiffened corpse. Looking at them in their many convolutions, the thought came over me how like the strange and twisting currents of his life they were, now flowing in this direction, now in that, until at last they had brought him to the place where he now lay.

So smoking and working, I found my thoughts wandering on the subject of the man before me. I wondered who he could have been before he disappeared a man and then appeared again no longer an individual with a life and history, but a nameless and unknown subject for the knife—mere material. So from link to link in that chain of ideas which never breaks while we live I wandered on into the past of black man and all the time I cut, cut with careful hand. It is only the work of a few moments to remove the top of the skull, and soon there lay before me the great enigma in all its marvelous

simplicity. There was the brain, the same as all brains; that of a genius or a fool, who can tell?

How very still it was in the dissecting room! Each man as he left had turned out the light above his table, until now, as I looked about the great bare room, I saw that I was within a circle of light cast out by the gas jet above my table; outside this circle stood the dim outlines of tables and benches. The window was open and every few moments the wind would rush in, causing the gas to flare up, casting strange shadows upon the floor and walls. Outside in the hall I could hear the steady tick, tick of the clock; it was so very still in the room that every movement I made seemed to be taken up and be re-echoed again and again. My pipe had gone out while I worked, so re-lighting it, I walked over to the window and looked out into the black night. Was I becoming nervous? I laughed at the idea. What a good story to tell the fellows that I, a Junior, at work upon my last dissecting, had become nervous like a school girl and run away through fear of solitude.

The clock in the hall had struck half-past ten some time before and I decided that Ben had been delayed. I stood looking out of the window far down to the street below.

It had rained that afternoon, and the streets looked wet and slippery under the rays of the street lamps. Down the avenue I could see the lanterns of innumerable cable cars, beginning in little specks of light and growing until they became like great giant eyes, and I could hear the noisy clang of their bells. A storm had been approaching more rapidly than I knew, until now out of the south came a blinding flash of lightning, throwing into bold relief the capitol, and great buildings along the street. With a crash the storm broke, while the rain came down in torrents to be dashed into the room by fierce gusts of wind. "What a night!" I muttered, as I hastened to close the window. "Too late to go now." Then turning from the window I again took up my saw and proceeded to work. Perhaps the storm was accountable for some of my uneasiness, at least I found it impossible to concentrate my thoughts, which would go dancing off, assuming shapes as fantastic as those shadows on the floor. I am not by nature a timid man, and perhaps for this reason this period of horrid fear stands out so vividly in my memory. I recalled a story I had once read of a man, found drowned and sent to the morgue; and how he was placed upon a marble slab with the water falling drop by drop upon his upturned face, and how his mouth was tied up with a cloth to keep from opening. The story told that the man was not dead but lay there among the dead bodies until the water drove him mad and—then I found my self listening with every nerve at the highest tension. Out in the hall I could hear the clock. It seemed to say *drop, drop, drop*. Then suddenly I became cool again. I *felt* some one moving in the room. It was agony. I would have given my life almost to have been able to scream

out; but I knew that my only safety lay in calmness. Outside the storm still raged; now and again there would be a vivid flash of lightning, which for a moment would illuminate the entire room. I looked toward the table where the body of the negro lay. Thank God! He was still there. Then I became conscious of a shadow moving from table to table, nearer ever nearer to me. Another flash of lightning and I saw a face I shall never forget. There stood a tall dark man, eyes glaring like those of a maniac, and over his whole face fell a mass of shaggy hair. I could stand it no longer; with a cry of terror I threw the knife I held in my hand at the face, and dashed for the door. How I reached it I do not know. I remember rushing down the long flights of stairs, behind me the steady patter of naked feet, so near I could almost feel his hot breath upon my neck; then out into the street, on, on, until I reached Roberts' house. Bit by bit I told my story. The men would not let me go that night and indeed I was glad to remain. In the morning we went directly to the dissecting room; but could find no trace of my visitor. We were about to give up in despair when suddenly I discovered that the place upon the negro's shin, where I had noticed the scar, had been cut open and something removed.

* * * * *

I have no definite explanation and probably never shall. All is mere conjecture. I believe the negro to have been one of those who came from the interior to the African diamond fields. This negro must have stolen the diamond, concealed it in his leg, not the first one who has made such an attempt, and then escaped to America. The man who came to the college that night knew of his death, also of the diamond, perhaps was his accomplice in the theft. This theory was confirmed when I soon after read in the paper of a magnificent uncut diamond that had been presented for sale by a foreigner. But, as I have stated, this is mere conjecture. I may be wrong. But the horrors of that night will ever be vivid and true in my memory.

Angus Mackay Porter, '99.

An Explanation.

JACK and I were chums; that is, if the College word chum may be carried over the intervening space of years and be applied to two men somewhere in the forties. We had been classmates at College, and, after years of separation, had accidentally met in the great metropolis. Our old friendship was renewed, and, after talking over old times, and each learning that the other was unmarried, we sought apartments where we might be together, as we had been in days gone by.

Jack had been rather wild while at College, but I had lost sight of him after

we had together received our B. A.'s, and knew not what had become of him until this accidental meeting. We secured apartments and organized a bachelors' club of two. We spent our days in our individual pursuits, he being a broker and I a lawyer. Our evenings we almost invariably passed together, either at the theatre, or at some other place of amusement, or, as was most often the case, at our rooms, each of us finding the other sufficient company. Occasionally, however, we would have some of our friends in for cards, or else we would spend the time with them at their homes.

One evening in the month of March—I remember it well—we were alone together. It was a bitterly cold evening, the wind was howling about the casement, and the snow driving against the window. We had mutually agreed, that it was too stormy a night to seek entertainment outside, and we decided to remain quietly at home. There was a bright log fire burning on the hearth, and the room presented a very cheery aspect.

Jack had been for some time playing solitaire, and I had been seated before the fire, reading the last number of *Munsey's*, when suddenly Jack lay down the cards and brought the reclining chair close to the fire, carefully placing the chair in such a position that I could not see his face. He sat for some time in silence, gazing intently into the fire. He then slowly lit his pipe and asked me if I felt like talking, or rather like being talked to. I said, "yes," and lay down my magazine and wondered what he was about to say.

Still gazing intently into the fire, he asked me about the different members of the class of '75. I told him all I could, and again he was silent for some time. Finally, he said: "Tom, I want to talk about myself. I have been thinking a great deal to-day and to-night about something that happened just fifteen years ago to-night. I have been woefully blue, and feel that I must put my thoughts in words. I know I will find in you a willing listener, old man, and I am confident that I will feel better after telling you my story. If I weary you, forgive me, but please let me tell all.

"Twenty years ago last June we were graduated from — College. You were an honor man. I had barely managed to secure a degree. You remember I was a trifle wild during my College course, and many a time you talked with me in the small hours of the morning about my actions. I loved you, Tom, but yet thought you were a trifle inclined to preach. Consequently, I paid but little heed to what you said. I would now that I had been more thoughtful.

"After leaving College, I went to my home in Boston. I had no inclination to take up any active work, and, in fact, on account of my financial condition, there seemed to be no necessity for me to do so. There is no need for me to describe to you in detail my downward path. It is but the old story. You know it full well. Suffice it to say, that I followed that path so far that the word 'gentlemanly' could no longer be prefixed to the word 'sport.'

"Our family always went to Bar Harbor for the summer, and I went with them, my dear old mother always praying, that my being separated from my companions for three months might break the link which was rapidly being forged between us. The fourth summer after leaving College found us at Bar Harbor as usual—are you listening, Tom?"

"Yes, Jack."

"The fourth summer, as I said, found us at Bar Harbor. We had been there a month, and I had amused myself in the various prosaic ways which all summer resorts offer. I was growing more and more tired of the place and the people, and was longing for the old times at Boston. Here begins my story.

"One afternoon toward the end of July, I was walking through the woods, meditating and counting the days till our return, when I was conscious of a presence, and, looking up, I saw coming towards me a girl, apparently wrapped in thought, toying with a brown-eyed daisy, from which she was unconsciously plucking the petals. Almost the moment I saw her, I felt a strange sensation taking possession of me. Suddenly realizing my presence, she looked up, and, as our eyes met, we both involuntarily stopped. We immediately passed on, and I went on my walk, but my thoughts were changed. I entirely forgot Boston and all its charms, and thought entirely of her. I had never seen her before, and might never see her again, but what was it which made me feel as I did? I had never before felt as I did then. I can now see her as she was then. That which impressed me most was the expression of simple trust, yet firm determination, of her face. One did not have to know her to see the pureness and loveliness of her soul, for it shone, clear and distinct, in her countenance. I walked on for some time, and then returned to the cottage, determined, if possible, to meet her, but surely to see her again. Mother was surprised that evening at my thoughtfulness, but I *couldn't* explain. When I retired, it was not to sleep peacefully, for my mind was active, and in my dreams I saw that face, that holy expression. The next day I took the same walk, hoping to see her again, but my hopes were not realized. Day after day I did the same thing, being each day more anxious to see her, and each day being unsuccessful.

On an evening—it was the fifteenth of August—we all went to a neighboring cottage, where there was to be a display of fireworks. Even there she was with me. While there, I met Archie Langdon, who was a Junior when we were graduated. I had not seen him since I left College and we had a most delightful talk about our beloved Alma Mater. After talking together for a time, he asked me to go with him to meet his sister. It seemed they were visiting at this place for a day or two. I went with him and was presented to Miss Langdon, a most charming girl. After a few moments, she said she wanted to speak to a Miss Verner and asked us to go with her. Archie knew Miss Verner; but I had never heard of her. At one end of the

lawn we found *her*, toying with a pack of fire-crackers. Tom, it was *she*. I could not believe it. Was I thus unexpectedly to have my fondest hope realized? I tried to collect myself and go through the formality of an introduction, but I fear that I but succeeded badly. She did not seem to remember ever having seen me before. It was soon time for the fire-works, and as Archie had to assist, he and his sister left us. We were alone. We stood for some moments in silence and then, without a word, as though by mutual consent we turned and walked over to the porch. The porch was deserted, all having gone to the terrace to view the display. Our position gave us a good view and this afforded me an excuse for suggesting that we remain there. We talked on various topics till the guests returned. I presume they had the fire-works; but I didn't see even a rocket. I had found that she was from New York and that she expected to spend the following winter at Boston. This was sufficient for me. Archie and his sister soon found us and, having received a hearty invitation to call before they left, I said good-night and sought mother to take her home. She wondered at my sudden-found happiness, but, with true woman's way, avoided asking the cause. That night I realized that that which for years I had dreaded was a reality. I was in love—yes—in love.

"I kept my promise and called the following day. I longed for another chance to be alone with her, but there was none. She was to leave the next morning. I went to the train to bid her good-bye. She gave me her Boston address and asked me to call. A moment more and she was gone.

"A month later, we returned to Boston. How gladly I welcomed the old familiar town. The first of October and she would be there—only two weeks, yet how long they seemed. Finally she came. I felt that it was my duty to welcome her. How gladly I accepted that duty! She seemed glad to see me, and, Tom, if you could only have seen, yes, felt that look of trust when she took my hand.

"Now I will pass over the many happy days of that Autumn and ask you to come with me into a cosy parlor on Commonwealth avenue on the night of the twenty-fourth of December. I have come to give her a trifle as an Xmas gift. Never yet have we spoken of either of our personal affairs, but tonight I tell her all—all of my past—all of my faults. I told her just as I would have told you—and she did not reproach me. She did as you would have done—she wished the past to be buried, and wanted me to begin life anew from that night, and she said that she wanted to help me. That night, Tom, I did enter upon a new life, a new world, it seemed to me. But though I loved her, I cannot say that she ever gave me any real encouragement. Perhaps her feeling for me was friendship with a desire to help me rather than love.

"The winter passed and at last the time came for her return home. The night before she was to leave town I called. 'You have come to say good-bye, Mr. Denton?' I can stand it no longer—I must tell her. Yes, Miss

Verner—no—Grace—may I not, call you Grace this last evening?—I have come to say good-bye and more. Tom, I can't go over that evening again. I told her how I loved her, and what she had done for me and all she could still do if she would. I told her all. She read my inmost soul; we were silent—I dared not raise my eyes to hers. I felt a hot tear-drop on my hand. Then I knew all. I had been blind—she had not deceived me, but I had been blind—blind—blind. As I left her, she took my hand and said 'May God complete the work which I in my feeble way have begun.'

"I kissed her hand and went out into the stormy night—a night just such as this. I walked about Boston for hours that night, Tom, and finally home. Oh, Tom, the agony of that night, and tonight I am going through it all again. I am a *man* now and all that I am I owe to her and to that little prayer which for fifteen years has been ringing in my ears as her last words to me."

* * * * *

The fire had burned to ashes; the room was cold and dreary. I could not talk—I knew it would be useless to try. I simply took Jack's arm and led him into my room, where he retired to a fitful sleep.

She was engaged to Archie Langdon.

A. I. Ernest Boss, '98.

In Troy Town.

"**A** HOY! Ship ahoy!" was the salutation that came from the nearest bank of the river upon which I was drifting in a frail canoe. Since I had adopted Hades, non-ultro, as my new abode I usually spent my past-time in exploring a peaceful and picturesque stream, which had its beginning and ending in that region. I had been told that this piece of water emptied into the Styx, but how true that was I could not at that time tell, as I had never traversed its entire course.

During my canoeing expeditions, I seldom if ever met a living shade, and that I was startled by the above salutation must not be wondered at. A moment ago I was taking a comfortable nap, while my boat silently glided down stream. How long I had been sleeping I could not exactly determine, but from the position of the sun I saw that the day was drawing to a close. I succeeded in raising myself upon my hands, and looked in the direction whence the voice came. There upon the almost perpendicular bank, sitting upon a log, one end of which projected over the water, was a translucent shade.

"Ship ahoy!" he again called out. "Ahoy! yourself," responded I.

"You had better take your craft and clear out of these here parts," con-

tinued he, "or you will have the heavy hand of the law upon your shoulders. This here river belongs to a fellow by the name of Bangs; at least they say that he has a patent right, or copy right, or some other such right, to that effect."

"Thank you," I called out; "but where am I? What is the name of this river, and how far is it to the nearest city?"

"This here river is the Styx," replied the old shade; "that part of Hades labeled Troy is—well, I should judge, about two miles below; and if you keep to the port side, pretty close to shore, perhaps Charon will not see you when you round yon bend, as there that 'er club of which Charon is janitor has their cheese-box schooner anchored."

"Thank you, sir," I again replied. However, as I did not wish to run any risk of getting summoned before the house-boat committee as a reporter spy for some worldly paper, or as one infringing upon the copyright of a Mr. Bangs, I immediately paddled to shore, and persuaded the old ghost to look after my craft while I proceeded to Troy on foot.

About dusk I came up to the city, and entered it by the Scæan Gate. As I was exhausted from lack of food, I made my way at once to the "Wooden Horse." The "Wooden Horse" was, as I was told, the club house of the city. Why any one should wish to make such a hobby of this seemingly plain public boarding-house I do not know, unless it was on account of the strange emptiness, similar to that which characterizes a wooden horse, that one feels after dining at this rural hotel.

After dinner I retired to the smoking room to enjoy my customary smoke and a glance at the daily paper. I had been reading but a few moments, when my attention was attracted by a short item inserted in the paper as a personal, which read somewhat as follows:

"Possibly the event of the season, at least as far as the shades of Troy are concerned, is a card party to be given by Mrs. Priam, at the Priam home, this evening. Numerous shades from abroad are expected to be in attendance."

When I was but a boy of the world, and a "Prep" at that, the fall of the Priam family had caused me, through Virgil, a great deal of annoyance and hard work.

My curiosity and desire, therefore, to be present at this social gathering was aroused, *not* by the possible thought of seeing any of Hucaba's fair daughters, but simply to see if, after all, Priam and his guests, who would undoubtedly comprise gods and demigods, were as atrocious as Virgil makes them out to be. Three years ago I was one of the passengers on board the ferryboat which plies between the world and Hades. The boat had upon her an extra large cargo, and was drawing an inch more of water than ever before. The ferryman was unable to ferry us across, and, as there were no deadheads on board whose services could be utilized, I offered my help, and,

as a reward, the old shade forced me to take what looked to me to be but a thin black stick.

He said that perhaps I would some day have use for such an article, as by simply carrying it about in a pocket of my vest, which was approximately near my soul, I would be a nonentity in the eyes of others; that is, I could not be seen by those with whom I came in contact. At the time I had thrust it into a pocket of my trousers, thinking that there it would be far enough away from my soul, and from that time to this I forgot all about it. Now I felt for it; yes, it was there where I had put it. What a glorious idea! With the aid of my magic wand, like the fairies of old, I could be and would be an uninvited guest of Mrs. Priam this very evening.

It had grown dark and as I left the "Wooden-Horse" I heard the watchman of the night announce the hour as nine. I had already put to a practical test my wand and found it to be in admirable working order, as it was with difficulty that I kept myself from being run down by foot-passengers and vehicles of every description.

I now made all possible haste to the castle of Priam and arrived there just in time to secretly slip in behind Achilles, as the heavy door was swung open to admit that gentleman of "lasting wrath." In fact I congratulated Noah, who according to Mr. Bangs, had his tail amputated between the jamb and the door of the ark, thereby causing a total secession of the tail from the human race. The gate grazed my back as it swung shut with a bang; alas! for my tail if one I had possessed.

All the invited guests had arrived and I feel sure that had Achilles been any other than Achilles he would certainly have been reprimanded for coming late; as it was, the hostess refrained from being the cause of so gallant a general's withdrawal from the game. I entered the reception-hall just behind Achilles and was struck with its splendor. There all the families, both royal and divine, that were in any manner connected with the past history of Troy, were duly represented. The whole was a scene of harmonious grandeur; all seemed to be moving under brilliant rays of light to the rustle of costly robes and chatter of a hundred voices. To one corner alone this harmony failed to pervade, where was in progress a quarrel of the minor order. Ascanius had taken one of Cupid's arrows when the son of the goddess of love was not on the alert, and now a tug of war was in progress which resulted in their both being sent to bed, void of refreshments. Perhaps, thought the goddess, future embarrassment may be avoided by the banishment of Cupid immediately. The goddess, however, overlooked the fact that there was an opening in the ceiling above, which served for a ventilator, through which Cupid showered his arrows, much to the amusement of Ascanius. After the guests were seated and the games of cards were in progress, I quietly climbed

upon a good size chair and stood erect, that I might get a good view of the hall and the different players.

More than an hundred shades were present, all now busily engaged with their cards and chattering with their neighbors. At the table nearest to where I took up my position were seated eight characters who busied my attentions for the time being.

Anæas and Dido, Priam and Hecuba, Hector and Andromache, also Achilles, and a stranger. A Royal Flush indeed. They were all moderately quiet, as the game had waxed pretty exciting from the beginning. I myself was getting aroused and worked up over it as from the back of the chair I could get a good glimpse of several hands. Achilles was betting pretty high, a big bluff on a sporting hand, two pairs, kings high, and the other might have been a Prince of Wales, for all the good it was to him. As I saw Hector scoop in the pile with a full house, my heart sank, as I was betting with myself on Achilles. It was not alone in its fall, as the back of the chair upon which I was sitting gave way with a crash, owing to my brains' over exertion. I sank to the floor, and in so doing my magic wand fell from my pocket, breaking the charm. What happened from that time on I do not remember; however, my probational term in Hades was considered by the gods amply long enough to determine my future destiny, and I next awakened while en route to a warmer climate to pass the winter.

Edward Richards Noble, '02.

AT VASSAR.

"Oh fudge"! she cried, and worked awhile,
And followed some direction;
At length she finished, smiled a smile—
We ate the interjection.

Carl Reiland.



VARIOUS methods are in vogue in our American colleges, whereby the verdant new-comer is made to understand his real place in the community; but we have yet to hear of a meaner trick than that which is in use among us right here in Annandale. Hazing, as also the practices of rowing, milking, scurrying, toe-pulling and grinning, at least give the victim a chance to enjoy his peculiar position; but when a man comes home from an afternoon call, or from a walk, or from chapel, or, perhaps, even from the foot-ball field, where he has been "sweating for the glory of the red," and finds his earthly goods erected into a vast and towering pyramid in the middle of his study floor, and beholds his water pitcher—full to the brim—delicately poised on the apex, he may justly be excused while he indulges in language not fit for publication. It is a pretty mean trick, entirely unworthy of a collegian, who takes rank—brevet rank at least—as a scholar *and* a gentleman. It is not very long since that a certain class went on a tare, and did some "setting up," for which they were fined the modest sum of ten dollars each. The older classmen have brushed up their arithmetic and figured up the net total, and are now considering the advisability of building a Circus Maximus or endowing a Professorship of Common Sense; but, all fooling aside, is it not about time that the Convocation of the Undergraduates took action condemning the practice of "setting up?" We think it is. We know that it is practiced at Oxford, where it is called ragging; but we hope and trust, that in the near future this abominable custom may become ancient history, only referred to as a relic of barbarism.

THE foot-ball season is over, and it now becomes the pleasant duty of the MESSENGER to congratulate the team on its good work. We have not won all the games played. Of course not! But we have won one-half of the number, and that is all we can ask. Another year, with the new gymnasium completed, we may hope for greater success; but as we look back over the past few months, and realize the many discouragements and set-backs, we can only say "Well done!"

THIS copy of the MESSENGER shows what can be done by keeping after people. In other words, the editor has been on a rampage; and, remembering Mr. Ruskins' remarks on justifiable profanity, as expressed in *Fors* (I., p. 264), has acted upon it; and, as a result, this issue contains contributions from five men who have never before written for the paper. The end justifies the means in this instance, and the means will be liberally used in future.

Glee Club.

After passing through many vicissitudes, the college glee club managed to fill its engagement in Tarrytown last month; and the concert given was in every way highly appreciated by the audience. The club was scheduled to appear in Music Hall on the 19th ult., and with voices in the prime of condition, the men boarded the train on the afternoon of that day. Between Barytown and Rhinebeck, a freight train managed to run off from the tracks, demolish five cars; and, to make matters more interesting, tore up the three pairs of rails forming the road bed of the New York Central railroad at that point. Under expectations of being able to continue on their journey in a short time the boys waited in the snow near the scene of the wreck for five hours, before the trains were able to move. By the time Poughkeepsie was reached, it was learned that the belated train would not arrive into Tarrytown until 11 o'clock. The club was therefore sent back to college, while Manager Oliphant arranged for a new date. The following Tuesday proved to be the only available night, and that date was promised. A number of the men belonged to the German Club, which gave its opening dance on that evening; but they stood by the glee club most nobly and thereby enabled the programme to be given in its entirety.

Despite the postponement, an immense audience greeted the club and expressed in no measured terms its keen delight at every number. Although somewhat hoarse, from colds contracted by exposure at the time of the accident, the voices soon became loosened and the boys, inspired by the enthusiasm of the audience, sang admirably. The chorus was highly satisfactory and the octette and quartette acquitted themselves in an extremely creditable style and were continually encored.

Rieland's solo work lost none of its usual dash and brilliancy, while Jenkins sang in exceptionally good voice. Both were obliged to respond.

Following the entertainment the club was tendered a reception by the ladies of S. Mark's Church, during which refreshments were served and dancing indulged in. The men also enjoyed the generous hospitality of delightful homes during their stay and carried away most pleasant memories of Tarrytown.

The appreciation of the club's singing was practically shown by the fact that a new contract was formulated directly after the concert for another recital early in the Trinity term.

College Notes.

—The Eulexian Society held its initiation on the evening of Thursday, November 18th, admitting to membership H. D. Clum, '01; J. H. Heady, '01, and H. B. Heald, '01. Following the initiation the Thirty-seventh Anniversary banquet was held in Preston Hall, at which The Rev'd Geo. D. Silliman, D.D., '67, presided as Toast-master. Toasts were responded to by Rev'd P. McD. Bleecker, M. A. '76; Rev'd J. F. Ballantyne, B. A. '88; Rev'd John Mills Gilbert, '90, Sp.; Rev'd Chas. L. Biggs, B. A. '93; Rev'd L. R. Sheffield, B. A. '93; Mr. F. DeM. Devall, '96, Sp.; Mr. G. A. Green, B. A. '97; Mr. H. C. Plum, B. A., and H. S. Hastings, '98.

—On Friday, Dec. 8, *K Γ X* initiated Linden Harris White, 1900, and Joseph Paul Graham, 1901. After the initiation the Society banqueted in the rooms of Kellermen and Bispham. The Alumni present were Dr. Brown, '81; Henry Lewis Longley, '96; Kunkle, '96, and Gibson, '97.

—Thursday evening, November 18th, the Sigma Alpha Epsilon Fraternity initiated at the Masonic Temple, Rhinebeck, and after four trembling neophytes had been ushered into the Greek World, they banqueted at the Rhinebeck Hotel, where D. Russ Judd, B.A., '90, presided as symposiarch. The initiates were Arthur Hurlburt Kinney, of New Haven, Ct., Oscar Frederick R. Treder, of Albany, N. Y., Alfred Reed Hill, of Nevada, Mo., and Gerald Lewis, of Newark, N. J., all of the class of '01.

—The German Club held its first dance of the season in Preston Hall on Tuesday, November 23.

—The Rev'd Geo. S. Bennitt, of Jersey City, visited the college on November 19th, and addressed the Eulexian Society on that evening.

—With regret we learn of the illness of J. B. Greiner, formerly '98 Sp. We hope that he will soon recover.