

MESSENGER

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The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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VOL. III.

ANNANDALE, N. Y., NOVEMBER, 1896.

No. 3.

Inspiration.

The sun is sinking in the far-off west,
And I pursue a bush-entangled way ;
It leaves me standing on a wooded crest
To view the swift departure of the day.

The fading light is drawn in changing lines,
While evening shadows dark around me grow ;
I hear a deep-toned murmur from the pines,
That stand majestic in the after-glow.

Softly from yonder darksome woodland sea,
The village church-bell sounds from out the spire ;
A music for the soul it seems to be,
A lifting from the earth to something higher.

I gaze intently on the gathering shades,
While nightly clouds their murky wings expand,
And think devoutly, as each glimmer fades,
I see the work of an almighty hand.

The gloom increases, twilight hours depart,
'Mid awful stillness, I return alone,
But deep and holy thoughts are in my heart,
And in the woods, the insects monotone.

—*Rieland, 1900.*

Ghosts.

DON'T tremble, gentle reader. I am writing in the sunny day-time, and have no desire to harrow your feelings with any strange weird tales. They are the every-day ghosts of which I am thinking; those ghosts to be sure which haunt us here at S. Stephen's, and although sometimes we would escape them, yet we fear them not, with that dread, inseparably connected in thought with midnight stillness, gore and grinning skulls.

There are so many ghosts! We each inhabit a haunted house, and its spectral occupants are ever with us. Do you not know some of those which roam these familiar haunts? There are hosts of them which throng the road from Barrytown; very old and decrepit now; but one or two of them always approaches me, as I come that way, and whispers to me of that first trip. I smile at them now; they are very grotesque:—and I thought that they would always be near me. Some of them did get as far as the college and stayed a few days, but they were soon strangely out of place; and they went back, some gladly, some sadly, to hide along the road-way between here and the station. Like all ghosts, however, they chant the refrain "change," and so I do not dislodge them, I even let them haunt me for a few paces of the way.

But there are other ghosts which I learned to know much better, and some of which I love. They live still in certain nooks and corners of Aspinwall,—Oh such hosts of them! Numerous ones, I think, I rather avoid. One used to frighten me; but it has lost all its power now: Homesickness. There are many secret ones, of which I could not tell you. I find a strange, almost uncanny pleasure in their companionship. They come to me most often when I approach and enter a certain one of the little rooms, and if I allow them, they settle themselves about me, shutting out all view of the present. If those with happy faces are nearest to me, I laugh and am joyful; but these are not all. Some there are, with tear-stained faces, and they nestle very near me, and strange to say, I encircle them with my arms and hold them close. But they are ghosts, ghosts, illusive shadows; and just when I think that they are real, a part, a living part of me as once they were, they are gone, and I am very lonely for them. Oh, ghosts of my ideals, yes ghosts even of my struggles and mistakes, forsake me not altogether. I need you. You were once so real. Is it possible that you are gone? No not dead; but ghosts; and some of you have given birth to many more, and these are with me still. Their faces are so like yours that if you did come to me, I would think you had but grown older and stronger: more like my present self; but they are your children and some of them die daily.

Ghosts there are, too, in the weather. On certain days, wooed by the wind or sunshine, these old friends come back, sailing, perhaps, upon an odor or a strain of music. Sometimes they greet me in a flower, or autumn colored tree; and the mountains—Oh the mountains are full of them.

Some very real ones live in the chapel; so real that I dare not tell you about them, they do not belong to me alone; and some of them, I think, are angels.

But more than anywhere else I find them at the different firesides. They seem to love the fire light, and their faces shine out through it, with both smiles and tears. Oh! you, my fireside ghosts, you are the dearest of all! Though you grieve me with your sadness, you cheer me with your gladness, and I cherish you, for you are not ghosts of thoughts, or deeds, but ghosts of men. I am alone, come sit with me, as we have sat in life so many times before. Talk as we talked and laugh as we laughed. Let me look into your faces, as you come back to me one by one, and tell me—have I changed? Rebuke me, if there is need. Tell me if I have strayed from those paths which you and I marked out together. Some of you, I think, I like better than your real and present selves; and the present counterparts of others I may not know, so must I cherish these the more. And you, now done with earthly toil and pain, come thou to me. Come even when I call you not, and make me feel again the sweetness of our old converse with this new, which now thou givest, being near GOD.

Let us put more faith in our ghosts. They are so much more real than Future's fancy sprites, which love to urge us on with fond allurements. For our ghosts are the ghosts of all that went to make up our old dead selves, and much that now we are or think we are.

Herbert Seymour Hastings, '98.

“An Echo of the ‘World's Fair.’”

EVERYONE who has read “She” will remember what an impossible personage Haggard made his heroine. After living ages as a marvelous beauty and a gracious queen, she destroyed, by a terrible mischance and in a single moment, her youth and power. The author gives a short, graphic description of that last scene far away in an unknown land. The heroine has placed herself in the path of the “fire of eternal youth.” She does this to prove to her lover its efficacy, wholly ignorant of the fact that one more touch of the dreaded element will destroy her. A moment we see her, standing apart from her followers on the sandy floor of a ghostly cave, the weirdness of which brings out her exquisite beauty with wonderful vividness. The column of fire rolls around; just an instant more her glory is seen and then comes an awful change. The roaring flames no longer, as of old, freshen and enhance her loveliness, but, with demon's fury, burn her tender flesh, quench the gentle light from her tender eyes and shrivel her graceful person to ghastly ugliness. The fire rolls away and we see—a miserable hag, a woman as she might be after a thousand years of toil!

Many miles of land and sea lie between the heart of Africa and the shores of Lake Michigan, and as great a distance might seem to separate "She" from the World's "Great fair"; but—the story!

Nearly every visitor to that Fair must have seen, in his wanderings, a large, cliff-like mass, close to the Anthropological Building. This mound was a representation of Battle Rock Mountain, Colorado. Within were relics of the by-gone Cliff Dwellers—the strange people of whom we know little beyond the fact that they have been ages extinct. The interior of the mound was very picturesque, a splendid reproduction of the cliff people's little world. It is not, however, with the cliff-men in general that we deal, but with a single feature of the exhibit.

A guide led us through dark and mysterious mountain passes, explaining the various points and objects of interest. Finally he brought us into a dimly lighted cave. In one corner of this chamber reposed a glass case and within that, a human form, apparently the body of a child, three or four years old. I say "apparently" because the guide informed us that, despite appearances, it was the remains of a once perfectly formed woman!

"Long years ago," he told us, "this miserable mummy must have been a handsome, healthy woman. You see now nothing but a shriveled, shrunken thing, no larger than the body of a babe, and turned by age to the color of its mother earth. "In appearance and suggestiveness it is all that Haggard claimed for 'She' and so we call it."

Vast numbers of people saw this strange, ugly mummy, and many must have gone back, in memory, to the dreadful scene in the cave when this (?) bit of ugly clay stood forth the perfection of womanhood.

J. W. J., '99.

Shadows.

Do ye alone upon the surface lie,
 Unfelt within the deep?
 Restless and foaming 'neath the chequered sky
 The sad sea fain would sleep,
 Yet, weary, tosses, turning to and fro;
 While drifting, drifting with strong onward sweep,
 The shadows come and go.

Bend low, soft clouds, your tenderness reveal.
 How lovingly ye lean
 Close down, once more the mother-love to feel,
 Near the great heart whose keen
 Deep-hidden sorrows, ye, her children, share.
 Still mingling gloom with swift alternate sheen,
 Ye show the sea most fair. —*John Mills Gilbert, '90.*

The Mystery of Achinghead's Store.

MR. ACHINGHEAD, on entering the store of which he was the junior partner, one fine September morning, was very much chagrined to find that his safe had been opened, during the night, and an unusually large sum of money, about ten thousand dollars in bills, which had been received after banking hours, the previous evening, had been stolen. He immediately notified the police, but they could find no clew, except that the safe had been opened by one who knew the combination; some brown paper, looking as if it had been cut with scissors, and a ball of twine were found lying on the desk. These things Mr. Achinghead swore were not there, when he left the store, late in the afternoon of the preceding day.

When questioned by the detective, who was immediately sent, on his request, from headquarters, Mr. Achinghead said; that rather late in the afternoon Mr. Fish had come into the office to pay a bill, amounting to ten thousand dollars, which he owed the firm. Mr. Achinghead also said that he was very much worried at having to keep so large a sum in the safe overnight; but had thought, that, as he was the only one who knew of it, it would be perfectly safe. On being further questioned he said that all the clerks had left the store, and that he, having staid to finish a little work, was just preparing to go, when Mr. Fish came in. He also complained of a headache and a weariness, as if he had walked a long distance. The detectives did their best, but were unable to find another clew. The clerks were examined, but were all able to prove an alibi. Mr. Fish was also examined, but freed himself from suspicion.

A month passed, and Mr. Achinghead was beginning to lose all hope of ever recovering the money. He felt it was his duty to make good the loss to the firm, from his own private fortune, as the other two members of the firm had been absent on the day of the theft. Again there happened to be a large sum of money in the safe, and again Mr. Achinghead was the last to leave the office, having first made everything secure and engaged a detective to watch the premises. That night, about one o'clock, the detective saw a man, evidently a gentleman, coming down the street, whom, as he passed under the street lamp in front of the store, he recognized to be Mr. Achinghead. He thought that Mr. Achinghead was acting rather strangely, and that it was unusual for him to be there at that hour of the night. Following him, he saw Mr. Achinghead enter the front door of the store, and go into the rear office; still following, he saw him go to the safe, and unlocking it, take out the money which had been placed there that afternoon; then going to a shelf, he procured some brown paper, in which he wrapped the money, and sitting down at the desk, addressed the package, and forgetting to close the door of the safe, the detective saw him go out and lock the door. The detective was

very much astonished at what he had seen, and determined to follow after and come up with Mr. Achinghead, and ask him what it meant. So, getting out of a window, he ran after, and caught up with Mr. Achinghead, as he was putting the package in a mail-box that stood on the corner of the street. The detective struck him sharply on the shoulder, and the package dropped to the ground. Mr. Achinghead turned slowly around, and seemed as if awakening from a deep sleep. Having taken two or three minutes to recover himself, Mr. Achinghead asked the detective why he was there, and what he had been doing.

The detective was unable to enlighten him as to the reason for his being there, but told him how he had seen him come down the street, enter the store, go into the office, take out the money, wrap it up, and, going homeward, attempt to mail the package. Mr. Achinghead was very much astonished, and unable to explain the mystery, until he remembered that in his boyhood he had been accustomed to walk in his sleep, and do all sorts of strange things. Then picking up the package, he saw that it was addressed to his bankers. It then occurred to him that he himself might have been the unconscious thief who had robbed the safe on the previous occasion, and also that he might have sent, in the same manner, the money to his bankers.

Returning to the store, he deposited the money in the safe, and dismissing the detective, went home. Next morning he visited his bankers, and found that on the day of the first robbery they had received from him a package containing the sum of ten thousand dollars, and that they had thought it an exceedingly careless way of sending so large an amount.

Talcott O. Vanamee, 1900.

ANNANDALE VERSE.

A COLLEGE PILLOW.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
To whom, at ease, with cushioned head,
There comes no kindly, tender thought
Of her whose dainty fingers wrought
His Pillow?

—J. W. J., '99.

PAYMENT.

She took to the coop in the early morn
A pail with eggs to fill,
When later she took out a handful of corn,
Each chicken presented its bill.

Large sums of money for rentals are spent,
But, in this, bewildered I stand,
I seek to know who pays the rent,
When an earthquake rents the land.

—Reiland, 1900.

PRISCILLA.

We did not know each other then,
At least it seems so now ;
She courtesied and smiled at me,
While I just made a bow.

We met at Uncle's party,
He gave to warm the house,
She wore a checkered apron,
I, just my working blouse.

One day I up and told her,
I loved her best of all
The girls of Hookerstown ;
Sue, Jennie, Manthy, all.

Well, we just got married,
And John's our eldest son ;
But, bless me, if I can recollect
How, most of all, 'twas done.

Priscilla, for that was her name,
Was awful business like,
She ordered us all round the place,
As generals, when they fight.

The old farm had a mortgage then,
But now the title's clear ;
Pris seemed to manage that somehow,
As most all things round here.

You talk of your new women
A doing every thing,
They can't come up to 'Cilla,
So there is my opin'.

—E. Slater Dunlap, '97.



Editors' Corner

RUDYARD KIPLING AS A VERSIFIER.

The writer does not claim to be a literary critic. On the contrary, he is only a college man, who has found considerable enjoyment in reading the verses of Rudyard Kipling; and his object will have been accomplished if he shall succeed in introducing some of his fellow collegians, and others who may read this article, to the verses of this author. There is a large class of literary men who persist in crying down anyone and anything which they can in any way connect with a newspaper. Mr. Kipling frankly avows that he is a newspaper man and accordingly these gentlemen have given him the benefit of their criticism. No doubt the victim has been reasonably grateful for their notice. Once or twice he has lost his temper and said unkind things about his tormentors; but his best vindication has been the success of his publications. It would be absurd to place him in the same category with Robert Browning or Longfellow; and his admirers are quite willing that for the present at least he should occupy a very unpretentious niche in the temple of fame.

The authorized edition of his poems is entitled "Barrack-Room Ballads and other Verses." The title is not pretentious. His introduction is particularly felicitous and the spirit which animates most of these productions is well expressed in the following lines:

"I have written the tale of our life
For a sheltered people's mirth,
In jesting guise—but ye are wise,
And know what the jest is worth."

He has written no venerated imitations of the old French love poetry nor has he versified agnostic speculations. He has studied human nature itself. What he says is alive. His utterances are vivid and spontaneous and many a jaded reader has been thankful for his fire and force. His humor is often exceedingly delicate, as when in the conclusion of "The Lover's Litany" he exclaims:

"Maidens, of your charity,
Pity my most luckless state.
Four times Cupid's debtor I—
Bankrupt in quadruplicate.
Yet, despite this evil case,
An a maiden showed me grace,
Four-and-forty times would I
Sing the Lover's Litany:—
'Love like ours can never die!'"

It hardly seems possible that the same man could have written "The Sons of the Widow" with its rollicking humor. The touch is so different. We do not expect a miniature painter to paint a large canvas in the impressionist style, and it is a great surprise when we find that Kipling's sympathy is so catholic and cosmopolitan, that he can jest with the rough soldiery, and with the elegant and cultured people, who move in the best society.

Probably few persons have given Kipling credit for tenderness. Most people remember that in some of his earlier prose writings he used some shockingly (?) vulgar similes, and have decided that he is a brute. "The Song of the Women," however, will dispel this illusion. Few poems have more pathos and delicacy of feeling. It is a song put into the mouths of the women of India, thanking Lady Dufferin for having given a fund for medical aid. The verses are modeled with exquisite and scholarly art. The terseness and suggestiveness of the expressions are remarkable even for Kipling, and the whole poem breathes the mother-love of the Hindoo women "old in grief, and very wise in tears."

"Go forth, O wind, our message on thy wings,
And they shall hear thee pass and bid thee speed,
In reed-roofed hut and white-walled home of kings,
Who have been helped by her in their need.
All spring shall give thee fragrance, and the wheat
Shall be a tasseled floorcloth to thy feet.
Haste, for our hearts are with thee, take no rest!
Loud-voiced ambassador, from sea to sea
Proclaim the blessing, manifold, confest,
Of those in darkness by her hand set free,
Then very softly to her presence move
And whisper: 'Lady, lo, they know and love!'"

Kipling's expressiveness has been much commented upon, and it may well be doubted whether he has been surpassed in this by any English author. We are convulsed when he names an abnormally pious woman Jane Austin

Beecher Stow de Rouse, and in the next breath dubs her wicked and worldly husband Belial Machiavelli. We can well believe that the lady

"Was good beyond all earthly need."

The description of the water carrier is, however, one of his most remarkable achievements in this line:

"The uniform 'e wore
Was nothing much before
An' rather less than 'arf of that behind."

Expressive is no word for it. Graphic is inadequate. The description is positively startling.

Admirers of Browning will find a rich treat in "The Gift of the Sea" and "Evarra and His Gods." The latter is exceedingly involved and obscure and richly repays study.

Versatility is always admirable, and Kipling can at least claim this distinction. He has written a large number of short stories, a successful novel and a volume of poems. In all of these we see his broad sympathy for humanity, no matter to what race or class they may belong; and yet nowhere in his writings is there any of that sentimental socialism, which is so common in these days. His estimate of his own work is perhaps the best that can be given:

"Lo, I have wrought in common clay
Rude figures of a rough-hewn race;
For pearls strew not the market place
In this my town of banishment,
Where with the shifting dust I play
And eat the bread of discontent.

Yet is there life in what I make—
Oh, Thou who knowest, turn and see,
As Thou has power over me,
So have I power over these,
Because I wrought them for thy sake,
And breathed in them mine agonies.

Small mirth was in the making. Now
I lift the cloth that cloaks the clay
And, wearied, at Thy feet I lay
My wares ere I go forth to sell,
The long bazaar will praise—but Thou—
Heart of my heart—have I done Well?"

Watson Bartemus Selvage, '98.



WE understand that the interior of the Hoffman Library is to be fitted at once with the latest and most modern arrangement of shelving. Judging from the plans, it, when completed, will compare favorably with any modern library both in convenience and appearance. S. Stephen's should feel deeply grateful to the Reverend Chas. F. Hoffman, D.D., LL.D., D.C.L., for this most munificent gift, for as Dr. Hoffman said in his presentation address, "A good library may be regarded as the foundation of a University."

The foot-ball team has been rather unsatisfactory so far, from the lack of any positive results. The first game with Peekskill was played without either side scoring. The rousing reception given the team on its return showed, however, that the students appreciated the excellent effort.

The Riverview affair of October 17 was a source of disappointment to all concerned, not only to those who went to Poughkeepsie to see the game, but to those at home, who expected a victory for S. S. Capt. Reiland was, however, upheld in his action by the Faculty and the student-body. The game was to be called at 3:30. Our men were sent out to grounds at 3 o'clock, and compelled to wait in the cold until nearly 4 o'clock, before the Riverview team appeared. This treatment did not put them in very good humor, and when it was found that the Riverviews intended to play their paid coach, Capt. Reiland very naturally demanded that this man be disqualified. Upon their refusal to accede to this demand, our team was called off the field. It was afterwards intimated that if our men had not been in such a hurry, some compromise might have been made; but there could have been no compromise, except the disqualification of the Riverview coach, for it is contrary to all laws of athletic organizations that a professional should take part in any amateur contest. We trust our Riverview friends will bear this in mind. The foot-ball team is steadily improving and will reach a high degree of perfection before the season is over.

We are pleased to note that Johns Hopkins University has closed its doors to women. This is we believe a move in the right direction, and we trust that this is the beginning of the end of the co-educational fad.

We note from the *Trinity Tablet* that the evening chapel has been abolished and the Sunday evening chapel made optional.

It is sometimes interesting to speculate as to the probable results of certain actions. One of these cases is the probable result of the abolition of the "compulsory" chapel system. We believe that a collegiate church should maintain the daily offices; but we doubt the expediency of enforcing, or rather attempting to enforce, the attendance of the student body. A man's religion is too intensely personal—if it amounts to anything—to be interfered with, in any way, by any outside power. If the compulsory system were abolished, the chapel attendance for a week or so would be rather thin; but after the novelty had worn off, the men would be found in their stalls quite as regularly as before.

The Consolidated Team at a recent meeting elected as their captain Mr. Chas. L. Wheeler, '98, and as manager Mr. Robert Kellemen, '99. This team proposes to have a practice game with the Varsity every afternoon and thus to give them sufficient practice. These men deserve the praise of all those who have the interests of college athletics at heart. It is only by good stiff practice that our college team can be successful in its games with outside teams. Must a few men (and in many cases the lightest men in college) do all the work for athletics? We acknowledge the worth of study, but the time spent every afternoon upon the gridiron will never be missed, for the men will be in much better condition for study.

—♦♦♦—

As the pearl clings to the rocks,
My lovely Marguerite;
So must he possess the rocks,
Who kneels before thy feet.

—D. S. E., '97.

College Notes.

—Mr. Francis Johnstone Hopson, M.A., LL.B., '85, has been nominated by the sound money wing of the Democratic party, for Assemblyman from the Second District of Dutchess County. We wish him success, especially as he is pledged, if elected, to do all in his power to get a "good roads" bill through the Legislature.

—Cards are out for the wedding of the Rev. Francis C. Steinmetz, M.A., '93, to be celebrated in Christ Church, Philadelphia, November 4.

—The Rev. Arthur C. Kimber, M.A., D.D., '66, the Rev. Geo. S. Bennit, B.D., the Rev. Pierre McD. Bleecker, M.A., '76, and Rev. John F. Ballantyne, B.A., '88, were at Annandale, October 16 and 17.

—The Rev. Geo. D. Silliman, M.A., D.D., '67, paid a short visit to his son, October 15.

—Mr. Champlin is reported to have opened a "Lost and Found" office in his room.

—It is a peculiarity of a foot-ball team that there is always a quarter-back connected with it, but after the Poughkeepsie game all the spectators got a quarter back.

—The Fairbairn Quartette sang "Now The Day is Over" at the afternoon service, October 18, in the college chapel.

—The Glee Club is being very well instructed, as expected, and is making excellent progress. The first concert will be given at Rhinebeck some time during the first week of November. It would pay a man, if he expected to be a farmer, to join the Glee Club, as he would learn all about the affections of different animals, or if he was going to live in a city he would learn about the mellow voice of the cat.

—The "Varsity" team, as chosen by Capt. Reiland for this year, is composed of the following men: Left end, Flint; left tackle, Moore; left guard, Reiland (Capt.); centre, Judd; right guard, Vanamee; right tackle, Greiner; right end, Knapp; quarter back, McGuire; left half, Carlton; full back, Carroll; right half, Toop. The substitutes will probably be Belsey, Porter, Argos, Chas. Wheeler, Morang and O'Hanlan.

—The usual delightful afternoon at Ludlow and Willink hall, Oct. 22, was made even more so by the excellent music rendered by the college orchestra. The gentlemen constituting this organization, Messrs. Sidman, Popham and Hind, played some good dance music, in a manner promising great things in the near future.

—The first game of foot ball of the season was played at Peekskill, October 3d, with the Peekskill M. A. The game was remarkable from the fact that neither side scored in two twenty minute halves. S. Stephen's was superior in team work, but the men are comparatively light. The second game scheduled for October 17, with Riverview, was not played, because the Riverview men attempted to play their paid coach, and refused to rule him off upon our captain's demand.

—Mr. Frank Hay Staples, '97 Sp. C., gave a very delightful afternoon tea, in his rooms, on Oct. 20. About fifty persons called during the afternoon.

—A Fair and Supper for the benefit of Holy Innocents' Sunday School, was held in Bard Hall, Oct. 28. An excellent supper was served and many fancy articles disposed of. The proceeds amounted to over \$150.

Grinds.

- T. S.—“Oh, deah! Oh, deah!” “Gee whizz.”
 E. W. N.—“Better late than never.”
 S. N. L.—“I think it's a case of *constructio pregnans*.”
 T. D. N.—“Tis sweet to love.”
 H. G. T. S.—“I know a maiden fair to see.”
 N. N.—“I do deahly love foot-ball.”
 T. R. S.—“Don't be a plaster saint.”
 K. Y. S.—“I'm a ladies man, I am.”
 D. R. N.—“I have constant head-ache—that is, my head is swelling.”
 E. T. Y.—“'Tis better to have loved and lost, than never to have loved at all.”
 K. B. P.—“A little more slumber and a little more sleep.”
 E. T. Y.—“The gods have given me a head; what matter though it happen to be big?”
 N. S. E. } “Twins, b'Gosh! and what a pair!”
 M. E. S. }

E. N. L.—TO “LENA.”

Sweet name, than which no sound e'er came
 So tenderly upon my ears,
 Sound on and tune my soul again,
 O'ertroubled with its tears.

Forbid me not to call thee thus, my own;
 I could not live without this cheering ray;
 It makes me feel less, in this world, alone;
 It makes life seem a long and sunny day.

You'll never know how much this boon contains,
 This boon to have a name alone for thee.
 I say it o'er and o'er and spite of pain
 It makes me glad, and sets my sad heart free.

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