

MESSENGER

Vol. 3 No. 5 January, 1897

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The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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VOL. III.

ANNANDALE, N. Y., JANUARY, 1897.

No. 5.

A Happy New Year.

THE flowers have faded, the summer is past,
The hills are with bleak winter's visage o'er-cast ;
Though chill winds are blowing, their accents are clear,
Be strong, for we bring you A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Though black darkness follows the swift-sinking sun,
And holds the one day till another's begun ;
It scatters awhile, that the moon may appear,
And seem to bespeak us, A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The shadows depart at the advent of dawn,
The hills reappear in the burnish of morn,
The notes of the snow birds, prophetic and clear,
Ring out from the tree tops, A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

When clouds gather darkest, and no light is seen,
Because for the time we seem blind to its sheen,
There can always be found, in the sad, and the drear,
A ground for the hope of A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

I wish thee the best that thy days can afford,
In bountiful measure, in sweetest accord,
A trueness of love that shall cast away fear,
In some lasting friendship, A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

—Rieland, 1900.

We Talked About Books.

IT was at a college "tea." I had seen her before, and had admired her at a distance, but on this day I met her, was formally presented; so that when in the course of the afternoon I chanced to look into one of the cozy little rooms, lighted by shaded candles, fitted with curtains and a richly pillowed divan, and saw her there ensconced, I made bold to enter. I had been told that she seemed not to know society's "chit-chat," or at least that she did not talk it, so I eagerly grasped the opportunity for conversation which a book, held in her hand, gave me. She had removed her veil and one glove, and sat among the cushions in the subdued light, so like an eastern princess that I might have hesitated to disturb her, but for her winning smile of recognition as I appeared at the door-way.

In fact she opened the conversation by saying, that being compelled to remain all the afternoon, as she was a guest of one of the ladies receiving, she had sought out this cozy corner with its tempting revolving book-case. Speaking, she held up the book in her hand that I might read its title: "A Lady of Quality," by Mrs. Burnette, and asked me if I had read it. I had not, but I was anxious for her opinion of it.

"It is a most extraordinary book," she said, "considering who wrote it. It did not strike me as so bad as I had been told it was, but coarse and totally unattractive to me; and I think it might do harm to some people. Still it is a strong story, strongly told, and takes hold of you from the beginning."

Before I sat down in the big chair, whose back, with the book-case, formed a screen between us and the room without, I had picked up Mrs. Ward's "Singular Life." As my companion finished speaking, as if to change the subject, she leaned over to read the title and her face lighted with sympathetic appreciation. "You have read it," she said. "Isn't it inspiring?" Why, do you know, it has gained such a place in my heart's library that it is very near "Adam Bede," and he is always on my table. Such books seem to me wholesome—like good bread. I never tire of them."

The book-case near us could not have been more fortunately arranged. Our host's deeper and more serious library was probably elsewhere; for here were only his text books (on a lower shelf) and his literary playthings; a collection like our childhood's treasures of broken china, pretty stones and the like, which we used to keep spread out on the ledge of the back fence.

It had not taken me long to discover a copy of Field's "Western Verse," and here, again, I found my companion an enthusiastic admirer. I could not entirely agree with her opinions in this case, however, for my fondness for Riley would assert itself; and when I put Field into the hand eagerly stretched out for it, I searched for a copy of Riley, and was not disappointed. After a eulogy upon Field and his appreciation of the child nature, from her, I ven-

ured the remark that in my opinion he was at present riding upon the crest of a wave of posthumous fame. I instanced Riley as an example of equal if not superior excellence in Field's sphere, and as, moreover, embracing with his versatile poetic genius a much larger one. As I expected, I found her caring less for Field's dialect and humorous verses, than for his poems of child life. I also found that she knew little of Riley's besides his "Raggedy Man" and "Little Orffant Annie."

The volume which I held in my hand was a dainty little one in blue and white, "Old Fashioned Roses," and in my zeal for my beloved Riley I was bold and asked if I might read her some of my favorites. She made it very easy for me by her charming compliance, and while she rested dreamily among the pillows I tipped the shade of a candle for more light, and read several poems of widely different styles: "The South Wind and the Sun," "When Bessie Died," and the sonnet on "Silence." Then to prove my statement that he had excelled Field in dialect verse—for he never even approaches coarseness—I read her "A Summer's Day," which contains that irresistible simile, describing a boy's weariness at the end of a day of pleasure:

"So tired you can't lay flat enough
And sort o' wish that you could spread
Out, like molasses on the bed,
And jest drip off the aidges in
The dreams that never come again."

I even dared to offer to send her my copy of his "Rhymes of Childhood," and she, gracefully accepting my offer, asked if I would not bring it with me when I called. Her charming manner made Heaven seem all about me.

I was certainly tempted to say that I had not read several of Field's, which she mentioned as her favorites, that I might ask her to read them to me; but I was unable to conceal my hearty appreciation of such as "Good-by—God bless you," "Ailse, My Bairn," "The Dutch Lullaby" and "Some Time." We found a copy of Richard Harding Davis' stories next, but here we agreed so perfectly in our appreciation of "Dicky," as she called him, that I would be egotistical to record our opinions. In mentioning the "Cinderella" collection and its best story, "Miss Deleamar's Understudy," she said: "I have often wondered if that was not written with a deep moral purpose. I should like to publish it separately as a sort of tract and send it to a number of my friends, especially some college men whom I know."

I had for some time been fondling a little volume, holding my finger at a particular place in its pages. It was a translation of Max Müller's "Memories; a Tale of German Love." She had not read it, and my regret must have showed itself in my face, for she took the book from my hand, saying, "One of your children? I must read it; perhaps I too shall learn to love it." Then

her eyes fell upon the open page where my finger had been, and she saw Arnold's poem, "The Buried Life." "Oh, is that enshrined here?" she said. "Then I do not wonder that you love a book which is worthy of such a treasure. If it were possible to say which is one's favorite poem, I believe this would be mine; for I think it fits best with all my moods, and always brings me back to my true, my honest, yes, my best self; like some good people whom we all cherish among our human friends."

Then I was very bold, and asked her to read it to me with her interpretation. She hesitated for a moment, and thinking that she was going to comply, I started to move one of the candles nearer. But she restrained me with a gesture, and then settling back into the pillows she closed her eyes and recited the whole poem, in such a soft, rich, sympathetic voice, and with such depth of feeling that tears rushed to my eyes, and when she had finished I was silent; I did not want to speak. She, too, was very quiet and I was almost afraid to look up at her.

The silence might have become embarrassing, had not our host appeared just then in the door-way. "Here, are you?" and to my companion, "I beg your pardon, but Mrs. X—— is waiting for you."

I have seen her since; not once only. She has my Riley; but I fear that it is not the *only* thing of mine that she has.

—*Herbert Seymour Hastings, '98.*

THAT MISTLETOE.

She stood beneath the chandelier
With eyes and cheeks aglow;
He promptly saw his chance for bliss,
And pressed upon her lips a kiss,
And blessed that mistletoe.

It happened that her pa came it;
Oh, ruin, wreck and woe!
His boot was big and well applied,
And soon the young man stood outside,
And cursed that missile toe.

—*Ex.*

To Lyde.

HORACE, BK. III, ODE 28.

BRING forth, Lyde, the Caecuban,
Attack fair wisdom, if you can,
Forever turned from you.

On this, Old Neptune's festal day,
Than to come forth in glad array,
What better can you do?

You see the noon-tide swiftly wanes,
Yet, just as if the day remains,
And hours flee not away,—

You all unmindful of your task,
Delay to bring the loitering cask
Stored in Bibulus' day.

By turns, of Neptune will we sing,
And fitting lays to Nereids bring,
Whose locks are sea-weed green.

On wreathed lyre, Satona praise,
Praise Cythians of ancient days,
Swift with their arrows seen.

At the conclusion of our songs,
We'll praise her, who, with yoked swans,
Visits Gnidus fair.

And she, who holds the Cyclades
And Paphas, mid fair Cyprian trees,
Shall have a tuneful air.

Night, too, sweet balm of all our woes,
Ere in her embrace we repose,
Shall by a lay be sung.

—*Herbert L. Hannah, '99.*

A New Year's Episode.

THE street lamps had just been lighted in the City of W—, on a crisp, cold, winter's evening, some years since. The snow lay thick upon the streets and the merry jingle of sleigh bells fell upon the ear, as the horses trotted briskly along under the influence of the bracing air. It was New Year's day, and in the fashionable section of the city there was to be seen at nearly every house a steady stream of callers, for at this time "New Year's Calls" were still in vogue, and every one who made any pretension to being fashionable kept open house on New Year's Day. Early in the day the gentlemen started out, and it was often a matter of rivalry who should make the greatest number of calls. At every house they were expected to partake of refreshments, usually wine or egg-nog, and as a consequence ere the day was over many had taken more than they could conveniently carry, and had to be taken home by their friends.

In the parlor of a handsome residence on S— street,—conspicuous because of a basket on the door, indicating that the inmates were not receiving—was seated a young girl, perhaps nineteen years of age, beautiful enough to captivate the most adamant heart. A fair oval face with a wealth of light brown hair, and soft blue eyes, mild yet determined in their expression.

As her fair fingers passed slowly over the keys of the piano, at which she was seated, she glanced around every now and then, with a troubled expression, as though expecting some one, who did not come. At last she hears the welcome sound of the door-bell, and her face brightens as the door opens and a young man is ushered in. The newcomer is a magnificent specimen of manhood, of tall and commanding appearance, with jet black hair and dark piercing eyes. But a slight flush upon his face and unsteadiness in his gait betoken that he has been following the custom of the day.

It is Thomas Underhill, the eldest son of a prominent and successful broker, the idol of his parents, who have never denied him his slightest wish. Graduated from Yale two years previously, he had been taken into his father's business as junior partner. During the summer, before our story begins, he had met, at one of the sea-side resorts, Gladys Beaumont, who had just come from the west to reside in W—, and was accompanied by an elderly lady, introduced as her aunt.

The two young people were thrown much in each others company, and as their tastes were similar, a strong friendship sprung up, which speedily ripened into love. After their return to the city at the end of the season, he was a frequent and welcome visitor at Miss Beaumont's home, and before Thanksgiving their engagement was announced, to the discomfiture of all the fair debutants of W—, each of whom had cherished a desire to win for herself the popular young broker, who was decidedly the catch of the season.

Miss Beaumont had not been received with much enthusiasm by the fashionable set of W—, for it was soon known that she looked with disfavor upon many of the society customs of the day. It was noticed that she always refused wine at the suppers which she had attended, and she was severely criticised for her eccentricity. Such were the two people who met in Miss Beaumont's parlor on this New Year's evening.

As Thomas Underhill entered the room Gladys rose and advanced to meet him. When she saw his condition a look of dismay and reproach came over her face, and she shrunk back from his attempted embrace, and said in a low voice, "Oh! Tom, is it possible that you have so far forgotten yourself as to come to call on me in this condition, when you know my horror of intemperance?"

There is an uneasy look upon the young man's face, as he tries to reply in an unconcerned manner and to laugh the matter off. "Now do not be foolish, Gladys, dear," he says, somewhat thickly, "you know that a man in my position must conform to the usages of society, of which New Year's calling is one. I have made twenty-seven calls to-day and perhaps have taken rather more wine than is good for me. But I do not see why you should refer to me as an example of the horrors of intemperance."

"If the customs of society are to bring you to this, Tom, I shall live to regret the day that I ever met you," replied Gladys in a low, sad voice.

"Now you are talking like a silly school-girl, as if indulging a little too freely in wine, once a year or so, is going to hurt a fellow. You talk as though I were going straight to the dogs," and then with a sneering laugh he adds, "Here, I would not go to the club to-night because I had promised to spend the evening with you, but if you are going to do nothing but quarrel, I shall wish I had gone with the fellows."

A pained expression comes over the young girl's face and for a moment she is tempted to give him a sharp answer, but her natural gentleness of disposition gets the better of her, and motioning him to a chair, she seats herself upon a low stool at his feet.

"Tom," she said slowly, looking up into his half-defiant eyes, "I want to tell you a story, one which I have never before told to mortal ear. It is a story of my own past life, sad and bitter. No one here knows anything of my history, except that I am the daughter of William Beaumont, a rich miner of Colorado. My father was a New York merchant who, shortly after my birth, met with financial reverses and was forced to make an assignment, paying his creditors only thirty cents on the dollar.

"Being a man of strict integrity he wished to make good these losses, and with that end in view he took my mother and myself to Colorado, where he speedily found a position as clerk in a new mining company. Showing a remarkable capacity for business he was soon taken into the corporation, and by successful speculation, within a few years, not only paid off all his creditors, but

amassed quite a little fortune. He was very popular among his associates and a member of the leading club of the town. You can imagine we were all very happy, and it seemed that all our troubles were at an end. But gradually we noticed that my father was less at home than usual. He accounted for it by increased business duties, which detained him in the evening. But often we noticed that he acted queerly, when he came home, and once or twice he was brought home in an intoxicated condition. My mother remonstrated with him and he, very much ashamed, promised not to let it occur again, but the demon of drink had gotten hold of him, and he found it impossible to go with his old associates and resist temptation.

"At last he was brought home one night fatally wounded, shot in a drunken quarrel over a game of cards. He never recovered consciousness and died two days later. The shock was too much for my mother, who was taken ill and died two weeks after.

"Left entirely alone I, then about sixteen, sent for my aunt, and after settling up my father's estate, we travelled for about two years and then decided to come here, and lead a quiet life and endeavor to forget the sad past.

"I know the people here sneer at me and say hard things about me, because I always refuse wine and never have it in my house. But can you wonder that I feel so strongly about it? Perhaps a moderate use of it may do no harm, but then I cannot help looking upon it as the cause of the tragedy in my home. Can you wonder that it affected me so strongly to see you, to whom I have given my heart, in the condition in which you came this evening?"

As she finished the young girl burst into tears and buried her face in her hands. A great change came over Tom as he listened to the sad story, and as he saw her in tears a feeling came into his heart that had never been there before. He had never given the subject of intemperance much thought; raised where there had always been wine on the buffet, he had used it from boyhood without ever thinking of the possible consequences to which too great a love for it might lead him.

Now he bent over the weeping girl and tried to soothe her. "You are right, Gladys, dear," he said in a penitent voice, "and I am a brute to have caused you so much pain. You have made me see, as I have never seen before, the dangers of the wine-cup. And I give you my sacred promise, that never again shall you see me under its influence." There was a true and unmistakable ring in the young man's voice, and Gladys looked up at him with a satisfied expression of trust and confidence. And her only answer was, "I knew you would, Tom."

J. P. G., '97.

The New Croton Aqueduct.

FIFTEEN years or more ago, it was observed, that the supply of water in New York City did not satisfy the demand. In many houses water could not be drawn higher than the second floor. This inconvenient state of affairs had to be remedied and it was decided to increase the supply by building another aqueduct. It was a great undertaking, and a decade saw it still unfinished. Thousands of dollars were expended; many men labored on it; numerous horses, oxen and mules were employed; a vast amount of machinery was required; and steam, electricity and dynamite were used to the utmost of their power.

From Croton Lake to the reservoir in New York is a distance of thirty-six miles. The aqueduct is underground throughout its course and at the distance of every mile is a shaft. Shaft number one receives the water from the lake and carries it in a slanting direction below the surface of the earth. The other shafts along the line are cut straight down from the surface of the earth to the aqueduct. In constructing this great "water-pipe," a gang of men—after the shafts were dug—would go down each shaft and dig toward each other until they met. So accurate were the calculations of the engineers, that midway between the shafts the two gangs of men would meet face to face, not having deviated so much as a half foot from the course. When work was commenced on that part of the aqueduct which goes under a portion of the Gould estate, near Tarrytown, a great impediment presented itself. The land was found to be quicksand, even as deep down as the line which the aqueduct was to take. But the ingenious engineers were not baffled. On either side of the quicksand locality were dug the ordinary shafts. Then what is called a siphon-shaft was dug below the line of the aqueduct. Gangs of men worked from the bottom of these two shafts toward each other and met underneath the quicksand, but so far below that there was nothing to be feared. When the water now flowing in its course from Croton Lake to New York reaches the north side of the Gould property it makes a sudden dash many feet deeper down in the earth. Then it rushes on under the quicksand bed and up again to its former level and away to its destination.

Living in Westchester County at the time when the building of the aqueduct was well under way, I was enabled to see and learn much of its inner workings, through my acquaintance with one of the engineers. I have been at many of the shafts and found the work and life at one similar to that at another; excepting, of course, number one, at the lake, and the siphon-shaft just described. Shaft number four is situated directly back of Sing Sing. As one approaches from the town the first object which takes his thoughts from the peaceful farm scenes around him is a cloud of black smoke rising up above the tree tops. Rounding a turn in the road in a few minutes the whole busy

scene is disclosed to his view. The smoke comes from the engine house. The machinery here in motion pumps air down to the aqueduct for the workmen to breathe, furnishes power for electric lights, moves the elevator in the shaft and supplies force for the steam drills. The dynamite house is at a safe distance on the brow of an overlooking hill. Near by the shaft are the miserable hovels in which the laborers live. The class of men, considered as a whole, were the lowest and most depraved beings, I think, who live by honest labor. Their amusement on Sunday, and when not at work, was pitching quoits, getting drunk, beating their wives and now and then killing one another, or a poor peddler, who might go by. Germans, Italians, Poles, Hungarians, Negroes—the lowest representatives of their respective races. At one time so many accidental explosions took place and so many deaths occurred, that a detective was sent up from New York. Disguising himself as a workman, he got a job and went down one of the shafts with shovel and pick. Hidden in a little hollow of the rocks he found any number of beer and whiskey bottles. Drunkenness was found to be the root of the trouble and after that a much stricter watch was kept upon those going down the shafts. Reaching for many hundreds of yards in all directions from the shaft is a huge hill of stone and earth brought from the regions below. Having a permit in my pocket, I showed it to the foreman, who directed our party to a little shanty near by. Here we put on rubber hats and water proof coats, and then repaired to the shaft. Fortunately we had for our guide and protector a strong manly looking Yankee. Without his cheerful smiling face—seen by the dim lantern light—I fear there would have been some very fast beating hearts while we descended into darkness and damp. As it was, I noticed some pale and anxious faces among the younger boys of the party. In a few moments we were in the midst of what seemed a heavy rain and were glad that we had on the waterproofs. It was merely the water gushing out from the springs in the rocks, through which we were descending. Finally we heard voices of men and the sound of the steam drill, and suddenly a light flashed upon us, the elevator stopped and we were in the new Croton Aqueduct, three hundred and forty feet from the surface of the earth. In the centre of this huge underground snake was a narrow car track and mules were drawing stone and earth in little cars, from where the digging was going on, to the shaft. Here it was raised and thrown on the already huge pile and the car returned for another load. The mules when once taken down the shaft were given stables and lived underground night and day. The men were divided into a day force and a night force, so that the work might never cease.

The next thing that drew my attention was the splendid light from a row of electric lights on the ceiling. The air pumped from above seemed fairly good. Near the shaft the work was entirely completed, all bricked up, forming a huge circle many feet in circumference. Further on the men were shoveling

the earth and broken stone into carts. Others were using the pick. Beyond this the steam drill was making a hole in the hard rock for a dynamite charge. In this spot only the first half of rock, stone and earth had been removed, and work was now being done on the second. The method pursued was this: a gang of men would work toward each other from two shafts, taking out only half the amount of rock which the diagram called for. When they had met about midway between the two shafts they would retire to the starting points and again work toward each other and take out the remainder. After looking at this wonderful piece of engineering for a short time, we were obliged to leave, as the drilling was nearly completed and the men were preparing for a blast. Now that the aqueduct is finished there are ladders leading down each shaft and boats at the bottom. By means of these, the inspectors and repairers are able to do their work. Of course where there is a hill the shaft must necessarily be much deeper to reach the aqueduct. Once more at the top we were glad to see day light and breath the fresh air again.

What an awful life these poor workmen lead! Yet it is a noble work, for by it the "cup of cold water" is given to thousands, yes millions of thirsty people in the great city. The business men, the wealthy men, the aristocrats could not do it; nor would they! Without these poor, low-lived men how could brains and wealth have accomplished what it has? We need intellect and wealth for accomplishing great achievements. But if *all* were *even comfortably* off how could any work be accomplished? "The *poor* ye have always with you." Yes, so we have; and truly it is better that it should be so.

Francis VanR. Moore, 1900

'Twas a Boston maid I was calling on,
And I thought I'd put up a bluff,
So I spoke of Latin poetry,
For I knew she liked such stuff.

But she wasn't so slow as you might suppose,
In spite of her learning immense,
When I asked what Latin poem
Best expressed her sentiments.

For that Boston maid, who in classic shade,
Was supposed to defy Love's charms,
Just hung her head and demurely said:
"I sing of men and of arms."

—*Ex.*

A Virginia Ghost Story.

LAST Thanksgiving I went down to the farm to spend a couple of weeks and shoot some wild turkeys. The farm is a large, old-fashioned place in the most forlorn part of Virginia. It has belonged to our family for many generations; but as nobody has lived there since the war, except the old overseer and a few darkies, it doesn't pay the taxes. It was once very beautiful, and it would be beautiful now if was not for that awfully run down appearance, for the house is surrounded by fine old holly and locust trees, and in the spring it is made delightfully fragrant by the great purple and white lilac bushes for which the place is famous. The garden is hedged in by rows of box which have not been trimmed for twenty-five years and are almost as many feet high, the grass is long and tangled and the morning-glory, myrtle and honeysuckle run riot over everything.

The day I arrived, there were no flowers in bloom, the thermometer was down almost to zero and I was almost frozen. All the windows and doors were locked fast, and the only signs of life about the place were a pair of chickens and a thin, yellow dog, so I went over to the overseer's house to get thawed out. There I found Uncle Silas, an old family servant, who had the enviable reputation of being the worst thief in the county, and I hired him to fix up one of the bedrooms at the big house for me. By dusk Silas and his wife had accomplished this, and when I arrived I found a good fire burning and everything very comfortable. Before I settled down for the night, I took one of the candles and started on a tour of inspection. I had not been in the house since I was a very small boy and I examined the ancient furniture with much curiosity; but I soon came to the conclusion, that I must have company if I intended to stay there all night, so I gave the old thief a half dollar and persuaded him to sleep in the kitchen. I then went up stairs and began to make my preparations for the night, but I could not shake off a feeling that I wanted more company. I did not like to go over to the overseer's, for that would look as if I was afraid and I wouldn't have had them think that, for any thing as the only thing I really wanted was company; so I contented myself with loading both barrels of my shot-gun, and making a thorough search in all the closets and under the bed. I then lighted all the candles I could find and retired.

Notwithstanding my loneliness, I soon fell asleep; but I woke up about midnight with a feeling of chilliness; it was snowing and a cold draught was blowing into my room, and raising the carpet in waves as it swept across. I got up and tried to stop up the crack but could not, so I got more bed-clothes and tried to go to sleep again. In this I also failed. I began to think of the old stories, that were told about the house, especially about a colored butler who had died insane, or drunk (the latter probably) and who was said

to wander about the house occasionally. I tried not to think; but the harder I tried the more I thought, and the more I thought the more I became convinced that this was one of his wandering nights. At last I heard him; he was coming up the stairs: in a minute more I heard him just outside my door and I turned with a groan and went to sleep out of pure cowardice. I had a queer sort of a dream, that that ghost had gotten into my room and materialized, and a moment later I was awakened by something in the next room falling with a crash. I sprang out of bed, grabbed my gun and a candle and rushed in to see what was the matter. I saw immediately that old Silas, who was completely dressed, with the exception of his shoes, was just leaving the room with the greater part of my personal property. I took a steady aim at him with the gun and ordered him to hand over my things. He gave back my pocket-book, hat, coat, cuff-buttons and several other things and said, as an excuse, that he was afraid some of the boys in the neighborhood might come in and rob me, and that he was only going to take care of the things until morning. I made no answer to this except to request him to return my watch. He drew himself up indignantly and said:

"Marse John, I aint seen yo' watch, couldn't fin' no watch nowhars. I spec some ob dese niggers done got in here an' stole it."

"I think so too," I said, "and I think you are the nigger."

"Fo' de Lawd, I aint seen it Marse; but please don't pint dat gun at me, cos it might go off."

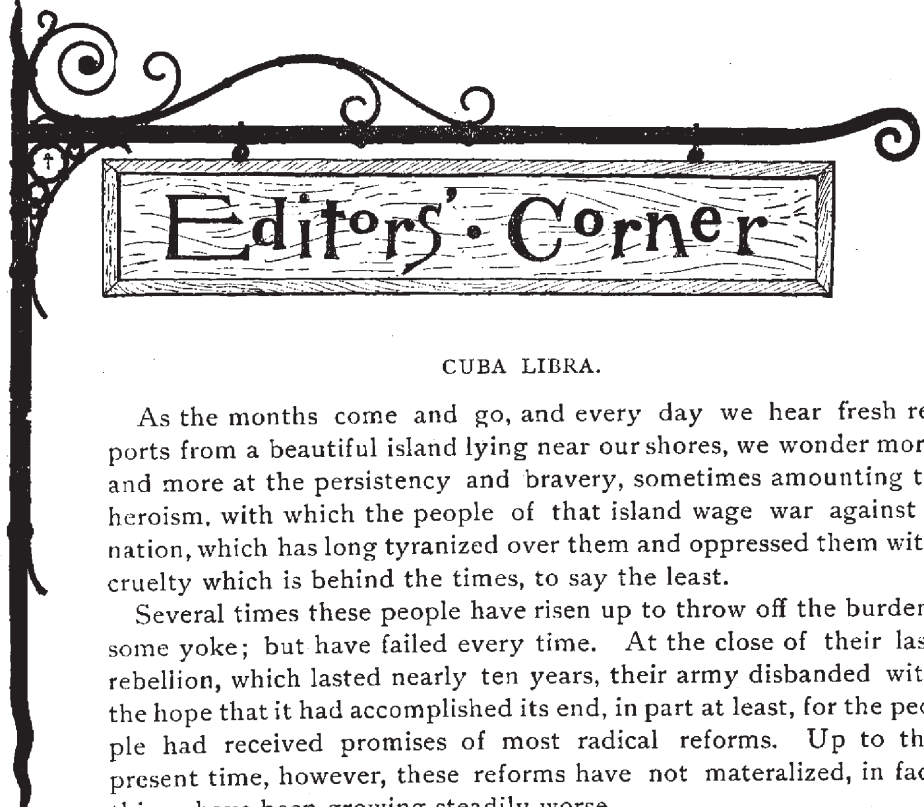
"You black rascal, what is that hanging out of your pocket?" I demanded. It proved to be three or four inches of my watch chain, and Uncle Silas seemed very much surprised, but I wasn't fooled a bit. I just kicked him down stairs and locked him up in a closet. In the morning I let my ghost out. He was very much agitated and protested vigorously that he was innocent of any wrong thoughts with regard to my things; but I was very careful not to leave anything valuable in his vicinity again.

L. G. C.

WHAT THE WILD WAVES SAID.

Do you hear the ocean moaning,
Ever moaning soft and low!
'Tis because that fat old bather
Stepped upon its undertow.

—*Ex.*



Editors' Corner

CUBA LIBRA.

As the months come and go, and every day we hear fresh reports from a beautiful island lying near our shores, we wonder more and more at the persistency and bravery, sometimes amounting to heroism, with which the people of that island wage war against a nation, which has long tyrannized over them and oppressed them with cruelty which is behind the times, to say the least.

Several times these people have risen up to throw off the burdensome yoke; but have failed every time. At the close of their last rebellion, which lasted nearly ten years, their army disbanded with the hope that it had accomplished its end, in part at least, for the people had received promises of most radical reforms. Up to the present time, however, these reforms have not materialized, in fact things have been growing steadily worse.

"Taxation without representation,"—our own battle cry a hundred and twenty years ago,—has run rampant there and in far worse form than we ever knew it. This island has been taxed till its people are driven to desperation, for the purpose of upholding a corrupt and tottering government whose very name has been a synonym for cruelty, from the dark ages down to the present day. Some may contend that these people have representatives; but this is smiled at by those who know, as it is notorious that the elections are performances which rise little above the standard of farce-comedy, and that the presence of these men in the legislative body does about as much good as if they were not there.

These people certainly deserve more effective support, than a few words of commendation spoken from time to time by individuals. They are fighting against tremendous odds; they are comparatively few in number, and up to a short time ago were very poorly armed. Their women and children are openly slaughtered every day without the least provocation, and they themselves are treated as bandits rather than people fighting for their rights. Their flags of truce are not respected, and when taken prisoners they are either starved to

death or treated to a more speedy end by way of the machette. All this and more they have to contend with, to say nothing of being slandered and lied about on every hand.

It seems to us that this has gone on about long enough, and we think that the people of this country will agree with us when we say it is time to set poor Cuba free. You say Spain will declare war! Well, suppose she does?

—Ed., '99.

JOSH.

Old farmer Josh doth raise more fruit
Than any other man.

"They eat all that they can," he says,
"And what they can't, they can."

—Rieland, 1900.

A GREENING.

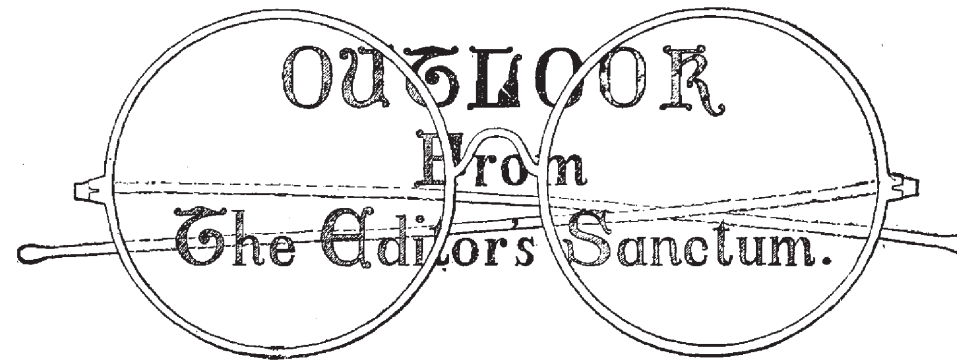
A green little boy in a green little way,
A green little apple devoured one day;
And the green little grasses now tenderly wave
O'er the little green apple boy's green little grave.

—Ex.

STRANGE.

A rooster that roosted in Rome,
Decided to leave his old home,
He packed his valise,
For a sojourn in Greece,
And all that he took was his comb.

—Rieland, 1900.



HERE this number of THE MESSENGER is published, our enforced vacation will have ended, and the Christmas examinations will probably be over with, no doubt, a larger proportion than usual of failures, owing to a lack of proper preparation.

We venture to criticize the action of the Board of Health in closing the college. Possibly it is best, always, to take proper precaution to prevent an epidemic of a disease so dreaded as diphtheria; but there should at least be no doubt as to the diagnosis of the disease. In this case it appears that it was not diphtheria, but merely a case of sore throat; at least it was so pronounced by the patient's family physician.

The closing of the college happened at the worst possible time—just before examinations. Possibly one of the first feelings with many of the men was one of exultation over the additional holiday. But when the difficulty of studying at home and preparing properly for the examinations is considered, we venture to say, that the majority would prefer to have spent the two weeks in college.

Then, had it been a case of the most malignant diphtheria, it does not seem to us the wisest course to send men, who have been exposed to possible infection, all over the country, and risk spreading the disease among their families and friends.

It appears to us, that the better course would have been to have isolated the existing case, and quarantined the rest of the men for a week or ten days, before allowing them to go home, in order to see if any more cases would develop.

However it appears that the Board of Health has unlimited authority, and that there is no appeal from its decisions, however erratic they may be. It would seem that the Board of Health is concerned only for the territory under its own jurisdiction, and if an epidemic can be prevented there, the only end of its existence has been secured and the rest of the country may suffer.

It is right and proper that the utmost power be given to the health authorities in case of an emergency, for the good of the community at large, but at the same time a little common sense should be used in the exercise of this authority.