

MESSENGER

Vol. 10 No. 9 May, 1904

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S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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No. 9.

DRUMMING.

Late, late in the afternoon I lay
In a bed of clover leaves,
Watched the low-lying clouds at the close of the day
Caressing the tops of the trees ;
And a throstle, high on a hollow limb,
Drummed thur-r-r for his mate to come to him.

But later still, in the quiet of night,
In a big oak chair I sat,
Watched the low-drooping lashes, a beautiful sight,
And shuffled my feet on the mat ;
I couldn't talk much—and she was so fair
That I just drummed thur-r-r on the edge of my chair.

2 POTTER HALL.

OUR NEIGHBORING ESTATES.

The nearer historical facts come to our own lives, the more interesting do they become and the better fixed in our memories, and so it is worth while for the students of S. Stephen's to become familiar with the persons who have lived and the events which have happened in our immediate vicinity. There are so many such, that at this time I can speak of only a few, leaving others for later issues of this paper.

When Hendrick Hudson sailed up the river in his vessel, the Half Moon, he anchored for a night at Magdalen Island, now known as Cruger's. Surely not every point on the river can boast of like attention from this old Dutch captain on his first tour up these strange waters. Therefore we feel proud when we recall that he thus rested under our very nose.

What must the startled natives have thought when

they saw his odd-looking tub. For there were red men here at that time, real wild ones; in fact the fiercest that were and they fought here a battle which was of great consequence to them. The "Six Nations" had agreed to form a united tribe—that same body of whooping scoundrels who caused New Yorkers so much anxiety in the early days. Which of these tribes was to be the leader? That was an honor coveted by each, and Indian nature would not permit the settling of so mighty a matter without the sacrifice of blood. To quiet the dispute, a grand tournament was arranged, to which each tribe sent fifty picked braves to represent its valor. Magdalen Island was chosen as the place best suited for the encounter. Here they struggled for hours, struggled with savage cunning and cruelty till almost all were slain, all but a few Mohawks and Tuscaroras. Then the tricky Mohawks, weary with the severe open fight, slipped away to Slipsteen Island—the Goat Island of our day. Here they lay in ambush and beguiled their Tuscarora foes into a cruel death-trap, whereby the Mohawks were able to return home, the boasted leader of the "Six Nations." Even to-day arrow heads are found, mute testimonies of the horrid butchery of this battle.

Concerning this same island, there is in the Royal Archives at the Hague, a peculiar complaint from the Dutch of this country. It reads as follows: "The English of New Haven have a trading post situated to the east or southeast of Magdalene Island, at no greater distance than six leagues from the North River; for that island lies on the east side of the North River, twenty-three and one third leagues above Ft. Amsterdam and the Trading Post is established with no other design than to attract or wholly to destroy the entire trade of the North River, where it now passes down entirely free. They, moreover, made repeated efforts to purchase a large tract of land from the Indians, as we understood from the latter. This would have been rather with a design to attract the trade than anything else, for, it was situated on the east side, not more than three or four leagues from

the Colonie of Renselarswyck." Here we see the beginning of modern commercialism and monopoly. "Where it now passes down entirely free"—evidently the old burghers thought that this new land was for them alone.

Not long after this—in September 1722—power was given to Gov. Dongan to grant a patent to Peter Schuyler for land which in 1680 he had bought from the Indians. This patent included Magdalen Island and our College property extending along the river for about four miles and back into the country for about three miles. Poor old Peter got into lots of trouble about his grants. He was evidently a mighty man in those days, connected with various commissions, especially to the Indians among whom he had great influence. This fact subjected him to suspicions of illegally procuring land from them. Numerous were the complaints sent to England against his holding so much land. They likewise berated Livingston, Rensalaer and Beekman for similar grants in the following terms, written by the Earl of Belloman to the Lords of Trade and Plantation: "If it were not for the corrupt selling away the lands of this Province, it would outthrive the Massachusetts Province and quickly outdo them in people and trade. The people are so cramped here for want of land that several families within my own knowledge and observation are removed to the new countries, Pennsylvania and Jersey. For what man will be such a fool to become a base tenant to Mr. Dellins, Colonel Schuyler, Mr. Livingston, etc.—mighty landgraves—when for crossing the Hudson river that man can, for a song, purchase a good freehold in the Jersies."

Think of that you fellows who even now regard this country as a wilderness. "The people here so cramped for land!" I wonder what the size of those people could have been, that they needed so much elbow room.

Col. Peter, at last, yielded to pressure and renounced his right to lands along the Mohawk. He retained, however, this grant on the Hudson until he found a purchaser, Barret Van Benthuisen. This

man built a house half way down the lane leading to the island, of which nothing remains but the hollow marking the cellar. Under this family the property was divided, Magdalen Island going to a Dr. Masten, of Kingston, who afterwards sold it to the Cruger family from which it derives its present name and members of which still reside there. This family is descended from an able officer of the Royal forces, Col. John Harris Cruger, who in 1781 successfully defended Ft. Ninety Six in South Carolina, against Gen. Nathaniel Green and the famous Thadeus Kosciusko. They are also descendants of Peter Schuyler of whom we have already spoken.

That part of the Benthuisen estate which we know as the Livingston Ruin, truly named "Almont" was at first sold to Gen. John Armstrong, who built a large mansion and fitted out the grounds so well that it was regarded as one of the finest pieces of property along the Hudson, suggesting as it did, the dreamy charm of the old English estates.

Directly west of "Almont," between it and Cruger's Island is De Koven's Bay. On this water in 1797 Chancellor Livingston made an unsuccessful attempt to build a steamboat. His ambition, however, did not end. Accidentally he met Robert Fulton in Paris, with whom he planned and—in 1807—completed the first successful steamboat, which he named the "Clermont" from his estate. Livingston continued his interest in steam vessels and built in this same cove the first steamer which was to ply the river regularly.

Looking back we find that in 610 Hudson landed at this cove with the first white man's vessel to pass these parts; a century later, white settlers occupy the land; after another century steam supplants the sail; and now after still a fourth century, the railroad, traversed by the speedy "Flyers" of the Central line, cuts off the poor little bay from the river, where it lies a muddy swamp despised by the proud steamers of the present. From the hands of Gen. Armstrong, "Almont" passed through Col. de Veaux—in 1800—to Robert Swift Livingston in 1816, with the members of whose family it still remains.

It is a matter of regret that the old place at present serves no better use than to be the foundation for rumors and tales about Capt. Kidd's gold, and secret underground passages. It is good, however, that the student is still permitted to roam at will over the old place, to wander down the long avenue of great trees where the dashing coach used to rumble, to pluck blossoms from the old shrubbery, to sit on the scattered stones of what was once the grand marble entrance, and to muse in the shadow of the ruined walls upon the wealth and beauty, the honor and pomp, the real throbbing life that was sheltered there.

14 HOFFMAN.

ALUMNI DINNER IN NEW YORK.

The Alumni Association gave the new Warden a cordial welcome in the form of a dinner, on the 18th of April at The Hotel Manhattan. The interest and enthusiasm shown for things in Annandale was unusual,—and of course that is saying a good deal, for our Alumni don't go to sleep over a college function. It is a source of gratification that a new spirit seems to be entering everything connected with Saint Stephen's now at the beginning of Dr. Harris' administration. It is a spirit of activity, and it seems as though it must betoken the commencement of a new era of growth and prosperity for old Saint Stephen's. Perhaps there weren't many new faces among the hundred or so Alumni who gathered round the festive board, but the familiar ones, always seen at college doings, were out in good force, showing that Dr. Harris is starting out upon what we hope may be a long Wardenship with the good wishes of all the loyal Saint Stephen's men.

The Rev. Charles A. Jessup, of the Class of 1882, and president of the Alumni Association, was toastmaster. The following guests responded to toasts: Dr. Harris; the Rt. Rev. C. H. Olmstead, Bishop Coadjutor of Central New York; Nelson P. Lewis, C. E., '75; Henry A. Fairbairn, M. D., '75; the Rev. C. W.

E. Body, of the General Theological Seminary; Rev. Gilbert H. Sterling, '71; Rt. Rev. Alexander H. Vinton, D.D., '73, Bishop of Western Massachusetts; and the Rt. Rev. David H. Greer, D.D., Bishop Coadjutor of New York. The Rev. Dr. Nelson, Bishop Coadjutor-elect of Albany, the Rev. Dr. Hopson, of the Faculty, and the Rev. Dr. Cole, were present as guests of the Alumni.

Dr. Harris did not feel called upon to outline any policy for the college just now, he spoke of the character of the College's past, and argued that out of that a glorious career in the future must flow. It was Dr. Jessup who introduced a most happy term in reference to Dr. Fairbairn—"the great Warden." The name was seized upon by everyone here as one that just fits the only man who can really bear it, the man who made Saint Stephen's what she is, and who did more than anyone else to implant in the spirit of S. Stephen's men that characteristic love and loyalty which makes an Annandale man. Bishop Olmstead, an old S. Stephen's man, had something to say about the much-abused Preparatory Department of old, which was abandoned a few years ago. After telling of its advantages and what it has done in times gone by, he urged its return in some form or other. Mr. Lewis, Class of 1875, Chief Engineer of Greater New York, spoke of the influence which a Church college like Saint Stephen's can have on the laymen it turns out. If the church is to have her proper influence in public and civil life, she must use great diligence in providing good moral training for her college youth. Bishop Vinton spoke on the great moral problem of scholarships in clerical training. He said he did not see why the same methods used at West Point, whereby a young man received a definite sum from the government for his maintenance, should not be put in force in clerical education. The bestowal of scholarships, he said, was necessary for the maintenance of modern ecclesiastical institutions. Bishop Greer's topic was another of the mooted questions of the day—the relative advantage of the big and the small college. After he had spoken of the sphere of

the small institution, and the good it can do, he urged the necessity upon churchmen, of supporting the Diocesan College.

The dinner was appropriately wound up with the college yell, and three cheers and a tiger for old Saint Stephen's.

PARADISE LOST.

An open book before me lies,
Its pages cite the dreams of men;
Their hopes, their sorrows—mysteries
No mortal man can paint again
As Milton, master of the pen.

And yet tho' man can never paint,
In language half so fine as he,
The deeds of sinner or of saint,
Still can I in the twilight see
A woman paint this mystery.

Her brush is not of steel or quill
Or bristles from the badger brown.
But bends she nature to her will;
The flowers that spring from seeds once sown
By her, have very beauteous grown.

Between the leaves of this old tome
Two pansy blossoms, blue and gold,
Look up, as any cunning gnome,
And question: "Does your heart grow cold
While brooding o'er the days of old?"

"Does life seem dull, is morning grey,
Is twilight sad, are joys unknown,
And when you ponder day by day
On friends forsaken, pleasures flown,
Ah! do you meditate alone?"

No, no, the world is filled with men
Whose hearts are just as sad as mine,
Who creep into grim memory's den,
And there on sorrow's couch recline,
Review the past, repent, repine.

But tell me Pansies, shall I touch
Again the hand that planted you,
Or do I worry overmuch,
Or shall I dream and wake anew
To find my love most kind, most true?

"The hand that planted us now clasps
 Another hand more fair more clean;
 And your own love still living grasps
 At what we pansies still may mean"—
 But Paradise is lost, I ween.

2 POTTER HALL.

ST. LOUIS, THE CENTRE OF THE WORLD.

On the 30th day of April, the city of St. Louis became the centre of the world, and from that date for seven months will continue to hold that unique position. The Louisiana Purchase Exposition is probably the largest as well as the most representative World's Fair which has ever been held. Is it not our duty, then, as representative college men, to recognize, in some small degree through the medium of our paper, the true value of the exposition, at least in so far as it touches us as college men. ?

The St. Louis exposition has been classified. That is a simple periodic sentence, but it means much. It means that eight hundred and seven general classes have been collected into forty-four groups and again these forty-four groups have been collected into sixteen departments. These departments, in their order, will record what man has accomplished up to the present, by means of his industry and faculties and with the aid of the natural resources at his command.

The two departments which mean most to the average student, stand first and last in the list. Education, first; because by means of it man enters into social life. Physical Culture, last; because man's intelligence having reached the highest point attainable by means of Art, Science, and the other intermediate departments, he is able to regard himself as an animal, realizing that his intellectual and moral constitutions require a sound physical body to enable them to perform their proper functions.

From May 12th to November 24th inclusive, the Olympic games will be held. These games are open to the world and are of the same nature as those held at Athens in 1896, when an American broke the world's record for the discus throwing, and at Paris

in 1900, when Americans took nine-tenths of the prizes. Besides these Olympic games, intercollegiate contests will be held in all branches of sport, when the championships of the world will be decided. Most of the leading colleges of the country have signified their intention of entering these events either in football, baseball or track-athletics, and thousands of college men, their fathers and mothers and sweet-hearts will be in attendance day after day. Every college man owes it to his own intellect to get to St. Louis this summer. Rates on trains have been brought to a minimum and numberless new hotels and boarding places have been erected in St. Louis to entertain the millions of people who will visit the Fair. Leaving aside all question of education and culture, and looking at the Fair from the pleasure-seeker's view alone, what more stupendous an amusement place could be sought than the "Pike," a mere strip at one end of the grounds, yet with its six thousand performers from foreign countries reproducing life-scenes from twenty-five different countries; its two thousand animals to lend color to the scene, and its forty shows, no one of which represents an outlay of less than fifty thousand dollars.

From either stand-point—by reason of education or by reason of love of pleasure, one can do no less than make a try to get to the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

2 POTTER HALL.

TWO VIEWS.

A plump little girl and a thin little bird
 Were out in the meadow together,
 "How cold that poor little bird must be
 Without any clothes like mine," said she,
 "Although it is sunshiny weather."

"A nice little girl is that," said he,
 But oh, how cold she must be! For see,
 She hasn't a single feather!"—
 So each shivered to think of the other poor thing,
 Although it was sunshiny weather.

Jux.

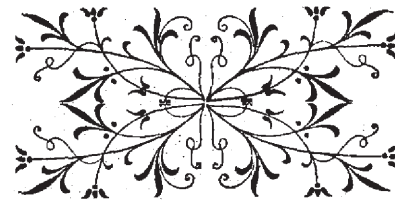
EDITORIAL.

With this number the present editorial board of the MESSENGER completes its term of office, and a new board with the June number begins to "run" the MESSENGER. We are not patting ourselves on the backs and looking for congratulations from every corner of the world, for we feel that many of our short comings have been exposed. There is, however, one thing about which we feel a just pride—we made but one appeal to the students for contributions. At the time of our appeal we said it would be the first and only time we should mention the subject. Again and again we have been tempted to make a few cutting remarks about the way the students neglected their college paper, the only official organ we students have, but each time we have successfully resisted the temptation. It isn't the right thing to leave the whole paper to be written by the editors; they have other work to do as well as you. We hope the students will show more interest in their paper next year than they have during the past year. Remember that the MESSENGER is the property of students—your property—and your duty is not finished when you have elected an editorial board. We wish the coming board all success and hope that it will receive the loyal support of every student of S. Stephen's.

Dean Tufts, of the University of Chicago, has endeared himself to numerous young people—some old people also—the world over by advancing the theory that flirting tends to the development of both soul and intellect. "Coquetry," he told the seniors in an address a short time ago, "is a training of the abilities needed in serious life." After an endorsement by so high an authority as Dean Tufts, popular opinion regarding flirting must undergo a radical change. As a rule the practise is sternly discouraged by parents although the chances are they indulged in it themselves in their younger days. If Dean Tufts' views are generally accepted, it is by no means improbable that up-to-date schools and colleges will in the future

have Professors of Flirting just as they now have Professors of Mathematics, Logic and Greek, and it is likewise probable that the students will take a keen interest in the subject. It would be pretty safe to bet that the minimum of "flunks" would be found in that course. This preceding sentence refers especially to co-ed. institutions.

The *N. Y. Tribune* says President Elliot's remarks about the "joys of work" are right and timely, but in these rare May days there is also a "joy of living" that no one can afford to overlook. Now while the "joys of work" and the "joy of living" are all right as far as they go, the MESSENGER may be pardoned for suggesting that the "joy of living without work" has points of superiority over the two species of "joy" named. This is particularly the case in these rare May days when spring fever in the severest form is epidemic in every community. These are the days when the human heart is filled with a desire to avoid even the suggestion of work, when even thinking becomes an exertion and when "that tired feeling" is experienced by all. Unfortunately, however, most of us are prevented by force of circumstances from indulging in our desire for idleness and perhaps it is better so. Here, at least, there is no rest for the weary for final exams. are too near at hand.



COLLEGE NOTES.

—The Rev. Dr. Silliman visited the college recently for a few days.

—Professor Anthony has purchased a handsome new runabout.

—Professor Chas. W. Popham has been initiated into the mysteries of Masonry.

—The tennis courts have been cleaned and marked out and are being used daily by those who enjoy this sport.

—The Juniors are beginning to make preparations for their ball, and are also working very hard on their play, "She Stoops to Conquer."

—Spettigue and Reed, '07, were initiated into Kappa Gamma Chi on Friday evening, April 29th. After the initiation a lunch was served in No. 10 McVicar Hall.

—Several games of baseball have been played so far this season. They were all pickup games, however, and not enough ability was evidenced to warrant organizing a regular team.

—The Ladies Auxiliary of Holy Innocents Parish have elected Mrs. T. S. Harris as president. We understand the ladies are to make several improvements to the interior of the chapel.

—Mrs. Frederick W. Norris, wife of the rector of St. Matthew's church, Brooklyn, gave a Dickens reading on the evening of April 28. It was given at the Warden's and was enjoyed by the large gathering present.

—The Misses Harris gave a progressive heart party on May 3d. The first prize, a handsome silver pencil, was awarded to Mr. Brinckerhoff, the *other* one going to Mr. Saunders. The lady's prize was won by Miss Hoffman of Red Hook.

—The Warden and Mrs. Harris tendered a reception to the undergraduates on Tuesday evening, April 10 in Ludlow and Willink. Needless to say the evening was spent most enjoyably by every one present. A number of ladies were present, and danc-

ing was indulged in by the younger people until the early morning. During the evening refreshments were served.



ALUMNI NOTES.

—'67. For many years it has been the general impression that New York's "Little Church Around the Corner," of which the Rev. George Clark Houghton, '67, is rector, was a kind of short cut to matrimony and as such, its fame has spread even to the Old World. But according to the *New York Herald* this state of things is past. Of nearly 1500 applicants last year only about 1000 were joined in wedlock while the rest were turned away. Moreover if the rector's plans do not miscarry, still more prospective benedicts will be rejected. A set of stiff qualifications has been prepared and only those who measure up to these will hereafter be married by Dr. Houghton. The Doctor also has some other ideas relating to this same subject which he wishes to put into execution and for this purpose he and the vestrymen of the parish have under consideration the purchase of two houses immediately adjoining the parish house. Steps also have been taken for the acquisition of a site to be used for a building that will be made a home for impecunious young women who have taken up some artistic profession.

Dr. Houghton is said to receive nearly \$20,000 yearly in marriage fees.

—'86. A recent copy of the Columbia, S. C., *State* gives a very interesting account of the installation in that city of the Rev. Dr. Charles Martin Niles, '86, as rector of Trinity parish, the largest Protestant Episcopal church in the state. The article also contains an account of Dr. Niles' previous charges, especially of his work at Ossining, N. Y., where he went in 1896. Dr. Niles succeeds the late Rev. Churchill Satterlee, son of the Bishop.

—'97. The Rev. Jos. P. Gibson has resigned the rectorship of St. Paul's and Christ Church Parishes, Calvert Co., Md., and has accepted work under the Archdeacon of Pittsburgh, the Rev. Homer A. Flint, '97, at Wilmerding and Duquesne. His address will be Wilmerding, Pa.



EXCHANGES.

One sure thing about humanity is its variableness. If anyone thinks he is going to get anything regularly and consistently from human beings he is grandly mistaken. Periodicals suffer from "off days," even love-letters do.

These feelings are borne in upon the Exchange Editor as he looks over for the third time his little table full of magazines. Is he suffering from an off day? Or does the ailment lie in the exchanges? Well, to be fair, he accepts half the blame. That still permits him to say that there isn't much in these April numbers. Apparently the best hands have been turning their skill to other directions. Seniors plugging for final exams.; fining down orations and drafting and re-drafting themes and poems for prizes. In the most of the directories we see the names of new staffs and the best of machinery needs running for a while before it can be adjusted.

The short story specimens are quiet failures to my mind—and we are making our boast these days of the short story. Humor, originality and true feeling are rarely to be found in the storiottes which pass in review before us month by month. What seems to be flourishing lately is the critical analysis of modern literature; incisive, clever, touching, undoubtedly, the truth now and then. Critical estimate from analysis is valuable work. It shows us where we are, very often, and whither we should not go. But criticism is like qualitative chemistry—a breaking down business.

It takes some combination which it could not itself have formed and pecks it apart. In this process we get what is cold, scientific, sceptical in a man's mind, and little, very little, of that warmth and geniality, that realness which marks the vital organism in the world of letters.

There is an art form which has thriven in English letters best of all, the essay. How varied is its receptivity and power—all the way from Bacon's terse wisdom to the elusive delicacy of Lamb. Just think of a few names which the Essay claims: Montaigne, Bacon, Addison, Steele, Lamb, Coleridge, Hazlitt, Hunt, Terrold, Holland, Lowell, Pater, Mabie, Grant, Allen—there's no stopping here; but these few names picked at random from a delighted memory, what a charm they bring with them!

Why are there not more attempts along this line? Essay, assay, the title itself is encouraging like a fond father. Essay, an attempt, no pretension nor alarmingly austere purpose.

Let us go back and study the old exemplars. It will pay. They will give us new light on many good things, new charms where once all was obstinate and bashful old ideas. The novel and the learned monograph, the short story and the criticism take up much room between covers nowadays, but there is always room for the essay, written, mind you, in the true essay spirit.



Please Mention the "Messenger."

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