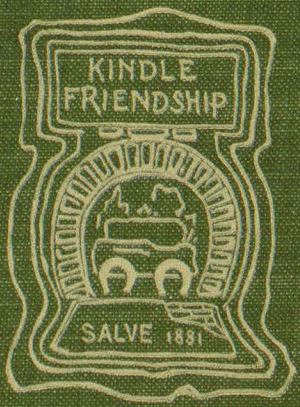
Embers from Fossenore Backlogs 1875-1900



Embers
from
Fossemone Backlogs
1875-1900

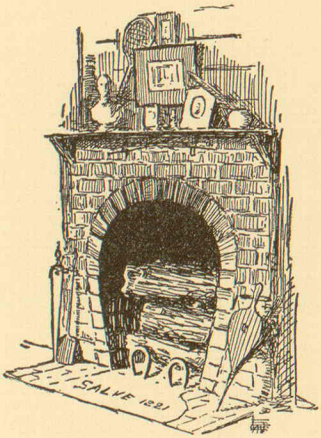
Spirit of Fossenue,
You come to wake
Within my mind
Sweet memories, and
to make
A Summer in my
soul, who for thy sake
Have set apart,
A Sanctuary in my
heart.

EMBERS

FROM

FOSSENVUE BACKLOGS

1875-1900



"Where each brings his faggot to kindle
The flame which for all of us glows."

ENTER MR SHARK
WITH THY
SERVANT

In days not forgotten, we have each brought our faggot to kindle the flame of friendship on the hearth of Fossenvue.

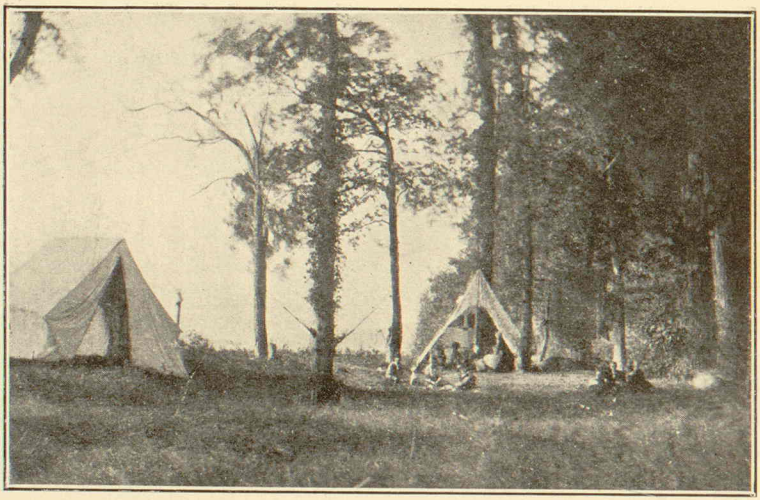
Let this handful of embers, now entrusted to Santa Claus, serve to kindle to clearer flame the Yule log of each friend of the camp and brighten his Yule-tide with Fossenvue memories.

Lochland
Christmas Eve
1901

1875

To those who know thee not,
No words can paint;
And those who know thee, know
All words are faint;
Help me, O Muse, my endless task to do,
In part to pen the joys of Fossenvue.

A. B. S.



"In the year of seventy-five, there came to Fossenvue:"

ELIZABETH SMITH MILLER,

RUTH LESLEY VER PLANCK,
EMILY DILWORTH SNYDER,
JAMES FOWLER,

ANNE FITZHUGH MILLER,
ANNE PALFRY BRIDGE,
WILLIAM FITZHUGH MILLER.

Beginnings

IT was in July of 1875, at Lochland. We were a party of friends together, bent on "having a good time"—the best possible time—for our summer holidays.

Who it was that proposed camping out is not known, and 'tis no matter. The vote was unanimously in favor of the plan, and the discussion of ways and means began at once. Our equipment was of the simplest: The big Wilson row boat—two tents—two oil stoves—a few cooking utensils—plenty of provisions and a sufficient supply of blankets and waterproofs. With these and the dog seven of us sailed, or rather, steamed away to the south on one of the Seneca Lake "Liners."

The selection of Fassett's Point, one mile north of North Hector on the east shore, was not a matter of chance. Its cold and never failing spring and the shelter of its majestic trees had

been sought by many a picnic party, so we were sure of our ground. The names of those who landed there on this particular day are given on another page, with the photograph of the place as it then appeared.

How little any one of the party dreamed that then and there was being laid the foundation of a camp-life that should endure for a quarter of a century and more—and be enjoyed by the children's children!

It has been said that the happy have no history, and certain it is that the sunny days and moonlit nights of that first season of bliss were unrecorded. We had no camp "log"; but there was plenty of "drift-wood," whereof many a bit was stored in the heart, and these are the embers.

A glance at the picture will serve to revive our recollections. One sees at the extreme right a portion of the huge bole of the giant basswood, beneath whose branches our first board was spread. This tree was easily monarch of them all. A few years later, in our absence, its hollow heart, until then concealed, was fired by some careless carousers. When this was discovered by the guardians of the wood they decreed, in order that the mass of its fellows might be saved, that

the mightiest must be sacrificed, and so this king of the forest, clothed in his shroud of flame, fell under the axe, and now no trace of his enormous bulk remains.

Look again at the picture; in the first group to the right are Ruth Lesley Ver Planck and Anne Fitzhugh Miller, later known as "The Pards," also George Root and James Fowler. Just back of them hangs the picturesque seine of whose former burdens of fish we hear much in these later days. Then comes the ancient A tent which had been used on the Peterboro hills by Gerrit Smith Miller and his Boston school-fellows as far back as 1863.

It is evident from the stoves in the background that it is being utilized as a kitchen. The figures near the flap are Emily Dilworth Snyder and Elizabeth Smith Miller. The latter describes her useful occupation thus:

> Here in this little kitchen tent
> With pan and spoon of silver hue,
> I carry out my early bent
> And bake and stew for Fossenvue.

It is pleasant to find that the position of the "little kitchen tent" is almost identical with that of the present "Stewdio," and the location of the

Cabin can be easily connected with the group just south of the A tent.

On the right of the party we find Winthrop Parker of New York, who had driven up from Geneva with Charles Carroll Fitzhugh of the Genesee Valley; next him is Anne Palfry Bridge, then William Fitzhugh Miller and his coach dog Fannie. The large tent on the left was occupied at night by the ladies. The shagbark hickory which holds the triangle whose iron voice sounds our summons and salutes, will readily be recognized by its peculiarly formed trunk. The other two trees on the left have been cut down, but the branch of the elm which now shelters the Octagon retains its characteristic curve and will be known at once by those who love it.

So much for the old picture taken by one Fawcett, who drove some dozen miles from Watkins with all the old-time paraphernalia of tripod, wet plates, etc. Among the photographs which he took is one which shows the name of the Camp as it first saw the light. The letters were beautifully cut and placed with skill upon one of the projecting supports of the seine, by James Fowler, on the day of the christening, which occurred early in our sojourn. As there were then seven in the party, it was suggested

that the letters in the words "Seven of us" be re-arranged as a name for the Camp. A prize of a cooking apron was offered, and easily won by E. S. M. with "Fossenvue."

This child of seven had no sooner been called into being than it responded to its name. Through all the years it has spoken a various language, of which as much as might be has herein been faithfully set down, for those who may like to linger o'er the Embers at twilight and trace therein some pleasant pictures of happy hours.

CAMP BALLAD

In the year of seventy-five, there came to Fossenvue,
From out the city's busy hive, gay campers—five and two.

Chorus.

Fossenvue, Fossenvue, Camp of dear delight,
With thy long, long sunny day, and welcome moonlit night.

Will, Jim and George, and Annie B., with us this wild-wood knew;
"Seven of us" we then transposed, and named it Fossenvue.

In Ruth and Nannie, maidens rare, a wondrous spirit grew;
They wrought and toiled unceasingly, to buy sweet Fossenvue.

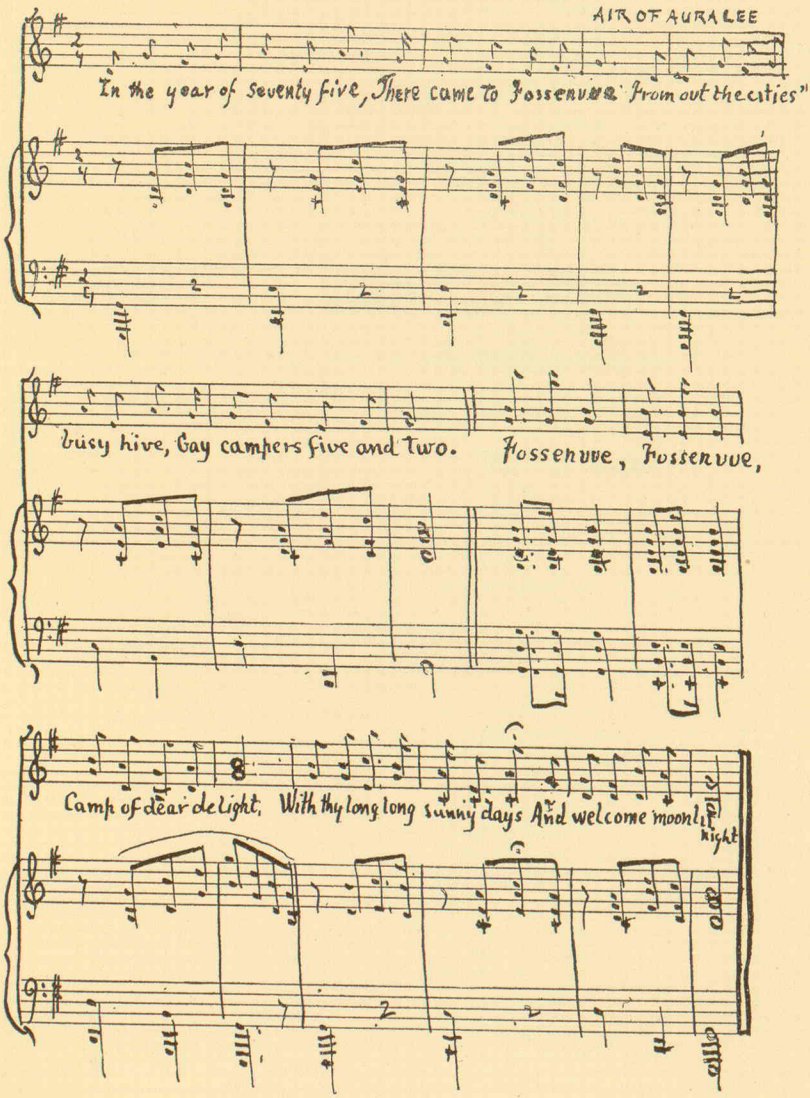
Though saddened oft by Predmore's "nay," their courage rose anew,
And now a cot of rustic grace adorns dear Fossenvue.

Its unceiled roof and rafters rough ring with the shouts of mirth,
While song and sparkling wit go round the ample fire-side hearth.

Where'er we roam in distant lands, or o'er the waters blue,
Our thoughts revert with longing love to thee, dear Fossenvue.

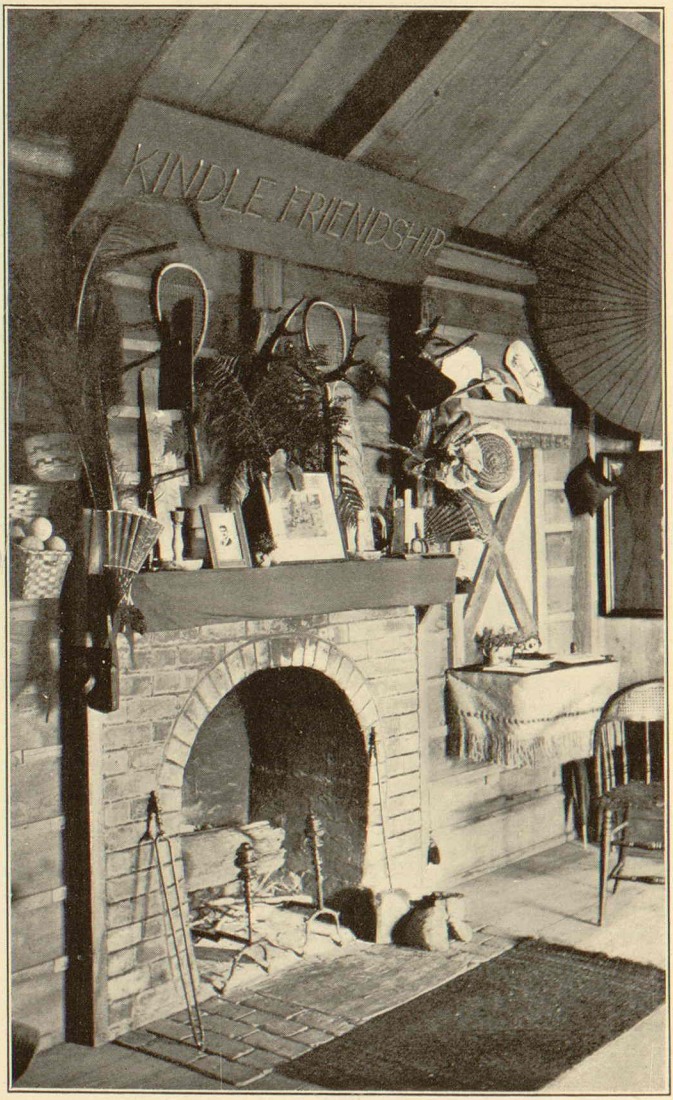
And now, beneath this sylvan shade, with loving hearts and true,
We link the present with the past and sing to Fossenvue.

THE CAMP BALLAD.



The five following years were devoted to preparations for putting the camp on a more permanent basis. The record is resumed in 1881.

1881-1885


KINDLE FRIENDSHIP

1881

We Describe Ourselves in the Geneva Press

AMONG the many improvements being made along the shores of the lake is the building of the simple but artistic camp at Fassett's Point, the well-known camping-ground situated one mile north of North Hector. By a contract entered into between the Misses R. L. Ver Planck and A. F. Miller, and Geo. Predmore, the owner of the point, an agreement was made by which the young ladies secured the privilege of erecting a camp, and of occupying the point for a month of each summer. The camp consists of one large, central building, three tents and two bath-houses. The building measures 30x15 feet, and has a curved-sloping roof running out on the west side about six feet, this side roof being supported by rustic columns. The interior of this building is complete in all the necessary

arrangements for the comfort of the occupants. At each end are folding doors, which conceal when open, eight bunks, and throw the building into one large room, which serves for all social purposes. Opposite a spacious front door is a brick fire-place, built in the form of a horse-shoe, and two feet in depth. Over the fire-place is a mantel-shelf covered with a lambrequin of burlap, decorated with peacock feathers. Above the mantel hangs a pair of deer horns, and on either side, racquets, bows, arrows, and rustic hat-racks. In the center of the room stands a large octagonal dining-table, over which is suspended an antique lamp of ground glass mounted in bronze. The whole effect is heightened by rich cardinal hangings, which contrast artistically with the natural color of the wood. From the interior, north, south or west, one looks out on the living and beautiful picture of the ever lovely Seneca. Two of the tents are used as sleeping apartments, the other, an A tent, is the kitchen; it covers an area of 10x12 feet, and is entirely enveloped in a large United States flag.

At the east end is a wide entrance, and opposite is an opening, which serves as a window. This tent is supplied with table, shelves, and rack for pails, cups and spoons; boxes on two sides

contain stores of coffee, tea, chocolate, beef, bacon, rice, flour, etc., which by the magic aid of three kerosene stoves are converted into drinks and dishes of unsurpassed excellence. All the brush has been cleared from the interior of the point, leaving a large grass plot shaded by beautiful and stately elms. A tennis net is stretched across part of the lawn, and the court rivals archery in affording amusement to the party. Several years ago a party, seven in number, camped on Fassett's Point, and from the letters in the words "seven-of-us" originated the name Fossenvue.

E. D. S.
J. T. V. R.

KINDLE FRIENDSHIP

1882

TO "THE JUDGE."

FOSSENVUE, JULY 27TH.

Who sails across the raging main
To reach his native shore again
And fill the land with joyous strain?
The Judge.

He comes! We'll see his face once more;
He'll share our pleasure as of yore,
And once again he'll take the floor,
Our Judge.

Altho' he was "on pleasure bent,"
In kindly thought a gift he sent;
And now, behold, a spacious tent!
Oh, Judge!

Our thanks we scarcely can express,
And wholly fail—that is, unless
You'll take the effort for success—
Kind Judge?

Ere long we hope to welcome you:
Give us that pleasure quickly, do!
Make glad all hearts at Fossenvue,
Dear Judge;

And tell us when the time shall be,
That we may brew the hot coffee
And deck the room that's *with* tapis
For Judge. —"*The Pards.*"

NOTE.—This letter was received by "Judge" Van Rensselaer in New York Bay, on his way home from Europe to the Camp. Next morning, finding himself awake at an early hour, "The Judge" became enamored of the idea that he was a poet, and the following lines were forwarded to "The Pards" by way of reply:

THE JUDGE'S REPLY.

But just arrived and in the bay,
In fact, directly on my way
To Fossenvue,
A joyous song was handed me;
And at its head, what did I see?
Thee, Fossenvue!
Oh, rapture! what a thought of bliss,
That now I cannot, cannot miss
Dear Fossenvue!
That friends had even thought worth while
To send a poem of good style,
From Fossenvue!
And even while I dream of thee,
Thy camp, thy pards, that *robberee*—
O, Fossenvue!
I think that I can hardly stay,
And take much time while on my way
To Fossenvue.
Old Europe had great charm for me,
I dreaded much that *great big* sea,
Kind Fossenvue.
But thought of thee alone dispelled
All terror that the ocean swelled,
O, Fossenvue!
I leave on Thursday for old G——,
To spend some days with Doctor B.;
Then, Fossenvue!
I hope my hands will now soon touch
Those pails that seem to do so much
For Fossenvue.
Dear Pards, thanks for that letter kind,
So bright, so gay, so neatly lined,
From Fossenvue.—J. T. V. R.

OPENING OF THE OCTAGON.

Lines read by A. F. M., August 18th, at the opening ceremony of the dining tent, which was a gift from William Brodrick Cloeté, "the wandering lad," and "The Judge."

All hail to friend Van Rensselaer!
In praise of him can pencil err?
Ah, no!
And consequently, we are bold
To let ours wander uncontrolled
Below.
Who lives that can with him compare?
His merry wit and beauty rare
We love;
While all his graces, charms and arts
Have power to lift our sinking hearts
Above
The sordid toil of every day
And bend us all unto his sway
Most sweet.
But to the purpose of our rhyme: —
This to divulge, 'tis surely time
And meet.
Then know, that (as a fitting crown
To his great deeds and wide renown
And fame)
A glorious impulse, generous thought,
Which from a glowing ember brought
A flame,
Resulted in a gift most rare
To those who constitute a pair—
"The Pards."

These maidens though no longer young,
Have hearts from out whose depths have sprung
Regards;
They now would fain their thanks convey,
Altho' most sure that all they say
Can show
But a faint part of what they feel;
Yet can they not their joy conceal.
But Oh!
These feeble lines must shortly end
With some allusion to a friend
Most true.
He whom we missed for several days
While he pursued mysterious ways
Afar,

We welcome him, this wandering lad,
Yet doubt if he can know how glad
We are;
But we must try to tell him now
What he must feel ere this, I trow,
Which is :
That both the Pards most thankfully
Accept his part of that their eye
Bewitches.
You see our rhymes grow few and fewer—
Too bad for patience to endure,
Methinks—
And so we'll close our grateful strain,
Or you may dub our lines inane
With winks.

CLIFTON SPRINGS TO FOSSENVUE.

TWELFTH OF AUGUST, EIGHTY-TWO.

Dear Lady of the Lake,
  Whose foremost name is "Nancy,"
  We have a lurking fancy
That you would rather take
A screed dressed up in rhyme,
Though ragged as to time,
Than one in Sunday clothes,
Of fine and silk-spun prose.

Of Fossenvue we sing,
  That Paradise of tramps;
For memory will cling
  To the loveliest of camps,
And though we've fled from Eden,
  Yet roseate "angel wings"
Are beckoning us to feed on
  The joys that memory brings.

By thee, O naiad fair, who shared our danger,
  And shrieked right loyally when we were wet,
May "angel unawares" in every stranger,
  Who treads your camp, be hospitably met.

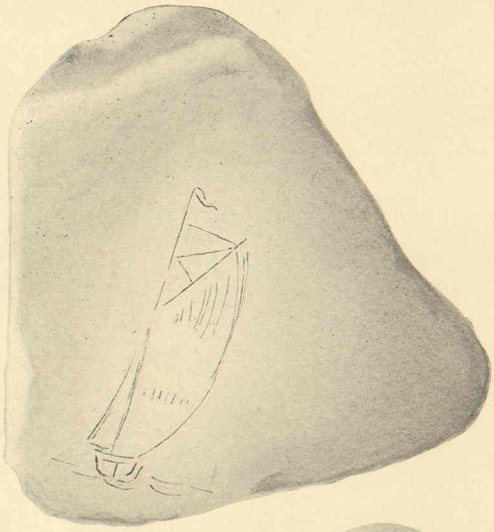
But, dearest sea-nymph, do not fail to lend her
A waterproof and sun-shade to defend her
From elemental strife. O Duty,
Stern is thy voice—it rhymes with Cloeté—
The hero of our ride, a sinner
Who dared to go without his dinner.
Not one to sell his birthright he,
For mess of pottage, tho' it be
Of pork and beans most savory.

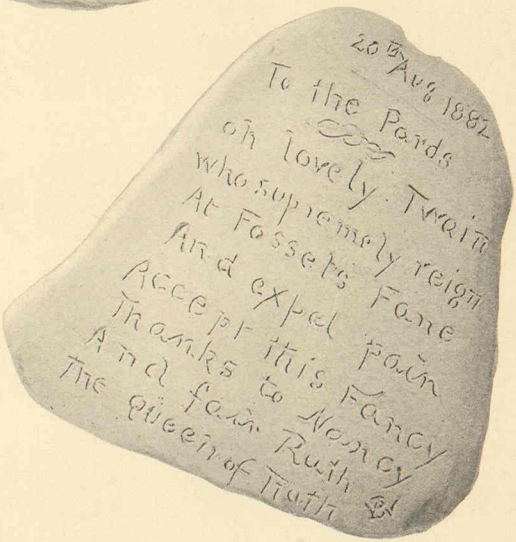
A master of the situation
He proved himself; and gratulation
Doth fill our hearts this very hour,
To think that sharks did not devour
Our tender flesh. O boatman wise,
We trust thy brave blue English eyes.

Fair Fossenvue's most honored queen,
Upon whose brow a silver crown
Doth lightly rest—who once hath seen
The kindly light within thine eye,
For now and evermore must sigh
To be thy subject; for thy sway
Is like the scepter of this day,
A gleam of sunlight. This, I ween,
Thy royal motto is, "*Ich Dien.*"
May love and loyalty be thine,
Who makest lowliest service shine,
With something of the light divine.

And now our walking rhyme must halt,
If it could soar, it were a fault
To leave unsung the gallant aids—
Small boys, big men, and modest maids—
Who made our day at Fossenvue
Replete with joy enough for two:
That "silent partner," called Ver Planck,
Who in the useful doth outrank
The "butterfly;" the wise young "judge,"
Who thinks that woman's rights are fudge
And nonsense, but believes her able
To beat the eggs and set the table;
The maiden with the aching ear,
Who found a lemon panacea.
And to the rest, both great and small,
With Tiny Tim, "God bless us all,"
We cry, and bid a fond adieu
To the dear shades of Fossenvue,
We who are one and yet are two.

E. G. I. and L. C. P.




20th Aug 1882
To the Bards
oh lovely Twain
who supremely reign
At Fossers Fane
And expel pain
Accept this Fancy
Thanks to Nancy
And fair Ruth
The Queen of Truth

1883

NEW STANZAS FOR THE BALLAD.

The following verses were written about this time by different visitors to the camp, as continuations to "The Ballad:"

The boat, saluting on its course,
  Receives a glad return
From bon-fire blazing on the bank,
  Red lights, and old tin horn.—E. S. M.

Standing on the steamboat deck,
  How sad my spirit grew
To think I'd said my last farewell
  To thee, sweet Fossenvue.

To Minnie and to Mr. H.
  I waved a sad adieu;
And thought how soon they'd be at home,
  In dear old Fossenvue.

The pale moon shed her silver beams
  Upon the water blue,
The "red light" glowed, the bon-fire blazed
  As we passed Fossenvue.

Then Captain Smeltzer's warm "by George!"
  That glorious sight to view
"Give them another, Jim," he said—
  "One more for Fossenvue!"—M. E. V. P.

The boat will pass without salute,
  Or brilliant red lights hue.
Or laughing maidens in the camp,
  We leave thee, Fossenvue.

We leave thy waving sun-lit trees,
  And lake and sky, so blue,
With silver ripples on the beach,
  Good-by, dear Fossenvue.—J. B. M.

AFTER A STORM.

An "old man" tugged for many an hour
  Along its well washed shore
To gather sticks and logs, too sure
  He'd light the scene no more.

At night the vivid lightning flash
  Dims all the red light glow,
While windy thunder, rainy dash
  Through crack and crevice flow.

When morning came, the gloom to cheer,
  All hearts and heads commingle,
And know and see, 'tis very clear
  This shanty we must shingle.—C. D. M.

When Phœbus from his golden seat
  Has stilled the noisy Katy—do—
The campers rise from slumbers sweet,
  And break their fast at Fossenvue.

E'en as the bird comes back each year
  To his dear nest again
The seven to that point most dear
  Return with joyful strain.

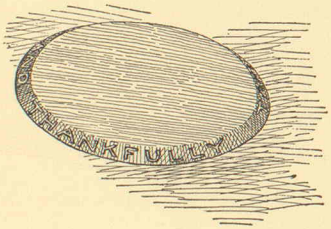
And now six years have rolled away
  Since first this song was sung,
And now has come this glorious day,
  When Fossenvue is done.

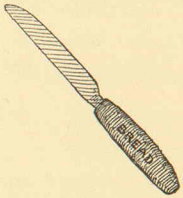
Pleasure here has blessed "The Pards:"
  Oh, may it them pursue;
For who deserve it more than they,
  Who dwell at Fossenvue?—W. G. V. P.

In the year of eighty-three,
  With friends both new and old,
We made the dear old camp resound,
  In spite of wind and cold.

But now our gipsy days are o'er,
  And we must bid adieu
To quiet woods and sunny shore;
  Good-bye, dear Fossenvue!—A. F. M.

1884





TO THE PARTNERS.

WITH A BREADKNIFE.

"If you love me as I love you,
This knife wont cut our love in two,"
For Friendship's knot still strong shall be,
Tied by Love's fingers carefully.
For Love is strong when love is true,
Dear ladies twain of Fossenvue.

My wish :—this knife prove true as steel,
And never cut except to heal;
That when the spotless board is spread,
'Twill help "The Pards" to cut the bread.
A partner, bright and useful, too,
To "Jim's" bread-board at Fossenvue.

August 15th. —V. M. H.

THE METEOR.

The nineteenth of August was ended,
  And we all sat in peace in the gloom,
And gazed at the few stars above us,
  And sang some sad, doleful tune.

Each song told a mournful story,
  The plaint of some hapless wight;
Though ourselves knew little about it,
  Still each felt it might be our plight.

In view of such troubles before us,
  We all soon became very blue,
Faith, truth, hope, love, and glory,
  Seemed but phantoms indeed to our view.

While gazing and mourning thus sadly,
  To our feet we sprang on the ground,
For across the dark vault above us,
  A light flashes out westward bound.

In silence and glory unwonted
  The meteor moves on its way,
And the darkness and gloom of the evening
  Is turned to the brightness of day.

And so in the future before us,
  Though its pleasures be paltry and few,
Like that meteor's gleam thro' the darkness,
  Will each thought be of fair Fossenvue.

Should the friends that are round us prove faithless,
  We'll think of a few that are true,
By the lake with its bright sparkling waters,
  'Neath the elms that bend o'er Fossenvue.—A. P. G.

McFliget at Snaky Point

Our Trip to an Unspoiled Region—Canandaigua by the Way—McFliget's Partiality for Girls—And His Poetry—How Conversation Blossomed at the Table

If McFliget has a fault—and I suppose he has a million—it is that he will go trotting around after girls, not in moderation, as you and I and all sensible men do, but to a ridiculous and most reprehensible excess. One girl is not enough for McFliget, nor yet six. When young women are in question he wants the earth. If he has anything to do he contrives to do it in the way that will get in the most girls, and to that end he schemes and meditates, and expends powers of strategy which would probably make him famous if they could be diverted into a more useful channel.

Accordingly, when I said to him on Friday: "McFliget, will you go with me to-morrow to Snaky Point to spend a week?" I was not sur-

prised that he hesitated. I did not revile him for his unmanly weakness, though I felt tempted to. I simply said: "Miss X. and Miss Y. and Miss L. are there. Miss A. and Miss B. are expected during the week. Meals will be served regularly, and I think you will find it pleasant." I had been commissioned by Mrs. C. to bring another man, and I thought McFliget would do.

He looked up from his desk, tipped back in his chair and pondered. You might have supposed he was planning how he could arrange his business while he was away.

"When will Clamp be back?" I asked. Clamp is his partner, off at this time on his summer vacation.

"On Tuesday," he replied.

I said, "The boy can buy the matches and keep the office open on Monday."

"I suppose so," said McFliget. "I might be away on Monday without much harm, but I have got to dine in Canandaigua on Sunday."

"At Mrs. P.'s?"

"Yes."

"Miss Q. there?"

"Yes."

"How can we fix it?" I knew I had got to temporize with him. Five girls are never enough

for McFliget while there is any chance of meeting six.

"Spend Sunday at Canandaigua, and I will put in the balance of the week with you at Snaky Point—only I must be back on Saturday. I have an engagement for Saturday."

I didn't ask him if it was to go canoeing with a young ladies' boarding school, because I knew it was vacation time. I simply acceded to his plan.

We got to Canandaigua about 4 o'clock, the afternoon train perfectly suiting McFliget, who by extraordinary exertions was able to eat breakfast, pack his valise, convey it to the four corners and get up to St. Ichabod's Church in time to walk home with a worshipper in a Gainsborough hat. That is the form his piety takes. He rarely gets to church in time to call himself a miserable sinner. I do that for him. He would say I am envious, but that is false.

We dined at 5 o'clock at Mrs. P.'s, and after dinner McFliget went out walking with Miss Q. and returned after considerable space. I discovered that under pretence of seeing the town he had induced Miss Q. to take him to see two more girls. He likes to keep up his acquaintance with all the fair in this part of the State, and often, I know, he goes on excursions by himself in his

best clothes down the " old road." At such times he announces that he is going to Waterloo, or Geneva, to take evidence, or make a search or some such errand, but that is merely prevarication.

I found out a great deal about Canandaigua, thanks to Mrs. P. The town travels, as you may say, upon its past. Its pioneers, I think I was informed, were agents of the Holland Land Company, who built themselves stately houses and gathered about them wealth, talent and good breeding. The names of the old families are still honored, but they appear chiefly on the tombstones in the different churchyards. The living citizens who are distinguished are men who, like the venerable Lapham, are nearly as full of years as they are of honors. The young men who might have been the hope of the town have got away to better places. Most of the work, Mrs. P. asserted, was done by the women, and perhaps it was through their efforts that the new water works have been introduced, to compete, perhaps, with the brewery and the distillery, the two sole remunerative industries that have sprung up in the village within the memory of man. The water works were upon the ultimate point of beginning operations, and meanwhile the air was heavy with

dust, and an important percentage of the population were holding their breath, not to say their noses, for fear their hay-fever would come on before the streets were watered.

McFliget and I rose at 5:30 on Monday morning to pursue our journey. McFliget had got wind of a young lady who was going our way by the afternoon train, and of course wanted to wait over for her and spend the interval in playing lawn tennis with Miss Q., but I refused inexorably, for I had made an effort to make a good impression on the town and wished to leave it. I find that some of my best impressions have been made where I arrived late in the afternoon and left shortly after daybreak the next morning. I mentioned this to McFliget and he commented on it—brutally, of course. The hotel gives on the railroad track. A boy woke us at 5:30. At 5:45 a locomotive was run under our window and let off steam for ten minutes. McFliget said it was a rare triumph to think that with all that noise at that hour of the morning they had not been able to wake us up. He also said that Richard Grant White (whom he spoke of as Richard Can't Write) said that in England engine-drivers were not suffered to let their machines go screeching through a peaceful country, deafening

the population. He wished he was in England, and that the engineer below was in Tophet.

Snaky Point is on Seneca Lake. The name is believed to be a corruption of Seneca Point. The native tongue in this part of New York readily substitutes y for a, in the pronunciation of Indian names, as witness "Skinnyatluss," "C'yugy," "Canundaiguy," etc., for Skaneateles, Cayuga and Canandaigua. The Seneca Lake Steam Navigation Company keeps two boats going up and down the lake, and between them make three complete trips daily from Geneva to Watkins and back. The swift and commodious sidewheel steamer Onondaga took McFliget and me from Geneva to West Agamemnon, the landing nearest to Snaky Point. The trip up the lake is pretty and interesting, but was wasted on McFliget, who, as soon as he had assured himself that there were no girls of special merit on board, stretched himself on a settee with his gripsack for a pillow, and went to sleep. For myself, I like to keep especially wide awake to the beauties of my own State, and, even more, of my own neighborhood. It is eminently fitting that every man should cultivate with special zeal those blessings which are within his reach rather than pine miserably for superior delights which are inaccessible.

A man who is witty or a woman who is charming I think myself happy in meeting wherever I find them, but thrice or even four times happy if they are indigenous to my part of the earth, or near enough to be cultivated. So while McFliget was recruiting his strength for new pastures, I was out on deck and gazed upon the buildings of the State Insane Asylum at Ovid, the new hotel at Long Point, the various vine-clad hills and sloping farms and woodlands which border the lake on either side. The vine-clad hills are becoming a very notable feature among these pretty New York lakes. Keuka Lake, which lies to the southwest of Seneca, abounds in them; Hammondsport, Urbana and Pleasant Valley are names yearly growing more familiar to wine-drinkers. What with our hops and grapes, the New Yorkers bid fair to compete successfully with the exhilarating apple of New Jersey.

A very important article of commerce hereabouts is bone phosphate. McFliget complained bitterly of the aroma of this excellent fertilizer which pervaded the dock where we landed at West Agamemnon. It seems to be the chief import at that place; the only others which I noticed were fruit baskets, which are subsequently exported full of plums, grapes, pears or peaches.

We went from the dock to Snaky Point in a rowboat. I introduced McFliget to his hostess and her friends, considerately omitting all mention of his peculiarities, and we were fed what was necessary to keep our strength until dinner time, and assigned sleeping quarters in a tent fronting the sunrise and close to the water. For you must know that the hand of man has not yet fallen heavily upon Snaky Point. Except a couple of little dressing closets there is only one wooden structure on the Point. That has a shingled roof and a fire-place, and is common territory by day and ladies' sleeping room by night, being fitted for the latter use by provision of certain bunks artfully arranged in its corners.

Mrs. X., Miss X., Miss Y. and Miss Z. are all charming ladies, grateful to the eye as well as to the intellectual sense. Their agreeable society made me appreciate the blessing of the remoteness of the great world, and in the absence of newspapers I was able to acquire a happy indifference to what was going on in it. Ben Butler's letter and Cleveland's came out and I never knew it, and I shall die ignorant, I hope, of whatever political scandals were developed in those five days. I was even able after a day or two of practice to take pleasure in breakfast as a social event. As

a measure for providing against the corporeal wants, I have always recognized the usefulness of that meal of the day, but that any man should give expression to thoughts or sentiments before he has been seasoned by several hours of consecutive wakefulness has seemed to me mysterious. I would have my breakfast peaceful and easy. I would have nothing to eat that need be cut with a knife or exhaustively chewed. Eggs, coffee, hash, fish, fruit—those are what I see upon the table with the most cheerful emotions. But at Snaky Point we talked over our breakfasts and even made jokes.

Conversation began timidly with the oatmeal, gathered strength with the coffee, and by the time the eggs and the hash came on, was flowing freely. We ate, be it remarked, out of doors, under a tent of which the sides were only put up in bad weather, so nature smiled all around us and refreshed our spirits. It contributed to the flexibility of the discourse that we sat on little stools without backs, and for support one was obliged to put his elbows on the table, which is a position which incites reflection and response. Neither breakfast nor any other meal was complete without the reading of the sentiment for the day from a calendar. There were three of these calendars,

one for each meal; one was made up of quotations from Ruskin, the other two were of miscellaneous authorship. It was these quotations and the discussion that followed the reading of them which gave to these repasts that noticeable flavor of learning which McFliget has remarked in his poem.

After breakfast there was nothing particular to do, which is the best occupation going, and has the merit of lasting all day. If one chose it was perfectly respectable to sit in the shade and play the banjo, or even sing, unless the spirit especially prompted to some display of energy, like rowing down to West Agamemnon to meet the boat, or playing lawn tennis. McFliget came nearer to working than any one else, being gifted with incurable energy in certain directions. Indeed, one morning he got off by himself and wrote a poem of fifteen eight-line stanzas with double rhymes.

Twelve of these stanzas are of no particular interest to any one except Miss X.; the other three I reproduce as illustrative of McFliget's muse and of his surroundings:

"WHERE WIT IS WITH WITTLES COMBINED"

The canopy over me muffles
  The sound of the soft southern breeze,
Fair Seneca's bosom that ruffles
  And agitates gently the trees;
The notable heat that would stifle
  A hardier person than you
In New York, is the veriest trifle
  In shelter of calm Fossenvue.

Commendably smoky the air is
  Judiciously veiling the hills;
Nor worry to mortal, nor care is,
  Except to find out what he wills.
Gone grasshopper hunting is Billy,
  Go you if you think it is fun.
You are free to be wise or be silly;
  We dine, please remember, at one.

We are fed at that hour upon Plato,
  Confucius, Kant, Locke, consommé,
John Ruskin, beefsteak, boiled potato,
  Beets, Hegel, tomatoes, Millais;
Ralph Emerson, Keats, devilled kidney,
  Spinoza, Hume, gooseberry jam,
Koot Humi, Chinese Gordon, Phil Sidney,
  Cheese, gingerbread, milk and Charles Lamb.

Oh perfect, conglomerate diet,
  Where wit is with wittles combined;
You'll never believe, till you try it,
  What vigor it gives to the mind.

Philosophers, scant though the fare be,
  Their looks of dismay may subdue;
But for me, I aver, let my share be
  Square meals and philosophy too.

A person not hopelessly earthy
  Or a soul not lamentably crude,
Would not, amid subjects most worthy
  Of verses, discourse about food;
Peccavi, I own; now as ever
  My short-comings make me depressed;
But to shine when a man shall endeavor
  He must talk about what he knows best.

All of which indicates that McFliget has some common sense, in spite of what his friends say. I took him home on Friday, full of regret at the necessity of going, but somewhat cheered by the assurance that we had given good satisfaction and might come again. WARD SANDFORD.

NOTE.—The preceding is taken from the "New York Mail and Express," where it appeared Sept. 17th, 1884. The first and last verses (written exclusively for the log) are here supplied. Ward Sandford was the nom de plume of Edward S. Martin.

1885

SONG OF WELCOME.

By A. F. M. Old English Tune.

To the friends that are come, let us joyfully sing
In harmonies simple and true,
Till the woodland and shore with sweet melodies ring
The welcome of glad Fossenvue.

Our camp is the fireside of friendship
Round which pure amity grows—
Where each brings his faggot to kindle
The flame which for all of us glows.

Then all hail, then all hail, to our comrades;
We'll shout till the echoes are dumb,
Then all hail, then all hail, to our comrades.
And three cheers for the friends who are come.

Hip, hip, hip, Hurrah!—Hip, hip, hip, Hurrah!
And nine cheers for the friends who are come!

Song of Welcome

Words by A.F.M.

Old English Tune
Arranged by Walter Baglis Crabtree.

To the friends who are come let us joy-ful-ly sing, in har-mo-nies sim-ple and true. Till

wood-land and shore with sweet mel-o-dies ring the wel-come of glad ross-en-vue. Our

camp is the fire-side of friend-ship round which pure am-it-y grows. Where each brings his fag-got to

kin-dle The flame which for all of us glows. Where each brings his fag-got to kin-dle the

flame which for all of us glows. Then all hail, then all hail to our com-rades, We'll

shout till the echoes are dumb Then all hail, then all hail to our com-rades, And three

cheers for the friends who are come. Hip, hip, hip, Hur-rah! Hip, hip, hip, Hur-rah! Hur-

rah! Hur-rah! Hur-rah! And nine cheers for the friends who are come.

Lines Read by E. S. M. at Dinner, August 7th.

Another year now finds us here—
Our maiden fair with golden hair; (R. L. V. P.)
George, whose skill guards us from ill;
Nannie, flown back as a bird to its nest;
And her mother, in these old woods to rest.
To the dear guests who, leal and true,
Have come to us at Fossenvue,
We offer greeting:
To James T. Van Rensselaer,
The world-around traveller;
To the gentle matron we adore
From the bold Ontario shore; (L. W. M.)
To her from the heaven-crowned hills,
With heaven's joy our camp life fills; (E. F. S.)
To Owagena's stalwart son
Whose water service now's begun; (T. E. W.)
The warmest welcome words could tell
Would be but powerless to discover
Our pleasure in the magic spell
That binds our loving hearts together.

Fossenvue, August 7th.

"THERE WAS NO FOSSE IN VIEW."

There was no fosse in view,
  No bridge with draw or gate,
No warder's grace to sue,
  Nor answering signal wait;

But warm greetings on the shore,
  Good cheer beneath the trees,
Welcome within the door,
  And every art to please.

Dear friends, I wish you joy
  Of this, your fond retreat,
So free from care's alloy,
  So far from city heat.

May each reunion here
  New happiness afford,
And for your winter cheer,
  Its memories bright be stored.

—P. R.

August 27th.

THE MAID OF No. 4.

TO R. L. V. P.

Oh, Muse of sylvan country,
  Of wood, and lake, and shore,
Inspire this little ditty
  To the Maid of "No. 4."

I drink the air's deep fountain,
  And learn the mountain lore,
As I gaze in the eyes of the maiden
  Who sleeps in "No. 4."

She has wood nymphs to brew her coffee,
  And Juno, in cups to pour,
When she raises her beautiful temples
  From the pillows of "No. 4."

And the day is all bright before her,
  With pleasure enough in store
To enrich a whole village of maidens
  Who sleep not in "No. 4."

And when evening drops her mantle
  Over one bright day more,
And the fortunate fireside gathers,
  One, two, three, six and 4.

Full hearts find expression in music,
  And lovely lips outpour
A vesper song to brighten
  The dreams of "No. 4."

Thanks, thanks to the bountiful givers,
  Of a memory we adore,
And may blessings in countless number
  Fill the life of "No. 4."—E. S.

DINNER-CARD ACROSTICS.

GEORGE ROOT.

Good friend, to alter were to mar,
Remain forever as you are.

RUTH LESLIE VER PLANCK.

Roses and mignonette,
Lily and violet,
Vines, ferns and grasses,
Pray when she passes.

LOUISE WILLARD MILLER.

Loving thoughts and deeds combined—
Where can one e'er hope to find
More of good thus intertwined?

DUDLEY MILLER.

Disdain and mild indifference were printed on his brow;
Miraculously changed is he, and all is sunshine now.

ELIZABETH SMITH MILLER.

Each day are we some good receiving—
Some good that thou art ever giving,
Making this checkered life worth living.

JAMES TAYLOR VAN RENSSELAER.

Just wait a bit and you will see
The rhyme if not the reason,
Voting is woman's legal right
Restriction's out of season.

TEN EYCK WENDELL.

Thrice welcome again to our friend of the past,
Ever faithful I'm sure he will prove to the last,
Wheresoever his lot or our own should be cast.

BENJAMIN RUSH WENDELL.

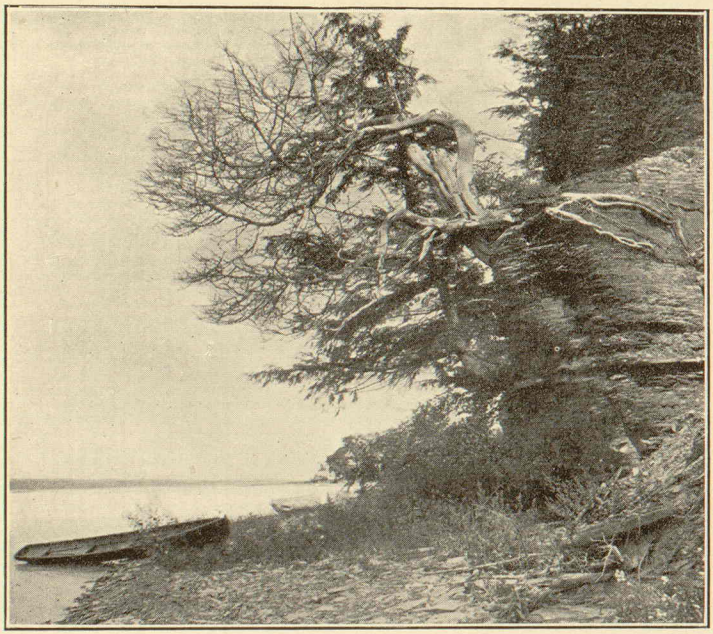
Best welcome to our sturdy pioneer,
Rejoicing once again to see him here
Where oft he's toiled, let him repose this year.

WILLIAM BRODRICK CLOETÉ.

We welcome your bright spirit as of yore,
Beneath the "magic circle" by the shore,
Contented may you feel "at home" once more.

RICHARD LAWRENCE SLOSSON.

Resound once more, beneath your touch, the banjo's stirring notes!
Listen to the answer which through the woodland floats!
Songs of joyous welcome, from all dame nature's throats.



—R. L. V. P. 1885

1890

During the four years following 1885 our camp life was suspended. In coming back to the familiar haunts our thought is of her who from the first was a vital part of all that is here. We linger in the places she loved, and gazing into the sunny sky or starlit heavens, we feel the tender touch of her pure and radiant spirit.

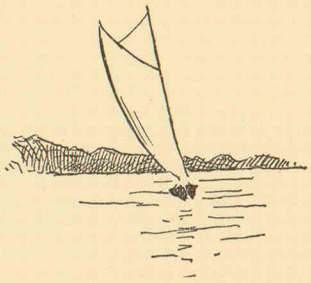
MORE VERSES FOR THE BALLAD.

'Tis in the year of 'ninety that
  We pitched our tents anew,
Five long eventful years ago
  We bade the camp adieu.

Chorus.

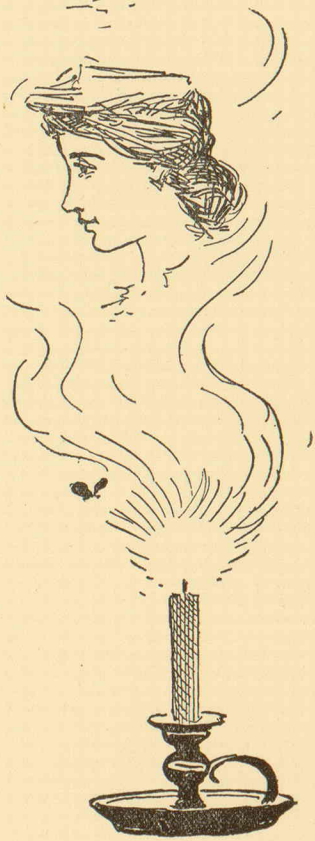
Fossenvue, Fossenvue,
  Camp of wind and rain,
O cast this shadow from thy brow,
  And smile on us again.

At times our camp is given o'er
  To elemental strife,
And howling wind's and water's roar
  Invade our quiet life.



A miller unfolded his wing and flew
Gracefully round a little flame
And ever he circled and went and came
That miller, that witch-light—I sing their fame
Here in these lines—ah, do not blame
A halting verse, for it breathes her name.

—G. B. M.



"THY PINIONS SPREAD IN THY EARTH-SCORING FLIGHT"

Written with an Eagle's Plume that Fell on the Shore of Fossenvue.

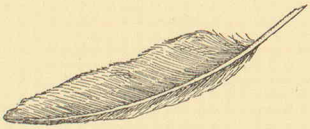
I raise my eyes and see, far, far away,
  Thy pinions spread in thy earth-scorning flight,
Against the azure of the summer day,
  Serene and calm in majesty and might.

I know no more this body's weary weight,
  But with my spirit follow thee and soar
Above earth's sorrow, joyous and elate,
  And claim my kinship with the skies once more.

But thou mayest rise and quit my mortal sight
  Beyond the skies that seem to us so fair,
And lose thy being in far worlds of light;
  I must turn back once more to earthly care.

Ah, leave my weak-winged spirit as a pledge,
  That it was sometime with thy flight atune,
Some token!—on the wave-washed ledge,
  Close at my feet there fell an eagle's plume.—G. B. M.

August.



FAREWELL TO FOSSENVUE.

I turned once more, 'neath darkening skies,
  My last farewell to take,
While drifting clouds their sombre hue
  Cast o'er the wind-swept lake.

One glance upon thy favored shore,
  To brighter skies was true,
And shed its shaft of golden light
  Upon fair Fossenvue.

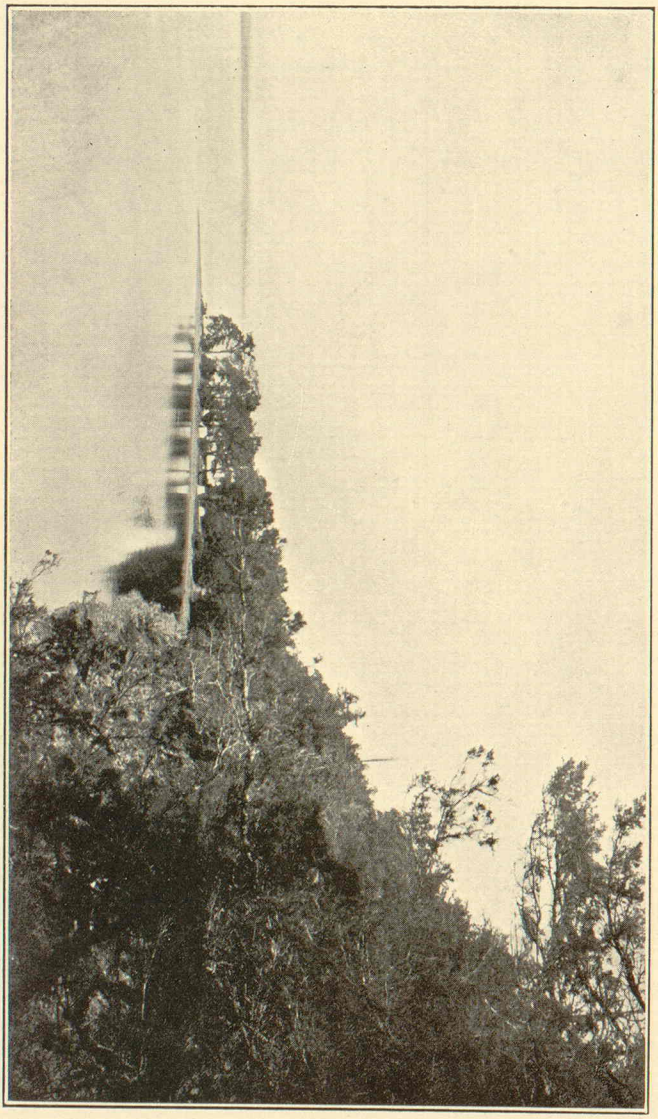
A light within thy precinct shines,
  Which clouds cannot subdue,
A life unstained by worldly aims
  Is thine, dear Fossenvue.

October 3rd. —G. B. M.

A LAST WORD.

O Fossenvue! in thy deep shade and brilliant sun,
  Sweet sympathy I've found for all my smiles and tears,
  And I shall seek thee still—O Friend of bygone years,
'Till this strange life of smiles and tears is done.

September 29th. —A. F. M.



1891

ACROSTIC.

Frown not if I to sing thy charms should dare,
O Fossenvue, thou shore so deeply blest;
Softly thy waves lisp to those worn with care,
Seeker, find here thy rest!
Enjoy the life thou findest not elsewhere—
No drawbacks either of the woods or town;
Vainly all ills attempt to leave their lair;
Under these boughs contentment wears her crown;
Enter then, friend, and lay thy troubles down.

—E. B. C.

THE GLIDING DAY.

To the air of "O Promise Me."

At Fossenvue the days so sweetly glide
That Time his scythe seems to have laid away,
And Trouble's sceptre has been cast aside,
At Fossenvue, where all men come who may.

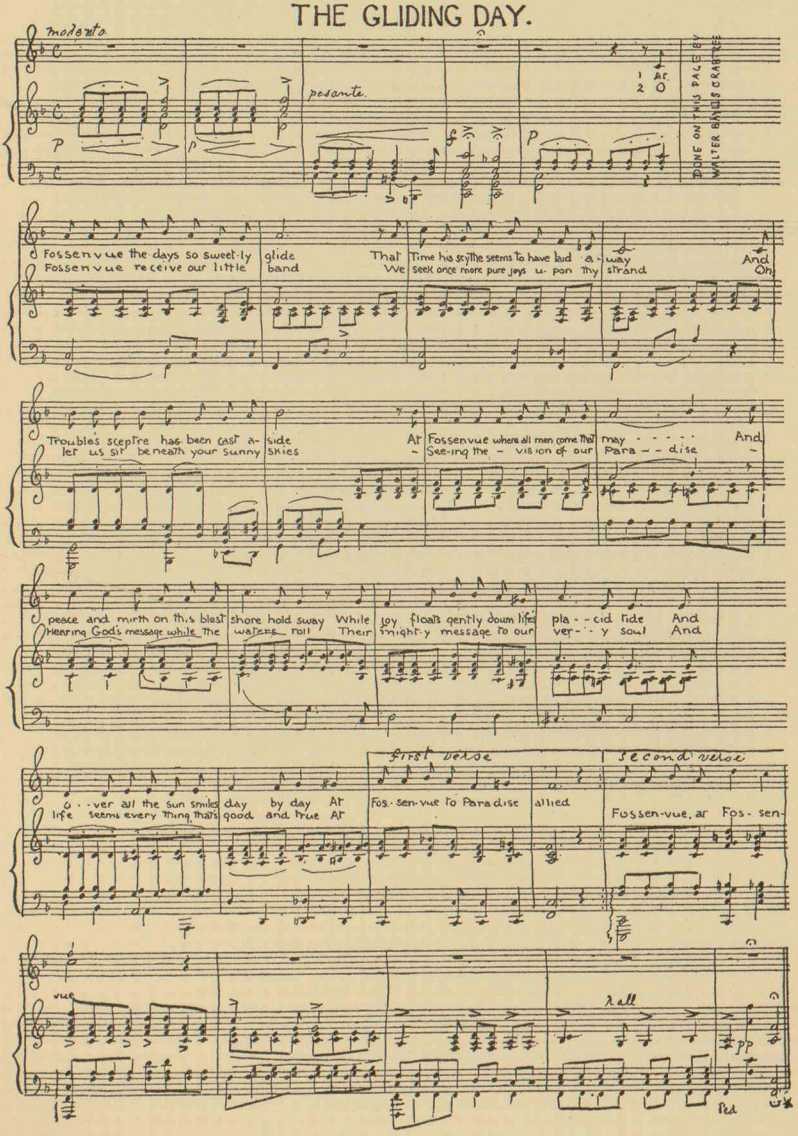
And peace and mirth on this blest shore hold sway,
While joy floats gently down life's placid tide,
And over all the sun smiles, day by day,
At Fossenvue, to Paradise allied.

O Fossenvue, receive our little band,
We seek once more pure joy upon thy strand;
O let us sit beneath thy sunny skies,
Seeing the vision of our Paradise.

Hearing God's message as the waters roll
Their mighty music to our very soul,
And life seems everything that's good and true
At Fossenvue, at Fossenvue!

—E. B. C. and A. F. M.

THE GLIDING DAY.



ACROSTIC.

Fain would I linger subject to the witchery of thy magic spell,
O place, love-linked with memories dear.
Sweet is the soothing murmured story that thy wave-lapped shore
can tell,
Soft mingled with the whispering wind.
Enduring through long years, thy elms have swayed,
Nor yielded aught of charm or grace to winter's blast,
Vexed not by flood, nor fire, nor vandal's raid;
Unknown, unnamed art thou to all the world, save few,
Endeared to all who e'er have known thee, Fossenvue.

—E. D. S.

August 29th.

A SOLITAIRE.

Glint of moon on lake and sky,
Lofty elm trees towering high;
Under all, the ruddy hue
Of thy camp fire, Fossenvue!—C. G. F.

August 15th.

(Her first and only effort.)

THE COMPLETED WORK.

To Edward Kemeys and his Bust of Billy Dog.

He stands and gazes on the finished bust;
For many days he toiled; 'tis over now,
And as he looks his heart within him swells;
He stoops and lays his hand upon the brow.

How long his life into that task was poured!
It is but clay, yet quickened from his heart.
He bends again and kisses the chill head,
For 'tis his child, from whom he now must part.

August 27th. —E. B. C.

Fossenvue

A level stretch rounds out into a lake
Below where hemlocks spread their darkling brake,
And rock and bush encumber the incline
Above a shore, where moving wavelets shine.

A silent spot of woodland, water, beach;
With naught of sound the human ear to reach;
Save where the Eagle soaring from the view
Sends down his cry from wilderness of blue.

But how escaped this sylvan, bordered strand,
With Earth-born strife around on every hand?
How banished was the spirit of unrest?
And Mother Nature wooed to make her blest.

Abiding presence as in years long past,
When first the Sun the white-man's shadow cast
Upon that shore? Would you the spirit know?
Lo! there it moves neath wide trees to and fro.

——— " ———

Enwrapped in mantle gray of silvery sheen —
There see the reigning presence of the scene.

——— " ———

The Old Hunter
Edward Lemeys.

Done at Fossmore N.Y.
Also " Taos N. Mex.

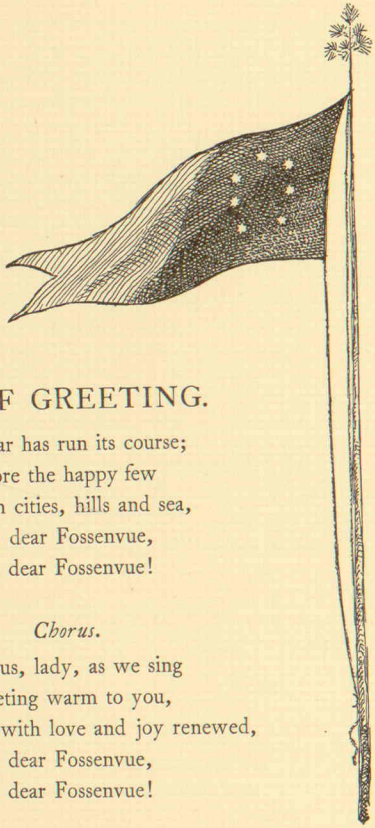
1901

ACROSTIC.

Fossenvue sleeps at the foot of the highland,
On a shingly beach, 'mid a tangle of trees;
Sleeps 'neath the sun or the stars in the skyland;
"**S**ummertime, honeytime," murmur the bees.
Ever by day are the song birds rejoicing;
Nightly the katydids chide in the breeze,
Vexing an owl, his impertinence voicing,
Up on the cliff, in a mournful "who-whooing?"
Enter my answer, he's just Fossenvue-ing.

August 20th. —F. H.

1892



SONG OF GREETING.

Another year has run its course;
Once more the happy few
Return from cities, hills and sea,
To thee, dear Fossenvue,
To thee, dear Fossenvue!

Chorus.

Then hear us, lady, as we sing
Our greeting warm to you,
And shout with love and joy renewed,
All hail, dear Fossenvue,
All hail, dear Fossenvue!

We greet with joy the banner green,
With glints of golden hue,
The horseshoe with its seven stars,
Dear flag of Fossenvue!

Music by P. D. A. —E. B. C.

SONG OF GREETING.

Words by

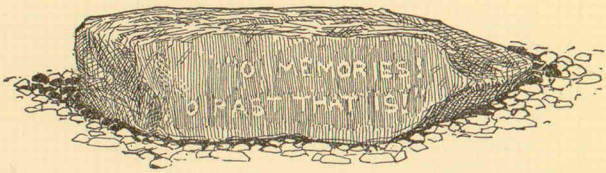
music by

moderato

Another year has run its course, Once more the happy few. Return from cities, hills and sea. To thee, dear Fossenvue. To thee dear Fossenvue

Chorus-

Then hear us lady, as we sing Our greeting warm to you, And shout with love and joy renewed, All hail, dear Fossenvue, All hail dear Fossenvue



WHAT THE THRESHOLD SAYS.

The tender memories of the past,
  In all I see, in all I do—
'Tis these that give the nameless charm
  To thy sweet shades, O Fossenvue.

The gentle tones of loving friends
  Fill me with pleasure ever new;
The joy which nature's glories give
  Is always there, dear Fossenvue.

But there are dearer joys than these,
  Which I come to thee to renew;
Send them, as I live o'er again
  The "past that is" at Fossenvue.

—J. W. M.

July 27th.

ACROSTIC.

For freedom and true comradeship we sought;
O fortunate indeed that we should find
So fair a spot to realize our thought,
So many friends of sympathetic mind.
Each year brings joy and wakens memory;
'Neath tent and roof are joined the old and new.
Voices now distant whose sweet harmony
Undying echoes from our heart-strings drew
Enrich to-day the chord of Fossenvue.

—A. F. M.

July 26th.

A RETROSPECT.

The while we plough the waters blue
Our hearts turn back to Fossenvue;
The wind and waves are bound that way,
Our thoughts speed on more fleet than they
And gain thy strand, now far away,
Dear Fossenvue.

Thy strand, that hath a magic spell
Who sojourn there, they know it well.
Nor doubts nor fears may enter there,
Nor pain nor tears nor carking care;
For skies are blue and hearts are true
And life takes on a brighter hue
At Fossenvue.

Heigho! Heigho! how sad our lot,
To leave thee—restful, blissful spot;
In vain we backward strain our gaze,
Thy lines are lost in deepening haze.
May bright skies only arch thee o'er,
Thy waves break lightly on thy shore,
And blessings ever on thee pour,
Fair Fossenvue.

August 6th. —H. L. L. and M. S. L.

MILLERS AND POTTERS.

That the Mills of Fate
Grind slow but sure
Is doubtless true,
But not more true
Than that the friendliest Millers
Mete out ideal hospitality
To welcome throngs
Including even me and you
At Fossenvue!
There's lack of time,
So pardon lack of rhyme
In this of mine.

August 4th. —E. N. P.

SONNET.

'Tis but a step beyond the placid lake,
A summer-fledgling's easy flight, to where
Thou shalt be free from all-absorbing care
And may'st thine ease with soul unchidden take.
And well were't, for thy jaded spirit's sake
When thou that uncontaminated air
Dost breathe at last, that no remembrance there
Nor conscious servitude thou with thee take.
Out of a world of toil and strife and sorrow,
Of turmoil and of self-engendered pain,
'Tis but a step to dreamland, where to-morrow
Thou shalt find sweetest rest for heart and brain.
Leave then the plough-share standing in the furrow,
And come! be Nature's trusting child again.

August 24th. —F. P. N.

THE FLOWERS OF FOSSENVUE.

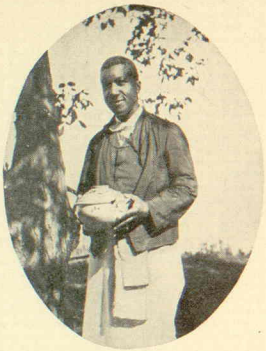
With word of might the all-entrancing fair
Hath filled the poet's quiet soul with care;
'Tis hers to order, his but obey,
With feigned reluctance bowing to her sway.
First, in his mind right harmony to wake,
Of thought-engendering fruit he must partake—
Hyblæan honey doth his lips anoint,
Minerva's olive to his wit gives point;
Then, underneath the cool and friendly shade
Of tree and tent, at ease reposeful laid,
The poet lifts his voice, and all attend:
Trees, cliffs, and clouds, and waves their audience lend.

He sings:

Thy pillared crag, O Seneca,
Crowned with its verdant wood,
  Unstoried, mute, and lonely stands
  Unmarred by touch of human hands
Towering above the flood,—
  Save where a gracious afterthought
Hath turned thy maker's might
  To soften for a little space
The sternness of the sight,
  Planting amid the sounding waves
A little pebbly field,
  Which, knowing neither drought nor flood,
Doth herb of healing yield.
  The hand of power hath smoothed a way
For every flower to come,
  Leaving the regions near the sky

To find a lakeside home.
  In troops, unseen of man, they steal
In April through the cover;
  In flocks, like tiny butterflies,
In May their seed-tufts hover.
  But when July, the lion-month,
Strikes man with parching heat,
  Unto this wave-beat plain he comes
Leaving the city street.
  In sympathy with human life
The bitter-sweet displays
  Her little pinnacle of gold
Mid purple petal-rays.
  Her sister Nightshade lurks apart
Reluctant to be seen,
  Plain, pale of face, with drooping head,
Emblem of human pain.
  With parted lips, a sister group
Stand ready pain to soothe,
  Filling the air with messages
Of perfume sweet and smooth.
  For time of ease and dalliance
The maid hath jewel-weed;
  The bachelor, his button-flower,
Or primrose if he need.
  The sunrise hath his special flower,
The rest bloom all the day,
  By brook, or crag, in sun, in gloom,
Each blooms a different way.
  Each dwells in liberty of life,
And comes and goes at will,
  For they're thy guests, as we are thine,
Spirit of Liberty Divine,
  Spirit of Lake and Hill!

August 31st. —D. F. L.



THE TOAST OF FOSSENVUE.

LINES WRITTEN TO RELIEVE MISS K. FROM SLEEPLESS NIGHTS.

You'll find at Fossenvue such toast
As mortal fires ne'er browned before;
Nor stew nor dainty sauce nor roast
Could please you more.

But there's another peerless "Toast,"
Browned only by the sun's caress
Whose name, the region's chosen boast
You'll lightly guess.

And since the dwellers on that coast
Would praise the Pride of Fossenvue,
I'll toast the "Toast" who toasts the toast,
If that will do.

August. —F. P. N.

It is clearly to be understood that this does not refer to the immediate agent of the toasting; but to the transcendent influence that moves him.

CONTENT.

At Fossenvue one has content
  And freedom from all earthly cares—
His mind's not on this world intent—
  He simply loafs and richly fares.

Like the North Hector ferry, he
  Just takes his time whate'er he does;
Anon he drifts all lazily—
  Then goes it like a dentist's buzz.

But tho' one loafs, "Pa" Time still goes
  Nor will he stay for Fossenvue
Or *any* view. Before one knows
  He hears the gong—waves his adieu.

August. —A. C. N.

A FRAGMENT.

We were sitting, idly sitting,
  On a little heap of sand,
As the water gently rippled
  Up and down the shingly strand.

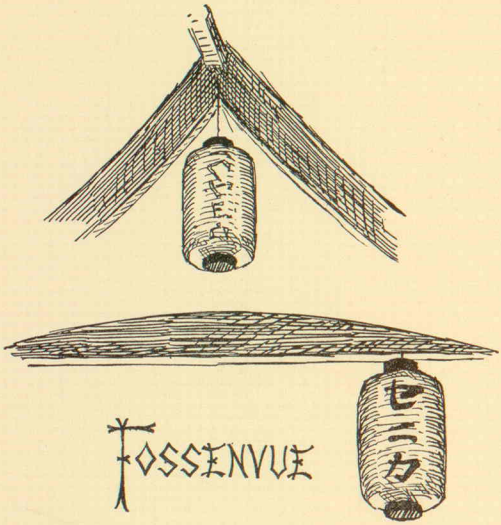
We were seven, only seven,
  Left to mourn a larger band
Who had found a joy together
  And who served at love's command.

Friendship's service made a pleasure
  Of each thought, of each request,
And in all and each endeavor
  Found reward in love's bequest.

Here beneath the rustling branches
  Friend to friend had side by side
Found a peace in quiet converse
  That the world elsewhere denied.

August. —J. T. V. R.

1893



Anna Fitzhugh Miller
At Home
August 1893

"Leave then the ploughshare
standing in the furrow
And come! be Nature's
trusting child again."

F.P.N.

THE ANSWER.

You bid us leave the toilsome plough,
And rest with you beneath the bough;
You little dream its handle now
  Is held by other hands.
We may no longer come and go,
But like King Lear, who long ago
  Gave up his royal sway,
We abdicate and leave the place
To one who rules with baby grace
The willing pair on either trace.—G. B. M.

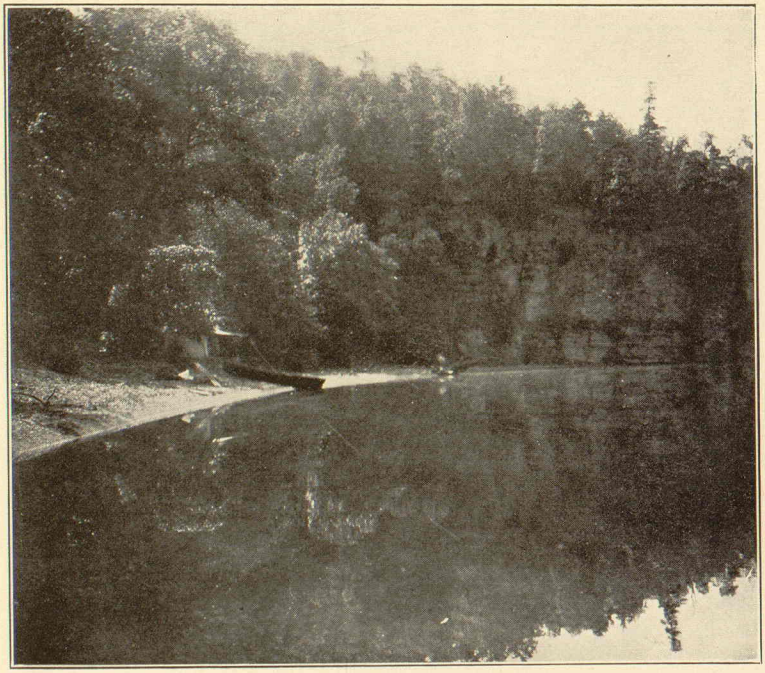
MORNING AT FOSSENVUE.

How softly breaks the blessed light of morning
  Over the well-loved camp of Fossenvue,
Reaching each sleeper, with bright daylight's warning,
  And wakening all to life and joy anew.

"Come forth," it cries to each fair dreaming maiden;
  "E'en daylight craves the lustre of those eyes;
"Weird shades of night with gloomy phantoms laden,
  "Evade the double glory—therefore rise!"

"Brave youths," it calls, "for whom the world is waiting,
  "Slumber no longer; up, and face the day,
"The genius of the woods all woes abating,
  "Evolves a nobler strength to meet the fray."

August 18th. —E. B. C.



"MY MUSE A BASHFUL LADY IS."

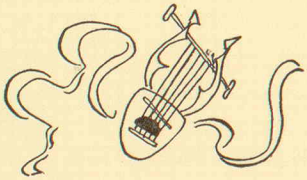
My Muse a bashful lady is; she does not strive
With rhyming meters her poor strength to try;
She plods along in pentametric verse,
And timidly submits this to your eye.

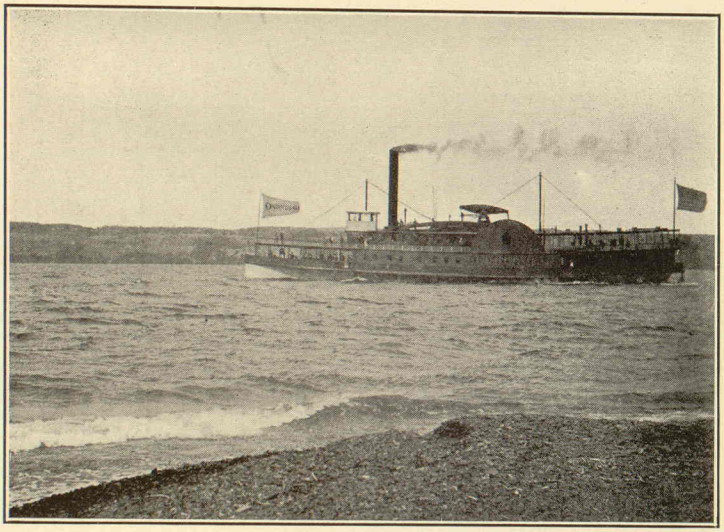
How many poets worthier than I
Have sung of Fossenvue! How oft have they
Immortalized that dreamland, sung her toast,
And even have approached dark Afric's child,
And sung the Zulu.

This is not my task.
I sing those gentle ladies without whom
The charm of Fossenvue would quick depart ;
The hostess, her whose presence is the true
And real joy of pleasant Fossenvue.
Under whose kindly influence have I
Spent hours of greatest happiness, and seen
Undying friendship kindled.

Praise ye, then,
That shore of happy hours, that Fossenvue ;
But, as ye praise forget not, poets all,
The highest praise is due to those I sing.

August 16th. —A. C. C.





THE STEAMBOAT.

I'll take you home, I brought you here,
I bring your stuff from everywhere,
But you've no thanks for me to spare,
The Steamboat.

'Tis not for love of sordid gain;
The rate of fare 'll that charge disclaim.
But you of me only complain,
The Steamboat.

I know my boiler is not new.
But why should you be in a stew,
It's good enough for Fossenvue,
The Steamboat.

August 27th. —J. W. M.

This is Captain Martin's view. Others prefer the train.

NIGHT AT FOSSENVUE.

The sun glides downward on its golden pathway,
  The shadows lengthen on the waters still,
And night-sounds roll crescendo through the arches
  That span with green the point from shore to hill.

The twilight deepens and the starry sconces
  Light up the vesper service in the wood,
Where waves and wind are murmuring the responses,
  And tall trees bend in reverent attitude.

Thus all night long this lusty, rustic trio,
  Wind, waves and wood, repeat the strains again,
Nor rest an instant in the hours of darkness,
  Till morning comes to whisper an Amen.

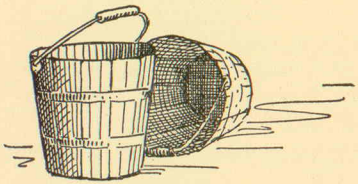
August 16th. —F. H.

A FAIRY SERENADE.

Awake, come forth, O Fairies!
  The fairy night is here;
This is the time when Fairies feast
  On perfumes once a year.
The moon shall light the revels,
  The primrose hold the dew,
Which each shall sip, with fairy lip,
  At Fairy Fossenvue.

Strike up the fairy music!
  The little folk shall swing
Around the teasle May-poles
  On never weary wing.
And when the dance is over,
  Then wander, two by two;
Love rules their tiny world, as ours,
  At Fairy Fossenvue.

August 16th. —F. H.



I'D LIKE BOTH.

This tale is told of early camping days:
It seems, one morning, ere the breakfast hour,
A kindly youth addressed our honored "Chef"
With offer of his skill and lifting power:
"I'm sure I can assist you; you must need
A pail of water—that I'll gladly bring
At your direction—whence shall it be filled,
From depths of lucid lake or sparkling spring?"
Imagine then the feelings of the lad,
Who for one trip was really nothing loth,
When quick the "Silver Duchess" of a cook
With pleasant coolness answered, "I'd like both."

P. S.—Ten years after.

And now the helpful lad of years gone by
Comes back a solid man who takes his ease,
And we in offering him a choice of seats
Can smile as he replies: "I'd like both, please."

August 23rd. —A. F. M.

A COZY EVENING.

The gentle rain comes softly down,
And mingles with the wave's soft splash
Upon the shore. The summer night
Sends up from wood and rocky cliff
The sound of chirping katydids.

Within the stronghold of the camp
Sit happy and contented souls,
Four kindred spirits, round the hearth,
Whose ruddy blaze throws shadows dark
On table, where beneath a lamp,
A large tin box, with cover wide,
Provided by that fostering hand,
Which guides and governs "Afric's Child,"
And urges him to deeds, the worth
Of which we test three times a day,
Stands tempting taste for tired twain.

A jar of prunes from the same store
Also stands open at their side
And quietly from time to time
A graceful hand of beauty rare
Is seen to disappear within
The tempting fastness of the glass,
To reappear with sugared fruit.

To wash this evening répast down,
The dipper, dripping from the spring,
Is brought by willing hands to those
Who wish the memory to prolong
Of camping days at Fossenvue.
O do not shut the cracker box,
But let us linger o'er our crumbs.

August 28th. —W. S. M.

THOUGHTS AFTER CAMPING AT FOSSENVUE.

AUGUST.

Scattered to East and South and North,
  Some with the faint heart and some with the stout,
Each to the battle of Life went forth,
  And all alone we must fight it out.

We had been gathered from hall and from grange,
  From the city's stir and the village street,
Brought together by chances strange,
  And knit together by friendship sweet.

Never perhaps in the years to come
  Shall we all meet as we've met before,
Never again in that woodland home,
  Cosily resting on Seneca's shore.

But as ships pass and more cheerily go,
  Having changed tidings upon the sea,
So I am richer by them I know,
  And they are not poorer, I trust, by me.

—F. F.

1894

ROWING SONG.

Swing to our oars with sturdy measure,
  Mark each stroke as we glide along,
See how the little waves dance with pleasure,
  Keeping time to our evening song.

Chorus.

Then row, row, for the night is falling,
  The air grows heavy and chill with dew;
Row, for we hear sweet voices calling,
  Calling us home to Fossenvue.

August. —F. H.

Words by Forbes Heermans

ROWING SONG

Air by A. F. Miller
Harmonized by E Slosson

As performed at Fossenvue August 1895 — by the Campers

As afterthought

PRELUDE

by E. A. ROSE

Con Brio.

Swing to our oars with sturdy measure, Mark each stroke as we glide along See how the little waves dance with pleasure Keeping time to our evening song

f rrrf leggiero

Chorus

Then Row, row, for the night is falling, The air grows heavy & chill with dew, Row, for we hear sweet voices calling Calling us home to Fossenvue — Fossenvue Fossenvue —

f marcato rit. ..... a tempo p con amore

engraved by [illegible] — 1895 —

CAMP PORTRAITS.

The gentle hostess of the camp,
  So genial, sweet and true,
Sheds radiance like a silver lamp,
  And peace o'er Fossenvue.—A. F. M.

The Queen, belov'd of us all,
  With eyes dark brown in hue,
Bids welcome to both great and small
  Who love dear Fossenvue.—E. S. M.

And, next to her in loving thought,
  The lady plump and fair—
Each camper finds what he had sought,
  Through her unceasing care.—L. W. M.

The sisters twain from valley lands
  Lend beauty to the place,
And bind our hearts with triple bands
  Of sweetness, strength and grace.
—A. and C. F.

The mother and her little maid,
  With music fill our ears ;
Before their charms all ill things fade,
  From past and future years.

—A. M. and A. M. M.

The royal pair of goodly Kings
  Shone on us for a space,
Each one his own sure welcome brings,
  And fills with mirth the place.
—W. W. K. and J. L. K.

Five noble youths assist the Queen,
  And give themselves no rest,
But wait, with eyes and ears e'er keen,
  To do her slightest hest.
—MILLER's and SLOSSON's.

From climbing trees to dulcet airs,
  From art to piano strings,
His own best gift each hero bears,
  And to her feet it brings.

For freedom and for higher life,
  We, comrades tried and true,
Forever raised above all strife,
  Do thank thee, Fossenvue.

And whatsoe'er may us befall,
  In years beyond our view,
A friendly bond shall hold us all,
  Who met at Fossenvue.

August 25th. —E. B. C.

There's still one friend we'll ne'er forget,
  The author of these lines,
Simplicity that none have met
  Before, beneath these pines.

August 26th. —H. D. W.

THE STRIKE.

(Read at Breakfast, August 29th.)

"I have a word to say, dear girls—
One word before you rise—
And though I fail to utter it,
Forgive the one who tries.
My one-time willing pen has struck,
My all-too-nimble tongue has stuck;
The wherefore should you wish to know,
Or ask the reason why?—
They both refuse construction
To that sad word, Good——

—A. F. M.

THE JOYFUL CREW.

A little song I'll sing to you,
About a gay and joyful crew
Who came one year to
Fossenvue
On mirth and joy intent.
The hostess, Mrs. Miller
hight,
Miss Miller with her spirits
light,
Miss King, who danced for
us one night,
All were on pleasure bent.

Fine arts and music dwell here too,
In Mrs. Morgan, Miss Fitz-Hugh,
Miss Curtis, and the man who drew
The pig so boldly caught.
The pair of Kings, they came to stay,
But woe is me, they went away,
We hope they'll come another day
And fill the camp with sport.

The Geneseo maiden smiles
At Hobart's graduate's many wiles,
And Mr. Schieffelin's varied styles
Of mending piano strings.
The marmalade table there was spread,
With Harvard's senior at its head,
And near the firelight's glowing red,
This song each evening rings:
"Fossenvue! Fossenvue!"

—S. G. C.

TO S. G. C.

Oh man, who writes this tribute true
To all the guests of Fossenvue,
We offer heartfelt thanks to you,
  For all that you have done.
With songs so tender, light and gay,
You help the time to glide away,
And fill the evening of each day
  With music, mirth and fun.

August 25th. —E. B. C.

HIS WANT.

To sing of a lady I want
  Whose cook was the finest extant,
And the time wiled away,
At her table each day,
  Would horrify even Besant.

—S. S.

N. B.—Besant was a person who originated the idea of a Palace of Pleasure, where poor people could pass away their superfluous time.

August 26th.

TO BILLY.

O Billy dear! I had a dream,
  A sweet metemphychosian vision!
I took your skin, and you took mine;
  I lived in your elysium.

My head was patted and caressed,
  I spoke no word to prove me wise,
Your lovers then were mine, good dog,
  My happy soul looked through your eyes.

But you were turned a sorry quack,
  With only hopeless cases,
And lived a doctor's sorry life,
  To curse our change of places.

September 21st. —A. G.

1895

THE CABIN.

Dear rough and ready cabin in the wood,
Which stress of twice seven summers hath withstood,
Still shelter us in summer when we come
To seek and find in nature's heart our home.

—A. F. M.

CABIN LIGHTS.

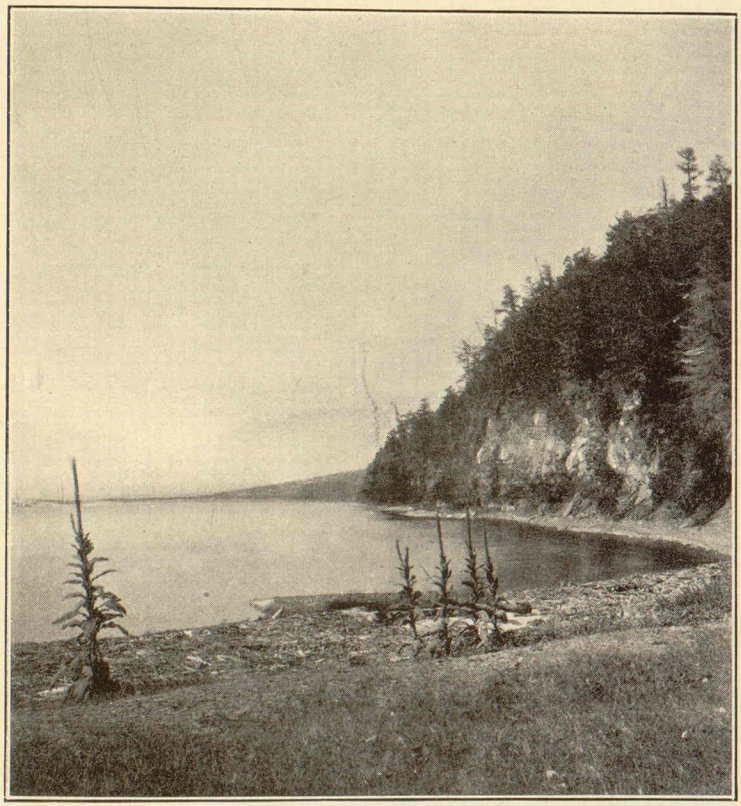
A cabin dimly lighted, by the fire burning low,
The rafters weird, uncertain, in the dying embers' glow;
A phantom fish-net hanging, is only half revealed,
The perfumed boughs of balsam or sweet pine are quite concealed,
And from a dusky corner, a little owl's eyes bright
Shine out upon us fiercely, in the faintly flickering light.
The spinet sweetly tinkles, the mandolin and guitar
Make harmony together; there are no sounds to mar
The quiet and the beauty; within the cabin quaint
We hear but the lake's soft rippling and nature's music faint.
The door wide open always, with hospitable intent,
Lets in a gleam of tender light from a crescent moon half spent.
Its beams make a fairy pathway, across the lake so still
And cast long silver shadows 'mongst the whispering trees of the hill.
There is nought but harmony perfect, as far as the eye can see,
And only perfect harmony within all hearts can be,
That share the joys of this camp life, and learn nature's secrets here,
And are far from the world's excitement, having no other fear
Than to leave this spot enchanted, and to say good-bye to you,
Who so graciously have taught us the joys of Fossenvue.

July 26th. —H. F. P.

P. S.

Of sounds and lights in pleasant flights,
Has Helen writ,
Right well she sings of all these things,
But not a bit
Or trace I find in all she's lined
Of the sweet face *
Which here or there, with radiance rare,
Illumes the place.—A. F. M.

*A. L.'s.



"O HAPPY HARBOR."

O happy harbor, wrapped in green,
  Where dull time learns to fly,
While those who worship Nature here
  Withdraw reluctantly.

No heart would long to reach the sky
  If mortals only knew
That all one asks of deep content
    Clings close to Fossenvue.

July 28th. —A. A. C.

HOSPITALITY.

How shall I tell you of Fossenvue,
With its wave-kissed beach and sky of blue?
Even the storm clouds hurrying o'er
Forbear to fall on that sheltered shore.

There mirth and music and laughter reign,
And keenest enjoyment of heart and brain,
For all that is healthful and happy and true
Are found at this fairest Fossenvue.

All who have been there long to return,
And those who have not may live and learn ;
For the world holds nothing more sweet to me
Than Fossenvue's hospitality.

August 7th. —G. A.

A GRAY DAY.

Nestled beneath thy crest of waving pine,
  Kissed by cool wavelets, in the lake's blue arm,
  Where sunbeams hide their heat, and winds blow warm,
  Where rest and peace find green and fragrant throne,
  And human hearts beat close to nature's own,
Which seek in woods and waves a sylvan shrine:

To-day I see thee clothed in sober hue,
  By clouds encircled in a mist-fringed sky,
  While murmuring breezes through the tree tops sigh,
  Mirroring in this tense of nature's mood,
  The genius of sweet peaceful womanhood,
The spirit of thy shores, O Fossenvue!

August 9th. —R. F. C.

Walhalla! where the gods once dwelt,
  And many a knight and warrior bold,
No longer now the power is felt
  That thou didst wield on earth of old.
In ashes doth thy glory lie;
In flames did thy brave heroes die.

But our Walhalla shall stand alway
  Upon a bold, high cliff of stone,
Whether the sunbeams her array,
  Whether the wind and wave make moan,
She stands forever, calm, serene,
Beneath the sheltering shade of green.

August 8th. —F. A.

THE LOST BASKET.

At Fossenvue the campers gay
In mirth and frolic spent the day,
And, while the sun shone, all made hay,
  Nor feared the coming evil.
But in the clouds a spirit sat,
With filmy eyes and wings of bat,
His ears were large, his form was flat—
  A tricksy little devil.

A basket full of things for dinner,
Which would bring joy to saint or sinner,
Whichever was the lucky winner,
  Upon the boat he saw.
And o'er the "hands" a spell he cast,
Alas! the precious freight steamed past,
And up the lake it fled full fast,
  Toward Watkins' hungry maw.

The camp in consternation fell;
No word of comfort could they tell
Their hostess, nor her grief could quell,
  Until the lady brave
Thus spoke: "What tho' we lose the cream?
The vision bright was but a dream;
So dry your tears, nor let them stream,
  No longer will we rave."—E. B. C.

August 10th.

P. S.

The larder here is still supplied,
With baked and boiled, and stewed and fried,
With fish and fruit, both fresh and dried;
  So let us all rejoice,
And turn our thoughts to higher things.
"What's stagnant cream to living springs?
What's 'angel food' to 'angel wings'?"
  We cry with cheery voice.—A. F. M.

THE BASKET REGAINED.

These noble words were scarcely said,
When a sweet fairy overhead
Paused, as through air she quickly sped,
And smiled upon the maid.
"Fearest not evil, princess rare?
Naught there shall touch thee, that I swear,"
She smiled, this fay so young and fair,
In gossamer arrayed.

To Watkins straight she took her way,
And two brave knights she saw that day,
In their great souls she cast a ray,
Which showed the piteous plight
Of those poor souls at Fossenvue.
"This quest has been reserved for you,"
She said, "My bidding must ye do
Before another night."

They hearkened to her voice so sweet,
And with steam-launch and crew complete,
They laid the basket at the feet
Of her at Fossenvue.
"Mark ye," she cried, "the atmosphere
Of goodness that surrounds us here,
Wrapping us round from year to year,
What now have we to rue?"

"The cream indeed is spoilt, but then
Baskets will come to us again,
Minstrel, betake thee to thy pen,
And write the pleasing tale.
Forget thou not the fairy flowers,
That came from Lochland's sunny bowers."
The minstrel spent some painful hours,
But ah! 'twas no avail.

The subject was too great for mirth,
Of thoughts and rhymes there was no dearth,
But words and visions all of earth,
The Muse did often meet.
The minstrel did her level best
To do her royal lady's hest,
And to her now she brings this jest,
And lays it at her feet.

August 11th. —E. B. C.

WOOING THE MUSE.

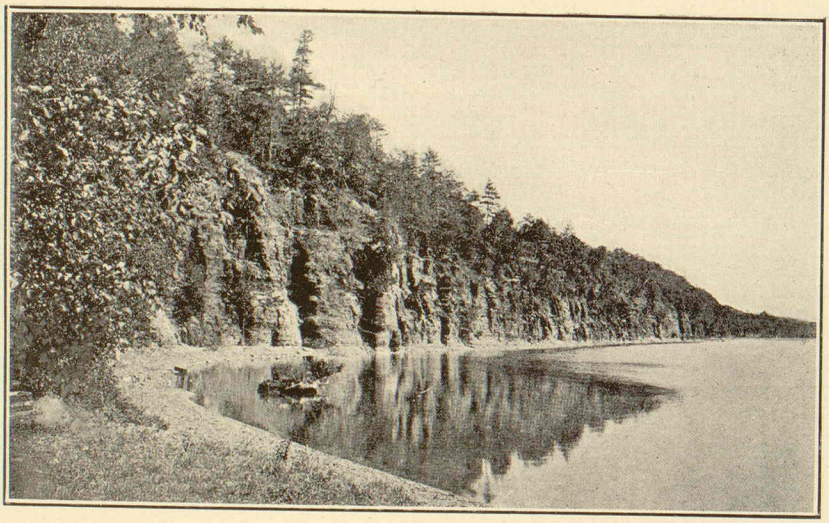
Pencil in hand, we strike the sounding lyre,
Each elbowing his solemn neighbor's side;
Beside us flames a homelike bramble fire,
Befitting lakeside airs and even-tide.

The Muse has seized Three ;* our Fourth,† aside,
With Stygian tint imprinteth letters fair
On household linen, double-ply, yard-wide:
The Fifth‡ supports a chin with pensive air,

Thinking great thoughts of sky, and star, and fish;
The Sixth,|| recumbent, doubtless hath a wish
If any here a lurking wish could find,
Where with content fulfilled is each mind.

August 10th. —D. F. L.

* E. B. C., G. A., D. F. L.
† A. F. M.
‡ E. D. S.
|| F. A.



A PERFECT DAY.

The chronicle tells, "'Tis a perfect day;"
Leaves half astir, crickets alert,
Doggie half mad to be off and away,
Wind touching water with hem of its skirt;
North Wind, gentle as brave,
While the sun warms the drowsy wave.

August 13th. —D. F. L.

TO E. A. R. ON HER BICYCLE.

The cabin's inmates wrapt in deepest slumber
Forget the beauty that around them lies,
'Till Nature's glories growing fast in number
Steal thro' the door, and touch one sleeper's eyes.
Rising, she glances through the southern portal,
Ah! what a sight her raptured eyes behold;
Is it a nymph, a goddess, or a mortal
That floateth yonder 'neath those rays of gold?
Nearer, still nearer, sweeps the fairy vision,
The watcher holds her breath in sudden fear,
Lest, at a motion, back to fields Elysian
The nymph should flee, and never reappear.
Gracefully swaying, as ne'er mortal maiden
Has moved before, under the brooding trees,
With the lake's beauty and the sun's strength laden,
She glides 'mid Nature's charms as one of these.
O vision rare, abide to bless our dreaming;
O mortal maid, we draw new joys from you;
O friend in truth, Diana fair in seeming,
You add a double grace to Fossenvue.

August 16th. —E. B. C.

THE MUSHROOM.

High up the cliff two hunters flew,
Full early was the hour,
They heeded not the drenching dew,
They sought the woodland bower
Where oftentimes in former days
The pink-gilled mushrooms grew.

The spot was reached, when lo, behold!
Where once a scattered score
Of fresh and fragrant fungus forms
Pushed through the leafy mold,
A giant of the mushroom race
Rose from the forest floor.

Alone this massive monarch stood,
The Jumbo of his kind,
Amazed the mushroom hunters stared,
Their joy no words could find.
They bagged their game
And homeward came.

They staggered 'neath its heavy weight,
And lest their strength you underrate,
I'll mention that 'twas accurately found
The mushroom measured *thirty* inches round.

—A. F. M.

HORACE D. WEBSTER, } Hunters.
HERBERT G. KING, }

ANNA L. KELLY,
MARY OPHELIA KING,
ANNE FITZ HUGH MILLER,
AGNES H. LINCOLN,
RICHARD CARLYLE LINCOLN,
BASIL DIXWELL MILLER, } Witnesses.

Eight of us ate of it.

August 25th.

ACROSTIC.

Far from the hot lifeless air of the city,
Out on the edge of the e'er changing lake,
Snug 'neath the hill which seems made for its background,
Swept by the breezes which come for its sake;
Enchantment's the lot of those crossing the portals—
None find it, but linger and dread their adieu,
Viewing themselves then, most wretched of mortals,
Uttering this wish as it fades from their view,
"**E**xistence forever to you, Fossenvue!"

September 1st. —R. B. G.

THE RELUCTANT POET.

As enraptured here I sit
And read what clever folk have writ,
I think 'tis hardly fair that I
Who cannot write—should have to try.

My Try.

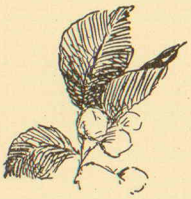
'Twas said that with "Sprig" I'd compare;
Sure a pig with such water and air,
Is as sweet as a rose,
As every one knows,
So for Goldmark's remarks I don't care!

September 9th. —C. B. S.

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

Cradled by old Seneca—known to every breeze,
Flirting with the ardent sun thro' the staid old trees,
Backed by hills of wooded green—faced by waves of blue,
Forest, water, light and air—that is Fossenvue.

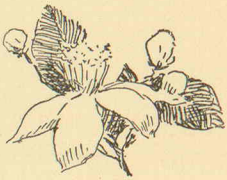
August 26th. —R. B. G.



OUR BRIDE.

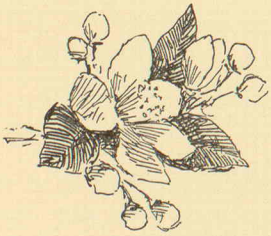
To C. G. F., September 11th.

September days are with us once again,
Over the camp lies Summer's parting smile,
And tenderly this day our thoughts are turned,
Toward one who distant is full many a mile.



O gentle bride, while joy around thee shines,
And loving friends their gifts before thee strew,
Remember the fair spot which loves thee still;
This greeting, lady, take from Fossenvue.

—E. B. C.



THERE WAS A KING OF NORFOLK TOWN.

In Reply to a (Fish) Line from King William.

I.

There was a King of Norfolk town,
He was both wise and good;
Of friends he had a favored few,
He loved them—when he could,

II.

And they loved him through thick and thin,
(Quite thin is now their fate),
And yet they strive to meet it well,
Nor blame their Monarch mate.

III.

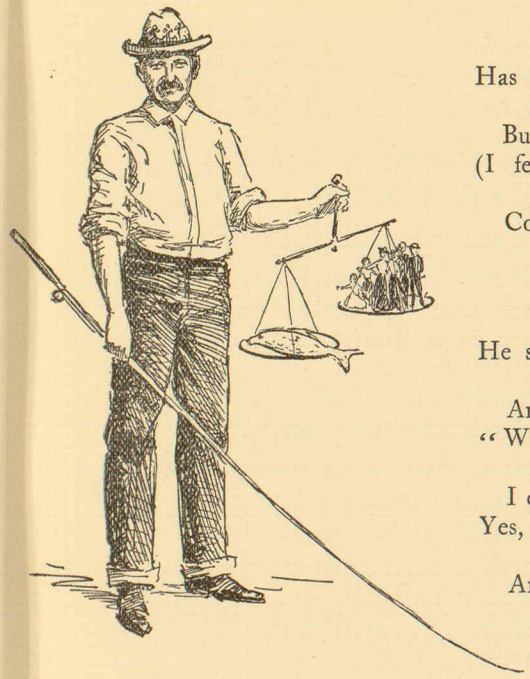
For many years this generous King
Devoted all his leisure
To building docks, and everything
That gave his friends most pleasure.

IV.

But now—alas! a sport he's found,
Which has so turned his heart
That never more "on this blest shore"
He'll play his useful part.

V.

From distant lands he writes at length,
Enchantment thrills each word,
He little knows the sad effect
On those whom hope deferred



Has made heartsick—or some such thing,
But listen to his letter—
(I feel quite sure no Russian Czar
Could slay his subjects better).

VI.

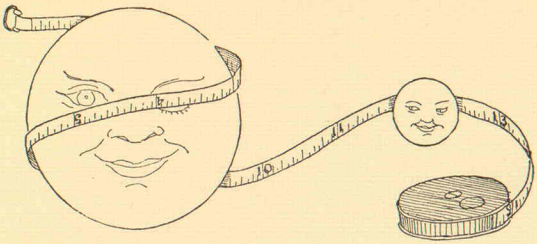
He says: "The fishing here is grand!"
And thus the story ends:
"When I get to taking three-pound trout
I quite forget my friends;
Yes, *all* my friends, I quite forget
And everything beside,
And more I vow—next year I shall
Still longer here abide."

VII.

So all our hopes are shattered
For this and future years,
And yet we wish him all the luck
That hangs on hooks and spears.
Perchance, when sporting days are done,
He'll sit before his glowing embers,
And we may find our place again
With friends he *then* remembers.

(Signed) "Dear Ophie and Miss Miller."

August 27th.



"HOW BIG DOES THE MOON LOOK TO YOU?"

FIRST ASTRONOMER (SEES IT LARGE) AT FOSSENVUE.

The moon hangs high in the southern sky,
Like a nickel stuck up in a small blue pie;
The stars come out, but a star being small,
On a similar scale does not shine at all.
This poem being short must end very soon,
For what can one do with a five-cent moon?—R. B. G.

SECOND ASTRONOMER (SEES IT SMALL) AT SYRACUSE.

The stars are tiny, but then! oh, my!
Don't they gleam like the candles around the pie!
While my own little moon, so snug and so bright,
Illumines the crust till it's actually light.
Such a moon as that (I am sure I'm right)
Is ever a joy (on a moonlight night).
Now with your vast moon I am loth to quarrel,
But it is *such* a moon! 'most as big as a barrel!
Mouldy-faced thing, makes you think of a cheese,
All dingy and streak'd, and well—very mees-
'Rable looking, take it all in all.
Not really so jolly as if it were small,
So I say it again, in a way most particle-
Lar, *my* favorite moon is the size of a nickel.

P. S. All the same, I am wishing
Very hard that I might
Trade all of my moon
For one ray of yours
To-night.

September 8th. —F. H.

THE EDITOR'S FAREWELL.

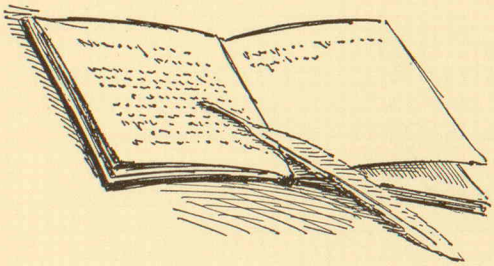
The editor's duties end to-night,
He must leave by to-morrow's boat,
But before he bids you all farewell,
He would like to add to this note.

There are many things that he's left untold,
Nor is all that's told quite true,
But he's done what he could in the spirit of fun,
And hopes it was fun for you.

So now as he puts the "Log" away,
And wipes his worn out pen;
He hopes that at no distant day
He may write you up again.

September 1st. —R. B. G.

1896



THE OPEN LOG.

Greeting to those who are here to-day,
And those who are still to come!
The Log is open wide again,
To record life's cheery hum.

Open to those with sketches or songs,
Or tales to tell in prose,
Of the deeds that mark the flying hours
Of each day as it comes and goes.

Open wide to each coming guest!
There's a wealth of joy in a name;
May new names find the Log this year—
And the old ones just the same.

August 3rd. —R. B. G.

FAREWELL TO THE BAND.

The sunny day draws onward to its noontide,
And brings to us a grief, though old, yet new;
The parting hour is here, with all its sadness;
Farewell, O friendly band of Fossenvue!

Thou great musician, and thou mighty swimmer,
Our heartfelt thanks we offer here to you;
"Return again," the pines are sadly sighing,
"And wake the echoes of dear Fossenvue."

—C. A. S.

O hero of the diamond, take our greeting,
Thou mighty with the axe and music too;
In all thy triumphs and outside successes,
Remember still the charms of Fossenvue.

—E. S.

And thou, young soldier, with our wishes friendly,
Go forth from peaceful shades to dare and do;
But whereso'er thy warlike fortune leadeth,
Forget not thou the friends of Fossenvue.

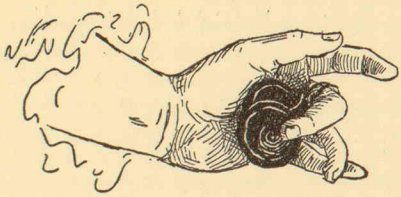
—A. M. M., Jr.

Our youngest, our noble water-bringer,
Takes with him kindly wishes not a few;
Success to him in football and in learning,
That is the parting wish of Fossenvue.

—R. B. M.

How oft, when evening's shades descend upon us,
Our thoughts and words shall turn again to you,
And memory shall recall her former pleasures,
And thank once more the band of Fossenvue.

August 28th. —E. B. C.



TO THE DANCER.

Sweetly in rounded measure and sweeping circle she glideth,
Balancing every part, sinking and swimming by turns;
Clinking of castanets marking the movement of footfall and handsweep.
Joy in each sinuous grace, every motion a smile.

—D. F. L.

(Such things really were, and they were before our eyes.)

August 28th.

HALCYON DAYS.

Here, amid Halcyon days and skies of blue,
We lose ourselves, we leave the world behind;
And here, Oh magic charm of Fossenvue!
A fairer world, and better selves we find.

September 15th. —J. H. McD.

AN APPRECIATION.

O Fossenvue! O Fossenvue!
How sweet thy memories grow;
Thy shingly beach and lofty trees,
Aflame with sunset glow.

Thy waters blue and skies so fair,
Where fleecy clouds flit swiftly by ;
And banners float in morning air,
While eagles wing across the sky.

Each day disclosed unto our eyes
Some fair, fresh fancy quite thine own ;
Each one the fruit of tender love,
The seed of which had there been sown.

Dear Fossenvue, although our eyes
Shall seldom see thy sandy shore,
Swift thoughts we softly send to thee,
And love thy precious memory more.

Till next we lie within thy shade,
And ramble up thy narrow ways,
We leave our kindest thoughts with her
To whom we owe those sunny days.

August 31st. —P. D. A.

TO CAROL KING'S JACK O'LANTHORN.

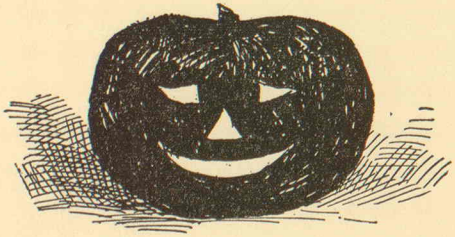
I sing the jolly pumpkin man,
    And take him for my beau!
His head is light, and Oh! his smile
    From east to west doth go.

He looks as if he were a pun,
    That on a stalk did grow;
I'll dance with you, dear pumpkin man,
    I'm sure you are not slow.

He never wears a hat, you see,
    It would not be polite
To quench in such a cruel way
    That dazzling pumpkin light.

O twinkle, twinkle, pumpkin man!
    You may not be a star,
But I do love you, pumpkin man,
    For what and all you are.

September 8th. —A. G.



THE ARRIVAL.

Canto I.

The A's stand on the steamer's deck,
Their hats are blown askew;
The blazing fire lights up the sky,
Disclosing Foss-in-view.

Glad voices reach their listening ears;
When on the dock they stand
The glimmering lights and white moonlight
Create a fairyland.

Canto II.

"Oh my! Oh my!" they cried that night,
As they sat around the lamp,
And all their winged friends flew round—
"This *is* the Millers' camp!"

Oh Fossenvue! Oh Fossenvue!
Oh place of memories dear!
If we're invited hard enough,
We'll come again next year.

August 22nd. —P. D. A. and Smith.

SUNSET.

The sun sinks slowly to the dark'ning farms,
The shimm'ring lake takes on soft opal hue,
The ancient elms wave gently beck'ning arms,
As if in blessing on sweet Fossenvue.

The earth is hushed in peaceful silence calm,
There, yonder, sails an eagle to his nest,
Where cliffs stand high above the reach of harm;
All nature's children flutter to their rest.

And now the sky is all aglow with gold,
The turquoise tints melt softly into green,
Yon snowy clouds their rosy linings fold,
And one by one the silver stars are seen.

September 15th. —E. D. S.

SOLILOQUY.

It seems a little strange to be alone,
Beneath the rustic roof that lately rung
With laughter and the songs they sung,
Those joyous youths, and now they all are gone.

Yes, everyone, both maids and matrons too—
And men of diverse age,—departed hence.
Yet sunshine and the birds good cheer dispense
At Mother Nature's Inn at Fossenvue.

I lend myself with joy to fill the rôle
Of guest, within these well-loved cabin walls.
How gently here the light and shadow falls!
The holy silence fills my very soul.

And gratitude o'erflows my thankful heart,
That of the many mansions this dear cot,
To dwell within, should be my happy lot;
O may I learn its gladness to impart.

September 11th. —A. F. M.

GRATITUDE.

The woodland spirit broods upon the hillside,
The water nymph looks up in changeful mood,
While o'er the point hovers a gracious presence,
The spirit called by mortals gratitude.

"Goddess," I pray, "oh give me, stony-hearted,
Knowledge of thee, shed from thy realms above!"
Answered the spirit, with a smile like sunshine,
"Thou know'st me well, for lo, my name is Love."

September 5th. —E. B. C.

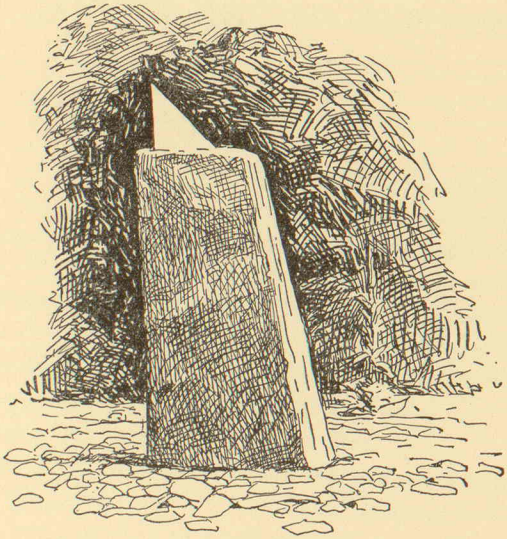
LAST IMPRESSIONS.

A soft caress from gently blowing breeze,
    A tender touch of sunshine here and there,
A shower of golden leaves from lofty trees,
    And autumn's fruitful fragrance everywhere.

The woods are bidding us "Good-bye"—
    Good-bye? Oh, rather say "Good Cheer!"
For surely, 'neath the summer sky,
    We'll meet again next year.

September 21st. —A. F. M.

1897



INSCRIPTION ON THE SUNDIAL.

"Horas non numero nisi Serenas."

On the western face of the gnomon is engraved:
"To Fossenvue—1896,
From Ellen S. Barnette, A. F. M.'s first friend
At Peterboro, N. Y., 1856."

"Though forty years have passed away
Since first we met;
When eye meets eye, years backward fly—
We're children yet."

SETTING OF THE SUNDIAL.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 8TH.

I.

'Tis August, 'tis Sunday, the day is fair,
Yes! sunny and fair!
And how happy are we!
The dial is fixed on the stone, just now,
And I'll tell you exactly the "who" and "how,"
Yes! who and how
On this Sunday fair.

II.

The Captain so gallant with crystal in hand,
Yes! crystal in hand,
Knelt low by the pillar;
He looked at his watch, he looked at the sky,
He looked at the shadow which slowly passed by,
Yes! slowly passed by—
He glanced at Miss Miller.

III.

The time sped by; 'twas nearly noon,
Yes! nearly noon.
Frank watched the sun!
The moment is here, the plaster's fine,
'Tis August, 'tis Sunday, 'tis warm sunshine,
Yes, warm sunshine.
The deed is done.

—E. D. S.

IN A HAMMOCK.

I lie here listening while nature speaks:—
The shrill continuous treble of the leaves,
The hoarse, insistent wave-beat on the shore,
A far-off bird-call, and the faint-heard scratch
Of one dead leaf against a twig. I raise
My eyes, and through the indeterminate mesh
Of leaves and moving branches see the sky,
A sunny haze. I feel upon my cheek
Cool velvet of the breeze ; and fragrantly
There comes the smell of woods.
Within my mind
The quiet sense of freedom—not relief
From occupation merely, but deep rest
That hourly stores up strength, and in my soul
The will to use the strength when comes the chance,
And in my heart, heart's happiest secret—peace.

August 9th. —M. W. S.

INITIATION.

To E. L. C.

Once more we link the present with the past;
After so many years—a score and two—
Our far-off *friend remembers us at last,
And sends her substitute to Fossenvue.

"Has she forgotten us?" we oft have sighed,
"One of our primal seven, tried and true?"
Ah, no! her heart doth still with us abide,
And sends its living thoughts to Fossenvue.

"The messenger is chosen well," we say.
At first we welcomed him for love of you,
But as our knowledge grew day after day,
He proved himself a boon to Fossenvue.

"Take, new-found friend, this greeting from our heart;
Join thou the band of Nature's happy few;
Of this dear life henceforth thou art a part,
Receive the comradeship of Fossenvue!"

August 16th. —E. B. C.

*A. P. B. P.

S

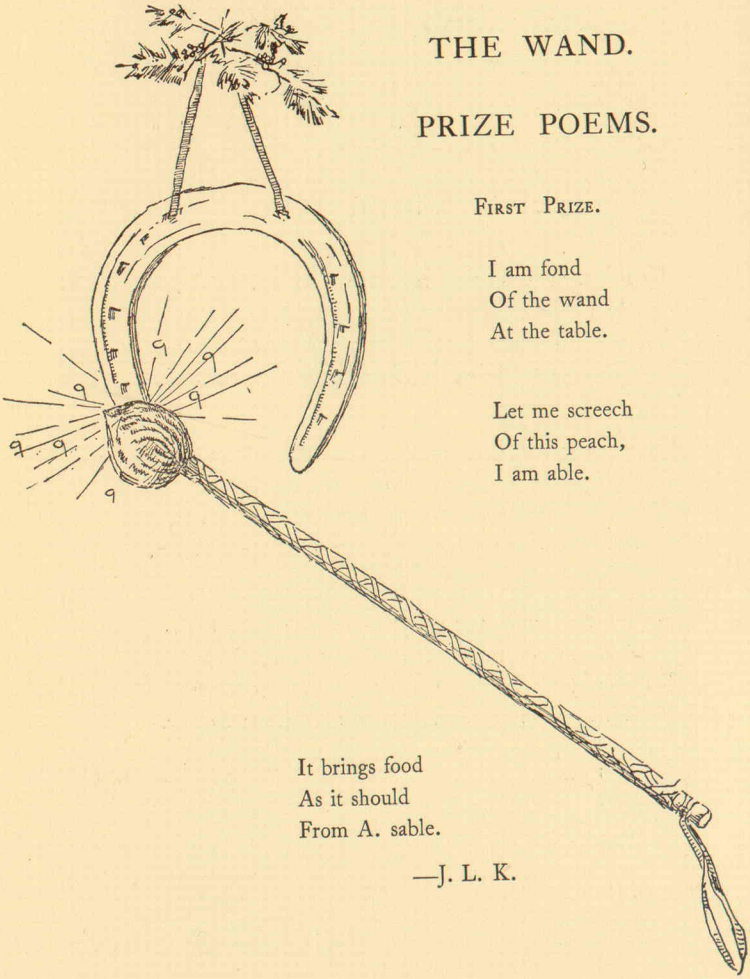
A SUMMER DAY.

By Fossenvue's fair tide, there sun-lit wavelets glide,
And break in silver bubbles on the shore;
There living waters laugh, there happy mortals quaff
That crystal spring, and know their cares no more.

There every summer breeze sings soft through murmuring trees
And fretted sunbeams fall on green and gray;
There far all sorrow seems, like half-forgotten dreams,
And like a peaceful stream, slow flows the idle day.

Happy is he whose feet may tread that woodland sweet,
And in its deep retreat find deep repose;
Who shares this happy lot, and here his cares forgot,
Henceforth shall know them not, where'er he goes.

August 14th. —E. L. C.



THE WAND.

PRIZE POEMS.

First Prize.

I am fond
Of the wand
At the table.

Let me screech
Of this peach,
I am able.

It brings food
As it should
From A. sable.

—J. L. K.

Second Prize.

The wand a slender little toy,
Which by its sound gives us much joy,
Was made one day from a small peach pit,
Which hangs o'er the table round which we sit;
Then when Miss Nannie gives it a tap,
It rouses old Anderson from a sound nap;
He immediately waddles across the lawn,
Bringing with him some delicious sweet corn;
Its merry tinkle seems to boast,
Of that most delectable Fossenvue toast!

—E. N. P., Jr., and E. S.

Honorable Mention.

I.

Oh, the music of the horse-shoe bell,
Made to sound as the peach pit fell,
Bound with green and tipped with yell-
Ow, what does it mean? What does it tell?

II.

That more food is needed from over the green,
That the good cook a second supply must screen,
Or all on the point will be hollow and lean,
That's what it means! That's what it tells!

August 22nd. —M. S. L.

SONG OF THE SWIMMER.

Come don your suit and trip to the shore,
  And take a dip in the lake,
At whatever hour of the day or night
  Your bath you choose to take.

Chorus.

Oh the morning dive, and the noonday dip
  And the swim in the afternoon,
And best of all when the mermaids call,
  To the plunge by the light of the moon!

Oh the chill when the water laps your feet!
  And the headlong solid splash
That carries you out to swimming depth,
  With a stroke and a kick and a dash.

Oh the feel of the water that slides and glides
  And slips from chin to knee,
And the easy stroke of the arm as you float
  In birdlike buoyancy.

Oh the rub of the towel and the healthy glow,
And the strenuous appetite,
You're free from care the whole day long,
And your conscience sleeps all night.

Chorus.

Oh the morning dive, and the noonday dip
And the swim in the afternoon,
And best of all when the mermaids call,
To the plunge by the light of the moon!

—M. W. S.

REST.

How sleeps the brave that sinks to rest
In Fossenvue's embraces blest?
The winds about his pillow play,
From dead of eve to twilight gray;
The roar of breakers at his feet
Falls on his ear with cadence sweet;
The Katydid's harsh laboring tone
Has restful music of its own;
The screech-owl crying in the night—
That moaning, sad, distressful wight—
To him is but a spirit choice,
A right familiar Nature-voice.
The myriad footfalls of the rain,
The robber-wind that seeks in vain
His couch of shelter to despoil
Disturbs not rest that follows toil.

Sweet coigne of vantage 'mid the flood,
A handbreadth won from wave by wood,
Refuge for man with labor spent,
Pleasaunce for youth on pleasure bent.
Thou that all Nature's mood reflectest,
All moods of him whom thou electest,
Are met by thy divine replies,
And by the meanings in thine eyes.

September 15th. —D. F. L.

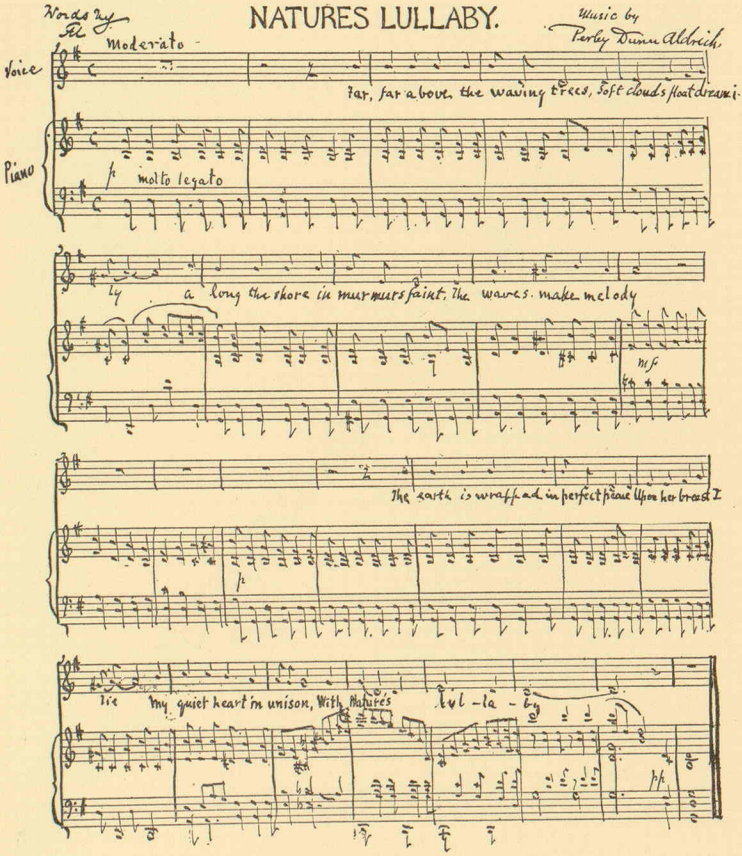
1898

NATURE'S LULLABY.

Far, far above the waving trees
    Soft clouds float dreamily,
Along the shore in murmurs faint
    The waves make melody.

The earth is wrapped in perfect peace;
    Upon her breast I lie,
My quiet heart in unison
    With Nature's lullaby.

—A. F. M.


NATURES LULLABY.
Words by
Music by
Perley Dunn Aldrich.
Moderato
Voice
Piano
molto legato
Far, far above, the waving trees, soft clouds float dreami-
ly a long the shore in murmurs faint, the waves make melody
mf
The earth is wrapped in perfect peace Upon her breast I
lie my quiet heart in unison, With Natures lul-la-by

TO GORDON ON HIS BIRTHDAY.

WITH A REED PENHOLDER.

We know a lad with gentle ways,
And heart so kind and true,
He's always seeking how he may
Some friendly service do.

He left us at the breakfast hour,
Took scarcely any food,
And promised to return at night
With everything that's good.

'Twas only after he was gone,
The pleasant fact we knew
That this same day his birthday is,
And Gordon's twenty-two.

All hail to Gordon's birthday!
His life be sound and long,
And through the years that are to come,
Our friendship firm and strong.

Please, in remembrance of this day,
And those at Fossenvue,
Accept this little verdant reed,
Which in its woodland grew.

July 7th. —A. F. M.

LETTER FROM PETERBORO.

JULY 6, '98.

Dear Anne:
We never can
Forget
The hours we lived with you
At Fossenvue.

Nor yet
Can we forget
The tender grace
And glow
Of that enchanted place.

Still, well we know,
That some fair day
We'll pass your way
Again,
And then—
Ah, then!

But now adieu
To you
And friends so true,
At Fossenvue—
Our thoughts of whom
With love are rife.

YOUR FAITHFUL NEPHEW
AND HIS WIFE,—G. AND E.

TO ALL IN TENTS.

The wealthy often send for me
    When festivals they give,
And a Christian hero martyr
    I aided once to live.

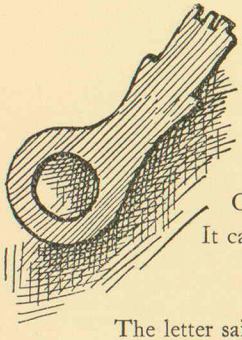
The lion and the panther
    In me have found a home,
And with the gipsy wanderer
    Repeatedly I roam.

I look quite mild and peaceful
    When standing on the plain,
But shield upon the battlefield
    The conqueror or the slain.

Unlike some jokes, I have a point;
    I'm square though sometimes round,
And while I'm plain I must be sweet,
    For flies on me are found.

I'm empty as a drum, and yet
    I may be full of brains;
On sunny days I'll be your friend,
    As well as when it rains.

August 11th. —A. DeZ. S.



THE RUSTY KEY.

My morning's mail I opened fast,
When all at once my eye I cast
On envelope of greenish hue;
It came, I knew, from "Fossenvue"—
I had the key!

The letter said that it was found
By Carl while digging in the ground,
Around the Palace of the Kings;
Could it have slipped from royal rings—
This rusty key?

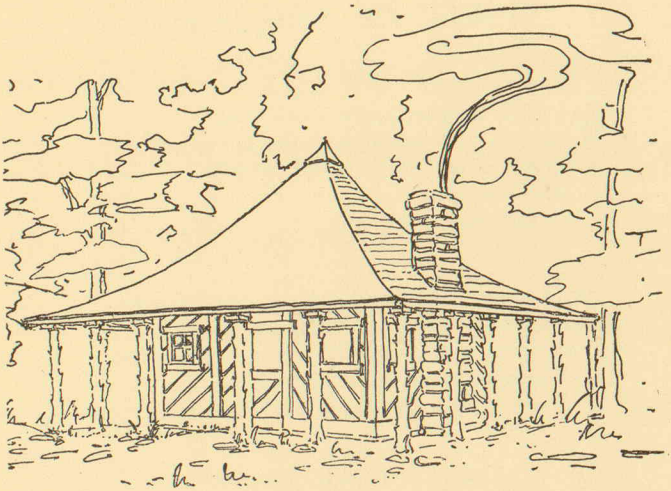
Or was it taken from Ver Planck,
When he to earth in terror sank,
At midnight in unguarded tent,
When through his things a burglar went
Without a key?

To Nannie it could not belong;
Tho' oft she thrilled us with her song,
Her voice was always quite too true
Such foolish thing for her to do
As lose the key.

No guest will claim the rusty steel,
No clue the owner will reveal;
The buried secret ne'er'll be guessed,
For Faussett's Point has now confessed,
It has no key (quay).

August 29th. —W. G. V. P.

1899



WOODLAND ELFIN.

From Gertrude Meredith's Letter to A. F. M.

"That charming little woodland house, which seems to me as I glance up at it on my desk to look at me with the bright eyes of a little elfin man with peaked hat and floating feather, such as I remember in a quaint old German fairy book—quite a creature of the woods—and he nods and beckons until I think of all the good things tucked away under his peaked cap, and long to be there too."

Cazenovia, September, 1899.

SPIRIT OF FOSSENVUE.

Spirit of Fossenvue, you come to wake
Within my mind sweet memories, and to make
A summer in my soul, who for thy sake
    Have set apart
    A Sanctuary in my heart.

Thy floating, wind-blown hair my fancy weaves
Into bright semblance of the dancing leaves.
The stillness of thy lips, the hush of summer eyes,
    The smile across thy subtle face,
    Sunbeams that cloud-born shadows chase.

Thanks to the hand that gave
To dreams a face enduring,
When our empty words
Give place to silence.

Sweet our remembrance,
Once we dwelt a space
Within the garden close
Where bloomed a perfect rose.

—G. B. M.

These verses were written on receiving Arthur Nash's bas-relief

(See frontispiece)

Our one-time Silver Duchess.

THE QUEEN OF FOSSENVUE.

SEVENTY-SEVENTH BIRTHDAY OF E. S. M.

SEPTEMBER 20TH, 1899.

Delicate primroses and fall asters lay at her breakfast plate with these lines from A. F. M.:

For thee, the long secluded eagle comes again,
For thee, the miser lake gives up her bass,
And now for thee the shore and forest fen
Bid spring and autumn mingle as you pass,
In snowy aster and pale primrose bloom—
And see! they glow with joy, as they thy feast illume.

The daintily served rock-bass was caught by Prince Edward.

Gifts, delightful letters and telegrams gladden the day, the chief event of which was the presentation of the key of the Castle, which was henceforth to be known as "The Castle of the Queen." Our party walked in procession to the Castle, where the ceremony took place. The key was delivered by A. F. M. with the lines which appear with the picture.

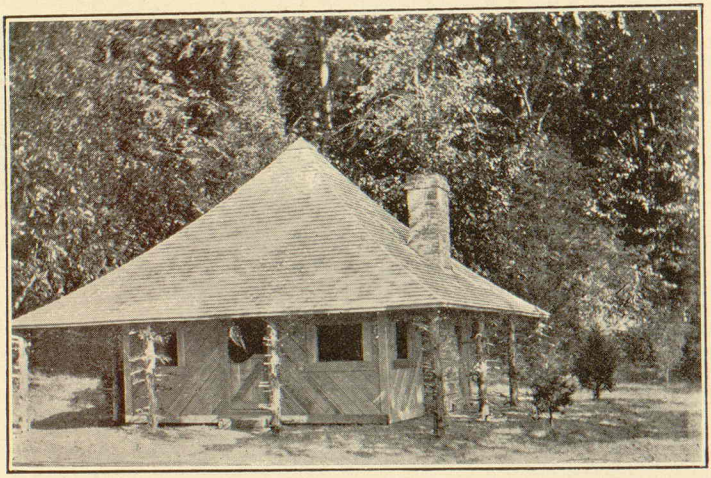
The dinner was a sumptuous repast, beautifully served by our sable chef, Anderson, dressed in white with a crimson carnation in his button-hole. The following lines by A. F. M. opened the feast:

Upon this dark September even,
Our Queen of Seven's, seventy-seven,
Long may she reign within this haven
To show us ways that lead to heaven.

The evening was spent in the Castle. The beautiful room, seventeen feet square, with lofty raftered ceiling and high, massive fireplace, built of stone from Mr. Predmore's quarry and geodes from the lake shore, was brilliantly lighted by a fire of red cedar and with enchanting flames from ocean driftwood, a gift from our dear Frances Faulkner.

Great praise was bestowed on Arthur Nash for his design in the building, and due recognition was given to the artisans who had so admirably carried out the plan of the architect.

Seven being the magic number of the Camp, it was no small pleasure to find that the Castle was the result of the labor of seven men; that the work was begun on the seventh of the month, and was finished in seven days.

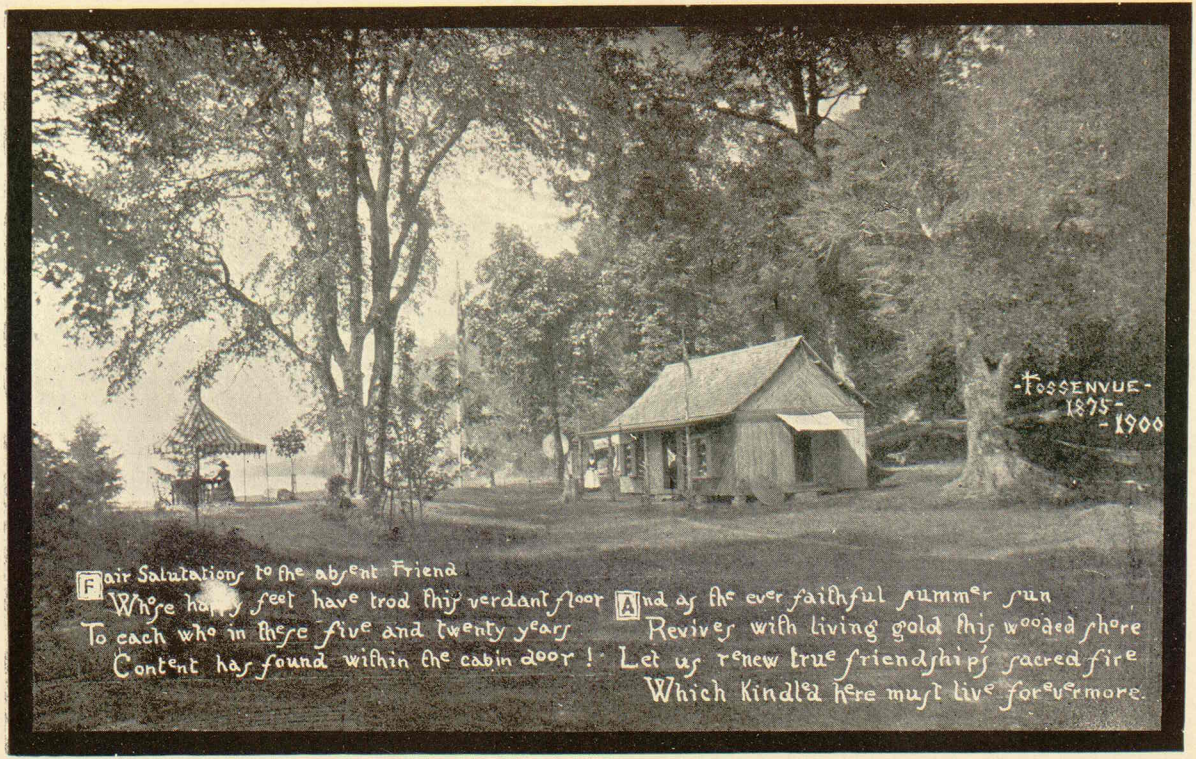


THE CASTLE OF THE QUEEN.

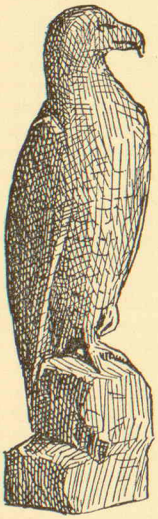
To her who's ever been the key
To all my locks in life—
To her who of my heart has been
The ever constant Queen,
I bring the key of one small room,
But, if she there abide,
'Twill be the Castle of the camp,
The crown of all beside.

—A. F. M.

1900


-Tossenvue-
1875-
-1900
Fair Salutations to the absent Friend
Whose happy feet have trod this verdant floor
To each who in these five and twenty years
Content has found within the cabin door!
And as the ever faithful summer sun
Revives with living gold this wooded shore
Let us renew true friendship's sacred fire
Which kindled here must live forevermore.

Symbolism

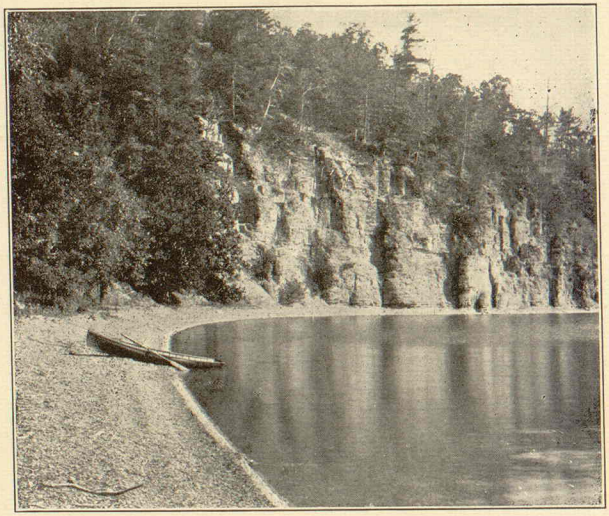


Subtle scholastics in bygone ages have discussed the problem—how many Angels can find room on a single point? Whether that problem was ever solved I know not, but there is at least one point in respect to which the answer is obvious. It is the point of Fossenvue, for the name itself contains the answer—"seven of us." Seven of us; that means, as I beg to interpret it, seven angels or seven guardian spirits that hover about this place. The spirit of the waters is one. The spirit of the air or of the wind is the second, that gives music and motion to the branches as it sways them. The spirit of the light is the third, that shines in the blue of the waves and the solemn splendor of the sunset and in the witchery of the moonlight. The spirit of the trees is the

next, which is incarnated in these noble elms. The spirit of the flowers, which expresses itself in the wild roses, and the columbines and in the loveliness of the vine, and the spirit of the birds, which finds such majestic expression in the free flight of the eagle up yonder in the dizzy blue—these are the others. All these are spirits of Nature, but the seventh, the bearer of the mystic number, is greater than them all; it sums up all their qualities of freedom, power and charm, and adds to them something unique, something incomparable of its own. It is the spirit which is incarnated in the human soul alone. Friendship is the name which we give to it. But of friendship there are many kinds. The one I mean is that which is based on a sense of kinship due to simultaneous appreciation of all that is fair and noble. It is the friendship which may be said to be the genius loci Fossenvue. . . . . .

If the letters A. M. mean Master of Arts or Mistress of the Arts, may we not say that the letters A. F. M. should be interpreted to mean Mistress of the Art of Friendship?

August 2nd. —F. A.



A FAGGOT.

A peaceful haven, kept from harm
By the steep hill's encircling arm,
And mirrored in the lake's blue calm.
And oh, if once its joy you knew
Your heart would evermore be true
Unto entrancing "Fossenvue."

August 5th. —E. C. Le B.

FOSSENVUE CO., LIMITED.

I.

Oh days of Trusts and Companies,
When old things are made new—
What scheme has fate in store for thee,
O precious Fossenvue!

II.

Are you to form a Company?
Can it, alas! be true,
That you are to be watered
And floated, Fossenvue?

III.

No one takes stock in such a plan,
Thy many bonds not dué
Are held as high as Governments,
Those 7's of Fossenvue.

IV.

No watering scheme will e'er succeed,
Tho' stockholders are few,
But that's the point which renders thee
Gilt-edged, dear Fossenvue.

V.

Now take advice: don't "corporate,"
But thy old course pursue;
Thy bonds are strong—thy interest high,
Sustain them, Fossenvue!

VI.

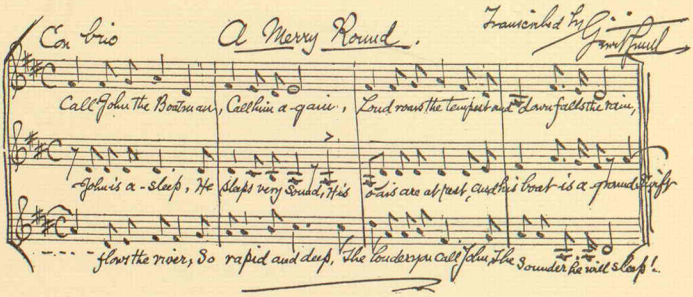
Your Company's unlimited,
Your friends are in your due;
Quotations high are still maintained,
No bears at Fossenvue.

VII.

Thy principal is guaranteed,
The interest is so, too;
Whenever that Dam* market's broke,
They can't swamp Fossenvue.

August 7th. —W. G. V. P.

*NOTE:—The laws of New York for 1900 (Chap. 680, Section 1) provide for a controlling dam to keep the water of Seneca lake from running to waste. Apprehensions were felt that this might flood the Point, but the State Engineer assures us that the lake will not probably rise at flood time above its present usual height.



Thanks to Maria Morton.

Beside Lake Seneca

(From the Woman's Journal, Boston, September, 1901.)

For many years the junior editor of the *Woman's Journal* has spent part of every summer camping out in Canada by the shore of Lake Memphremagog. This year she was invited to visit another camp, which was celebrating its twenty-fifth anniversary on the shore of another lake; and the chance was too tempting to be neglected. So, on the way home from the business meetings at Rochester and Wyoming, she passed a day at Fossenvue—a day that will always be marked by a white stone in her recollection.

At Geneva, N. Y., one waits for the boat on a large but dilapidated wharf, not unlike the one in a neighboring town which had just precipitated a picnic party of two hundred persons into the lake. The little steamer gradually grows from a speck in the distance till she draws up alongside the pier.

You establish yourself comfortably on deck, and journey for hours over the calm waters of blue Lake Seneca, admiring the fertile, softly rolling hills, the rich woodland, and the gentle slopes set with orchards of hundreds of acres of apple and peach trees. Lake Seneca lies in the heart of the fruit region of western New York. A young working girl among my fellow passengers, a cigarette-maker by trade, told me she had never known what it was not to have all the grapes, apples and peaches that she could eat; and she mentioned the enormous size of a vineyard near her home. I am afraid to say how many acres it covered. At the landings, where the steamer touched from time to time, baskets of beautiful peaches, all ready for the market, were taken on board. These landing places bore great historic names, but most of them represented only the tiniest hamlets—often, indeed, no village at all, only some prosperous farm. When we stopped at Dresden, for instance, there was nothing visible but a small, rickety wooden wharf, and one ruinous house, whether half-built or half-demolished it was impossible to say. While the other lakes in this region are largely built up with summer residences, the shores of Lake Seneca, certainly not the least beautiful among them, are still largely

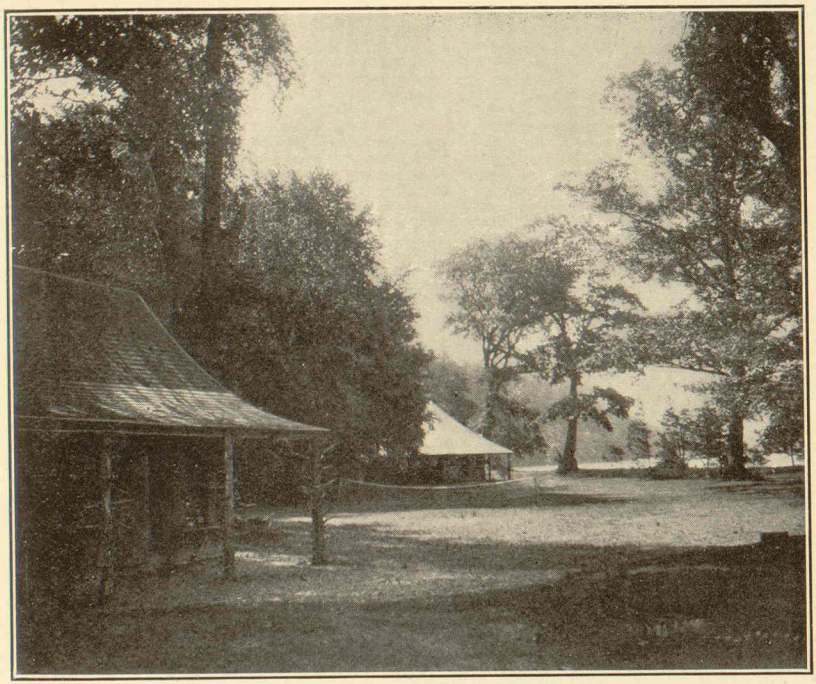
a wilderness. Here and there roofs and spires, rising above the trees, indicate the neighborhood of a town; but, in the main, the lake has still all the charms of solitude, and is, therefore, an ideal place for a summer camp.

The steamer was as free as the lake from the discomforts of a crowd. Two pretty children, belonging to one of the officers of the boat, were playing about the deck and running in and out of the pilot-house in a way that would never have been permitted in more populous waters; and there were just enough passengers to keep the traveller from feeling lonesome.

The camp lies midway between North Hector and Lodi, and, as we drew near, the captain asked whether I would rather be landed at the nearest village or be put ashore in a row boat. He said the custom was for the steamer to stop a little way from shore when she had passengers for Fossenvue and blow her whistle, whereupon the camp sent out a boat, and the guests and their baggage were lowered into it and rowed ashore. Who would be landed prosaically at a wharf when she could be lowered from the deck of a steamer into a row-boat? I chose that method, and the transfer was made quickly and safely.

The camp is charmingly situated on a level,

grassy point, where noble elms and other great trees form gothic arches, like those of a cathedral, above the cabin and the tents. A steep wooded height rises abruptly on the landward side, while in front stretch the blue waters of the lake. A long walk can be taken at the foot of the cliff along the pebbly shore, past a crystal spring in its rocky basin, that supplies the camp with water, past thickets of jewel-weed glittering with dew, and rocks hung with bittersweet, Virginia creeper and other lovely wild growths. The pebbles of the beach under the wooded bank were mingled with last year's butternuts and black walnuts, a fresh reminder of the fruitfulness of the region, and every few steps we came upon geodes, with which the place abounds. The meals are eaten in the open air, under a structure like a mushroom, enlarged by magic till it could shelter a dinner party—a transformation that seemed quite possible in this enchanted spot. Here we enjoyed the delicious melons and peaches of the region, feasting our eyes at the same time upon the beauty of lake and shore. The main cabin is provided with berths, made up somewhat on the principle of those in a Pullman car, and is capable, in connection with the tents, of lodging a large party. The whole place abounds in quaint



and ingenious devices, and is a model of comfort, from the open fire on the cabin hearth, in cool mornings and evenings, to the hammocks hung between posts in the lake, where bathers can recline at their ease in the lapping waves, with only their heads out of water.

The name "Fossenvue" was made by a rearrangement of the letters in the words "Seven of us"—the number of friends who formed the first camping party, twenty-five years ago.

Not the least pleasant thing about my visit to Miss Miller's camp by Lake Seneca was a chance glimpse into the life of one of the earlier white settlers in that delightful region. The farmer's wife, who owns the point of land on which Fossenvue Camp stands, came down to spend the day. She is a member of the Political Equality Club, and has been for many years a friend of the Millers. Sitting under the lofty trees, with their shadows dappling the grass, and the waters of the blue lake shining before us, she told us the history of her grandfather.

George Faussett came to America from the County of Kildare, Ireland, in 1760, at the age of eighteen, without even money enough to pay his passage. When he arrived at Philadelphia, his services and those of four of his companions

were sold for a term of three years to pay the expenses of the voyage. Of the five young men, Faussett was the only one who served his time out, all the others leaving before the end of the three years. His master was a Quaker farmer, from whom he learned how to do farm work; and he often said afterwards that those three years were the best spent years of his life, because of the knowledge he gained in them.

Later, the returning soldiers of General Sullivan's army gave a glowing description of the beauty and richness of the country between Lakes Seneca and Cayuga, in New York State, and hundreds of young men from New England, New Jersey and Pennsylvania started out to take up land there, Faussett among them. He came with a companion to the head of Lake Seneca, where they parted, the other man choosing the west side of the lake and Faussett the east. He put his possessions in a bark canoe and paddled along the east shore. By gestures he made the Indians understand that he was in search of good land, and they hospitably offered to show him where it was to be found. On the way they roused a formidable bear. The Indians warned him to give it a wide berth, as it was a dangerous animal; but Faussett chased it more than a mile and killed it.

The Indians patted him on the back and called him "heap good man," and ever after regarded him with great respect. He chose fertile land, planted and fenced it, and built a bark cabin the first year and a log cabin the second. Then he went back to Philadelphia for a wife. The mother of Polly Morrison, the girl whom he courted, is said to have objected on a ground not common among prospective mothers-in-law, viz., that her daughter was not good enough for the young man! According to the family tradition, she said: "Polly is not good enough for you, George; she is lazy, and you are a hard-working man." But the loyal lover answered: "What is that to you, if I am satisfied?" The young woman had courage to undertake, with her husband, the long journey on horseback to their future home, and turned out to be not only a loving wife, but an excellent financier. Faussett himself was an indefatigable worker, and in a few years he owned sixteen hundred acres of land, free from debt.

The nearest grist-mill was at Elmira, then called New Town. Faussett had to take his grain there to be ground. It was a four-days' journey on horseback, and at night he lay down in the woods, between two large fires, kindled to scare away the wild beasts. Their howling made the darkness

hideous, yet disturbed him less than the thought of his young wife left at home alone. Stories are still told of him that illustrate his strength, courage and resource. One night, when he had sold some produce and was on his way home, he was attacked by robbers. He was unarmed, but he had just bought a pair of candlesticks. Drawing one of them, he pointed it at the robbers and pushed up the slide, making it click. They thought it was a pistol, and fled. When he and his wife were caught in a squall on the lake, and their boat was overturned, he held her up in the water for six hours, clinging to the capsized boat with his other hand, till they drifted ashore. The incidents that testify the most strongly to his remarkable character, however, are those showing the high esteem in which he was held by the Indians.

In the woods just behind Camp Fossenvue is a ridge called The Hogback. Here, on one occasion, the Indians were about to put to death a white settler, whom they suspected of having murdered an Indian. A neighbor hurried to Faussett with the news. He left his work and ran to the spot. The victim was tied, and the Indians stood around, with their bows drawn and arrows pointed, in act to shoot. Faussett broke

his way into the circle, putting the Indians fearlessly aside to right and left, and said: "He is my friend." They lowered their weapons, listened to Faussett's assurances that he believed the man was innocent, and let him go. In the war of 1812, Faussett's son James was with the American army near Buffalo. The outposts were so near that the Americans on the one side and the British and Indians on the other could hear each other's voices. Some one among the Americans called out the name "Jimmy Faussett." Immediately there was a movement among the Indians on the other side, and soon after one of them presented himself with a white flag. He asked if they were right in thinking they had heard the name of Jimmy Faussett, and, if so, whether it was George Faussett's Jimmy. The messenger, on being brought face to face with the young man, greeted him with every mark of affection. That tribe of Indians, who were from Lake Seneca, refused from that time forth to fight any longer against the Americans, and, in addition, kept Jimmy Faussett's regiment supplied with venison as long as it remained near Buffalo.

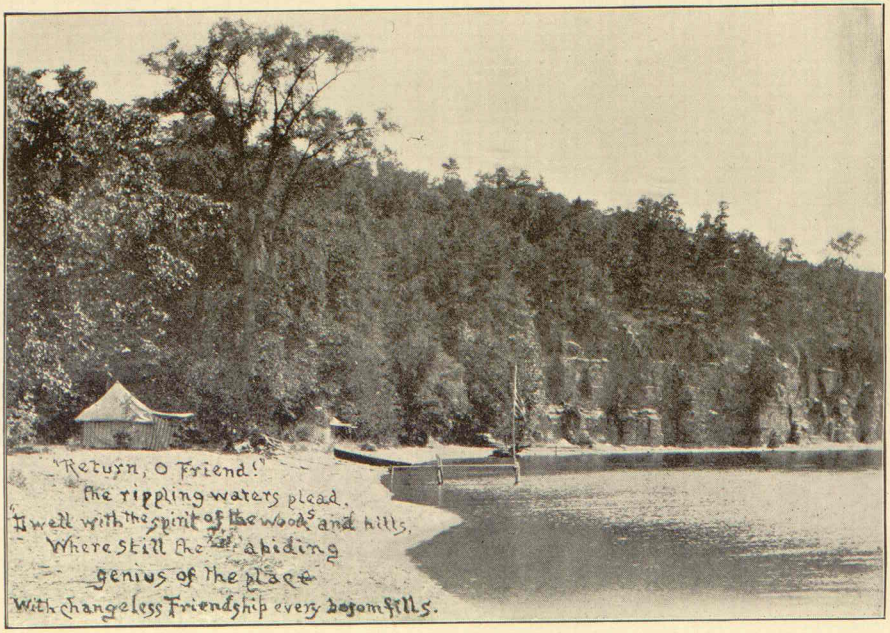
It was often said of George Faussett that "his word was as good as his bond." He was noted not only for his truth, honesty and justice,

but for his goodness of heart. He contributed liberally to the Presbyterian Church of the neighborhood, as well as to the Dutch Reformed Church, of which he was a member; and, when a neighbor died in poverty, and his farm fell into Faussett's hands, he made the widow and her son each a present of one hundred acres of land. When over eighty years of age, he met with an accident that partly crippled him, and his mind became somewhat clouded. His heart turned toward Ireland, and he longed to go back. His favorite granddaughter — "Jimmy" Faussett's daughter, who told us the story—had more influence with the old man than any one else; and she would lead him down, at his wish, to the shore of the beautiful lake, which she thinks he vaguely associated with the ocean; and when he expressed his desire to go back to the old country, she would gently explain to him that it was impossible. He died full of years and honors—a man whose memory should not be allowed to perish. To compare small things with great, I doubt if Carlyle was happier when he unearthed the history of Abbott Sampson from the dust-bins of the past, than I was to come upon the traces of this ancient worthy. His many descendants seem still to be marked by the same sterling qualities.

ONE OF THE WATER HAMMOCKS

Mrs. Predmore, the granddaughter, who told us in simple language the facts here related, mentioned incidentally that she had once sat up four successive nights with the house-dog; he had been severely hurt in an accident, and would not let her leave him without crying out and trying to follow her, so that all his wounds reopened. I thought within myself that here was the reappearance in the third generation of the patience and perseverance which made the penniless young immigrant the owner of sixteen hundred acres of fertile land, and the kindness which so endeared him to the Indians that a whole tribe refused to fight against the regiment in which "George Faussett's Jimmy" was enrolled.

—A. S. B.

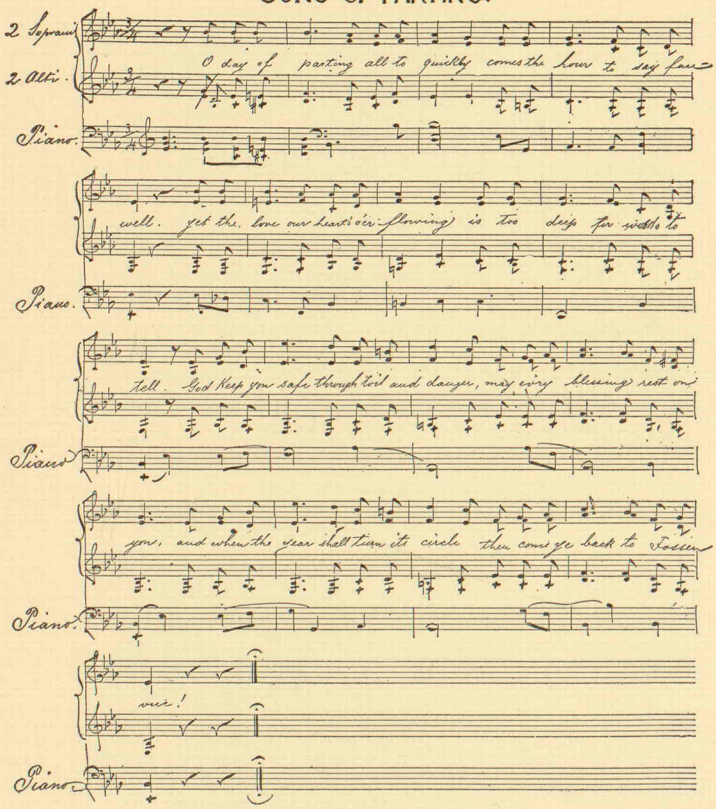

"Return, O Friend!"
the rippling waters plead.
"Dwell with the spirit of the woods and hills,
Where still the abiding
genius of the place
With changeless Friendship every bosom fills.

A RETURN—AN EVENING CALL.

Out to this hill-less land of lakes,
Whose spirit is wed with Trade,
Your card has come—and traffic's hum
Becomes a shrill tirade,
From out whose reach thought flies,
And skimming space's bars
Drops down upon your peaceful beach
To watch with you the stars—
To meet old friends—renew with each
The friendship that your firesides teach—
To chat till late in spirit's speech
If then "Good-bye" to all, there's still the hope
That you'll return the call.

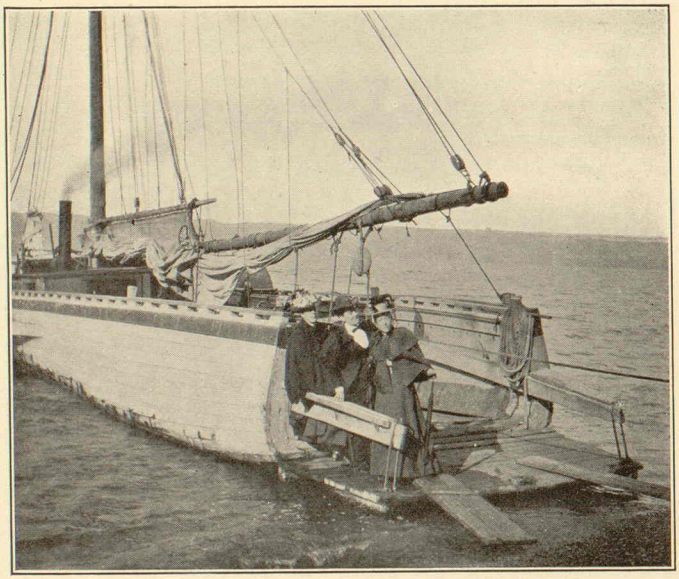
Detroit, Sept. 25th. —R. B. G.

SONG OF PARTING.



OLD RUSSIAN FOLK SONG.

Arranged for the Camp by GOTTLIEB FEDERLEIN.



SONG OF PARTING.

An Old Russian Folk Song: Arranged for Three Voices
by Gottlieb Federlein.

O day of parting, all too quickly
Comes the hour to say farewell;
Yet the love our hearts o'erflowing
Is too deep for words to tell.
God keep you safe through toil and danger,
May every blessing rest on you,
And when the year shall turn its circle,
Then come ye back to Fossenvue.—F. H.

Sparks from the Bonfire of 1901

Comprising

Log-rhythms and Calendar Exponents

THE ALPHABET.

A is for *Anne*, our Princess of delights;
B for the *Bonfires* she burneth o'nights;
C for the *Cabin*, the *Castle*, the *Camp;*
D for *Dineen*, who trimmeth the lamp;
E for the *Eagle*, and also for *Emily;*
F is for *Fossenvue*, home of the family.
G for the *Guests*, from far and from near,
for *Gillam*, the cook, so successful this year,
and H is the *Haven* when sunsets are clear.
I, *Invitations* sent without stint,
J for the *Jokes* which never see print,
K is for *Karl*, for the *Kings* and for *Kat*—
-y who *did*, or did not, arrive home too late.
L for *Louisa*, sweet Order's bright belle,
for the *Lake*, and for *Love* and for *Laughter* as well.
M is for *Miller*, the name of the clan
among'st whose constellations shines N, dearest *Nan*,
O is the steamer *Otetiani*,
and also *Ophelia*, blithesome and bonny.
P is for *Predmore*, who drives us away,
for the *Point*, the *Piano* on which we all play,
Q for the *Queen*, who reigns over all hearts,
and R for our *Rutgers*, three youths of good parts,
S is for *Slosson*, for *Siebel*, for *Seven*,
for *Storms*, *Song* and *Summer*, the *Stars* in blue Heaven;
T for the *Teasels*, the *Tents* and the *Trees*
so tall and so tender to each vagrant breeze.
U for the *Unity* in which we all tease.
V for *Ver Planck* and *Van Rensselaer* we take,
and also the *Verses* we struggle to make.
W the *Welcome* which never grows cold
to maidens or matrons, to young men or old.
and X for the *Xcellent* opinions all hold!
Y for the *Yellow and green* of our flag,
of garments and furnishings, ornaments, bags;
and Z for the *Zeal* of our work and our play
as we linger in camp through each long summer day.

August 11th. —F. L. F.

"MAKING HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES"

THE FLOOD.

We awoke in the night
In a terrible fright;
For a fast pouring rain
Had come round once again,
And down the steep hill
It came with a will—
With a bang and a roar,
Thro' the old kitchen door.
Charles awoke from a dream
With the thought: "Dam the stream!"
So he hustled about
With a courage as stout;
Found a hoe and a rake,
A deep ditch for to make;
That the water might run,
Like a son-of-a-gun,
Past the kitchen's back door,
And no more on the floor
Of the Fossenvue camp—
(The which made it damp
For the dear ladies' feet,
Which were dainty and neat),
And 'twas thus he did save
From a watery grave
Mrs. Dudley and Cook,
By a turn of the brook.
At the coming of dawn
Was disclosed on the lawn
A magnificent lake.
(And this yarn is no fake).

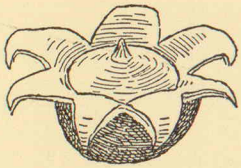
But in white "Marble Hall"
She had slept through it all.

This poem was writ by P. D. But its feet were straightened out by A. F. M.

August 2nd.

PHOTOG. W. W. KING

A FRIENDLY FEELING



THE EARTH-BORN.

The mushroom is of many kinds,
And we have made some curious finds;
The wholesome green, the acrid pink,
That stings your tongue to make you wink—
The graceful, pensive, pearly white,
A fair, but deadliest delight—
The many shades of tan and brown—
The brackets that from trees look down—
The Earth-star nestling on the ground,
Behind Walhalla's precinct found—
Queerest of all, the inky one,
With whose brown juice these lines are done.

August 7th. —D. F. L.

"THE GIANT" AT FOSSENVUE.

Bound in thy bark is God's life, O tree,
Out of thy boughs flows that life to me.
Bird-bearer, wooed by the south wind's breath,
Man in his pride goeth down to death,
While thou standest fair as some queen to be
Crowned on the morrow, O sovereign tree.

Thou art a chemist of might, O tree;
The sunlight under thy alchemy
Turneth to gold, and flickering down
Over earth's carpet of green and brown,
Forms radiant shapes that creep and flee
And sweep our hurrying feet, O tree.

Thou art a poet of power, O tree;
Thy branches whisper rare rhymes to me—
Rare rhymes that have no power of speech
But ever from deep to deep outreach—
That surge and beat like some wild sea
Tossing 'mid cavernous rocks, O tree.

Thou art an artist of skill, O tree,
To paint rare forms on the flowery lea,
The moonlight sifting through thy leaves
A fairy pattern of silver weaves,
And etches strange shapes that seem to be
Of some far-off, mystic land, O tree.

But most of all thou art friend, O tree,
Friend and counsellor to me.
The best thou tellest heart and brain
Thy branches chant in a sweet refrain;
"The Father bindeth all things to thee
With His love and spirit." I thank thee, tree!

August 30th, 1901. —E. W. L.

A SCRIBBLING.

From a Letter

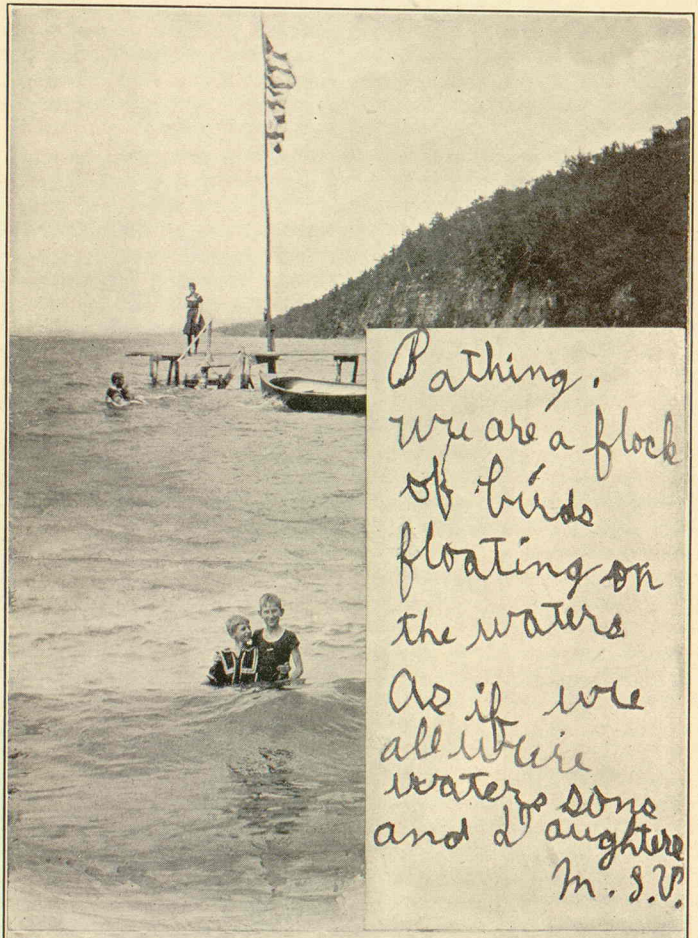
WRITTEN IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF A DAY SPENT AT FOSSENVUE.

The sun arose in splendor,
The azure sky bedecked with feathery flecks of white,
Looked down invitingly.
All nature seemed to revel in luxuriant growth,
And the soft wind woo'd us with caressing touch.
Full of anticipation forth we hied
Where rushes in the great iron horse
Snorting and seemingly rebellious
At the hand that curbs its giant strength
O'er field and fell, past crag and gorge we speed,
Till weary winged the monster stops, and leaves us on the verge
of a deep and shadowy wood.
Our guide, so stately and so fleet of foot,
With sinewy grace,
Leads us downward
Into a seemingly dark abyss.
Deeper and deeper we go,
Steeper and steeper lies the way.
Now we tread steps cunningly devised by the hand of man,
Here danger threatens
And the rustic railing lends support.
From darkness and shadow,
We suddenly emerge into light so dazzling,
And upon a spot so fair,
That one must e'en close the eye and open again
To believe he is there, and not asleep and dreaming.

Fair Fossenvue!
How can *I* in words so crude and vain depict thy beauties?
Lapped by the shining waves of the majestic Seneca,
In peaceful and sequestered loveliness you lie.
Awakening from our trance
We reach the cabin door.
Upon the threshold stands the Queen,
Benign and stately, who with smiling eye and outstretched hands
awaits us.
Next comes the "Eastern Princess," with radiant face,
And she with royal welcome greets us.
Behind come trooping in the guests with little Karl,
All smiling and serene,
In keeping with the rest of this fair household.
At once we hasten to inspect the wonders of this fairy realm.
The castle, the spring, the whitewinged tents,
So rich in wealth of treasure.
The cabin on the crag,
And e'en the kitchen where the cook holds forth in snowy apron—
And respectfully looks his welcome.
The fishermen come in devoid of spoil—
For fish, like men, do here bear charmed lives;
And now, with appetite on edge,
We seat ourselves around the hospitable board.
The good Queen serves us with a wine—of words—
Whereupon with wit and merry jest
We all do ample justice to the toothsome food,
So plentifully supplied.
Then Music's rare delights fall on the listening ear
And woo our spellbound souls,
As by a soft enchantment.
Old Sol, attentive to his duties, warns us, that our time is short.

With halting feet and many a backward look,
We make our "Addios,"
And leave our gentle hostess
And her train with keen regret.
Slowly we climb the steep ascent
That leads us into the upper world.
The summit reached!
One look behind we cast,
Then lovingly on our grateful hearts inscribe the thought
That nothing from us can ever wrest,
The memory of that one sweet day in Paradise.

Sept. 5th, 1901. —N. N. P.



Bathing.
We are a flock
of birds
floating on
the waters
As if we
all were
waters sons
and daughters
M. S.V.

Margarita Schuyler Van Rauck –

LIGHT HOUSEKEEPING IN THE GREEN ROOM.

Never mind locking the door,
Hang up your clothes on the floor,
Pile into bed at the foot or the head,
Think of your pleasures—don't snore,
Next morning—same, t'other side 'fore!

Sept. 11th. —R. B. G.

A POSTAL CARD.

"The Kindergarten," August 21st, 1901.

My love and greetings to you all
  Who bide at Fossenvue
Far over mountain, sea and land
  This message flies to you.

I think with joy of that dear group,
  With whom full fain I'd be,
And closely press the binding chain
  That links those friends with me.

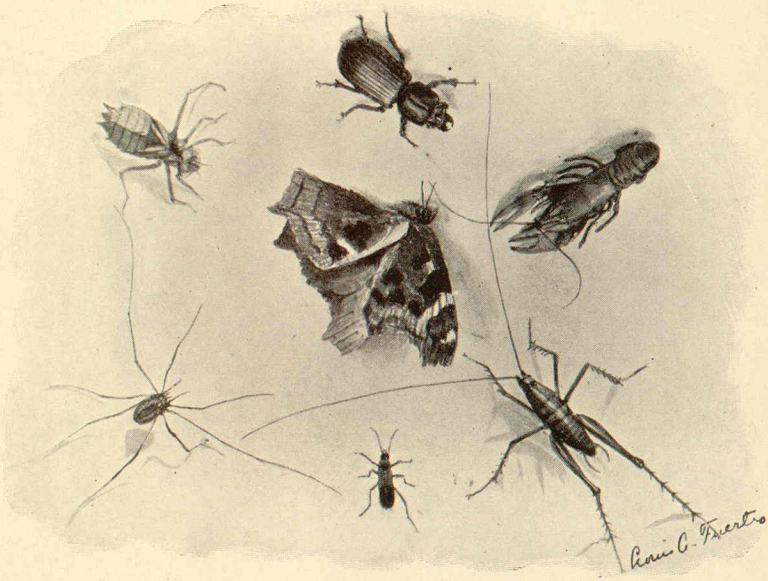
Though many leagues may intervene,
  Still shall our hearts beat true,
And nought can separate the hands
  Once clasped at Fossenvue.

Elizabeth B. Curtis.

Good thoughts of all. Here's to our next merrie meeting.

CALENDAR EXPONENTS.

The "Calendar" is a manuscript volume of contributions from the guests of Fossenvue, covering the time from July 1st to October 6th, allowing one date to each contributor. The idea of this charming compliment to the hostess of Fossenvue originated with Mrs. Felix Adler, who was assisted in carrying it to a successful issue by about one hundred friends of the Camp. As Mr. Louis Agassiz Fuertes wished to be included among them, his original page from the Log of 1900 is here inserted.



Oh, Seven Spirits of Fossemere,
We're one apiece to honor you!
Our lives are short - a fleeting hour -
Yet who shall name the mystic power
That bids us spend it here with you -
Oh, Seven Spirits of Fossemere!

THE BEST GIFT IN LIFE.

Man is a social being. On Robinson Crusoe's island even the man "Friday" is a desirable companion. Solitude is a wizard and like to the wizards of olden time, for if we enter its cave we are in danger of losing our humanity. All that is best in life is the gift of intercourse—the thoughts we think, the feelings that thrill us and language of every kind—the language of the hand you grasp—the gracious language of the flowers you send, the language of your friend's embrace—all these arise from mutual understanding. The benefits we gain from social union are incalculable; they entail upon us corresponding duties—the duties of hospitality.

August 13th. FELIX ADLER.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE FITTEST.

They are waiting each year when the triangle's rung,
For as fast as the bridges of fancy are swung
They can cross to their country of treasure;
O'er the brushes that warm with the beauty they paint,
O'er the voices that ring with what's pretty or quaint;
Through the eyes that can see and the souls that can be,
And in time to some Fossenvue measure,
Come the little true people of pleasure.

July 16th. —R. B. G.

GREETINGS FROM THE CAMP FATHER.

Again the days of summer
Bring thoughts of pleasant sport;
Of tents and trees and cabins—
Camp Fossenvue, in short.

Then in the dear old cabin
Burns bright the cheer horseshoe.
And may the same dear faces
Soon grace our Fossenvue.

July 25th. —R. B. M.

THE SPELL OF FOSSENVUE.

Here the Great Mother takes us to her arms,
    Far from the tangled world and vexing mart;
She folds us safe from fret and vain alarms
    Close to the pulses of the primal heart.

And when her priestess bids us to the shrine,
    While golden days in moonlit memories end;
The goddess smiles propitious and benign—
    Her druidess and Dryad is our friend.

July 30th. —J. H. McD.

PLEIADS.

Dear cousin Nan, I'm not the man
    To tune sweet Sappho's lyre,
By sluggish wit I am not fit
    To touch Promethean fire.

But cousin Nan, I surely can,
    Despite the muse's ire,
My feelings vent, however pent
    My heart's sincere desire.

When we had drove through grain and grove
    To Fossenvue's fair sward,
While threat'ning rain had strove in vain
    To baffle our reward,

With gentle grace and smiling face
    Its nymph a welcome gave,
Its oaks and pines and trailing vines
    And amesthystine wave.

Its cliffs whose feet the waters beat
    With never ceasing strain,
Its eagle's cry from out the sky
    All sound the same refrain.

O Fossenvue! I never knew
    A spot so like to heaven;
But that's the odds, O Sylvan Gods,
    The Pleiads number seven.

So Nannie dear may never fear
    That she shall be forgot,
In memory dear we all shall bear
    Her lovely beauty spot.

August 10th. —A. M. M.

WHERE?

A camp embowered in trees
On Seneca's fair shore,
A company adept
In wit, or mystic lore,
A hostess fair and good
As she of whom I sing,
Thus may the gods have dreamed
Of youth's eternal spring!

Here lavish nature gives us of her best,
And whatsoe'er our mood, drives care away.
Here Mrs. Miller reigns! We know the rest,
There's magic in her name that cheers the dullest day.

August 21st. —K. C. C. N.

ODE TO FOSSENVUE.

Hail to the little point of land
    Touched by Seneca's wave,
Amidst the many beauties
    Which mighty nature gave.

Here reigneth peace and happiness
    And friendship's glorious cheer,
As a charming resting place
    We cannot name its peer.

Rich or poor, high or low,
    Whatever be your lot,
If you seek what's best in life
    You're welcome at this spot.

And now to her, our noble friend,
    Full mete of praise is due—
The one so dear to all of us—
    Mistress of Fossenvue.

Berlin, May, 1901. —H. B.

GUARDS OF THE CAMP.

. . . . the well-remembered
Cliffs whose great walls rise
Grey and threatening to the skies ;
Grim and stern, in solemn might,
They stand as guardians of the night.
Beneath the cliffs and o'er the green
Of shrub and clover may be seen
Great elms that guard the day.

. . . . the well-remembered Point,
With back to the cliffs I see,
Where Seneca's miles on miles
Of deep, clear water curled with smiles
Meets the Point, and there in view
Stands dear and blessed *Fossenvue*.

August 26th. —S. S. C.

TO A. F. M.

Ah lady ! in how many dreams
My thoughts have passed to Fossenvue,
Where happiness is what it seems
And dreams come true !

Where woods and waters softly send
Their free-born music through the air,
And nature makes of man a friend,
To hold him there.

Where happy moments, at your call,
Come like a vision, making bright
The days that hold them, and, withal,
The dreams of night.

In what deep precincts of past time
Dwell the fair hours that swiftly fled,
Echoing—like a happy rhyme
Remembered ?

In what unvisited domain
Dwell the fair hours that are to be,
Whose coming is a new-heard strain
Of melody ?

I know not where ; but know that you,
Fair Lady of the Lake, have powers
To share with all at Fossenvue
Your gift of hours !

Sept. 7th. —M. W. S.

FULFILLMENT.

What calm and peace is there!
What rest from toil and care,
  In thy embrace is found!

What could we wish for more
Than thy sweet peaceful shore,
  Fair Fossenvue?

We love thee one and all
Who hear thy welcome call
  And joyous come.

Sept. 11th. —L. DER. B.

CAUGHT NAPPING.

A gleam of amber in the paling blue,
  And throbs of opal, and a blush of pink;
  Pulses of blended rainbow from the brink
Of the far East, and rays of every hue!

Enchanting hour when all the world seems new!
  When drowning stars in seas of brightness sink,
  And starry flow'rs athirst for heavenly drink,
With songs of praise receive the pearly dew!

Aurora, o'er the mountain slyly peeping,
On tip-toe comes, pale gold her limbs enwrapping,
And spies the languid Lake still softly sleeping.

Her laugh, like countless elfin hands all clapping,
In ripples light comes o'er the waters creeping;
"Aha! sweet sister, have I caught thee napping?

Sept. 14th. —F. P. N.

A MUSICAL ENIGMA.

I.

To my name, when you hear it, pray listen,
'Twill give you the best of advice,
For without it your friends and relations
Will find you not nearly so nice.

II.

I'm a square-built, compact little fellow,
My complexion is certainly pale,
I have a long list of connections,
In ascending and descending scale.

III.

In print I am seen very often,
Though I rarely appear in your books,
And when you obey my injunctions,
You add very much to your looks.

IV.

You'll not find me at all in the water,
Yet close by my side is the sea,
And when tried, if I'm true, I'm required
To live in accord with the D.

V.

And now in your efforts to guess me,
Let no wrinkles distort your fair face.
You'll be clever to name, yet to live me
Will bring you a far greater grace.

Sept. 25th —A. DEZ. S.

BITTERSWEET.

That afternoon was like a violet
Tossed back to winter's hand by April's love,
And as a memory wings its way above
Surrounding gloom, this glimpse of Spring was set
In midst of autumn. One may not forget
The sweep of opal sky, transfused with gold,
When the short day's last hour was finally told;
Nor how rich color burned where forests met
The sunset light. In the dim east there hung
A veil of blue subdued by misty grey;
And over all was silence. Then among
The fields we strolled, knowing far hence the day
Ere we should meet again; and at our feet
There twined life's ruddy emblem—bittersweet.

October 5th. —A. A. C.

A CRY FROM THE CITY.

A storm-riven branch lay at my feet,
In this my narrow city street!
Somehow it brought me word from you;
It spoke of kindred trees at Fossenvue,
Not maimed, nor starved, by pavéd street,
But wave-washed, glorious, complete;
My prisoned city trees call out to you
Free trees of favored Fossenvue!
My prisoned city heart calls out to you,
Free-hearted ladies! Makers of Fossenvue!

Sept. 30th. —A. G.

THE TEASEL.

Happy, unchecked, about your cabin door
    Stand wild green things that others set apart.
They are your welcome guests, e'en such as these,
    Because you know so well great Nature's heart—
How every meanest thing a beauty sweet
    Enfolds to those who lovingly look down
On the unnoted weeds about our feet;
    Lo, e'en the teasel wears its purple crown!

Sept. 17th. —E. AND G. B. M.

HUNTERS' MOON.

The world to-day is like a tapestry
In curious design of misty blues
And rusty olive—all the richest hues
Which opulent October can supply.
Peace lies a-dreaming in the quiet sky
And romance rests in hollows of the hills
Where sunlight lingers golden,—something thrills
Within one at autumned harmony.
When reddening maples flutter in the breeze
A memory stirs of glowing pleasures fled,
And where a mellow bloom wraps distant trees,
Hovers the spirit of a grief long dead;
Faint prophecies of days to follow soon
Are whispered by the rising Hunters' moon.

Oct. 4th. —A. A. C.

BROTHERHOOD.

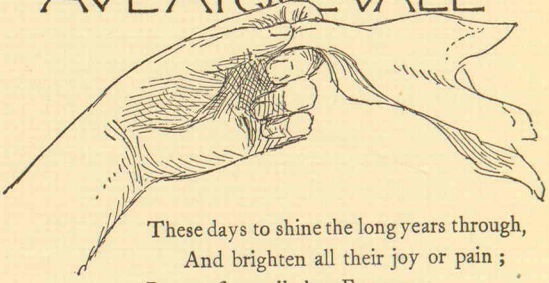
That plenty but reproaches me
    Which leaves my brother bare;
Not wholly glad my heart can be
    While his is bowed with care.
If I go free and sound and stout
    While his poor fetters clank,
Unsated still, I'll still cry out,
    And plead with whom I thank.

Almighty: Thou who Father be
    Of him, of me, of all,
Draw us together, him and me,
    That whichsoever fall
The other's hand may fail him not,
    The other's strength decline
No task of succor which his lot
    May claim from son of Thine.

I would be fed, I would be clad,
    I would be housed and dry,
But if so be my heart is sad—
    What benefit have I?
Blest he whose shoulders best endure
    The load that brings relief,
And best shall be his joy secure
    Who shares that joy with grief.

July 24th. E. S. Martin.

·AVE·ATQVE·VALE·



These days to shine the long years through,
And brighten all their joy or pain;
But no farewells has Fossenvue,
We go—but we return again.

—A. A. C.

THOSE WHO BROUGHT FAGGOTS.

Adler, Dr. Felix
Aldrich, Perley Dunn
Ayrault, Florence
Ayrault, Grace (Mrs. Storer)
Berry, Laura De Russy
Blackwell, Alice Stone
Brigham, Harcourt
Cloeté, William Brodrick
Collier, Amy Angell
Conant, Ernest Lee
Conover, Richard F.
Cornell, Samuel Gerretsen
Coxe, Arthur Cleveland
Crabtree, Walter Baylis
Cummins, Stephen S.
Curtis, Elizabeth Burrill
Faulkner, Frances L.
Federlein, Gottlieb
Fitzhugh, Cornelia G. (Mrs. Conover)
Fuertes, Louis Agassiz
Gleason, Dr. Adele
Granger, Antoinette Pierson
Green, Rutger Bleecker
Heermans, Forbes
Herendeen, Mrs. Annie Boynton
Hopkins, Virginia Murray
Ives, Ella G.
Kemeys, Edward
King, Herbert Graham
King, John Lord
King, William W.
Lawrence, Mrs. Margaret Stanton
Le Bourgois, Elizabeth Charless
Ledyard, Helen Seymour
Ledyard, Maria Fitzhugh
Lincoln, Dr. David F.
Linn, Mrs. Edith Willis
Martin, Edward Sandford
Martin, John Williams
Martin, Williams Swift
McDaniels, Prof. Joseph Hetherington
Meredith, Eugene
Meredith, Mrs. Gertrude Burlingame
Miller, Col. Alexander Macomb
Miller, Anne Fitzhugh
Miller, Col. Charles Dudley
Miller, Mrs. Elizabeth Page
Miller, Mrs. Elizabeth Smith
Miller, John Bleecker
Miller, Rutger Bleecker
Nash, Arthur Cleveland
Nash, Prof. Francis Philip
Nash, Mrs. Katharine Coxe
Partridge, Mrs. Nellie Nares
Potter, Dr. Eliphalet Nott
Potter, Eliphalet Nott, Jr.
Potter, Helen Fuller, Jr.
Purington, Mrs. Louise C.
Richards, Peter
Root, George
Rose, Mrs. Edith Ayrault
Sampson, Prof. Martin Wright
Schieffelin, Schuyler
Scott, Prof. Jeanette
Seward, Alice De Zeng
Slosson, Charles Aubrey
Slosson, Edward
Smith, Anne Beckwith
Smith, Mrs. Caroline Buttles
Smith, Elizabeth (Kentucky)
Smith, Dr. Gerrit
Snyder, Emily Dilworth
Van Rensselaer, James Taylor
Ver Planck, Margarita Schuyler
Ver Planck, Mary Elizabeth
Ver Planck, Ruth Lesley
Ver Planck, William Gordon
Wagner, Robert
Webster, Horace D.

CORRECTIONS

Page 88. Author's initials: H. S. L. and M. F. L.

Page 91. Third line, insert *to* before obey.

Page 115. Title of last verse: To E. B. C.

Page 143. Include in first title: M. O. K.

Page 240. Include Ver Planck, Mary Grandin, (Mrs.) 1885.

THOSE WHO BROUGHT FAGGOTS.

Adler, Dr. Felix
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Ayrault Grace (Mrs. Storer)
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Blackwell, Alice Stone
Brigham, Harcourt
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Collier, Amy Angell
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Cummins Stephen S.
Curtis, Elizabeth Burrill
Faulkner, Frances L.
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Green, Rutger Bleecker
Heermans, Forbes
Herendeen, Mrs. Annie Boynton
Hopkins, Virginia Murray
Ives, Ella G.
Kemeys, Edward
King, Herbert Graham
King, John Lord
Le Bourgeois, Elizabeth Charless
Ledyard, Helen Seymour
Ledyard, Maria Fitzhugh
Lincoln, Dr. David F.
Linn, Mrs. Edith Willis
Martin, Edward Sandford
Martin, John Williams
Martin, Williams Swift
McDaniels, Prof. Joseph Hetherington
Meredith, Eugene
Meredith, Mrs. Gertrude Burlingame
Miller, Col. Alexander Macomb
Miller, Anne Fitzhugh
Miller, Col. Charles Dudley
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Miller, Mrs. Elizabeth Smith
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Potter, Eliphalet Nott, Jr.
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Smith, Dr. Gerrit
Snyder, Emily Dilworth
Van Rennselaer, James Taylor
Ver Planck, William Gordon
Ver Planck, Margarite Schuyler
Wagner, Robert
Webster, Horace D.

THOSE WHO CAME, AND WHEN.

A

Adler, Felix, 1900
Adler, Helen, Mrs., 1900
Adler, Waldo, 1901
Aldrich, Perley Dunn, '96, '97, 1901
Aldrich, Jeannie L., Mrs., 1896
Alliman, Frances Dudley, 1900
Alliman, L. A. W., Dr., 1900
Alliman, Dudley, 1900
Alliman, Marion, 1900
Anderson, James (Cook), '94, '95, '96, '97, '98, '99, 1900
Anthony, Susan B., 1892
Ashe, F. F., Mrs., 1898
Ashe, Adra Annis, 1901
Ayrault, Anne Dana, '81, 1884
Ayrault, Walter, Jr., 1881
Ayrault, Ernest Fitzhugh, '82, '83, '84, 1885
Ayrault, Guy, '84, 1885
Ayrault, Arthur, 1898
Ayrault, Grace, '84, 1895
°Ayrault, Florence, '94, 1895

B

Barclay, Cornelia, 1882
Barclay, Robert Cochrane, 1882
Barclay, Beatrice W., 1896
Barclay, Harold, 1897
Barbour, Myron, 1896
Barnette, Ellen S., '96, '97, '98, 1900
Beegan, Bridget (Cook), '90, 1895
°Bellows, Geo. Powell, '81, '82, '83, '84, 1885
Berry, Edward J., 1899
Berry, Laura de Russy, '94, '95, '97, '99, '00, 1901
Berry, Maria Hughes, 1882
Berry, Martha McChesney, 1895
°"Billy Dog," '82, '83, '84, '85, '90, '91, '92, '93, 1894
°Birney, Elizabeth Fitzhugh, 1882
Blackwell, Alice Stone, 1900
Blatch, Harriet Stanton, 1899
Blatch, Henry W., 1901
Boswell, Wm. Oliver, '96, 1897
Bowles, Samuel, 1883
Bowles, Dwight, 1882
Bowman, J. Porter, 1882
Boynton, George A., 1892
Brady, Margaret (Cook), '96, '97, 1898
Brewer, M. W., 1882
Bridge, Anne Palfry, 1875
Brigham, Harcourt, 1900
Brown, Agnes B., 1884
Brown, Alice M., 1882
°Brown, Frances, 1885
°Brown, Glen, 1883
Brown, Kate C., 1884
Bruyn, A. K., 1883
Bunn, Louise, 1898
Burrall, Charles Stacy, '83, '99, 1901
Burrall, Sarah Mellen, Mrs., '00, 1901
Burrall, Isabella, '00, 1901
Burrall, Hallett, '00, 1901
Burbank, Emily, 1896
Burlingame, Catherine Sedgwick, Mrs., '84, '90, 1900
Burlingame, Roderick, 1900
Burns, Anne H. F., Mrs., '82, 1896
Burns, Janet, '96, 1897
Burns, Robert A., 1896
Butterfield, Carrie A., 1882
Buttles, Edwin K., 1885
Butts, Catharine Stevens, '92, 1894
Butts, J. E. Perry, 1900
Butts, Orpha S., Mrs., 1900
Butts, Earle, 1898

C

Cady, Clarence W., 1892
Cammann, Elizabeth, 1885
Cash, Helen, 1882
Charles, Peter (Boatman), 1895
Chew, Alexander D., '91, '93, '94, 1901

°Deceased.

Chew, Beverly, '84, 1885
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