

tioned a life position on one of the comic papers of the day. From several statements made by the gentleman in question, it is difficult to decide whether they emanated from a brain showing slight traces of an ancestry direct from Ananias, or one verging on the confines of a home for the incurables.

In either case it would be only just to ourselves and everybody concerned to point out a few of the more glaring fallacies, and show in what particular they are wrong. In the first place, the mile which the Lafayette team was compelled to walk to the athletic grounds, as they claimed, can easily be reduced to a quarter of a mile by accurate measurement, and if this were too great a distance, they could have dressed within one hundred yards of the centre of the field. What more could one ask than this? Contrary to the next statement, our full-back is not our coach, and never has been, and our captain and left guard is not an alumnus, but a member in full standing of the Junior class. Further, we have no coach this season, and never have had, and yet we play much better ball than many colleges who can afford such a luxury. As to the so-called safety and the one ten yards given State for alleged off side playing, they were both ruled by Lafayette's manager, and with him those questions can best be argued. The old cry of unfair treatment was raised in a general way, but to this we can only add that if State always receives as square treatment as was accorded Lafayette in her game here, a protest will never be heard from her students. No, not even if it were possible that she could be defeated by such a score as she inflicted upon Lafayette

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*FROM AN OLD MANUSCRIPT.*

The history of American colonization has been the theme of many writers, and the dangers and sufferings of the first settlers have filled whole volumes. Much as has been written, however, more remains, either in old manuscripts or buried in oblivion.

One incident of this early period recently came into my possession, in the form of a manuscript written about the year 1690 by one of the participants, and as I believe it has never before been published, I give it here.

"Early in the seventeenth century a little log cabin stood in the center of a small clearing in the Province of Maine. On one side was primeval forest trodden only by wild animals and the yet more savage red man. On the other, at the foot of a grassy slope, a stream swept by to a little settlement a half mile below. Here in the clearing, a young farmer and his wife had located, striving for life and sustenance.

Several times dark faces had peered into the cabin; once their cattle had been driven off, but as yet no openly hostile attack on the settlers themselves had been made.

In this lonely dwelling twin girls were born, and despite the dangers without, happiness and contentment could ever be seen in the faces of the parents as they watched their little ones.

One morning in early spring the father went out to his work, and after placing the babes in the cradle the mother went to milk the cow. Suddenly she was seized by an Indian, her kerchief, torn from her neck, was forced into her mouth to stifle her screams, her hands were tied, and she was thrown to the ground. A loud whoop made to attract her husband's attention, caused him to snatch up his gun and run to the rescue, only to be struck down from behind by a tomahawk and left for dead. The Indians ransacked the cabin, taking what they desired, after which they set fire to the house and departed into the depths of the forest, leaving the two children untouched and asleep in the burning hut.

The smoke, however, was seen by the neighbors who hastened to the scene, where through the open door they saw the cradle and its occupants still unharmed. At great risk the cradle was borne out bodily and the children were found still quietly sleeping. A search for the parents soon discovered the father senseless but yet alive,