

# MESSENGER

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# The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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Vol. 1.

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## PROSPECTUS

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No contributions will be published if written on both sides of the paper.

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## The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

THOMAS WORRALL, '95, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

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H. S. HASTINGS, '98.

BUSINESS MANAGER, E. G. GILBERT, 2d, '95.

ASSOCIATE, A. L. LONGLEY, '96.

VOL. I.

ANNANDALE, N. Y., MAY, 1895.

No. 4.

### Editorials.

COMMENCEMENT draws near; the annual recurrence of which, with all its festivities is hailed with delight by the student world. This is the last number of THE MESSENGER that will appear until after commencement, June 13th, when the commencement number will be issued. The exercises will begin with the Baccalaureate Sermon, which will be preached by the warden of the college on Sunday, June 9th, at 4 o'clock in the evening. We give in another place a full list of the exercises of the week following, and on behalf of the Senior Class we extend a cordial invitation to all the patrons of THE MESSENGER to be present. The members of the Senior Class are, with the assistance of the Marshals, making every endeavor that the week may be a pleasant and memorable one for their friends.

THE MESSENGER appears rather late this month for two reasons; first, because it was nearly May when the term began; and again, it has been almost impossible to get any literary work done on account of the great number of back examinations, which have been occupying the attention of a good portion of the college. While speaking of back examinations, we cannot refrain from reminding some of our readers of the revelation made by the late ordeal. There were ten failures in the Freshman Class—an alarming number, even for the Freshmen. While we expected failures in this class, we never in the wildest flight of imagination pictured to ourselves such an alarming state of affairs. Now, little boys, this will never do. Such a showing, in addition to placing your standing as students the very lowest of any class in college, reflects discredit on us all. You have been allowed a few more privileges than it has been our custom to grant Freshmen, and it almost appears as though, instead of making the proper use of them, you have descended to their abuse. As you grow older, you will discover that knowledge, even of how to get through an examination, is not acquired without hard study; and unless you do considerable hard studying this term, you will never get

out of your present verdant condition. We congratulate the Sophomore Class. Not a man in the class failed. The average mark 90.8 needs no comment, and is surpassed only by the standing of the Senior Class.

IT is with joy that we hail the season which brings with it the out-door sports; the time when leisure moments may be spent on the campus in the open air. Though Spring is welcomed by all, it is especially greeted by the student at S. Stephens; for during the Winter all sports and the exercise which is necessary to keep the body and mind sound are suspended, for the want of a gymnasium. Indeed, such a building is one of the most pressing needs of the college. The students have been struggling to secure funds sufficient for the purpose, but without very great success, as there is little more than fifteen hundred dollars on hand. The matter is of such importance that it is to be hoped that those who have the welfare of S. Stephens at heart may take such action as will place upon our campus, as speedily as possible, a permanent and fitting gymnasium building.

### “La Fin de Siècle.”

THE frequent recurrence of the above phrase in the current literature of the day, brings to our minds the fact that we are rapidly approaching the end of this Nineteenth Century. It also leads us to speculate as to what the Twentieth Century may bring forth.

Truly, it may be said that never in the history of the human race, during a like period of time, has the progress of civilization been so great; never has there been such a wonderful advancement in the fields of invention, science, art and literature.

It seems strange to us, who live in this age of railroads, telegraph and telephone lines, steamships, books and newspapers, that our ancestors could exist without them. It is doubtful if the present generation could live without those conveniences, not to say luxuries, to which it has become accustomed; yet, a hundred years ago, many of them were not dreamed of, and others were in a very crude state.

Every thoughtful man is apt to wonder, at times, whether the present era of improvement is to continue, and the world be brought closer to that ideal state, which has existed in the minds of prophets and philosophers; or whether there will be another retrograde movement, such as has occurred with various nations in the past. Surely the civilization of those ancient nations, the Assyrians, Babylonians, Egyptians, Romans and Greeks, in some respects possibly as high as our own, is not to be despised. Yet what has been their fate? They all reached the zenith of their power, and then were

destroyed, either by their own excesses, or were overwhelmed by the tide of barbarism which surrounded them.

Can it be, that the civilized governments of to-day are doomed to a like fate? Shall another century see a partial relapse into barbarism? It does not seem possible to us, and yet it may be so. Doubtless the Greeks and Romans, when they were masters of the known world, did not so much as dream of the destruction which was so soon to overwhelm them. However, the influence of the present age, and especially of those inventions which almost annihilate time and space, tends to draw more closely together the various nations and tribes of the earth; and to enable each to understand and to profit by the customs, manners and learning of the rest.

Again, our age has one great factor which the empires of the past lacked, viz: the civilizing influence of the Christian religion. This certainly has a far greater influence in redeeming a people from the darkness of barbarism, than any other cause, and its rapid spread by those missionaries who have given their lives for the cause of Christ, leads us to look forward to that millennial age, when, as the prophets tell us, all the world shall acknowledge the true God; and when, “every eye shall see Him, and every knee shall bow at His name, who is King of Kings and Lord of Lords.” How near we are to this glorious age none can tell. “No man knoweth the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh.”

Shall not we, who profess and call ourselves Christians, do what we can towards preparing the world for this second advent, by helping to spread the gospel of peace?

If every Christian would do something, be it ever so little, toward this great object, either by personal work, by financial aid, or by encouragement and prayer, the Twentieth Century might see a more wonderful change in the human race, than the one which is now drawing to a close.

*Fos. P. Gibson, '97.*

### Chaucer.

“HOW exquisitely tender is Chaucer, and yet how perfectly free he is from the least touch of sickly melancholy or morbid drooping.” These words, uttered by Coleridge, sound the key note of that harmonious symphony of poems, to which the exalted genius of Chaucer has given birth. If a comprehensive knowledge of human nature, combined with a marvellous power for tuneful versification and a genius for picturesque description are a true standard, by which to estimate the poet, we must accord to Chaucer a place among the foremost bards of the world. Chaucer is the first great English poet, and is fairly entitled to be called the “Father of English Poetry.” To him belongs the honor of having been the first to make the

English tongue the vehicle of exalted poetic thought. During the period from the Norman conquest to the time of Chaucer, Latin had been the language of science, French the medium of fashionable literature.

Chaucer saw the possibilities of his mother-tongue, and with the courage that is engendered by conviction, he left the beaten path, and made English the material for his art. Previous to the Norman conquest the national literature of England had given signs of activity, the national life as thought seemed to be passing through a quickening process. But amid the clamor of the conqueror's arms, the voice of literature, still feeble, was hushed and seemed forever stilled. The introduction of Norman French had driven the English tongue from the circles of refined society into the cottages of the rustic.

A foreign monarch ruled, and a foreign aristocracy had supplanted the native nobility. English thought was crushed, and English literature seemed to lie in the stillness of death. But it was the night before the glorious morn; as the lion crouches lower before he bounds aloft, so English literature sank to practical inertness before it experienced that glorious outburst, which it reached in Chaucer. He was a true poet; one who spoke to all classes. He stands at the turning point of two epochs, the age of chivalry, and the revival of learning, being in touch with both. He was pre-eminently a man of genius, though a disciple of foreign poets; originally though a translator of their work, and by his disposition and education, he was qualified to depict the chivalric world and romantic tendencies of his time. His stores of wit, humor and pathos were exhaustless, and his power of description wonderful. Although at times his humor judged from modern standard, is broad, he yet shows a delicate appreciation of moral sentiment. In the dexterous use of various forms of versification, and in his knowledge of human nature, he has no superior. Chaucer was not original, but he also displays a singular impressibility.

The literary influences of the age were reflected in his productions. In his writings we can trace the influence of the romantic poetry of the French trouvère, as well as that of the Italian literature of his day. But whether suggested by the trouvère or derived from Boccaccio, we can say of his writing what Lowell remarked, "There is no touch of cynicism in all he wrote."

*R. E. Brestell, '95.*

## A Legend of the Blood Root.

(SANGUINARIA CANADENSIS.)

IT was not far from the Garden of Eden, which God made so beautiful for His first children, that the Blood Root first grew. When Adam and Eve left their home they sadly missed the flowers, which grew but scantily in the region whither God had driven them. One day Mother Eve was awaiting the return of her two sons, who early in the morning had gone away to sacrifice unto the Lord the first fruits of their labors; and because the mother had already waited long, she started out, hoping to meet them, as they should return walking arm in arm surrounded by Abel's flock. She wandered far, listening anxiously for the bleating of the sheep, until she came to a place where two altars stood. She recognized them as those of her sons; for one was covered with a mass of fruit and vegetables, now blackened and withered by the sun; the other bore evidence of the fire of sacrifice. Near this latter the weary and lonely mother knelt down to wait and pray for her boys. When, after a long time, they did not come, and she was reluctantly about to leave the spot, she espied some delicate white flowers springing from the moist ground. They seemed to her, messengers of peace and sweet reminders of the unblemished life in Eden, and kneeling, she eagerly gathered them to her bosom. They yielded readily to her touch, and rejoicing she was about to kiss their delicate petals, when she saw that each one was bleeding, root and stem. Her hands were reddened with their life blood, as, startled and trembling at the sight, she eagerly greeted her son Cain, who just at that moment appeared. She would have embraced him but he sullenly repelled her. Then, in alarm, she inquired for his brother, and receiving no answer, she put one of the bleeding flowers into his hand, for he seemed preoccupied and she would rouse him. At the touch of the flower he trembled violently, and fell moaning to the ground. As the loving mother bent over him she caught the words, which he said over and over again, "The voice of thy brother's blood cryeth unto me from the ground."

Late in the night Father Adam found the grief-stricken and unconscious mother alone upon the ground with the white blossoms, now closed as if in sorrow, nodding all around her face.

For the remainder of their lives, the grieving parents loved these little flowers, jealous of their growth in any other place; but Cain, ere he fled with God's curse upon him, dug up a sod full of the blossoms and carried them away into the land of Nod. There he nourished them, spreading them and their lesson broadcast. Men, for ages afterward, pointing to the Blood Root, explained to their children the wonderful symbolism of the flower.

Truly its delicate purity speaks of brotherly love; but, when bruised, it bleeds to warn us of the dire result of hate.

*Herbert Seymour Hastings, '98.*

### Fellows.

WHAT are Fellows of a college? They are at Oxford and Cambridge young men of distinguished scholarship, of the best cultivated mind who stand in the first class, or, are what are called wranglers. After they have graduated with high honors, they are elected to what are, called fellowships. Say for instance at Oriel College, at Oxford, these scholars are elected to live in the college, have a salary and leisure to devote themselves to study. They have well trained minds and they are now expected to make use of their training and culture in giving instructions, by teaching, by lecturing, and writing. How often do we see on the title page of a book By Isaac Williams, B. D., Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. This means that this man and scholar has been studying after he graduated B. A., and he is now instructing the world.

Then they serve another purpose. There are from ten to twenty in each Oxford College, and they form a literary society. They thus exert a great influence on the under-graduates of the college. They inspire the love of study, and they show what ought to be studied.

There ought to be a dozen such men in Annandale, who should live here and study, and write books, and influence not only the young men of the college, but also the educated clergy and literary men of the world. It ought to be one of the requirements to reside in the college. They are Bachelor and Masters of Art. They ought to know how to study and to create a literary atmosphere. They have learned how to investigate any subject else their Bachelor's degree does not signify much. They are not for ever to be attending lectures, but when they have attained a degree, it signifies to the world, that they are the instructors of the world.

*F.*

### Emphasis.

A WOMAN said to her servant boy, "Go and ask *How* old Mrs. Jones *is.*" He asked "How *old* Mrs. Jones *is.*" It is hardly necessary to say that the two ladies did not speak again for some months, when it was discovered that the trouble was only a matter of the emphasized word.

### The American Tories of the Revolutionary Period.

FROM our earliest childhood, we have been accustomed to hear thrilling stories of the bravery of our Revolutionary forefathers. We have delighted ourselves with the "History of the Revolutionary War, in Words of One Syllable, for Children," and in school we have wrestled with scores of Generals and useless dates. We have learned, and declaimed, "The Midnight Ride of Paul Revere," and various similar pieces; but few of us realize the fact, that there were many people, in the colonies, who remained firm in their allegiance to Great Britain.

The revolutionists declared that taxation without representation was tyranny, and ninety-nine out of every hundred Americans have believed that that settled the matter.

On the other hand, there was a long and bitter war of words, which raged for several years before the breaking out of hostilities, and continued to the establishment of the present Federal government. In this conflict, some of the brightest intellects of the day fought for their principles, and judged from a mere literary standpoint, these writings are worthy of our attention.

The revolutionist side of the discussion is too well known to be repeated; but the Tory side is almost unknown. They urged, that as they enjoyed the protection of the mother country, it was only just that they should bear their share in paying the vast debt, which had been incurred in their defence. In their minds, the memory of the French and Indian war needed no retinting, and they felt that their security was cheap at any price. The tax was light. Even its bitterest opponents admitted that.

The revolutionists, however, declared that the tax was tyrannical, simply because they were not represented in Parliament. To this the Tories replied that they *were* represented in Parliament, just as much as half the people in the old country, who had no franchise, and that their interests were the same as those of the English on the other side of the water.

One peculiar thing, which we learn from this controversial literature, is that many, even among the leaders of the revolt, were perfectly loyal to George III, who—notwithstanding his seventeen children and his petulant temper—seems to have been an excellent king, when he was not out of his head. It was at the door of Parliament that revolutionists laid the blame, and against them, and not against the king, that they took up arms. So firm was the adherence of the colonies to the House of Brunswick, that troops were assembled in New York and Boston in the name of George III; and even after the war was over, there was talk of proclaiming him "King of America."

We are wont to suppose that George Washington was so far above re-

proach, that no one would dare to lampoon him; but we find him insulted with every vile title that his political enemys could invent, and openly reviled in the newspapers.

Many, not to say most, of the best people in the colonies remained loyal or refrained from active participation. This was especially true of the clergy who had taken the oath of allegiance, at their ordination, and the ruling classes, who felt themselves bound by their oath of office. In dozens of Maryland and Virginia parishes, the priests took down the royal arms from over the altars, and retired into Canada, and in other cases the Tory lay-impropriators drove out the revolutionist clergy, and denounced them as perjurers. Hundreds of the bravest soldiers in the British army were Americans, born and bred, and fought as bravely and suffered as much as their neighbors, who had espoused the other side of the quarrel. Many a merchant and planter cast his entire fortune into the coffers of Cornwallis, and many a tomb-stone tells the deeds of a Tory red-coat.

Even after the war was ended, many Tory land-owners refused to pay taxes to the general government, and in some cases even went so far as to send the money to England by packet. In fact, it was not till that generation had passed away, that the royalists submitted to the inevitable, and began to exercise the rights of citizens.

A century has passed since these worthies rested in their graves; and, though we look back on them with a sort of pitying contempt, let us remember that in this world, there is such a thing as an honest difference of opinion. They thought they were right. Providence and arms decided against them; yet, let us respect their loyalty, remembering that many of those around us may hold opinions directly opposed to ours, and yet be true of heart.

*Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98.*

### A Reflection.

I WAS sitting with my friend in his room at college. It was a very comfortable room; neatly, almost elegantly, furnished. Moreover, nearly all the little articles of bric-a-brac were associated with some interesting event, and he had been telling me of some of these, when a call came to him from without, and he excused himself. I had just asked him about a little gilt edged mirror, in size not more than four by six inches, that hung above his desk, and before he left, he said: "That belonged to my mother when she was a girl." Immediately the little glass became doubly interesting, for I had grown to know my friend's mother by many of his lovable traits, which I attributed to her.

It was late afternoon, and the corners of the room were receding into the gloom. I began to wonder, as I often do, of older people, what this mother was like when young; and while I thus mused, the sinking sun broke through a rift in the clouds and lit up the little glass opposite to me. I was surprised to see within its frame, not simply a reflecting crystal surface, as I had expected, but a girlish face with laughing eyes and waving hair. The face was aglow with life; its expressions continually changed; and I seemed to see the history of a girlhood pictured before me. Sometimes the lips pouted and tears swelled up in the eyes, but anon the smiles broke out. Again it would be sober and thoughtful for some time, "for the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

The sun suddenly was darkened and the face in the frame was obliterated. I regretted keenly its disappearance, for it was a lovable face, and I would have studied it longer in its varying moods. Even while I thus regretted, the clouds broke again and light illumined the face; but it was changed. I gazed eagerly to assure myself that it was the same, and waited for the smile which I knew would convince me. It came; I was assured of the identity but the laughing maiden was no longer there. They were the same eyes, but more sober, for the thoughts had grown deeper and were no longer dreams but very real plans for life. Now the face did not gaze away far off into space, "in maiden meditation fancy free." The eyes, so full of soul, seemed to take cognizance of others about, and to lighten or darken with objective rather than subjective suggestions. The smiles were gentle, sympathetic smiles, and the sorrow that appeared upon the face was grief for others. I had admired the girlish face for its vivacious beauty; I loved the womanly countenance for its sweet sympathy.

I was startled by a familiar voice which said: "Hello! Why haven't you lit the lamp? Been asleep, eh?" I reluctantly confessed that I had been dreaming, but changed the subject by asking my friend to continue the story of the little mirror. "I don't know much about it," he said. "I suppose it has reflected a good deal of my dear mother's life; for she had it when she went away to school, and also after the war, when she went South to teach the little pickaninny idea how to shoot."

*"Seym."*

### The Hague.

ANYONE intending to spend a vacation, or a honeymoon abroad, would do well to consider the beauties and conveniences of The Hague, Holland.

There is a delightful suggestion of comfort in the very atmosphere. As for hotels the Vieux Doelen is fully capable of taking care of and supplying the wants of even the most fastidious. The Portier is better than an Encyclopedia, because he volunteers his information. He can tell you about every train in Holland, every band concert or other amusement in the city. It will pay you to treat him well.

Sundays there are more like Saturdays in New York. There are always two or three excellent band-concerts in the different parks. These concerts are patronized by the very best people, and at some, cards are necessary for admittance. Beer, cigars and the like are served, but pipes are not allowed, as I learned to my chagrin. Dutch gallants with their sweethearts are seen in great numbers. No one is in a hurry—not even the waiters, except perhaps for their pay.

If you are fond of bathing, the beach at Schevingen, two or three miles from The Hague, will satisfy you. The beach can be reached by a line of horse-cars, over an avenue shaded the entire distance by trees. On the beach, large covered wicker chairs are offered for rent and horses are almost forced on you, which, when hired, must be forced in turn.

A stroll along the beach will be entertaining. Children without number, are playing in the sand, while their nurses knit in chairs.

In place of bath-houses large covered wagons are used. You are put in one of these and pulled out into the surf. When once you have entered the water the attendants never take their eyes from you, and should you venture further than a hundred yards from the shore, they will yell at you like mad, and if this has no effect, they will set out in a boat after you. Of course when you finish, two or three line up to be "tipped," but small fees will answer the purpose.

The wagons for the women are a hundred yards or more from those of the men, and men and women are not allowed to bathe together.

Refreshment can be obtained at the elegant hotel called the Kurhaus, at which regular summer resort prices are asked, possibly, on account of the music furnished afternoons and evenings.

In The Hague are many interesting things to be seen. The Royal palace, two or three art galleries, some quaint old buildings and the canals. The Queen is a very interesting little person but seldom seen in public as she is an invalid.

The Dutch people impress one as being very courteous, slow and deliberate.

The girls are pretty, as a rule, while the young men are less attractive, being awkward and lubberly.

If the Dutch had not shown great valor on several occasions, I would imagine them to be rather cowardly. *B. A. Robbins, '98.*

### My Pipe.

I AM lonely. Who would not be lonely on a day like this? I stand looking out from the window of my bachelor apartments into the gathering night, watching the wind and rain tearing the leaves from the gray branches. I turn from the window. My heart is sad. There is no one to cheer me; no one to comfort me. Mechanically I pick up my pipe. Filling it I sit before the glowing fire, and as the blue smoke curls up, I realize that *here* is my friend; *here* is my comforter.

My mind turns to musing, and in the dim and misty smoke, rising in so many clouds above my chair and entwining itself caressingly about my head, endeavoring, as it were, to shut out the howlings of the disagreeable night, I see myself once more in college. I think how this, my pipe, has been my staunch friend for years. How it was the only one during my college days and after, that could really cheer me when attacked by "the blues," as we called them. My chum? Ah, he could not understand me. My mother? Yes! But she is a woman, and did not see things in the right light. My brother was too cynical, and my father's business so fully occupied his time that he cared little about the battles of his son. But my dear old pipe always ready to hear my troubles and joys, understanding them thoroughly without my giving utterance to them; *he* was and is my Friend. Always subservient to my moods, ever seeming to give advice as no mortal can give. To him I confided every thought. To those who have no true friend in their pipe this may seem strange; but to me it woefully fails to express what I feel. I remember when the girl I loved refused me. I thought my heart was broken. Life was not worth living. Coming to my room I threw myself despondently on the couch. My eye chanced to fall upon my pipe and my pipe lying side by side on the stand. I eagerly reached for the former; but my pipe, lying nearer, seemed to beckon me, so I picked it up and resolved to take a long smoke, as a final and lasting farewell, sweet through its bitterness from this, my friend. After the first two or three puffs my excited mind was calmed. My friend was beseeching me to stay with him. "Do not leave me thus!" he says; "do not desert me! For whom do I care but for you? Who cares for me as you do?" How enticingly the smoke clung about me! How it seemed to fairly wrap itself around me, as if to hold me by force to this earth. I decided. Life is worth living, if only for such a friend as this. A friend in adversity; a friend in prosperity; a friend after my own heart: is my old French briar. *Bachelor.*



**College Notes.**

—Mr. James L. Lasher, '96, has been elected Marshal for the coming Commencement. The Marshal is always chosen from the Junior Class, and it is one of the highest honors which can be bestowed upon a Collegian by his fellow students.

—The following programme has been arranged for Commencement Week:

Sunday, June 9th, Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. R. B. Fairbairn, Warden of the College, 4 P. M.

Monday, June 10th, Class Supper, 10 P. M.

Tuesday, June 11th, Senior Ball, 9 P. M.

Wednesday, June 12th, Senior Reception, 4-6 P. M. Missionary Sermon, 8 P. M. Promenade Concert, 9:30 P. M. Society Reunions and Fraternity Banquet, 11 P. M.

Thursday, June 13th, Commencement Exercises, 12 M.

—On Wednesday Morning, May second, the college was aroused by the usual noise and din which only a Freshman class returning from the burial of its Algebra, can create. The event passed off this year without interruption, but it is a question whether a burial minus the parson is valid. The announcements of the burial are of a new and original design, representing an ancient moss grown tombstone with a Latin inscription. The inside pages contained what was supposed to be a newspaper account of the illness of the Algebra, which was personified. Some puns were introduced at the expense of the members of the class. It is now to be hoped that the Freshmen, having reached the height of their glory, will subside somewhat into ante-sophomore dignity.

—The recent removal of our books from the quaint chapel-like structure specified in the catalogue as the gift of Mr. John Bard, to that building of classic dignity, Hoffman Library, turns our attention to a few points of interest. Twenty years ago our volumes numbered but two thousand; and, until a few years since, were kept in a room of Occident. This centre, as it were, of college growth, had long been crowded. Even in its second home, increased from time to time by the libraries of the late Dr. Gray, of Racine College, and others, space could not be found for all the books. The recently added volumes, about five hundred in number, from the late Dr. Stryker's library fill a gap formerly felt, in the absence of scientific works. Dear as is the memory of the late professor, whose life in its quietude seemed a charmed one, we peruse his books with a feeling akin to reverence, while an almost sacredness attaches itself to the very slips of figure-covered paper, on which are photographed lightning-like calculations of the superior mind now at rest.

To the antiquarian, our library offers material for hours of profitable research, if only of title pages. Some one has said, and not without wit, that "It is nice to know the backs of books." Especially among the collections from the library of the late Rev. J. W. Moore, are valued vellum bound tomes: Folio editions of the Scriptures prior to the days of King James are but examples.

Not to enlarge upon our old books, we can assert that S. Stephen's possesses a good general library, which, when properly arranged, and, as we all hope, catalogued by the card system, and on permanent shelves, will honor the structure which now insures its preservation.

**Hodge Podge.**

—A Freshman was recently heard to remark that he liked to believe in the "transmigration of souls." Being asked "Why?" he replied: "It is comfort to think that old Homer is at present digging out with toil and trouble some of his own 'stuff.'"

—During the Easter vacation Mayers asked an old darkey, in Newark, who was mowing the lawn in front of a Church, if he could tell him where to find the Rectory. Thinking Mayers was speaking of a directory, he very innocently remarked: "Guess, boss, yo' kan fin' one o' dem right ober dar a de saloon on cornah, sah!" Queer place for a Rectory.

—Dubell, '98, describes the ground around Nero's Golden House as being "beautifully deversified by wood and lawn."

—Knapp, '98, in mathematics says: "Let the sides of the regular polygon be increased eternally."

—One of the Freshmen speaking of tan shoe polish, calls it "russe leather blacking."

—Robbins '98 asked a young lady whether she prefers wheeling or carriage driving. She says: "I'll take you for wheel or for whoa."

The leaves are out upon the trees,  
And all the grass is green;  
Now, when a Freshman walks thereon,  
How can he well be seen?

**THE LIBRARY CHAIR.**

—We learn that the removal of a landmark has quite deeply affected a gentleman of '98. In an alcove in the school-house for many years has been seen a somewhat decrepid leather-backed chair, in which, formerly, was Log elucidated by the Warden. When fitful fashion or necessity had relegated this bit of antique to a less worthy location, successive librarians sat enthroned

in almost regal state, wondering, perchance, either at the possible number of "speeches" cribbed from "Lord's Lectures," or, how were formed those funny round spots on the ceiling. To many another has this antiquated chair proven a source of comfort; for, how often, when fatigued by a Sophomore straining his ears to get a cue, or by some Junior's forced oratory, has an envied Senior dozed the Saturday morning hour away! This same chair has been an all week round affair; and, on Sundays might be seen young "innocents" clustered about its generous arms, while their faithful instructor taught them words of truth. Now, alas, our friend from Delaware visits the Hoffman Library whither this chair has been removed, and is pardoned if, in dwelling on past memories, a tear is shed at Time's supreme disregard for sentiment.

*Yelsnil.*

### **To the Wearers of the "Bloo."**

FOR you, I'm sorry, woman dear;  
Scarcely can I repress a tear,  
Whene'er I see your bloomers.

Imagine with what fond delight,  
Adam would have beheld the sight,  
Of Eve in bloomers.

Or, Ulysses, of Homeric fame,  
Welcome to his home again,  
By Penelope in bloomers.

Alas! "Poor Trilby," even she,  
Would never have charmed "Little Billie,"  
Dressed in bloomers.

Thus, my dear, to close this rhyme,  
Let me give you a "tip" in time:

*Don't wear bloomers!*

IT was in the springtime of my life, when all the world seemed like a mighty arena, wherein were mortals striving each with each, that I, becoming weary of the sight, wandered down to the shore of the roaring sea.

And there, soothed and comforted by the dashing waves, I slept.

And while I slept, I dreamed a mighty wave rushing inland o'er-swept me.

It was the wave of youthful hopes and ambitions.

Most precious were the burdens that it bore, gathered from many climes.

Among these was a seed from the Tree of Knowledge, which became imbedded in my heart and there took root.

It seemed as though it were a live and passionate thing.

It conquered me.

*"Veritas."*