

MESSENGER

Vol. 5 No. 6 May, 1899

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The S. Stephen's College Messenger.

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VOL. V.

ANNANDALE, N. Y., MAY, 1899.

No. 6.

Post-Bellum Reflections.

BY J. WILL JACKSON.

IT is often both interesting and instructive to reflect upon a present or past event in the light of opinions antecedent to the event. As we read "Westward Ho!" in the after-light of the Spanish-American war, we are roused to a keener interest by a conversation in the early part of the book, where gallant English sailors and warriors discuss the cruelties of the Spaniards. In the bitterness of their contempt they express the hope that a day of vengeance might come for the miserable wretches of the Indies; and the belief that such vengeance would be the work of English hands. It was almost a prophecy.

It would be well worth while, now, to read over a summary of the world's opinions, hopes and fears, with regard to the situation in the West Indies, before this great Republic put an end to all speculation upon the subject.

One phase of this thought concerns itself with our navy. Far back in the childhood of the century, in the memorable war of 1812, our country distinguished itself upon the high seas and won the world's respect. Writers and thinkers of later times busied themselves with solving the riddle of American success in those days, handicapped as our country was by poverty of men and resources. It was not a hard question to answer. For many years previous to the war, New England had maintained a class of fishermen unrivalled in the world for daring and endurance. With such men, though they were destitute of military training, not even the proud navy of England could cope with any chance of success.

In the years that followed the war, economic changes in the country destroyed the fisheries. Then the men who mould public opinion began to wail

over the loss of our hardy, daring seaman. Only a year or two before the contest with Spain, a magazine writer bitterly scored the fates which had destroyed that natural training school of the navy. Just about the same time the all-wise press commenced its attacks upon the "old tubs," "unseaworthy craft" and "death traps," of the navy. Altogether it was a dark outlook in the event of possible war. Without (?) a decent ship; and those we had swarming with ignorant, incapable foreigners, the world did right to scorn a naval power we despised ourselves. But the war came, with the marvellous voyage of the Oregon to still all peevish complaints about "old tubs"; and the discipline and almost incredible marksmanship of our gunners, to teach foreign powers that neither they nor we had even faintly realized our strength. Later it slowly dawned upon the world that in these latter days the sailor mechanic is of far more value than one trained merely in dare-devil reefing and the reckless sailing of poorly equipped craft over stormy seas. Those economic changes which ruined the fisheries and drove the workers into the ship-yards, were subtly preparing the nation for an exhibition of magnificent skill and naval craft. The hastily expressed opinions of ante-bellum days had been founded upon grossly incorrect notions of the thoroughness exercised in Yankee naval construction; and that ignorance was supplemented by an obstinate conservatism which would deny modern methods to modern times. The victory of liberal government over despotism was a grand work; but a greater was wrought in stilling the peevish wail of rash and ignorant criticism.

Daphne.

BY ANGUS MACKAY PORTER, '99.

MISS NELLIE STANHOPE daintily folded up the letter she had been reading and handed it to her sister. "I think Jack's a fool," she said. Now this remark could hardly be considered original, as both her mother and sister had used the same expression that very morning, when speaking of the son of the house. Miss Nellie peeled an orange, they were seated at the breakfast table, and continued in an aggrieved tone, "she probably is very homely and a perfect savage. Has lived the greater part of her life upon the very farm where she was born, Jack says, and as to society—" The pause was certainly expressive.

Mrs. Stanhope was very large, very dignified and very imposing. The Misses Stanhope were also large, dignified, and, as became daughters of their mother and leaders of society, very imposing. Jack the son resembled his mother and sisters only in that he, too, was very large. It seemed as though the female branch of the house had taken unto themselves all the dignity and

love for form which nature could grant any one family. So Jack all his life had been just dear old Jack Stanhope, at the beck and call of everyone. While at college he had been known as a good fellow, with lots of backbone and good looks. Those who should know had even told that on several occasions Jack had been known to borrow five dollars to lend it to some chum. His four years at college had been four years of peace away from his social enveloped mother, for he had spent most of the vacations with Ned Bennett, his room-mate.

After the worry and rush of examinations, when the bitter-sweet time of commencement week had glided by, he would go home. Then having gone through a painful ordeal of formal dances, formal dinners and formal calls, with his formal mother and sisters, he would pack up some comfortable clothes and go down to Ned's farm, ostensibly to see Ned and rest, in reality to see Ned's sister, Daphne, and be with her. Now it was in regard to Daphne that Jack's sister had called Jack a fool. Jack knew that there would be opposition, so, as the easiest way out of the difficulty, he had first married Daphne, then written to his mother that he and his wife were coming home to live.

Mrs. Stanhope had made many plans for Jack's future, not the least of which had been his marriage to a girl whose family-tree was very ancient, with many branches, upon which sprouted some royal shoots. And now Jack had married his college chum's sister simply because he loved her. Her feelings were wounded perhaps the more deeply because in all other matters his mother's word had been law, and Jack had regarded his mother and sisters with feelings not unmingled with awe.

So now Jack and Daphne were coming home; would arrive on the four o'clock train. Daphne had loved Jack almost from his first visit to the farm, but she knew very little of the rest of his family, except that they were Jack's mother and sisters, so of course she should love them.

As the train sped along toward Jack's home he was telling her about them. There had been so much to say to each other before about themselves and their plans that Jack hadn't had the heart to throw a damper upon their happiness. So on his journey he was trying to paint his mother and sisters to Daphne. "They are very formal and awfully fond of society, you know, and they—they had—" Jack paused. Then Daphne laughed; the laugh of a woman who is very contented and happy. "I know, dear," she finished the sentence for him, "they wanted you to marry some great belle, and instead you chose only me. I wonder why," she mused softly, and pressed her warm cheek against his hand. Jack told her all he could, then ended by saying, "but they will all love you, Daphne, and you will soften mother and the girls, and teach them how empty their life has been." "I will try," Daphne answered, just as the train rolled into the great depot. Then everything be-

came confusion and bustle; crowds of people, calls for hacks, the rumble of wagons over the cobble stones, with the rush and roar of the great city coming dimly up from the town. The carriage stopped before an imposing house and a dignified and imposing footman opened the door and bowed them within.

Daphne had intended to kiss Jack's mother and sisters, but when she saw them she thought that she would wait until she knew them better. She wanted to go away by herself and cry, everything was so cold and formal, and unlike home. All except Jack called her Mrs. Jack Stanhope, and when she asked to be called Daphne she heard Miss Nellie remark in an audible undertone to her sister, "she doesn't realize her position at all."

That night Daphne lay awake many hours, and wished for the big farm-house at home, and thought of the sunny fields, and the brook down in the meadow; the spot where the little log bridge crossed the stream, and where she, as a child, had dabbled her bare feet into the cool water, as it rippled and sang over the smooth white pebbles. She was afraid she was becoming homesick. Sorry she had married Jack? No, indeed, for they couldn't take Jack from her and really nothing else mattered. So she fell asleep again. Jake woke up during the night and leaning over softly kissed Daphne. There was a dim light burning in the room and she looked very beautiful as she lay there, her light hair tossed and waving over her face, her cheeks glowing brightly in the soft light, and her long lashes resting upon her cheeks. Jack thought a tear drop was clinging to her lashes; but why should she cry? Then he too, fell asleep.

Jack's work was very pressing that winter and so he failed to notice all the little annoyances as well as the big troubles that Daphne had to face. He was so busy that she tried, when he came home at night to be as bright as she could. And Jack blamed only the city air for her pale cheeks and tired eyes. "Wait until summer," he would say, "and then we can go down to the farm." But Daphne couldn't wait till summer. The heavy winter months crept slowly by. Still Jack's mother and sisters called Daphne, Mrs. Stanhope. It all came out at last one day.

Jack had gone away on business and Daphne was left alone. During the winter Mrs. Stanhope and the girls had taken her out with them, but always with a great display of patronage and unnecessary excuses. This last day they had been very trying and coming home in the carriage Mrs. Stanhope told Daphne that she had ruined Jack's life. "We had such hopes for him," she began, "until he met you. Why he might have taken his choice of a dozen girls, well suited to assume their proper position as my son's wife." "And with plenty of money, too," added Miss Nellie. "But Jack always was a fool," she continued, "and I expected him to be trapped by the first girl who set her cap for him," and she sniffed scornfully at her vinaigrette. The carriage drew up before the house and once inside

Daphne started up the stairway to her room. A few steps up she paused and turning looked at Mrs. Stanhope and the girls. Her face was flushed and there were traces of angry tears in her eyes. Then she said, "I did not 'set my cap,' as you call it, for Jack and I didn't marry him for his money or position. I married him because I loved him." She started up the stairs again, then turning said, "I think all you love is society and society is the only thing that cares for you. You don't know what it is to live and love." Mrs. Stanhope calmly took off her gloves, then she remarked, "Really the girl has some spirit." But she never told anyone if what Daphne had said hurt her. In fact there was no one to whom she could speak of such matters.

That night Jack came home. Daphne had not come down to dinner, and upon his arrival Jack had gone immediately to his own rooms. They were seated at the table when he entered. His face seemed hard and tired and there was a look about the mouth his mother had never seen there before. He took his accustomed place and motioning for the butler to leave the room then turned to his mother. When he spoke his voice sounded dry and hard, and he let the words come slowly, as one who is trying to force down some great emotion. "Mother," he began, "Daphne has left me. Gone away alone. And you, you and my own sisters have driven my wife away. I always knew that you didn't care for her; you consider marriage as merely a social obligation, but I tell you, it is everything to me. I have never opposed you save in this one thing, and now you have driven her away; you and your intolerable society." His mother started to her feet, but he jerked out sharply, "sit down, please." It was more of a command than a request. "I got this note from Daphne to-night," he continued, "and it is pitiful. I will read it to you then I am going for my wife. I have finished all the business which has kept me from her, so now I am going back to Daphne."

"My dear Husband;" he read, "I have gone home, to Ned and the farm. Your mother told me, to-day, that I had ruined your life. Well, perhaps, I have, but I love you far too much to do that, Jack. I realize now that it was foolish to come to your home. I thought that I could make them love me, but I couldn't and I am so very, very tired of trying. I will explain all to Ned and he will not blame you. He knows as well as I how much you love
Your wife, Daphne."

It had been a late spring in the north, but when Jack reached the little southern station, the air was warm and soft and scented with the breath of many violets. Often had he ridden over the same road from the station to the farm, so he let his horse slowly keep pace with his thoughts as he mused of the past days when he had ridden over that road with Daphne. How long ago it seemed! Ned Bennett met him at the porch. "I knew you would come," he said, as the men shook hands. "Where is Daphne?" Jack asked.

They were the first words Jack had spoken. "She is down by the orchard gate," Ned answered, as he turned into the house with a contented smile.

Jack found Daphne by the gate, where they had been together many times before. She stood looking out over the green fields, across the hills, where the sun was sinking lower and lower, making the scene seem all the more fresh and peaceful. She had not seen him until he was almost upon her. "Daphne, Daphne," he said. Then he knelt down by her side and took her hands in his. "Oh! Daphne, why did you leave me?" Some great horned cattle in the field near by pushed their heads over the bars, and looked in surprise as Jack gently raised Daphne's chin and looked into her eyes.

"I hoped perhaps you would come," she said, "but," her eyes filled with tears, "they told me I had ruined your life. Oh! Jack, I love you so, I can't do that." "Daphne, Daphne," he said reproachfully, "don't you know that you are my life?"

Then the darkness crept on and the cattle crowded closer together for company.

The Scholar's Mate.

BY LINDEN HARRIS WHITE.

"**H**AW! haw! checkmate," chuckled old Cap'n Hawkins, as he slapped his knee and looked at his discomfited rival with an ill-concealed twinkle of his blue eyes, "checkmate ag'in!" Then he leaned back against a coil of rope and puffed clouds of blue smoke from his short-stemmed and grimy clay pipe. His whiskers fairly crinkled with delight. It was the second time that night he had defeated his most dangerous rival, the keeper of the general merchandise store. The old fishing town of Nahant could boast no other inhabitants equal to these two worthies in the time-honored game of chess. Hawkins was wont to consider a bad chess-player as a rather inferior being and one scarcely worth his notice. With a "good-night, neighbor," he kicked the soap box, on which he had been sitting, out of his way, pulled his sou'wester down over his forehead and sallied forth into the night. Old Cap'n Hawkins was a widower with a very lovely daughter, who resembled her grizzled and weather-beaten father about as much as the rosebud does the bush on which it grows. The old captain guarded his daughter with the same tenacity that a prickly rosebush protects the lone blossom growing in its midst. Many were the suitors for her hand; many were the disappointed men who went away with the remembrance of the gentle perfume and sweetness of that lovely rose, but with an equally keen memory of the brambles which surrounded her, as represented by old man Hawkins. But thus it is the

world over; only those tenacious of purpose succeed. Many are the thorns which intervene between the seeker and the coveted prize. The disconsolate many were those who, having grasped for the prize in haste, found only the marks and nettles in their hands. Then they went their way, wounded and discouraged. To their minds, great as the prize was, the danger of a second encounter with old man Hawkins was greater. Such craven hearts deserved not sweet little Patience Hawkins. The individual often succeeds, however, where the many fail. If this were not true this tale were as well untold.

Maurie Lee, as likely a lad as ever manned a fishing smack, loved pretty Patience with all his earnest soul. Old man Hawkins was not blind to this fact and the fiery flash of yore lit up his keen blue eyes, and a jealous pang smote through his heart, when he realized that his little lass was not as indifferent to Maurie as she had been to the others. At first the old man said nothing; but there was a perceptible tightening of his lips and a determined look in his eyes, whenever Maurie put in his appearance. The worst of it was the old man could find no just cause to complain of young Lee. He was well behaved, hard working, and was never seen on a drunken carousal like the many other young men when ashore. In addition to this and to cap the climax, as it were, young Lee had by his industry laid up a snug little sum in the village bank. Old man Hawkins was aware of this; but contrary to what might be supposed, it only served to increase his jealousy, for he realized it lessened his chances by so much the more of keeping his charming little lassie at home.

At last the storm which had been brewing for some time burst forth with greater violence, by reason of its unusual restraint. In an interview young Lee had the temerity to ask for Patience's hand. Old Hawkins' answer was picturesque and something more than mere biblical phrases were used as he bade the young man, in a voice that brooked no denial, go about his business. "Sich as ye! sich as ye—have my Patience? Ye as don't known the diffrunce a'tween a bishop and a pawn. D'ye think ye could steer a clear course for my Patience? Aaft there—clear the deck, an' don't show yer face 'round this here cabin again! Mind tho'", said the old man, as he cooled down somewhat, "I've nothin' agin ye as a man, Maurie Lee, save as ye can't have my lassie, 'cause I can't trust her to no one's hands as couldn't tell what a castle or a knight wus if they was put in them. Life, said the old man sententiously, "is like a game of chess, and the moves in both be kind of difficult, an' if ye don't know how to move right in the one ye don't know how to move right in the other. An' here ye be in yer twenty-six year and haven't as much as had a chess man in yer hands; and ye, ye come around here an' ask me fer to trust my lass in ye're inexperienced hands. No! No! Maurie Lee, not 'till ye know how to get the best of me in a game of chess will I give in to ye, an'

that will be never, I reckon, as it haint in ye to beat me. So clear the deck, I say, an' don't come hangin' 'round here no more!"

Such were the parting words. The result of the interview, however, had a different effect on the two men. Old Hawkins regarded his speech as conclusive and barring the way to any further relation between Maurie and Patience. On the other hand Maurie had hardly expected a peaceful interview, and coming from it felt some comfort. There was a hope, although an exceedingly small one. If he could only learn to play chess so as to beat old man Hawkins, he felt sure, from what he knew of the old sea-dog, that his word, spoken in anger or jest, by the very perversity of his nature would be kept. But could he ever hope to beat him. The old captain had spoken true when he said Maurie had never had a chessman in his hand. To him the black and red squares were like a Chinese puzzle and he was unable to remember even the names of the pieces. As Maurie thought on this he became more and more gloomy and he wandered down along the seashore berating himself again and again for not having devoted the last ten years of his life to learning the rudiments of the game. But blaming himself only made him more sad and availed nothing.

For the next week he did not go near the Hawkins cabin, but spent all his leisure in watching the fishermen and sailors play the game at the general merchandise store. He bought a set of chessmen and a board and tried to imitate their moves and to learn the reasons for them, his frequent bashful questions only serving to amuse the players. So that at the end of a week this great honest fellow had labored much—learned little. In fact he could scarcely tell one chessman from another. Yet he took his board and chessmen up the beach and lying down on the sand beneath the shade of an upturned boat began to play an imaginary game of chess with an imaginary opponent, with imaginary results. His brow was frequently wrinkled and he was tempted time and again to throw the whole outfit into the sea; but he was restrained as he thought of poor, pretty Patience whose tearful and pitiful little face he had seen at the window as, unable to eschew that vicinity longer, he happened to pass her house that day. So he pondered, moved a pawn here, then made an impossible move there with his bishop. Following this up with an equally impossible one with his knight, he came to the conclusion that at last he had made some headway. Alas for human hopes! He made another move with the knight of his imaginary opponent. On comparing it with the move made with his own knight he saw that there was something wrong somewhere. He knew at least that knights have a uniform way of moving, and it was clear he had moved them two different ways, as to which was the correct way he was dubious. This set him to comparing some of the moves he had made with his other pieces; these did not tally either. This was too much. Tears of anger sprang up in his eyes. Leaping to his feet he hurled board and chess-

men vehemently to the ground. He decided his effort was useless, and come what would, old man Hawkins' anger would be brooked once more by a renewed appeal.

He started off and nearly ran into a young college man who was a summer boarder at the place. He had been standing there sometime, watching Lee's whole performance, how long, Maurie did not know. The young fellow greeted Lee kindly; picking up the chessboard, he beckoned him to sit down beside him. "See here, old man, I have been watching your attempts at learning something about this intricate game, and from your own unconscious lips I know something of the stake for which you would play. Now, if you have time, I will teach you the names of these pieces and show you a simple trick which has caught many a good chess player unawares, and is like to do so again, especially if one's opponent underrates him." Lee, of course, gratefully accepted the college man's offer and seated himself with renewed desire to learn. The stranger was patient, and corrected Lee's mistakes time and again, and finally showed him a simple trick. Although so willing, Lee was nevertheless so unapt a pupil that it took several afternoons before he could master the trick and a few simple moves. He had been carefully instructed and was wise enough to see that his only hope lay in working off the simple trick he had learned, on old man Hawkins.

Great was the laughter and the gibes he received when he informed the old captain of his desire to play him a game of chess; but the old man thought to humor him, and at the same time to beat him so easily that he would give up his silly notion and hopes. The twain repaired to the general merchandise store, and found several fishermen lounging about ready for any sport, and the young college man—strange to say—wandered in and watched the two as they prepared for the game. He gave Lee a covert smile of encouragement.

When all was ready old Cap'n Hawkins turned to the interested spectators and Lee, and burst out with, "The boldness of the risin' generashun is somethin' unthinkable! Ye certainly have a heap of nerve, lad, if ye think ye can beat an old dog like me at his tricks; but a challenge's a challenge, an' it's not in my natur' to hold the champinship of this here town, unless I defeat all comers. 'Twouldn't be fair, ye know! So let's begin if ye be ready. I'll gie ye a handy-cap of six pieces if yeh want 'em tho', 'cause I reckon ye'll need them afore ye git thro'," said the old man with a burst of boastful generosity. To the wonder of the on lookers Lee refused any concessions,—certainly a foolish decision, they thought,—but Lee wouldn't have known which chessmen to take, so he wisely decided to play on equal terms. "Shall it be three games, er one?" said the old salt. "One," answered Lee nervously. "So be it, Laddie, tho' I think y'd have done better had ye took the half dozen chessmen and chose the three games," said Hawkins, itching to show the onlookers a bit of his prowess.

Several moves were made, and old man Hawkins marvelled at the quickness of young Lee in manœuvring his chessmen. The old captain scarcely looked at the board and made what he thought his strongest opening; and it would have been so had he been playing with the greenhorn to whom he thought himself opposed. He would tighten Lee's line, however, and land him high and dry. Lee knew no tricks in the game, he thought. So old Hawkins played carelessly feeling sure he could end the game whenever he chose. But fate is kind to lovers, they say, and the several moves had scarcely been made when old Hawkins was astounded by the wildly triumphant cry of his rival: "Checkmate! checkmate!—" "What!" shouted the old man, "Great whales and fishin' tackle! if it haint so! If I haint been caught by that blarsted scholar's mate, me as hasn't been beaten by the best players in this here town." Then followed a stream of picturesque oaths, which modesty prevents us from repeating.

The old man gradually simmered down; then rising from his place ashen pale, as he thought of the promise he had made young Lee, he was yet manly enough to reach out a hard, horny hand across the chessboard and grasp that of his opponent. "My lad, a bargain's a bargain, an' it haint in me to go back on my word; an' tho' I'm mighty sorry to lose my wee lassie I'd ruther lose her to ye than to any other 'round these here parts. Ye've got grit, ye have, an' I admire ye'r pluck. Come home with me,—I think 'twill cheer Patience up a bit."

As they passed out, Lee silently grasped the outstretched hand of the college man, a world of happiness shining in his eyes,—but he never beat the old man at chess again, not even with the scholar's mate.



The Love of Youth.

BY J. PAUL GRAHAM, '01.

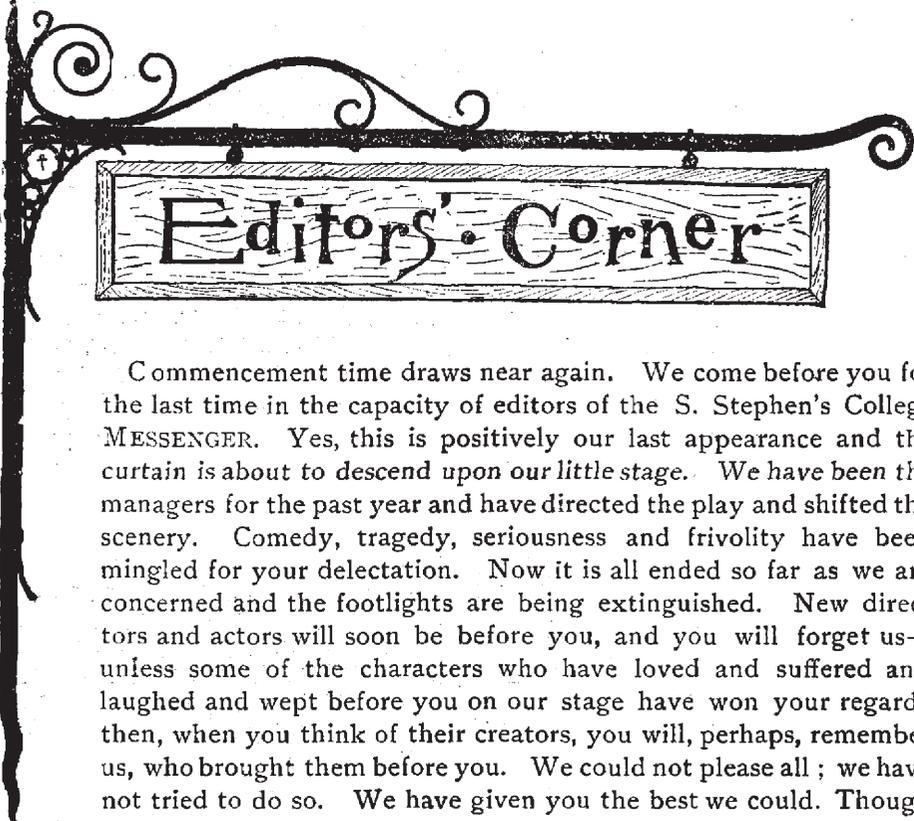
THE sun was made to light the day;
The moon and stars were made, they say,
To give their light
Unto the night;
And so it is, my love, with thee;
Thine eyes were made as light for me.

Sweet nectar for the gods to drink,
And wine was made for man, I think.
My nectar this—
Thy lips to kiss;
So I drink not mere mortal wine,
But mead divinest of divine.

And food was made for mortal needs,
Ambrosia for the gods, the creeds
Of old declare.
To thee I swear
That thou alone wast made for me,
That I will ever faithful be.

These words I wrote, a love-lorn youth.
Since then long years have passed; in sooth,
She was untrue
And I was, too.
So, love sick youths, accept advice:
Ere writing songs, think once or twice.





Editors' Corner

Commencement time draws near again. We come before you for the last time in the capacity of editors of the S. Stephen's College MESSENGER. Yes, this is positively our last appearance and the curtain is about to descend upon our little stage. We have been the managers for the past year and have directed the play and shifted the scenery. Comedy, tragedy, seriousness and frivolity have been mingled for your delectation. Now it is all ended so far as we are concerned and the footlights are being extinguished. New directors and actors will soon be before you, and you will forget us—unless some of the characters who have loved and suffered and laughed and wept before you on our stage have won your regard; then, when you think of their creators, you will, perhaps, remember us, who brought them before you. We could not please all; we have not tried to do so. We have given you the best we could. Though we ourselves have, at times, ventured to send our own children before you, yet we ask no applause for their share in our play. We bid you look to those who have furnished us with that varied assembly of characters whose worth may have attracted and held your attention and interest. Let your gratitude be expressed to *them* if they have given you pleasure or instruction; but do not censure them if they have failed to entertain; we are responsible for that. To those who have shown an interest in our work, and especially to the little world of undergraduates at S. Stephen's who have been our most appreciative audience, we say farewell with sincere regret. May they have as pleasant memories of us as we shall always cherish of them. Whoever our successors may be, they will have our hearty goodwill and sympathy. May their discouragements be few and their work prosper. For the rest—the curtain has fallen. *Vos plaudite.* P.

"The Warden."

"THE Warden," by Henry A. Fairbairn, M. D., is before us. Since we first heard of the inception of this work by our dear friend Dr. Fairbairn, our anticipations have been of a "treat in store." To say that our expectations have been fully realized, it but to feebly express our appreciation of what Dr. Fairbairn has done for us.

As a character sketch, illustrating what manly Christian piety, a clear insight of purpose, and unfailing industry can effect in the sphere of religion and letters, the book is of interest to all. To those who knew the Warden, or whose lot has fallen in the fair fields of S. Stephen's, its value is ten-fold greater, for it speaks of one whose genial personality, and words of encouragement and sympathy, were a potent influence upon our own daily lives.

Tastefully bound, clearly printed upon excellent paper, and well illustrated with portraits of the Warden's friends, many of whom we recognize as familiar to us all, views of the College buildings, and catchy little drawings to head each chapter, we find the conventional biography quite outdone in this attractive little volume.

From school and college days, to the sweet, quiet life in retirement, only those characteristics are dwelt upon which made Dr. Fairbairn the man he was, the quiet, cultivated Priest and Scholar, whom it was our happy lot to know.

When we have read this book, our eyes are opened; we see why S. Stephen's is as she is, and we appreciate her the more for it. We read, how, when the Warden came to S. Stephen's, the semi-Theological course was changed for a systematic course covering four years, with two years preparatory, in which the learned languages, Mathematics, Logic, and Philosophy were made the basis of the liberal education aimed at, and we agree with the author, when in speaking of the elective system, he quotes one who says, "It promotes, perhaps, diffusion of knowledge, spreading it very thin." S. Stephen's owes the author a debt of gratitude for his admirable defense of her course in the fifth chapter of "The Warden," a course which has proved itself of lasting value while other courses are, at the best, confessedly experimental.

The final chapter is the sermon preached by our honored Acting Warden, Dr. Hopson, Septuagesima, 1899, and which occupies this place, by his permission, as a fitting conclusion, and faithful testimony to what has gone before.

The book is replete with value and interest. Value, as a worthy reminder of those lessons of Christian manhood so frequently given us by the subject of the sketch. Interest, in its attractive make-up, lucid and engaging style, now making us laugh by a ludicrous circumstance or witty comment, and again in its analysis of character, showing us in what the Warden was truly great. K.

To Whom it May Concern.

January 29th, 1899, Sunday morning, 4.30 A. M.

I am writing this by the light of my student lamp as it is still rather dark, although now it is rapidly growing lighter. I am writing it now while the facts are quite clear in my memory. My mind is troubled, my hand trembles and I am fearfully agitated, as I think of my last night's adventure. Yet I shall endeavor to relate it as clearly as possible, even though my mind is somewhat misty occasionally. Some may doubt and say it is all a dream, or that I was intoxicated, or that—but for the story. I had returned to my room about 11.30 after having enjoyed one of our weekly "cocoa fights," as a little festive gathering to enjoy a cup or so of cocoa is called. Upon retiring, being quite tired, I fell immediately asleep. Now, I have never been known to walk in my sleep, but on this occasion I remember, indistinctly, dressing myself and opening my window. Immediately beneath this window stretches the long broad roof of our dining-hall. Stepping from this window I walked across to where a large elm tree arose, dim and ghostly, in the sinking moonlight. Grasping the trunk firmly with both hands, I carefully lowered myself to the ground. Thence I made my way down the college hill and up the road, north, and turned in across the foot-ball field, where so often I had watched the teams in practice.

Some indescribable power seemed to lead me on. Across the field I went and an old well is the last thing I clearly remember. I must have gone somewhat further, but in what direction or how far, I know not. I was awakened suddenly with a start, for I had evidently fallen some ten feet directly into the ground. The place was fearfully dark, but making a torch of dry leaves and small twigs, I found that I was in a large cave, and from the farther side seemed to come the sound of running water. Advancing I came upon a strange sight. It was evidently the ruins of an old distillery, for there were the large vats, tanks and a great number of barrels, and all the fittings for moonshiners, all in a broken down and fast crumbling state of decay. To the right stretched a tunnel probably some eight feet square, from the top of which was suspended an old wooden sluice about two feet square, still carrying water, but leaking considerably. It flowed into what once must have been a turbine wheel, but now broken and fallen over, on which the water played with a rather musical sound at about one-fourth its former force.

In one corner stood a table, in the drawer of which I found several old ledgers and papers. But in a farther corner I hastily grasped a pocket-book, suspecting some treasure—nothing but more letters, receipts, etc., and two silver coins, one with the date 1853, the other was 1858; these I put in my pocket and started to return. If I had carried out this intention, I would at present be able to give more than a misty description of a dim recollection. Retracing my steps I came to the tunnel, which I thought I would explore.

Replenishing my torch I started on, looking intently through the darkness and observing now and then, if the pipe line (as I shall call it) was still suspended from the top of the tunnel. But occasionally it manifested itself quite plainly, as in places it leaked badly. I had walked on some distance when I noticed that I was descending, but very, very gradually. After a time I came to a place where the tunnel branched off, larger than this, but the pipe line kept on, therefore, so did I.

Suddenly I stopped short, for I saw something shine slightly. I bent down, only to recoil in horror, for at my feet lay a hideous skeleton. It lay across the path, leaning against the side of the cavern, just as he had very likely died, for in the tight-clenched and grewsome hand there was a pistol, from which had come the gleam. Arising from this hideous object, I thought I would leave it as soon as possible, for cold tremors were coursing up and down my back, and my teeth as they chattered echoed loud in this weird place. I started forward on a slight run. Now I seemed to be gradually ascending, but on I ran for some distance, when suddenly I came to a second skeleton. Resolving not to spend any time on this one, I rushed forward past it, and as I did so, stepped off into space. To say I was astonished would not express it, for the floor had seemed to be of firm rock and I had not thought of such a thing. I fell perhaps fifteen or twenty feet, and in falling lost my breath and became unconscious. In this condition I must have lain some time. Dizzily staggering to my feet, I stretched forth my arms to balance myself and, through weakness, pitched forward. I felt myself rolling down a steep descent, now on my right side, then on my left. I felt a sharp stone grate under me and at length crashed headlong into a tree-trunk. The rapidity of my descent, and the zig-zag course I had taken, caused me to lose all power of again finding my bearings. When I struck the tree I probably remained unconscious for some hours. At length I rose bruised and bleeding. I glanced around me. Daylight was beginning to dawn, and through the thick rising mist the dim forms of the trees could be discerned. *I was standing at the foot of "The Falls."* Finding my way to the path I ran as I have never run before.

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Well, here end the facts. Some may doubt, but I have endeavored to state them as clearly as possible. Since writing the above I have made careful investigations, at about where I must have entered and have made my exit, but cannot find the slightest trace, except a small piece of my coat caught on a barb wire fence near the old well.

The pipe line probably furnished the motive power for the still and received its source in an underground manner from the falls, for I can find none in sight. The seclusion and quiet of Annandale would offer ample opportunities for such a method of law-breaking. I have since learned from

careful investigations of government reports that large quantities of illicit whiskey were put on the market throughout this vicinity at about the date on one of the coins. Also that two government officials were dispatched to discover the source of this product and were never again heard from. Were the two skeletons I found the remains of the officials? Was there some great struggle, and did the secret die with the contriver or contrivers of the plot, and have I cleared up some mystery? The larger passage-way I noticed was probably used as a roadway (I know not where to), for the quiet disposal of their product.

I have not referred the matter to the proper authorities, as I have been unable to secure sufficient proofs. I wish the opportunity might be given me to revisit this strange place when in a better frame of mind and under better conditions. I shall cherish the two coins as the reminiscence of my strange adventure. I have made diligent inquiry among the students in regard to any legend or story of an ancient still in this locality, but in vain. If this should fall into the hands of any alumnus, or other person who has knowledge of any such legend or story he will convey a favor by informing *George Seymour West*.

College Notes.

—The Senior oratorical contest for the McVickar prize will be held in Bard Hall Saturday morning, May 27th.

—Instead of the usual Missionary Service on the eve of commencement day, a Memorial Service to our late warden will be held.

—H. E. A. Durell, '02, was unanimously elected captain of the foot-ball team for the season of '99.

—The following are the officers of the Mask and Gown Club for the season of 99-1900. President, Linden Harris White, 1900; Manager, H. Eugene A. Durell, '02.

—The Students' Volunteer Fire Brigade has been formed and recently enjoyed as well as distinguished themselves by putting out a number of grass fires.

—Rev. John Mills Gilbert, '90, was recently married.

—Rev. A. R. Mansfield, '92, is to be numbered among those who will assume the marital yoke this coming June.

—Rev. Charles Judd, M. A., (Trinity), and fellow at the General Theological Seminary, visited Messrs. Kinney, Knollmeyer and Barnes for a few days during the middle of this month.

—The Freshmen succeeded in burying their Algebra on the night of May 19th much to the delight (?) of the Sophomore class whose vigilance up to that time had been unflagging.