

THE RENSSLEAER STANDARD.

VOL. I.

RENSSELAER, INDIANA, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1879.

NO. 23.

IT MATTERS NOT.

It matters not when life is o'er how bright
The sunlight lay
Upon our way;
Nor yet how dark the chilly shade; or e'er
Upon our crooked path how short the day;
Nor how long the dali, and dreamless
night;
In which we never slept.

The birds will sing as sweetly when we sleep
Low in the ground,

As if we met
Grief had not shared the songs of life,

And we had meditated with its empty strife;

And they who daily bow their heads and weep,

Sleep with a sleep as lasting and profound.

When life is o'er the best of us will die.

The brother still
Of those we met

Of those we loved

To view the spot where they had laid us low,

How few of those we loved as friends were true;

One thing remains unchanged—we all must die.

It is the Master's will.

It matters not when life is o'er how few
Of those we met

Of those we loved

To view the spot where they had laid us low,

How few of those we loved as friends were true;

How many false; how many tears shall wet

The grave on which the shadows come and go.

MY CHUM'S REVOLVER.

BY C. A. S.

It was a Smith & Wesson six-shooter—a small affair only—that my chum brought to our room after dark one evening, with a box of cartridges. He was angry. I had never seen such a small, ugly gleam in his eyes before. For Ned was naturally as genial, good-natured a fellow as ever breathed, though very high-spirited.

It was our first term at college, and we had been having a little "unpleasantness" with the Sophomores for a week or two. Tall hats and caps were the cause of it. The Sophos did not approve of tall hats on the heads of Freshman, nor of canes in their un-scholastic hands.

These belonged, by royal rights, to the Sophomores; so, at least, they claimed—and it was not healthful nor safe for a Freshman to ignore the claim. It had long been the custom; when a Freshman appeared with a tall hat on, or was seen sporting a cane, to promptly confiscate the article and sell it, and expend the proceeds in a "peanut drunk."

In other words, if a Freshman "put on style" he was "hazed"—made to feel that he was a "sub." Indeed, about the first Latin, we learned that year was the full significance of sub. We found that it meant under in every sense of the word, and applied to all Freshmen.

Now, as to tall hats. My chum and I had worn "Kerseys" during our last year at the academy. Being 19, and men grown, we were of some little importance in our own estimation, and had the opinion that tall hats were becoming.

In Ned's case, certainly, a tall hat added to his good looks, for he was a handsome fellow, 5 feet, 10 inches in height.

We knew—at least we had heard—what the Sophomores claimed, and we had taken the matter over before entering college. Long ago we had concluded that such "hazing" was mean, contemptible tyranny.

Still, I had decided that, rather than have any trouble with the upper classmen, I would allow my tall hat to remain unused "during my Freshman year. The point of "rights" at stake did not appear to me to be worth fighting for.

Ned, however, was more pugnacious and high-spirited. The fact that his right to wear what he pleased was disputed angered him. He said that he did not wish to wear his tall hat every day, or in a way offensive to the Sophomores. He had no wish to provoke a quarrel with them, but he declared that, if he wanted to wear his Kersey to church on Sundays, he should wear it if he were going for a walk or for recreation he should wear it if he liked.

Ned certainly had right on his side. Therefore I hardly knew how to change his purpose. That he would have trouble I felt sure, and it had always seemed better to me to keep clear of that if possible. But when I gave this as a reason for him to accept the college custom he declared that I hadn't many spirit.

In reply, he argued that it was not only cowardly but wrong, to yield to injustice, or budge an inch for a bully.

"Well," he said, "she'd always stand for his rights," which may be true or may not, according to circumstances.

For the first week or two of the term no demonstration of any sort was made. We were getting acquainted with the students, and had joined some of the "societies." During this time Ned had not worn his "Kersey." One morning, however, he received a letter, stating that one of his sisters, with another young lady, would pass through the town that day on the 2 o'clock train.

This train stopped ten minutes at the station. Ned, of course, went to the depot to meet them. The other young lady, may add, was a particular friend of Ned's. Perhaps for that reason he had on his "Kersey."

There were always many rowdies about the depot at train time, and while Ned was talking to his sister and her friend in the Pullman car, one of these youngsters saw him. Word was at once passed that there was a Freshman under a tall hat!

Three of the Sophos instantly boarded the car, and, coming up the aisle behind Ned, one of them brought down his double fist with all his might upon Ned's hat, driving it completely over his ears.

For a moment Ned was fairly hood-winked, and could scarcely get his hat off. Then he turned on his assailant like a tiger. His sister screamed and caught hold of his arm; and seeing not only her terror but that of the other ladies Ned ably checked himself.

"We will see you later," one of the Sophos said, with a grim bow, and they went out.

Ned came back to our room with his battered hat, in a raging excitement, and I could not blame him. To have been insulted in that gross manner before ladies was a severe test for a man's good temper. But he had met with a still worse affront. As he came up the outer steps of the college hall, some of the Sophos threw a bucketful of dirty water over him from a second story window. The poor fellow rushed into the room completely drenched and smeared.

The water nearly ruined a good suit

of clothes, and as for his hat, that was utterly spoiled. Imagine, if you can, his anger. It was only by a great effort that he controlled himself as he changed his clothes. Then taking his "Horace," he attempted to go on with his lessons. I do not think that he closed his eyes that night. He was too much excited to sleep.

But those Sophos were not done with him yet. As we went to recitation, next afternoon, at 3 o'clock, he was again "ducked" from one of the upper windows.

The water fell like a瀑布, and being close behind him, I received a share of it. We went to recitation with our clothes saturated; but we were not enough inside to counteract any of a "chill."

Going out, however, I waited on by two Sophos, who told me, with their regrets, that my ducking was wholly unintentional; and they advised me, with a laugh, not to walk too close to "Freshman Gilmore" in future.

In return for their warning, I hinted that it was as much as somebody's life was worth to insult Ned as the Sophos were doing.

With a sneer, they replied that they would take some of that conceit out of him. "He carries his head," said one of them, "higher than the chapel tower!"

It was true that Ned did carry his head pretty high. He expressed his hatred and contempt of the Sophos in every conceivable way, on their part, to humble them.

Ned was ducked more than a dozen times during the next week. It seemed as if he could not stir out without bringing down a deluge upon his head. He was hooted, too, and insulting asked why he didn't come out in his "Kersey" again. They meant to provoke him in every way, until the poor fellow, like a caged and tormented animal, seemed driven to desperation.

Ned was a young man of good principles. He abhorred anything mean or bad. He was warm-hearted, too, and a youth likely to do a credit to any school. The Sophos heaped upon him, and his strong sense of what he knew to be his rights, led him to buy a revolver.

That was all I waited to hear. Leaving the wounded man, I hastened to the hall in time to see Ned look at my face when I opened the door. He sat on a chair, pale as a corpse, with the revolver in his hand. "Is he dead?" he asked, in a low tone.

I told him that the doctor had said that Burnett would probably get well.

The pistol dropped upon the floor, he buried his face in his hands, and cried like a child.

Burnett was pronounced out of danger next day, and, as he declined to enter legal complaint, no arrests were made.

Three days after, however, Ned was summoned before the President of the college, and on the following day not only he, but the other two Sophomores engaged in the affair, and his strong sense of what he knew to be his rights, led him to buy a revolver.

Hazing, as well as carrying revolvers for personal defense, are both of them barbarous practices. There is no manhood in either. They show how during are the savage traits that characterized our earliest ancestors. Reason and every true manly instinct revolt at the repetition of such practices, and can only condemn them.

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